Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 10. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1466.

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 Block, adjoining the Market Square, by

ALLAN & DICKSON

PROPRIETORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

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MONEY TO LEND. 1272

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G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Official Assignee, Goderich, Ont.
ow7-1f

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MONEY TO LEND.

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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.
PATENTS guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
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PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at 1-week interest, Mortgages purchased, no Commission charged, conveyancing free reasonable.
N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day if title satisfactory.
DAVISON & JOHNSON,
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1441-1y Goderich

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JAMES VIVIAN
HAS REMOVED HIS RESTAURANT TO Ackemon'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 HOUR

$75 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 Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. 1447-1yr

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THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of this Lodge will be held on Monday evening, at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
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Goderich, 4th May, 1871. ow23-1y

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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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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 expense will defy competition.
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PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
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Fire & Marine business done at the lowest current rates.
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Oct. 20th 1870. 428-1y.

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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 $2,000,000, are being liquidated at fact as adjusted WITHOUT REFERENCE. 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.
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A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

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STEAM TO
Liverpool, Londonderry and Glasgow
Every SATURDAY from PORTLAND during winter and from QUEBEC in summer.
NOTICE TO PERSONS WISHING TO SEND FOR THEIR FRIENDS.
PERSONS wishing to send for their friends can obtain Passage Certificates at lowest rates. The tickets are good for one year and the amount is refunded, less a small deduction, if not used.
BAGGAGE.
Passengers by the ALLAN LINE are landed direct from the Steamships on to the Grand Trunk Wharves at South Quebec and Portland, and are forwarded on at once to destination. By this arrangement passengers avoid all incidental expenses and moving of Baggage.
The first Steamer for Quebec will leave Liverpool on 14th April.
For Tickets and every information apply to
P. H. CARTER,
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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 principal or interest payable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.
Approved Mortgages purchased.
G. M. TRUEMAN,
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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	$8 00
Music, Instrumental, Vocal and Guitar, each	8 00
French	2 00
Drawing Pencil	5 00
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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

GLASS
SIZES from 7x9 to 32x46, Star and Diamond Star.
—ALSO—
Coloured Glass for Side Lights For Sale Cheap by
GEO. H. PARSONS
Market Square,
Goderich
August 21st, 1874. 1436

STAR BAKERY
Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St.,
GODERICH, Ont.
HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners, Weddings and Parties supplied at 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

WANTED
A GOOD FIRE PROOF SAFE APPLY AT this office.
Goderich, Nov. 19, 1874. tf.

SHIRTS
READY MADE
OR MADE TO ORDER,
AT wholesale or retail rates. Fancy and plain machine and hand sewing to order.
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Next door to G. McKenzie,
1451-1yr

NEW BOOKS.
WALL PAPER, &c. &c.
WHOLESALE and Retail at Butler's. A beautiful assortment of
JEWELLERY OF ALL KINDS
Just received, and to be sold cheap at Butler's. Fishing Tackles of all kinds, consisting of Reels Baskets, Baits, Hooks and Lines of Superior kinds
SELLING AT COST
AT BUTLER'S.
Goderich, 19th Aug., 1870. ow104-1y

ARE YOU SICK?
If such is the case call on
J. BOND,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, of 27 years Practice, where thousands have been relieved of various disease 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 fails a certain and effectual remedy. It has cured thousands when all other remedies has failed, also
BONDS CELEBRATED TONIC BITTERS
which is superior to any ever introduced to the public for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Heartburn, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart, Bilious 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 restoration.
Just received a large and assorted stock of English, French and American Perfumes, Hair Oils, &c. &c. Also one gross of the best Hair Brushes, Tooth and Nail Brushes 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 specialty.
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 $225 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.
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; all on reasonable terms.
A CALL SOLICITED.
Goderich, 14 Aug 1870

PUMPS, PUMPS,
PUMPS.
THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING commenced the manufacture of Pumps are prepared to furnish any kind, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. Having had 9 years experience with Mr. Dodd they can promise satisfaction. Give us a call.
Place of business—Corner of Cedar and Maple streets, near the Huron Road.
JAMES MARTIN & CO.
Goderich, June 19th, 1874. 1427

WHY
DON'T you use "GLINE'S" Slate Roofing Paint and keep your roof from leaking? It is economical, durable and fire proof. Testimonials free. Local agents wanted. Home and Home Counties
S. A. RUSSELL & CO.,
Agents for Ontario,
1441 6m 60 King street East, Toronto.

