Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 15. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1367.

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—$1.50 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 ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines $6.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by 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	20
" "	6 months	12
" "	3 months	8
Eighth "	1 year	12
" "	6 months	8
" "	3 months	5

This agreement is to be confined to the ordinary business of commercial houses, and for work it will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-Partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, houses to let or for Sale, &c.

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

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

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

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

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

Business Directory.

M. NICHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street, Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1311-1y

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

Dr. P. A. McDougall
WILL be at home for Consultation up to 11 o'clock, a.m., every day. Will visit patients at any hour afterwards, night or day. 4w

G. C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont. 1246-1y

DR. McLEAN.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER, &c. Office and residence, third door east of Central School.

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

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, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON w52 J. T. GARROW.

B. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. In Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1357

Gifford Elliott,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, IN Chancery, &c. Goderich.

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

W. R. SQUIER.
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont.
Office, over J. C. Detlor & Co's Emporium, Market Square, Goderich. 1334

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

Malcomson & Keating,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont.
MONEY TO LEND.

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., &c., COURTHOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', "Plasterers" and Masons' work measured and valued. 1307-1y.

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

A. M. CAMPBELL
Veterinary Surgeon,
FORMERLY of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York and Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. RESIDENCE, VARNA.
Will visit Bayfield every Saturday. 1313 3m.*

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.
OFFICE AND STABLES,
Newgate Street, Fifth House East of Colborne Hotel.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS
FOR INVENTIONS
EXPEDITIOUSLY & 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. w-1y—

NOTICE,
MISS BARNES in returning thanks to her friends in Goderich for past patronage, begs to say that she is now prepared to give Lessons on the Pianoforte and Cabinet Organ and in Singing. Residence opposite Mr. Sayers', Colborne St. 1363

NEW RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAVING LEASED THE STORE ON THE corner of West and Waterloo Streets and fitted it up as a Restaurant and Fruit Store, is prepared to supply everything in his line.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Goderich, 1st April, 1871. 1m

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust and Loan Company of
CANADA.
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of term or by annual instalments, which for a reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.
☞ Approved Mortgages purchased.
G. M. TEUEMAN,
Agent.
1317 Post Office, Goderich.

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. A. 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.
Goderich, 4th May, 1871. sw73-1y

Hotels.

BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL,
MARKET SQUARE GODERICH.
CAPT. W. COX, - PROPRIETOR
LATE OF THE HURON HOTEL.
A continuance of the favor and support of the Commercial and Travelling public that was accorded before the fire, respectfully solicited. 1334

COLBORNE HOTEL,
GODERICH.
E. MARTIN Proprietor.
Good Accommodation. Ample Stable Room.
☞ This is admitted to be a First class House kept in Good Style.
August 16th, 1870

Money to Lend.

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

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of 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
PHOENIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 26th 1870. w36-1y.

$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 30th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND
AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST for 5 or 10 years. Interest repayable either early or half yearly. Apply to
HENRY MATHERS,
St. Helens.
1309-tf.

MONEY TO LEND.
ON IMPROVED FARM PROperty, at 8 per cent simple interest per annum. Apply to
SAMUEL SLOAN,
Colborne Hotel.
Goderich, 8th Oct., 1872. 1338

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 $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted wherever convenient.
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

Toronto Life Assurance and Tontine Company.
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER.....$100,000
With liberty to increase to half a million
A mount called in, 25 per cent.—all paid up.
INVESTMENTS LIMITED BY CHARTER TO MORTGAGES AND MUNICIPALITIES.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
President: The Hon. JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON, M. P., Q. C., &c. &c. Toronto.
Vice President—A. WM. MORRAT, Esq.
Geo. Duggan, Esq., Judge of the County of York.
W. H. Beaumont, Esq., M. D., &c. &c. Treasurer.
Angus Cameron, Esq., Cashier Merchants' Bank, Toronto.
Wm. J. Macdonell, Esq., Manager Toronto Savings Bank, Toronto.
Angus Morrison, Esq., M. P.
Secretary and Treasurer: Alfred Harvey, Esq.

