Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 9. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1465.

The Huron Signal.

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

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

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ALLAN & DICKSON

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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.
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FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

$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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THE undersigned has any amount of money to Loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and upon easy repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
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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 WITHOUT DEDUCTION, 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.
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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.
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The first Steamer for Quebec will leave Liverpool on 16th April.
For Tickets and every information apply to
P. H. CARTER,
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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 Lands 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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FOR YOUNG LADIES UNDER THE DIRECTION of the SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH will be re-opened on
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TERMS.
Tuition per quarter.....$1 00
Music, Drawing, Vocal and Guitar, each.....
per quarter.....8 00
French.....2 00
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" Canvas.....3 00
Payment quarterly and in advance &c. &c.,
For the particulars apply at the Academy.
NORTH STREET,
Goderich.
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MACHINE OIL
Has been in general use for the past two years and giving the best satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading houses in Ontario. It will not congeal in the coldest weather, it is therefore suitable for the lightest and fastest, as well as the heaviest machines in use.
TESTIMONIAL
From the Gault Machine Works.
I consider Stock's oil cheaper at $1.00 per gallon than olive oil at 50 cents. Yours respectfully,
F. W. GLEN, President
For sale only by
G. H. PARSONS & CO., Hardware Merchants, Goderich.
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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

AGENTS WANTED.
Men or women $14 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable with no risks. A 16 page circular and valuable Samples free. ☞ A postal-card on which to send your address costs but two cents. Write at once to
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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

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A GOOD FIRE PROOF SAFE APPLY AT this office.
Goderich, Nov. 16, 1874. t.b.

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

ARE YOU SICK?
If such is the case call on
J. BOND,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, of 17 years Practice, where 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 fails a certain and effectual remedy, 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 restoration.
Just received a large and assorted stock of English, French and American Perfumes, Hair Oil, &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 $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, 15 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 "GLINES" slate Roofing Paint and keep your roof from leaking? It is economical, durable and fire proof. Testimonials free. Local agents wanted for Huron and Bruce Counties.
S. A. RUSSELL & CO.,
Agents for Ontario,
1444 6m 66 King street East, Toronto.

WORK At home, male, and female; $6 per week, day or evening. No
FOR ALL Capital. We send valuable packages of goods by mail free. Address with ten cent return stamp, M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. Y. 1440-6m

Badly Matched;
OR
WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

CHAPTER X.

'Is that Languere?'

Vida Chandos stood up in the carriage, leaning one hand on the hood, and standing with a rare, firm poise that kept her from any danger of falling. Her dark, luminous eyes surveyed her new home with vivid eagerness.

'How beautiful it is! Oh, how lovely! And I am to live here? Dear, dear, how happy I shall be!'

'Don't be too sure of that,' answered Mrs. Bazel, cynically.

She felt compelled to carry herself toward this girl in a manner to win and keep her confidence, but every lithe and graceful movement, every sweet, impulsive word that broke from her joyous red lips, was like poison to the handsome widow's envious and malignant soul.

Vida sat down, not chilled—she had too earnest a nature for that—but struck by Mrs. Bazel's words. Her large, clear eyes questioned the handsome widow with the frank wonder of a child.

Mrs. Bazel laughed.

'You have not lived long enough to know what an illusion happiness is,' she said lightly.

'I hope I shall not live long enough for that. I am always happy. I can't remember when I have cried since—except—for poor mamma.'

Mrs. Bazel yawned behind her black gloved hand.

They drove up the short lime arched avenue to the foot of the terrace.

Mr. Delaney came out to meet them. Lady Clara was nowhere to be seen. The half-dozen servants on the land had an unnaturally grave air, Mrs. Bazel fancied.

'Can anything have happened—already?' she asked herself, with paling cheek.

Her eyes questioned Delaney as he assisted her down from the carriage; but he avoided her gaze. He was occupied, or affected to be so, with Miss Chandos.