WORK At home, male, and female; $6 per week, day or evening. No capital. We send valuable packages of goods by mail free. Address with ten cent return stamp, M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. Y. 1447-6m

Sadly Matched;
OR
WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lady Clara succeeded in reaching her own room without being seen, or she fancied so. But no sooner had she thrown herself upon a silken chair in her dressing-room, and sent away her maid—for she feared the girl's scrutiny of her scared face—than, without warning, Mrs. Bazel glided in and stood before her, a sneering smile on her full, curled lips.

Lady Clara could only gasp when she saw her, for she thought;

'She knew I was listening, and she will tell Bruce. He said he would kill me, and he will.'

'Yes, I saw you,' said the handsome widow, nodding her head, with its glittering coronal of yellow hair.

Her black gauze dress to-night was streaked with thin scarlet satin stripes, that shone and undulated as she moved like streams of fire.

Lady Clara shrank from her, as from the embodiment of fear and evil. Then this pale, sensitive, cowardly creature tried to remember that she was in her own house, where this woman was only a guest. She sat up in her silken chair and tried to recall the dignity she had so prettily aped as Lady Clara Hasbrook.

'What was it you wished to say to me, Mrs. Bazel?' she asked, in a voice that would be unctuous in spite of her.

'Don't put on airs with me, Clara,' answered the malicious widow, coolly. 'You've been listening again, but I shan't tell. Kiss me now, and make it up, my sweet.'

She bowed her rouged cheek to Lady Clara's pure lips, and the timid child dared not refuse to kiss it.

Then the widow drew forward a low, easy chair, and seating herself, rocked slowly to and fro, while she entered upon a conversation in which she artfully contrived to excite at the same time that dangerous curiosity of Lady Clara's still more, and to allay her so evident terror of her husband.

'Will you ride out with me in the morning, Clara?' she asked, sweetly, as she rose to go. 'You know you have never tried my present, and I take it very unkind of you—I do, indeed, dear. Star is such a beauty, too, and so gentle.'

'Is he gentle, Mrs. Bazel? Mamie says that the London groom who came with him declared he wasn't a fit horse for any lady to ride.'

Mrs. Bazel bit her lips. Then she laughed.

'I can explain that. The man had some sort of an absurd fancy to my pretty Star, and did not want him sold, and was angry because I would have him and no other. He had an idea of getting him himself some day. I remember him perfectly. Had he not lost some of his teeth, so that he looked and talked oddly?'

Lady Clara remembered in a moment this peculiarity of the London groom, and she was compelled to accept Mrs. Bazel's explanation of the matter and promised to ride out with her in the morning.

'I won't go,' declared Bruce Delaney, when Mrs. Bazel made known to him the agreement she had come to over night with his wife, and requested his escort.

Miss Chandos was left out, as a matter of course.

Delaney looked at the imperturbable widow darkly and with clenched teeth. He felt that she was his evil genius.—He was satisfied that mischief was intended to Lady Clara in this ride, though he could not guess how. He had tried the horse himself, and found him gentle and tractable, but he knew that cold glimmer in Julia Bazel's eyes too well to believe that she meant well to poor Clara. He did not love his little wife, and he was a bad and cruel-hearted wretch. But he was human, and Clara's childish affection for himself touched him.

'I can't harm her, nor I can't let her be harmed,' he muttered.

'What it that?' asked Mrs. Bazel, coolly.

'I won't go!' he repeated; 'I tell you I won't.'

'Oh, yes, you will,' said Mrs. Bazel, positively, linking her arm in his and leading him outside. 'I'll tell you why. Your wife was listening to us last evening.'

'No!' exclaimed Bruce Delaney, with a burst of rage.

'Yes,' responded the widow, quietly; 'I know it.'

'How?'

'I saw her, and she did not deny it when I charged her with it afterward.'

Bruce Delaney threw a dark glance toward the luncheon-table, but his wife having already left it, Vida Chandos received the weight of it, and shrugging her graceful shoulders—a habit acquired from M. St. Just—said, in a low voice, to her tutor:

'The Bruce is in a bad humor, is he not? What black brows he has got.'

Delaney reflected a moment.

'We talked of nothing that she would understand,' he said, gloomily.