Applications for Insurance in this first class Company received by
J. J. BELL
Agent at Goderich.
1342

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.
CAPITAL STOCK.....$400,000
SURPLUS FUNDS.....208,360.60
RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30th 1871. 857,858.26
HON. J. McMURRICH
President
B. HALDAN Managing Director.
FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE AT Lowest Current Rates.
SPECIAL LOW TARIFF OF RATES COVERING Insurance for one or three years, on Churches, Dwellings, Churches and Schools with contents. Offices, Yonge and Colborne streets, Toronto. Form of policy particularly favorable to the Farming Community.
Local Agent wanted for a travelling Agency for the townships outlying the Town. Apply personally with references to the Manager at the Head Office.
D. WATSON,
Local Agent.
Goderich 17th Sept. 1871

ANCHOR LINE.

Steamers Sail Every Wednesday and Saturday,
TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASGOW, Calling at Londonderry to land Mails and Passengers.
☞ Passage is booked and forwarded to and from all Railway Stations in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden or Denmark and America, as safely, speedily, comfortably and cheaply, as by any other Route or Line.
THE NEW DEPARTURES.

From Glasgow.		From New York.
Sat. Sept. 28d	IOWA	Mon., Oct. 16th,
Sat., Sept. 30th	CALEDONIA	Sat., Oct. 21st
Sat., Oct. 7th	ANGLIA	Sat., Oct. 28th
Sat., Oct. 11th	COLUMBIA	Sat., Nov. 4th

And every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter from Pier 20, North River, at noon.
Rates of Passage payable in Currency.
To Liverpool, Glasgow or Derry:
First Cabin, $65 and $75, according to location
Cabin Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) securing best accommodation, $130.
Intermediate, $35. Steerage, $28.
Certificates at LOWEST RATES can be bought here by those wishing to send for their friend
Drafts issued payable on presentation.
Apply at the Company's Offices or to
MRS WARNOCK,
West St. Goderich, On
Goderich Oct. 28 1871.

MONTREAL OCEAN
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
TICKETS to and from Liverpool, Londonderry, or Glasgow by the above Steamship Coy. apply to
E. H. CARTER,
Agent Grand Trunk Railway
Goderich, Jan. 15, 1870. w39

NEW
Drug Store.
JOHN BOND,
CHEMIST & DRUGGIST
OF 25 YEARS PRACTICE.
NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS.
ARE YOU SICK
with Dyspepsia, Constipation, Head Ache, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart, Billious Diseases and General Debility? If so call at J. Bond's, East Street Square, and get his Renowned Vegetable Tonic Bitters which has completely cured thousands throughout Canada as well as 300 in Goderich and vicinity.
CERTIFICATES.
Goderich, Ont., Aurora, January 1864.
This is to testify that I have derived a beneficial effect from Bond's Tonic Bitters and found it to be by far the best article in use for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints, &c., &c.
JOSEPH SHIPLY,
Wesleyan Minister,
Goderich, Aug. 27 1872.
Mr. John Bond,
Dear Sir,
I have great pleasure in recommending your Tonic Bitters as an excellent thing for giving tone to the stomach and strengthening the system generally, they found it a very beneficial thing in my own personal case, and have known others to use it with like satisfaction.
Yours &c.
J. B. KAY,
M. N. C. Minister
Aurora, May 30th, 1864.
I feel perfectly free to testify to the benefit I have derived from the use of Mr. Bond's Tonic Bitters. They have relieved repeated attacks of Dyspepsia, in my case from their final and perfect properties
DAVID SAVAGE,
New Connexion Minister.
And 50 others.
Bond begs to introduce his Pulmonic Syrup for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis &c., &c., the Best Cough Medicine ever introduced in Goderich. It has saved thousands from an early grave
Goderich, 3rd Sept. 1872.