'I do not see Lady Clara. I hope she is not ill,' Mrs. Bazel said, unable to control her impatience.

'Lady Clara is quite well, thank you,' Mr. Delaney answered. 'Did you have a pleasant journey?'

'It was horridly warm and dusty,' Mrs. Bazel answered. 'Which room is Miss Chandos to have, Mr. Delaney?'

'Mrs. Tate will show her,' said the gentleman, calling to a prim-looking, rather elderly woman in a brown silk dress.

He presented her to Miss Chandos as his housekeeper, and bade her conduct the young lady to the apartments prepared for her.

Miss Chandos smilingly accompanied Mrs. Tate, casting openly admiring glances at everything. But when she reached her own apartments, and was solemnly ushered into them by Mrs. Tate, her rapture broke forth into words. The room into which she first entered was in its summer dress—the floor a cool mosaic of variously tinted woods inlaid in a fanciful pattern, and strewn here and there with large and luxurious rugs. A large oriel or bay window took up nearly one side of the apartment, the other being curved to match, tinted a pale blue grey like some waters, and adorned with a few choice pictures. There was a carved bookcase, a piano, and the chairs and lounges were upholstered in amber satin, embroidered here and there with a scarlet flower.

Mrs. Tate was delighted with Miss Chandos' pleasure, and crossing the room briskly threw open the doors of the dressing-room and bed-chamber. The dressing-room had walls composed entirely of plate glass mirrors, and the bed-chamber had thick green carpet sown with daisies, and a low, wide bed all satin lace and frills, in exquisite combination.

'Is it really meant to sleep in?' inquired Vida, anxiously. 'I never saw anything so lovely.'

Between these last two rooms was a small oval bath-room in gray marble.

'I will have your trunk sent up directly, Miss Chandos,' said the housekeeper as she left the young lady.

Mrs. Bazel had passed below a moment to have a word with Delaney.—They passed into the library as most secure from listeners.

'What of Clara?' demanded Mrs. Bazel, impatiently.

'Nothing of her. I told you she was well,' answered Delaney, with irritation.

'Why then was she not down to meet us?'

'She did not know you were coming. I have not spoken with her myself in several days.'

'Do you mean to say you have quarrelled openly, and before the servants—just at this time, too?' exclaimed the widow, in indignation and dismay.

'We have not quarrelled, as you call it. I could not endure the sight of her soft white face and baby eyes. I wanted my heart to grow hard to her, and how could it when her arms were always around my neck, and she was always looking at me as innocently as a lamb looks in the eyes of its butcher.'

He whitened suddenly and turned abruptly away.

'I ordered her to stay in her own rooms,' he went on, after a pause. 'She can come out now.'

'And the horse?'

'She has not rode him. I had a mind to shoot him when he first came.'

The beautiful widow opened her eyes and lifted her eyebrows. She had large blue eyes, and so had Lady Clara, but how different were the widow's glittering ultramarine orbs from the pure and innocent luster of Lady Clara's tender eyes.

'So,' she said, in her most taunting tones 'sets the wind in that quarter! My handsome, irreproachable Bruce, have you fallen in love with your wife at last?'

Bruce Delaney shut his teeth hard. His hands were clenched till they grew purple. His black, scowling brows, as he turned suddenly upon the handsome, evil woman, cowed even her.

'I have not fallen in love with my wife, but I can't hate her. I might, if she crossed me or opposed me, or had a vixenish temper like some women, but she don't. She has the temper of a spoiled child—no more—and she loves me—black-hearted, black-souled me. I believe she would be willing to die, if she thought it would make me happy.'

The widow's scarlet lips curved in a wicked sneer, inexpressibly repellent on her handsome blonde face. She looked like a fallen angel, with her yellow hair tumbling over her shoulders and her eyes shimmering with evil light.