'Of course not, but she seemed to have understood, nevertheless. It's not the first time she has listened, either, the little cat. Perhaps she has sense enough to put two and two together'

'What was that you told her about Bluebeard?' he demanded angrily.

The handsome widow smiled.

'I merely asked her if she knew how Bluebeard came to have so many wives. Nothing more, upon my honor. She doesn't seem to have minded the warning.'

Delaney shuddered, either at the first or the last part of this speech, or both.

'Shall we ride or not?' questioned Mrs. Bazel, again; 'I don't care —'

Bruce Delaney bent a daring glance upon her.

'I wonder if you ever had a conscience?' he said.

'I did once,' answered the widow, with a yawn, 'and I found it very inconvenient. I hope you have not got a fragment of one left, my dear——'

She stood on tiptoe to whisper a name in his ear, which turned him ashier than before.

'You're worse than Satan,' he hissed.

She laughed.

'Shall I order the horses, or will you?' she asked tauntingly.

'Order them yourself.'

'I have already done so an hour since. I think I hear them stamping in the courtyard now. I knew you would go. I must run away and dress now, but I can't if I try, look so lovely as my lady.'

Bruce Delaney stood full ten minutes longer staring straight into the shrubbery. Then he, too, went to dress for the ride, the hideous meaning of which he could not pretend to know now.—Bad as he undoubtedly was, he revolted from Mrs. Bazel's plans with a horror that showed he had enough instincts of goodness left to save him, if he had only chosen to abide by them. But he did not. He chose rather to continue on in that dark and dreadful road upon which he had taken the first wicked step so long ago.

Strangely lovely looked Lady Clara, as she descended from her apartments with Mrs. Bazel sustaining her already failing courage. Now she comforted her with assurances concerning the gentleness of Star, the next moment she uttered a covert sneer that strung the timid, weak nerves of the fragile creature to a false and angry daring that was scarcely more to be trusted than her cowardice.

The horses were waiting, a splendid roan for Mr. Delaney, and a fine thoroughbred chestnut for the widow.

Delaney and the widow rode one each side of Lady Clara, and Delaney led the animal on which Lady Clara was mounted by a stout halter. The pretty black had an easy gait, and Lady Clara gradually grew more confident than at first. She sat quite erect in her saddle and pretended to feel at her ease, but through all that charming, childish pretence it was easy to see that the sweet mouth quivered with fear, and the innocent blue eyes that tried to look so careless had in them a lurking and unconquerable terror.

Bruce Delaney rode silent and gloomy, never speaking, scarcely looking up. The man's soul was black within him. He did not love his wife. He had only married her for the money he believed was hers; but her devotion to him touched him nearly. Only that morning her dimpled arms had been round his neck, and she had kissed him so fondly that he had said to himself:

'Either she doesn't know, or she doesn't care, and I won't hurt her.'

Mrs Bazel furtively touched him with her whip behind Lady Clara.

He glanced that way scowling.

'Now?' syllabled the widow's scarlet lips, and her gemlike eyes questioned him.

He shook his head angrily, and clenched a tighter hand on the halter by which he was leading his wife's horse.

Mrs Bazel shut her teeth hard, and an ashy paller covered her face.

'It *shall* be now, nevertheless,' she murmured to herself, and bent in her saddle till her lips were on a level with the pretty black's pointed ears.

Delaney was watching her, but he could not have told that she did or said anything. Yet she *had* spoken Clara Delaney's death sentence.

An instant Star shot forward, literally tearing his halter from Delaney's grasp.

He had been trained for a race-horse, and Mrs Bazel had only whispered in his ear the word with which his trainer had been in the habit of inciting him to his most desperate speed.

Bruce Delaney was nearly pulled out of his saddle, and before he could settle himself in it again, or fairly realise what had happened, the wicked widow spurred her chestnut across the path in front of him.

In half-a-dozen malicious words she told him the truth, concluding:

'Now, if you wish to follow you can, but you can't do anything. You *know* the sound of your horse's hoofs behind would only make him run the faster.'

Delaney clenched his hand and shook it in her face.

'I wish it were you!' he said, and strained his wild, black eyes after the racer and his doomed rider.

'She will be thrown and killed, without doubt,' said the widow, with horrible coolness, 'and no one can be blamed. You ought to be thankful that a business that had to be done has been accomplished so easily, and without implicating *you* in the least.'