Goderich Marble works
Scott, Vanstone & Co.,
BEG TO INTIMATE THAT THEY HAVE opened a branch of their Kincardine
MARBLE-CUTTING WORKS,
in the old stand of Mr. A. M. Johnston Victoria st., Goderich, and will be able to supply
Tombstones,
Mantlepieces,
Window Sills,
&c., &c.,
at the best style of workmanship and on reasonable terms.
GAVIN STUTHERS,
Agent.
Goderich 17th July, sw36-1

Goderich Harness Shop
W. A. MARTIN
HAS pleasure in announcing to the public of Town and County that he has purchased the Harness business of Mr. Isaac Halliday, on Hamilton St. After having served his apprenticeship with Messrs W. & H. Martin, Goderich. W. A. M. has worked for the last three years in the best Harness Shop in Chicago, and is now prepared to make up
LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS,
Horse-Clothing and Scotch Collars
in first-class style and with despatch Orders promptly attended to
Trunks, Whips, Curry-Combs, &c. &c.
N. B. Fly Sheets constantly on hand throughout the summer.
Goderich, June 25 1871.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
F. R. MANN,
House Sign & Carriage Painter
DESIRES TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has fitted up a shop on South street next to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with materials, tools, and all reasonable prices. Thankful for the patronage of the last 7 years solicits a continuance of the same.
Now is the time to Paint your Cutters Sleighs, and Carriages.
☞ Orders from country Carriage Manufacturers to with despatch.
Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Paperhanging, &c., &c.
F. R. MANN
Goderich, Apr. 16, 1870 sw1

Poetry.

Written for the SIGNAL.

Spring.

Stern winter, inclement and tardy,
Is off to his boreal home;
And Spring has come forth in her beauty,
Thro' meadow and woodland to roam.
The ice-spell is broke from the fountains,
How gladsome their freedom they sing!
Oh! who would not join in their anthems,
To welcome the advent of Spring?

The gnats o'er the marshes are buzzing,
They're playing at April fools!
And the bullfrogs in ecstacy babbling
Hold carnival tide in the pools.
O'er the greenward, the lambkins are frisking,
The partridges drum in the brake,
The catkins are silvering the willows,
And bees from their torpor awake.

The blue bird is shouting his rapture,
The Cushat is wooing his bride,
And the heron sits watching the troutlets
As thro' the clear water they glide.
The grasshopper chants 'mong the stubble,
The walls with the cricket resound;
And the tone of the humming bird's bugle,
Comes pleasantly floating around.

The plowman is turning his furrows,
So gladsome he whistles or sings;
And the zephyrs each other are chasing,
With music of joy on their wings.
The leaves of the forest are budding,
The mavis is piping his lay,
And the dewdrops are brilliantly twinkling
Like opals, on every spray.

The sunbeams in sparkling grandeur
Are shedding their holiest gleams;
And the lovely, fresh features of nature
Are mirror'd again in the streams.
The fields are resuming their verdure,
The snow-drops and lilies, appear,
And the daisies have opened their petals
To gem the young breast of the year.

Oh! how sweet are the spring's ruddy glories,
What melody reigns in her voice;
As she breathes o'er the earth's teeming bosom
And bids her pure spirits rejoice!
Like the visions of Hope, in life's morning,
In promise so holily pure,
Unsullied by adversity's blightings;
Oh! would they could always endure.

WM. BANNATYNE.

"LIZ."

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

'What are you up to, Liz?' And Tom Saunders, the tin-peddler, stalked into the large, well-ordered country kitchen, and with only this salutation drew off his gray yarn mittens, and proceeded to warm his almost benumbed fingers by the roaring fire that spattered and crackled under Liz's huge boiler of clothes.

'I'm up to my eyes in the wash-tub,' replied the individual thus addressed, not over politely.

'That's what I was a thinking,' said he. 'The boiler holds out good, don't it now? The last time it not to boiled I'm a-thinkin' the all day with the patriarch—buttered if I did. No wonder folks blow on my ware!'

'I was telling Miss Avery t'other day,' interrupted Liz, 'that when she needed any more tin things I hoped she'd send to town arter 'em. Your stuff has listened to your gab and brag so long, that somehow it's got a bad education.—Now them pans never behaved like the pans Tim Bucklin used to bring round. They re always a bending, and springing a leak. To speak a little plainer, I'm always afeard to trust 'em, 'specially when it's unusually important that they should hold in.'