'I wish there was some way in which you could test her devotion.' 'But why hasn't she rode my pretty Star? I must try myself to-morrow. Meanwhile, my handsome Benedict, I'll undertake to make your peace with the lovely Clara. How do you like the new arrival?'

'I scarcely looked at her,' said Mr. Delaney gloomily. 'She does not look nor quite seem the coarse and ignorant creature I anticipated from your description, however. The hasty impression I received was one of extreme grace and culture.'

'And yet you scarcely looked at her,' sneered Mrs. Bazel.

Bruce Delaney did not seem to notice the sneer.

'Julia,' he said, lifting his heavy black eyes to her face, 'it is rumoured that Sterne Beauchamp is alive.'

Mrs. Bazel regarded him curiously.

'Who says so?—how did you hear it?'

'I had a letter from Lord Beauchamp. He sent me a cheque for a bagarly hundred pounds, and told me that a man claiming to be Sterne Beauchamp had been to see him. He was so taken by surprise that he let him get off instead of arresting him for an escaped convict, as he might have done, and he warns me to be on the watch for him, and if I ever set eyes on him, to have him taken up, put in irons, and shipped back to Van Dieman's Land.'

'Good! Shall you do it?'

'I must. I'd almost rather go myself, though I hope we shall never meet.'

Mrs Bazel's lip curled again in wonder and scorn.

'As long as he is in England you are in as much danger as if you met him—as if he knew where to find you. Does not Lord Beauchamp know your secret?'

Delaney shuddered and looked about him nervously. He went to the window and cautiously looked out.

'Don't speak so loud, I beg of you Julia,' he said. 'Lord Beauchamp cannot betray me without ruining himself in the same breath.'

'It remains only to steer clear of this *pretended* Sterne Beauchamp, then, and with your changed looks and new name he will not easily discover you.'

'He is very bitter. Lord Beauchamp said he believed he would give more to put his eyes on me than to secure the Beauchamp estates and title.'

'If he ever sees you without you seeing him first, it will be your own fault, that is all, and if he isn't in irons and on board a convict ship in twenty-four hours after, you will deserve to be there yourself.'

She pulled out a handsome, jewelled watch, and glanced at it.

'Oh, my! how late. I must run away and dress for dinner. By-by, Bruce. Don't look so glum at dinner, or you'll never captivate the new queen. The queen is dead—long live the queen! Ah I forgot.'

The widow swept him a mocking bow and vanished. As she lounged in her dressing-room, half an hour before dinner, she smiled in a wicked, confident way to herself, muttering.

'He would be in love with his wife this moment, I do believe, if he had never seen me; and I dare say, in the face of all he has done before, he'll vex me considerably with his soft-heartedness about this affair. Faugh! and she snapped her white fingers in the air, 'the are both now in my hands.'

CHAPTER XI.

The three ladies of the house met in the drawing-room long enough before dinner to make Lady Clara and Miss Chandos acquainted. Lady Clara looked like a late rose leaf, so pale and fragile, but so appealing and tender. Vida thought she had never seen so sweet a face. Lady Clara wore white, as usual, rich with the embroidery and lace, of which she was so fond.

Vida Chandos looked like an East Indian princess. She was dressed in a yellowish white silken tissue—as thin as lace, as fine as a cobweb, and as costly as if woven of gold thread, figuratively speaking. This rare, strange dress had been one of Vida's fancies, which Mrs Bazel had gratified while in London, both for the sake of humouring and winning her by the indulgence, and because she fancied the girl's wondrous beauty would be injured by the sallow hue of the silk. But she was never so mistaken as in this last expectation, as she acknowledged to herself with heartthrobs of suppressed rage. Only a great creamy rosebud was in Miss Chandos' bronze-dark hair, and another nestled at her throat.

Mrs Bazel wore black tulle, with ornaments of diamonds and jet.

Bruce Delaney seemed to have recovered his spirits. He had a cheerful countenance, was dressed elegantly, and looked handsomer than ever, his unhappy wife thought; not that she was unhappy now. Her idol had restored to her the light of his adorable countenance, and no creature in this wide world was so happy as Clara Delaney was when her husband smiled upon her.