But for all she spoke so coolly, the pallor that had first stricken her face had not left it. Even her lips were whiter than the handkerchief she kept pressing to them with her violet-gloved hand.

CHAPTER XIV.

Delaney had remained like one stunned. Now, however, he spurred his horse forward desperately, and rode in the direction in which Lady Clara had disappeared.

Mrs Bazel, after an instant's hesitation, galloped after him. But Delaney had got too much ahead to be overtaken readily, and after riding a short distance Mrs Bazel relinquished the attempt, murmuring to herself:

'He can't save her—it is impossible!'

Suddenly she beheld Bruce Delaney slacken his pace. Then the black racer appeared, coming that way, and Mrs Bazel perceived, with a thrill, that his saddle was *empty*. The pretty, childish figure that had filled it was *gone!*

An instant the cool, strong-nerved widow reeled in her seat, then touching her chestnut with her whip she dashed on, nor drew rein till she had joined Delaney.

A singular group was under the oaks there. One glance told the wicked woman that her diabolical scheme had failed.

Lady Clara was perfectly unharmed, sitting on the green turf, her hat off, and the plume broken; but she scarcely looked paler than usual as she glanced gratefully from her husband, who had dismounted, and stood beside her, to a slight, graceful young gentleman who leaned in a careless attitude against a tree near by.

The stranger wore a hunting suit of Lincoln green, and his cap, which he carried in his hand, had a short, thick, green plume. He was as handsome as a prince, Mrs Bazel noticed even then, and on the little finger of his splendid and delicate white hand he wore a single jewel, which glowed like a sun.

Mrs Bazel instantly sprang from her horse, and rushing to Lady Clara, covered her with hypocritical caresses and congratulations. But Lady Clara shrank from her as from the upraised crest of a serpent. The eyes of the two met.

'I heard you,' Lady Clara said in a low voice. 'You made Star run, and you meant I should be killed, which I should have been but for this gentleman.'

Mrs Bazel whitened at first, then she affected not to have noticed anything singular in Lady Clara's words. She turned to the stranger who bowed, while a slight smile curved his lips.

'Lord Arnault, Mrs Bazel,' spoke Delaney, suddenly, and with slight scorn in his voice, for at that moment he hated the widow with all his strength.

Mrs Bazel bowed very low. She could almost forgive Lady Clara for not getting killed, since her safety had brought her the acquaintance of a British peer. He was a young man, too, scarcely beyond his majority, and the widow's most boasted conquests had been among very young men.

She smiled radiantly upon his lordship.

'I don't know how you did it,' she said in her most musical tunes.

'It was more accident than anything else,' he answered lightly. 'I was guiding this way, and saw a black horse tearing toward me, with a lady clinging upon his neck. Of course, I knew it was a runaway, and reining Saladin across the road as the black swerved to clear us, I caught my lady from his back. It was very simple.'

The young peer adoressed Mrs Bazel, but under the droop of his long, black lashes, he was watching Lady Clara Delaney, where she sat in her sweet and childlike beauty.

'If it had been her husband, he might have broken his neck for me,' he said to himself. 'He looks like a cur, and she like an angel.'

How to get Lady Clara back to Longmere? was the question now, and Lord Arnault solved it.

'A friend of mine—Sir Gillis Lewes—lives not far away. If she will permit me, I will borrow his phaeton and drive Lady Clara to Longmere myself.'

Lord Arnault's eyes glowed strangely as he made the offer, but no one noticed it save Lady Clara.

She glanced at her husband, and wondered what made her heart throb so.

Mr. Delaney hesitated to accept the young earl's offer. He, as well as Mrs. Bazel, was afraid of making the acquaintance of Lord Arnault. If he had known what influence this handsome young lord was to have on his future would he have done any differently? But he did not know. He knew only that the Earl of Arnault had just come into the possession of his magnificent estates, and carried a full and very open purse, and he hoped he gambled like other young men.

Thus it happened that through the golden June twilight these two, Lord Arnault and Lady Clara, rode together toward Longmere. A stranger would have pronounced them made for each other; he with his princely shape and striking face, his chivalrous grace, she so little, so shy, so lovely and childlike.