'What in natur' are you drivin' at, Liz?' inquired poor Tom, a genuine look of wonder overspreading his face. But before his companion could have time to reply, the door of the sitting-room softly opened, and a young lady, apparently in very deep thought and very much troubled in spirit—for her eyes were red and heavy with weeping—appeared on the threshold.

'What is it, Flory,' said Liz, scooping the white suds from her strong, red arms, and with such a little thrill of tenderness in her voice, that the peddler involuntarily turned to see what it could mean, and then remembering his manners, said hastily—

'Good morning, Miss Avery! Hope you're well.'

The young lady gave a little start of surprise, and then recovering herself said, with considerable annoyance in her tone:

'I am quite well, thank you Tom. I thought you were alone Liz.' And immediately left the kitchen.

'Now what's the matter with her?' inquired the tin merchant. 'Golly! aint she been bawling though? I tell ye what 'tis, Liz, if a fellur wants to know the secrets of families, all he's got to do is to turn peddler.'

'And lie,' added Liz, pinching the clothes in the boiler with such force as to send the scalding suds in Tom's immediate neighborhood, causing the said neighbor to change his quarters without loss of time.

'Say, now, what is it that ails the gal, Liz? I won't say a word about it to nobody. If I do, shoot me.'

'How long did you say you'd been travelling around this country, Tom Liz, with a comical twinkle of her coal eyes.

'Nigh about twelve year. Why?'

'Because it seems to me pretty near time that you should a learn't that when men folks is wimmen folks; and when you'll find me a woman that don't have her crying spells, I'll find you a tin-peddler that minds his own business.

'Thank ye, marm,' replied Tom, drily. 'Hem a queer sort of an idea, somehow, that that last remark is intended for me. All day, Liz, I've been treated to the cold shoulder, and I'm better satisfied.

'Not a word spoken to Liz.' The peddler jumped into his cart and drove away; and in and out of the sheds and out of the barn, the muscular and energetic arms, the muscular and uniquely form keeping time to the cheerful and defiant music of the rubbing board.

'Oh, he's gone. I am so glad!' And again and swift close to the side of the busy woman.

'I want to read you my letter, Liz—the letter I just writted him.

'Well, who's him? There are two on 'em, you know, replied Liz, quietly and with great self-possession.

'Yes, I know, and now the beautiful brown eyes again overflowed, and the sobbing child drew the letter from her pocket, and commenced in a low, quivering voice:

'Dear Tom:—I know you love me, and I love you, or there is only one I could write to, of course, even if I have where she was, with an accent on the personal pronoun that told its own story.

'Then what you mean to tell me is that you have just written a letter to Hiram Scoville?

'Yes, Liz.

'Well, go on.'

'Don't look at me Liz, while I read it. I have just said this. You know how father and mother have been taken on lately—calling me undutiful, and headstrong, and obstinate, and saying that I meant to break their hearts—!

'Is this the letter?' queried Liz.

'No; I am saying this to you. You know deary, how hard my life has been for the last six months—well, ever since he—'

'Yes. Flory, I know all about it. Now read the letter before anybody comes in.'

'Dear Friend Hiram,' came tremulously from the sweet lips.

'Humph!' grunted Liz.

'What else *could* I say?' said poor Flory, despairingly. 'He is my friend, isn't he?'

'That depends pretty much on your idea of a friend. My friend don't torment me. My friend saves me from suffering if he can; and if he can't, he bears it with me, carrying as much of the burden as God will let him. No *friend* will ever ask a woman to marry him the second time after he has been once refused.'

'But, Liz,——'

'There are no buts in the case.'

'Love makes men bold,' and sometimes reckless. You should think of that.'

'Love never does no such thing,' said Liz, who was never known to be grammatical, save in the moments of excitement.

'The trembling girl commenced to read again:

'Dear Friend Hiram.' 'Now do not speak again, please, Liz, till I finish,' as the strange woman gave unmistakable indications of inward rebellion. 'It is the wish of my parents, that I write you and say that it is their desire I should accept you as my future husband. I don't love you one single bit, and I am sure I never shall; but if you want me under these circumstances, I have nothing more to say, save that I utterly refuse to receive any special attentions from you preceding our marriage.'