He took her out to dinner, too, instead of Miss Chandos, contrary to etiquette, and she did not know with what a startled, half-fascinated gaze he watched Vida. He was perhaps unconscious of it himself.

Mrs Bazel had attended to all the legal formula necessary to constitute her the legal guardian of Vida Chandos. While in London Vida had proved perfectly manageable in that respect. Lord Harcourt had appointed her no guardians. He seemed, indeed, to have only thought of Vida Mordin, her mother, in making his will. Vida Chandos, therefore, being of suitable age to choose a guardian, but not to be without one, needed no especial persuasion on the part of Mrs Bazel to induce her to name herself.

The girl had no suspicion of the immense property which had come to her, neither had she, in her inexperience and confidingness, any mistrust of the bad and designing nature of the woman in whose power she was so absolutely placing herself.

Mrs Bazel had not caused to be associated with her in this important and rich trust Bruce Delaney, and she had rejected the lawyer's proposal to associate any one in that responsible position with her, in terms that prevented the renewal of the proposition entirely.

Not that the lawyer was at all suspicious of the widow. She had brought him letters of introduction from people of the highest rank and position, and he was one of those whom a title blinded to all else. He simply did not like to do business with a woman.

Mrs Bazel had been compelled to play her cards very skilfully to prevent Miss Chandos learning the extent and magnificence of the inheritance which had fallen to her; but she had managed it, and the sweet-natured, but essentially spirited and independent girl was hereafter to be made to believe herself indebted pecuniarily to the widow for the costly splendours now being lavished upon her.

'I thought you wanted me appointed Miss Chandos' guardian also?' said Mr. Bruce Delaney, rather discontentedly, when he became aware of the situation.

'I concluded it would be more prudent to leave you out of the question,' replied Mrs Bazel, coolly.

'Why more prudent?'

'For fear of after claps, to speak vulgarly.'

Delaney looked at her a moment darkly.

'I don't know what you mean, he said, quitting the room.

It was the saltriest night of the season so far.

The mullioned windows of the drawing-room at Longmere stood wide, and upon the terrace outside were Mrs Bazel, Miss Chandos and Mr. Delaney. Lady Clara, in her favourite white embroideries, sat at the grand piano, and looked more ethereal than ever. But that might have been the fault of the azure ribbons which Miss Chandos had persuaded her to wear. Certainly she looked more angelic than usual to-night with her fair, short hair clustering in pale rings about her sweet low brow, and her blue eyes shining as they always did when she played. Melodies that seemed not of earth floated from her little glittering fingers and floated out upon the twilight air.

The tutor engaged by Mrs Bazel for Vida had not yet come. He was confidently expected the next day.

'Play something more cheerful, Clara, called Mr. Delaney from without. 'You're uncommonly fond of dirges it seems to me,' he added, grumblingly.

The next morning he started to his feet, with an exclamation. A fly was just skimming up the avenue.

'Who can that be?' he cried, 'at this hour?' and Vida wondered to see how pale his face had suddenly grown.

'It is only the teacher,' said Mrs Bazel, in her sweet satirical voice. 'I can see his horrid glasses from here.'

Mr. Delaney dropped into his chair again with a deep sigh of relief.

'I'm glad he's come,' he said. 'It'll be some change from this demon dullness that seems to have settled on everything lately.'

Yes, M Chastine St Just had undoubtedly come. He had got down from the fly with some difficulty, owing to his lameness, the driver demanding him.

Then he pulled out a dainty, green morocco pocket-book, with pearl clasps, like a lady's port-monnaie, and paid the man.

A small valise was handed out to one of the Longmere servants, and the teacher passed in, and was conducted by the same servant to the apartments awaiting him.