Lady Clara was twenty, but she had always been and always would be a child. She had been married twice, but her first husband had been more like a father to her, and in actual knowledge of life no girl of fifteen was ever more inexperienced and ignorant. She sat now in Sir Gillis Lewes' low phaeton, blushing like a girl with her first lover, while the young and too handsome Lord Arnault followed her every gesture with glances of unconscious fervor and admiration.

The young earl was waited for in the London world as a wonderful catch, but all in vain, for he had this day received upon his heart the impression of one sweet face that should not be erased while life lasted—not even when a grave should yawn between them.

That night at Longmere Lady Clara sat in her boudoir, still dreaming, perhaps, while the light of a perfumed lamp streamed over her soft as moonlight.

'I do not know why,' sneered Mrs Bazel, as she stole noiselessly in and stood looking at her.

Lady Clara started violently at sight of her. She had absolutely forgotten the wicked widow till that moment. She stared at her now in mingled fear and anger, her pretty blue eyes dilating.

'I want to know what you meant by that singular speech of yours to-day?' demanded Mrs Bazel, carelessly.

Lady Clara was trembling, but she answered boldly, everything considered:

'I meant what I said, Mrs Bazel. I have only this to say more: My husband must decide between you and me now.'

The widow sneered openly:

'He will refuse to do so.'

'Then I will leave Longmere.'

'Where will you go?'

'Anywhere, so I get out of the reach of a woman who wants my husband so badly that she is ready to murder me to secure him!'

The baleful eyes of the widow glittered so menacingly that Lady Clara retreated a few steps involuntarily. She had never seen Mrs Bazel violently angry before.

'You little fool,' hissed that lady, 'it is not I who wants your life—it is your husband. He thinks you have discovered his secret, and he dare not let you live after that.'

Dare not! Lady Clara felt as if she were dying. Had *he* committed a murder then? or what was that dreadful secret which he dare not have her know and live.

The widow stood looking at her a moment more, the glittering blonde face, like snow, with passion and wickedness. Then she glided from the room, and thence along the carpeted corridor to a door of Bruce Delaney's apartments, a door of which she alone possessed the key. Pausing here she deliberately but softly unlocked it with a key which she always carried. Back again now she darted like an evil spirit, and looking in upon Lady Clara, still pondering her frightful thoughts, she said:

'You may solve all your doubts, Lady Clara, this moment, if you wish. Go to the door of your husband's dressing-room and look in. I desire that you should do so to convince you of *my* innocence. He will not see you; he sits with his back to the door.'

Clara Delaney stared at the evil woman in a sort of fascination. What was this she was tempting her to do? What could that secret of her husband's be which she had only to look into his room to discover?

'His door is unlocked; I have just been to his room myself. He will not see you, or know of your presence. You are as safe in looking and satisfying yourself as if you stayed here. Beside, have you not a right? Are you not his wife?'

The subtle tempting of the false widow affected Lady Clara in spite of her resistance to it. She felt as if a wicked spell had been cast about her. A horrible insane desire possessed her to know all. Why should she hesitate when she had only to go a few steps to end the matter? Coward though she was, her curiosity in this supreme moment mastered her cowardice.

'I must know or I shall die,' she said, shutting her little white teeth hard, and the next moment she had passed the cruel widow and left her smiling after her like a beautiful demon.

CHAPTER XV.

Lady Clara reached the door of her husband's dressing-room, which had been purposely left a jar. It swung back almost with a touch, and her husband was before her. What was he doing? One arm was bare to the shoulder, and he was stirring something which looked like pink milk in a tiny porcelain saucer. Was it poison? Lady Clara wondered.

That moment he dipped a small brush like that used by artists in water colours in the contents of the saucer, and turning his face that way, but without seeing her, proceeded to paint with natural tints, a livid and discoloured scar upon his left arm just below the shoulder.

As she gazed upon the scar, all Lady Clara's consciousness seemed to center in her sight.

What was it? a brand—a letter burned into the white flesh?

Was this his secret which he could not even trust his garments to conceal? The frightful truth burst upon her at last. She knew who were branded.

She had heard Lork Hasbrook and a gentleman, formerly a governor of Van Diemen's Land, talk about the custom that prevailed there, of branding only the most desperate felons. And this was the secret she had been wild to discover. This was what her husband had concealed from her so carefully.

He, the handsome Bruce she had worshipped, had been a felon—was an escaped convict, perhaps. No wonder he feared to have so dark and awful a secret known. No wonder he had not dared to let her live when he fancied she had discovered it. What would become of her now if he looked up and saw her?