'Well, now, I vow Flory Avery, I should laugh if everybody in the house was a laying dead. Tell a man that you have made up your mind so marry him, and at the same time inform him that all courting has got to be postponed until after the wedding. Do you suppose that because a minister has mumbled over a few words—nothing in the least disrespectful to the minister intended—that on this account marriage and courting will be any more welcome than now?'

'No, Liz, no! The thought drives me wild; but there's nothing left for me to do.—Mother is crying up stairs, and father has hardly spoken to me for a whole week, because of my wilfulness. I have been reading the Bible for an hour Liz, down, and that is what has decided me. The command is: 'Children obey your parents!' And there is no way I can dodge it.'

'Just like the rest of edicated folks, you have choked yourself to death with the letter and thrown the spirit overboard. Now my common sense tells me that you don't understand the meaning of what you have been reading. It is: Wives, obey your husbands in the Lord: and it is: Children obey your parents in the Lord.—Now, the Lord is love, if Mary spoke true, and he gives you these feelings of like and dislike—this liking to be with a person, or hating to be with a person, to guide you through life. They are weapons that the poor carnal flesh couldn't get along without. Now, if you take the pistol that God put into your hands to keep off wild animals with, and lay it down side of you, and let the critters come in and devour you, who's to blame, I wonder? You must not think that your Father in Heaven didn't know what kind of timber he was putting into you when he got you up. As far as I've observed—and I haven't lived to be thirty years old without learning something—there's nothing that brings so much misery with it as a marriage without love.—Don't you do it, Flory dear—don't you do it.'

'But Liz, you know that I never shall love anybody. Oh! why did you go and get married? And again the beautiful head was bowed upon the faithful bosom of the servant and companion.

'Why did you cut up so with him, Flory? Why did you grieve him by flirting with a fellow that you could hardly bear in your sight? How long do you suppose that a man with ordinary self-respect is going to stand that sort of work? 'Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind!' There is nothing truer than this between the covers of the Bible. If he has married without love, he'll have the same kind of a crop.'

'What shall I do with this letter, Liz?'

'Burn it up!'

'What shall I do with father and mother?'

'Let 'em quilt!'

'What shall I do with my own aching heart?'

'Put a roasing big poultice of faith and love on it, and then make yourself as useful as you can to other folks. There's nothing like helping another to forget yourself. You have made a mistake; that is, if there is any such things as mistakes—sometimes I ain't quite clear on that point—but anyhow, it won't help that to put your foot in it again, so long as you know better, you see. There can't be no real sin, I suppose, until after knowledge is born. Give me that letter.'

Flory, with a wistful look in her eyes, passed over the document, and in a moment more it was ablaze under the boiler.

It was very plain to the watchful Liz, that a storm was brewing, which threatened to bring things to a crisis without loss of time. Hiram was a 'work out' with such speed. The tin-peddler came to dinner and tea were over. Liz's clothes had been brought in and nicely folded on the chairs when Flory ran hastily into the kitchen.

'Liz, father has sent for me in the sitting room, and I do wish you could come in some way. I'm so afraid I shall give in, if I go alone there to strengthen me.'

'I'll dodge in after awhile, said Liz. 'Keep a stiff upper lip, and make a good fight. No father and no mother has any right to command a child to marry a man she don't love. The Lord God Almighty is on your side, Flory Avery! Now go long and behave yourself.'

'Thank you, said the trembling girl. 'There's queer sort of an idea somehow that that last remark is intended for me. All day, Liz, I've been treated to the cold shoulder, and I'm better satisfied.'

'Not a word spoken to Liz.' The peddler jumped into his cart and drove away; and in and out of the sheds and out of the barn, the muscular and energetic arms, the muscular and uniquely form keeping time to the cheerful and defiant music of the rubbing board.

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'Yes, I know, and now the beautiful brown eyes again overflowed, and the sobbing child drew the letter from her pocket, and commenced in a low, quivering voice:

'Dear Tom:—I know you love me, and I love you, or there is only one I could write to, of course, even if I have where she

'That's neither here nor there,' roared the farmer. 'I've made up my mind and Flory must make up hers. It is Hiram Scoville or no home here any more.'

'No home here any more?' moaned poor Flory.