Mr. Delaney rang, and sent him word that as soon as he had made his toilet they would be pleased to see him in the drawing-room. Dinner would be served at half-past eight, precisely.

M. Chastine St. Just made his appearance rather promptly, looking quite the gentleman in spite of his very plain and rather seedy clothes. His linen, at any rate, was spotless, and his feet the perfection of neatness and symmetry.

He greeted Mrs. Bazel and Miss Chandos very formally, the latter a shade less so, and was presented to Lady Clara and Mr. Delaney.

Bruce Delaney started slightly as the French tutor's voice fell on his ear, and a pang of horrible fear assailed him.

'Where have I heard that voice before?' he asked himself, as he shrank further into the shadow cast by the curtains. 'There was a French guard at Launceston, and the man hated me for knocking down his brother; but this man cannot be he. I am growing fanciful and nervous—pshaw!'

He shook himself as if he would thus be rid of the painful and unaccountable impression made upon him by poor M. St. Just, and walked suddenly forward into the midst of the circle of light shed by glowing chandelier.

'I am very glad you have come, M. St. Just,' he said, with eager cordiality. 'I was getting very dull. I hope you are good company.'

'I am very poor company,' answered M. St. Just, in good English, but with a very marked French accent. He spoke with slight abruptness, and bowed stiffly for a Frenchman.

'Ah you are afraid of your English, perhaps; but you speak it very well, indeed,' persisted Delaney.

M. St. Just bowed again, but did not speak.

'You play—cards, billiards, *ecarte?*'

'No monsieur—*no games of chance.*'

The inclusive tone cut the air like a knife.

Again over Delaney crept that shiver of vague uneasiness and fear. But again he laughed at himself as scared by fancy—a mere chimera of his own brain, which had been unsettled by Lord Beauchamp's letter. And then he had had so much to think of, of late.

M. St. Just proved poor company, as he had said he was. He talked to his companions curiously, studying each in turn, Lady Clara's fragile loveliness seemed to fascinate him strangely; then his glance wandered toward her husband's handsome dark face.

'She seems very happy,' he said, to himself, 'and he ought to worship her, but he don't. I wonder if the widow is his friend or hers. She has quite an at-home air for a guest, anyway, and sweet as her voice is, it palls upon one very soon.

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Chandos began her lessons the following day. One of the pleasantest rooms at Longmere was set apart for the schoolroom and ostentatiously fitted up with whatever would have been necessary for a child of eight or ten years.

Vida laughed loudly as she surveyed the apartment for the first time in M. St. Just's company.

'I am a terrible ignoramus,' she said, 'but I didn't know I was so bad as this. What a lovely room though!'

The room was octagonal, with projecting windows to the south and east. It commanded a superb view, and was richly furnished.

'Very lovely,' M. St. Just answered; but his dark, strangely bright eyes were fastened on Vida, not looking at the room, and a sort of quiver crossed his handsome mouth.

'Would that I were free to be myself to her!' he said to himself, sorrowfully, and moved toward the table in the centre of the room,

'Let us find out, if we can, how much you do know, Miss Chandos, he said, taking up one of the class books on the table.

Vida looked at him in surprise.

'How much better you speak English sometimes than you do at others, Mr. St. Just?'

'Do I?—with a keen, quickly withdrawn glance toward her. 'I dare say. What do you know of grammar, Miss Chandos?'

'I ought to know more of English grammar than you, being a Frenchman,' answered Vida, in her bright, forward way. 'How do you come to know English so well, M. St. Just?'

'My mother was English. She took great pains with me. Mademoiselle perhaps doubts my ability to instruct her? Shall I show her my testimonials? Madame, her guardian, seemed quite satisfied with them.'

Vida opened her large, frank eyes, and arched her slender black brows at him.

'You know it was I who wanted you. Testimonials, indeed! Ask me again what I know about grammar.'

He smiled,

'What do you know of grammar, Miss Chandos?'

'Nothing, M. St. Just. So now you can display your own ignorance without fear.'