An awful, unutterable horror was on her.

She tried to turn and creep away before he should see her, but her feet seemed glued to the floor, her limbs to have become paralyzed.

Suddenly her husband looked up, and a dull, chalky whiteness spread over his face as he saw her. He rose slowly from the chair, reaching for his dressing-gown even then, and covering that 'mark of Cain' with it, but never taking his eyes from his wife's staring face. He moved toward her but before he reached her, she fell and lay like one dead, and at that moment Mrs. Bazel burst into the room.

'She here!' she said; 'I expected it. I missed my key, and I knew no one else could have taken it. What will you do with her now? that she has discovered your secret?'

Delaney answered only with glowering looks.

'You will not dare let her see her maid again after this!' suggested Mrs. Bazel.

No answer. Delaney seemed stunned by the blow.

'We had better take her to her own chamber till you decide what to do,' said Mrs Bazel's insinuating tones again. 'I can stay with her for the present and tell Mamie she is ill.'

A groan broke from Delaney's lips at last.

'Oh! that she had not found me out!' he wailed.

'But she has,' persisted the widow, maliciously. 'You know she will never forgive you. Silly as she is, she has too much pride of birth to forgive you, a branded felon, for mar—'

With a cry between a groan and a threat, Delaney stopped her. The agony of his looks was fearful.

It was near midnight when Lady Clara opened her eyes at last on a world that had frightfully changed for her since they closed. She was still in her husband's dressing-room, and lay upon a velvet sofa, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room.

She recognized the place, but could not at first recall what had happened.

A semi-darkness reigned, but there was sufficient light to distinguish objects, and she presently discovered that her husband stood beside the low-carved mantlepiece attentively regarding her.

Then she remembered, and a quiver ran through from head to foot.

'He has kept me here alone with him to kill me.'

She fully believed that he would keep the threat he had made to her formerly concerning her prying into his secrets.

She began to sob with excitement; and Bruce Delaney, having brought more lights from the next room, approached her and sat down.

He was very pale, and his black eyes had a weary rather than a fierce expression.

Lady Clara noticed his subdued look, and a fragment of hope returned to her.

'Are you feeling better, Clara?' he asked gently.

'Have I been sick?'

'You fainted. What was it affected you so, Clara?'

He spoke so quietly that Lady Clara, ever inclined to judge from the surface of things, felt her shallow courage rise. She looked at him a moment, and his eyes met hers sadly rather than in a menace.

'I was frightened at what I saw,' she answered. 'Oh, how could you deceive me so? How can I ever look anybody in the face again?'

Lady Clara sat up and wiped her eyes with her handkerchief.

Her husband's black eyes lightened an instant, then grew dull again.

'What do you mean, Clara?' he asked, in such quiet and low tones that his wife was continued, in the hasty opinion she had formed, that he was only trying to scare her when he threatened her so brutally, and that he was afraid of her now.

'You *know* what I mean,' she said, coldly, her childish anger rising as she proceeded. 'How dare you, an escaped convict, marry me, the daughter of one Earl and the widow of another?'

Delaney drew a long breath, and behind his heavy mustache his teeth clenched their aspect of sombre gloom.

'It was an act of high-handed insolency and presumption. You will scarcely be able to forgive it, Clara?'

'I never will forgive it,' Lady Clara cried, growing bolder every moment, and with her real horror of him so great, now that she knew the truth, that it was a positive relief to express it. She had loved him as much as her shallow yet sweet nature was capable of loving, perhaps, but her love was by no means of the sort to endure so bitter a strain upon it as this. As her terror of him lessened, in consequence of the fearful gentleness of his manner, her hereditary pride rose, and her aversion for him as a low and degraded criminal, grew stronger.

'What will you do about it? You can't help being my wife now, Clara,' Bruce Delaney said, studying her with his sombre glance.

'I won't be your wife any longer. I will be divorced; and when they know how shamefully I was deceived into marrying you, perhaps they will give me back Lord Hasbrook's money. Oh! what a fool I was!'

Delaney experienced a strange pang in discovering how slight was the love his childish young wife bore him, after all bad and wicked as he was, unworthy and unloving himself, he had believed in his wife's love for him. He sat a moment looking at her strangely. Presently he