'That's what I said. To-morrow morning will be time enough for you to decide.'

'And you, mother?' said the poor child, dashing the tears from her brown eyes.

'We know what is for your best good Flora. I quite agree with your father.'

Not another word was spoken.

A few moments after, Flora and Liz met again in the kitchen.

'What are you going to do about it?' inquired Liz, in a most matter-of-fact manner.

'I am going to pack my trunk to-night and get ready to leave this house to-morrow,' replied the almost distracted girl.

'And you won't marry Hiram Scoville?'

'I will never marry Hiram—so help me Father in Heaven!'

'That's the talk!' said Liz, with an ominous shake of the head; 'that's the cheese! Now, just let your trunk alone to-night, and watch this pumpkin for me. I've got to go out for an hour or two, and I wouldn't have it burn for a considerable. I calculate to spread myself on them pies.'

'Shall I have to sit here all the time, Liz?'

'Well, I guess you'd better. The tarnal stuff sticks sometimes when you least expect it.'—And with these words Liz shut the back door, and hurried out of sight.

'It's five good miles there and back,' said she to herself. 'I can't walk it and get back in any kind of season. Now, if this ain't a case of special Providence—then I don't know.—There's Tom Saunder's tin cart this blessed minute! He's inside, getting his supper with old marm Chace. I'll borrow that vehicle; and if I'm half as smart as I ought to be, he'll never know where in the world it went to, or how it got back, unless I'm a mind to tell him—which, just as likely as not, I shan't be.'

In a twinkling old Dobbin's wrappings were removed, and in a twinkling more she was out of sight. The tin pans rattled and clattered, the bells around the horse's neck jingled merrily; but Liz heard nothing but the object of her mind. Leaving her team a block or two from the principal hotel of the town she had entered, she made her way to that establishment.

'A woman to see you on the steps, Mr. Moreland,' said a servant in waiting. Looks like a washerwoman. Says she won't come in.'

'It's Liz,' whispered the gentleman to himself. 'Bless the dear creature's heart, what can she want to-night, I wonder. Oh, Flora! Flora!' and with a heavy heart Mr. Moreland walked quickly to the door.

Here was a face for an artist—a face upon which true humility sat enthroned. No need of acquaintance to tell what manner of man he was. He came to Watertown on business, and had informed Liz of his whereabouts. Indeed, these two individuals had been in correspondence since the trouble between said gentleman and Flora, and Liz had always known that Philip Moreland was not married, but was living alone in her own counsel, believing that the lesson it around his waist—slipped on his shoes, and plunged out. The doctor didn't care about turning out, but on being told it was a case of life and death, he yielded at once. Mr. P. then arrived at the residence of granny Bates. The old lady was dreadfully superstitious and believed religiously in apparitions. He gave a thundering rap at the door, and directly a night cap appeared at an open window.

'What do you want at this time o' night, and who be ye?' said a cracked voice.

Mr. P. stepped out, plainly revealed by the light of the moon.

'Gracious massy!' cried the old woman, 'it is an apparition from the other world! And its got a scolloped petticoat on. Lawd! I didn't think that they wasted vanerties like that.'

'Get up Granny,' cried P. 'Baby's awful sick, he's got the sniffles, and I don't know what else. Oh, I'm sure he's dying, get up quick, and come along.'

'I ain't so green as to trust my old body with supernatural ghosts,' and down went the window with a bang. Philips pounded at the door till he was tired, and then made tracks for home.

Dr. Gray had just arrived. Mrs. Philips was just preparing to go into hysterics as soon as she heard his opinion.

Baby was much worse; it not only sucked its thumb, but wiggled its toes. It could not last long. The doctor, with a grave face, entered the sick room. Biddy rubbed her mistress with camphor. Mr. Philips stood by, wiping his eyes with the drapery of his house attire.

'Oh, doctor, doctor! will it die? Can save it, and you may take all I have,' cried Mrs. Philips, wringing her hands.—'I'll get on my knees and thank you for ever.'

'Keep your sitting,' said the doctor, taking a large pinch of snuff.

'Don't keep me in suspense. Only look at its precious little arms! What is it? For the love of heaven tell me, I must know the worst!'