The tutor smiled again. The girl's saucy brightness, far from offending his dignity, warmed his heart like sunshine. He had already noticed that she had an air toward him different from that for anyone else. Was it contempt for the inferiority of his position as compared with her own? Had the haughty insolence of her as newly-acquired station already quenched the natural sweetness and generosity of her disposition? He knew better.

'It is her soul that recognizes mine even under this disguise,' he assured himself, triumphantly; and then those black eyes of his would lighten behind their glass mask, and his tones would grow tender and tremulous in spite of him.

The lessons went on rapidly. Vida's slightly eccentric tutor proved very exacting in that particular. He told her plainly that she knew even less than she thought she did. Not only did she know nothing of grammar, but she was frightfully ignorant in all those directions in which a young lady of her age should be thoroughly informed.

He gave her long tasks and relentlessly insisted upon their being made perfect. He criticised her without remorse.

He knew she had a spirited temper, but she never displayed it, even when he was most critical and sometimes unjustifiably severe.

If M. St. Just assumed this dictatorial and pedagogic style of bearing, for the sake of impressing upon his lovely and enduring pupil the fact that he was precisely what he pretended to be, and nothing else, he succeeded better, perhaps, than he wished. Vida was too genuine herself to really suspect others.

Mrs Bazel never came near them. She had weightier matters on her mind and she fancied her valuable ward was well disposed of for the present, being kept by her books from a too careful observation of what was passing about her, as well as being in no danger of forming an injudicious attachment.

'Girls are such fools,' she said to herself, 'I am glad this tutor is so old and ugly; I need have no anxiety about her falling in love with him.'

Side by side with this innocent life which M. Chastine St. Just and his interesting pupil were living, was growing up a tragedy of a most heartrending and cruel character. Neither Vida nor M. St. Just suspected it really; Vida not at all. M. St. Just, though he had a clue, was far from guessing it in its cruel hideousness.

Lady Clara Delaney was of a simple, credulous, confiding nature, at the same time shallow, vain and spoiled by indulgence, for she had been a spoiled only child till she married Lord Hasbrook, and became a spoiled and indulged wife.

The one strongest trait in this strange combination of sweetness and frivolity was a devouring, all mastering curiosity.

When Bruce Delaney displayed such blind passion at the intimation from his wife that he possessed a dangerous and terrible secret, he lighted in her weak soul a fire of dreadful curiosity, that all his after threats, assertions and objurgations could not quench. The subject possessed for her the weird and frightful fascination that a ghost has for the child that would turn idiotic with fear at the sight of one. She could not keep her thoughts from it. The more she tried not to remember the scene in the library the less she could forget it.

She would sit in her own chamber, and closing her eyes, recall with a shuddering fascination the way her husband looked at her when she told him what Mrs. Bazel had, with demon cleverness, put into her mind to say.

'He looked like some wild animal, ready to tear me in pieces,' she said to herself; 'and he said if I fainted he would kill me before I came to.'

One night M Chastine St Just was coming rather late from the school-room where he sometimes sat long after Vida Chandos had taken her pale, gleaming face and electric grey eyes to her own apartment. His room was in the other part of the long gothic structure, but in getting to it he had to traverse a corridor, which was met by another, that ran past Lady Clara Delaney's apartments. As he came opposite this passage, he heard a door opened and shut furiously, and looking up he beheld my lady flying down the corridor, her blue eyes wild and dilated with terror, her face like the face of a corpse.

Her satin-slippered feet made no sound on the thick carpeted floor. She came toward him like the sheeted ghost of herself. Before he scarcely recognized her she flung herself upon his arm, clinging to him in a convulsion of fear.

'Save me—take me away! Hide me! hide me!' she whispered, dragging him on almost without will of his own, and exercising a frantic strength in her efforts that no one would have deemed that little, frail and childish creature capable of.

He paused in the gallery beyond and spoke to her; but she stopped him with