'Well, marm, if I speak out will you promise not to blame me?' asked the doctor.

'No, no!'

'Marm,' said he, with his long face still further elongated, 'it's my opinion as a man and a physician, that the child has been bitten by four bedbugs, or else it has been bitten in four places by one insect of that description.

'Dr. Gray,' said the father, 'do you mean to insult us?'

'By no means, sir,' replied the doctor. 'Do you don't,' yelled Mrs. P., 'I'm enough to insinuate that I have had bugs, to say nothing of your bites on this little angel cherub. Get out of this house this instant, you reverend villain, insulting old respectable people with the butter-balls from the table spread. Biddy had placed it full of her purest tea, she flung it at him. Mr. P. threw cream, sugar, and cake after him. The doctor dodged the missiles, and ran against the gate, which was shut in his face. He heard the bolts shot home, and the chain rattle as the furious Philips fastened it. Mad as a March hare, he ran down the road, and turned into his own gate. The door was opened by his wife, who had recovered from her hysterics, and was in a state of frenzy. The doctor was pushed into the sitting room, and the door locked and bolted. The servants were ordered to bed, and the family sat down to a cold supper.

Mrs. Philips was on the very pinnacle of felicity. She was the mother of a boy that weighed eleven pounds.

Mr. Philips did fair to lose his mind entirely. He danced and sung, and fired guns from the top of the corn house, and whistled Yankee Doodle while eating his breakfast, and wrung the necks of all the fowls on the place to make a pie for the celebration.

This worthy couple had been married ten years, and this was their first child. People had laughed at them ten years on account of this luck—people who were overrun with children, and whose lives were made miserable by the scoldings and spankings they found it necessary to inflict upon their wretched little olive plants.

Now Mrs. Philips said she guessed they'd laugh out on the other side. There had never been so large a baby born in Smithfield before. Mrs. Jones' only weighed nine pounds, and had a pug nose. Mrs. Sawyer's had a mole on its right foot—a sure sign that it would come to a bad end—and it only weighed seven pounds and fourteen ounces. She guessed folks had better look to home before they laughed.

Baby proved a Tartar. He had a temper like a windmill, and seemed determined to develope his feet and lungs to the utmost while he had leisure, for he screamed and kicked twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four.

But his mother declared he was an angel. From the hour in which the baby was born it became the autocrat of the household; everything had to bow to his nod.

The scullery door creaked; it was taken off its hinges, and the servant was in the draft all the time, because the creak might disturb the baby. For the same reason the coffee mill was moved into the woodshed, the dishes must be washed out of doors—the clatter of the plates made baby scream. The washing was done in the barn. The dog was muzzled, and the cat was choked—all from fear of disturbing baby.

The child's dresses were legion. It was a wonder that it could draw its breath with so many ailments clinging to it. Mrs. P. was continually on the watch for some new demonstration. "Charles!" cried she, waking her husband from his slumber one cold night, "it seems to me that baby don't breathe right."

Mr. P. sprang up and listened.

"Good gracious he's got the sniffles, ain't he?"

Mr. P. got a light, and the anxious parents brought it to bear on the face of their child.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Mrs. P., "this face is actually purple! he's going to have the scarlet fever. See that red spot on his elbow."

"It may be where he's laid on it," said Mr. P.

"Laid on it? Oh, you unfeeling man! And there it is sucking its thumb! Run, Charles! run for a doctor! Don't stop to dress—it may die while you're waiting. Call Granny Bates, and tell her to bring some catnip, and rue, and peppermint, and saffron—all the herbs she's got; and hurry, Charles, do."

Mr. P. caught up the first article of clothing he could lay his hand on, which proved to be an embroidered petticoat of his wife's, but he was too much taste to notice dress particularly. He flung it over his head, and fastened it around his waist—slipped on his shoes, and plunged out. The doctor didn't care about turning out, but on being told it was a case of life and death, he yielded at once. Mr. P. then arrived at the residence of granny Bates. The old lady was dreadfully superstitious and believed religiously in apparitions. He gave a thundering rap at the door, and directly a night cap appeared at an open window.

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The First Baby.

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