Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 28. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1484.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada,

printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

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

ALLAN & DICKSON

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS—$1 Per annum, in advance, $2 if credit a year. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

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

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

Business Directory.

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

C. CARTWRIGHT, L. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
CLINTON, ONT.
Office,—Opposite the Market and next door to the new Bank.
Teeth with Nitrous Oxide or Vitalized Air, Gold and Platinum Fillings, and Fitted with Gold, and made as good as sound ones. Teeth inserted on the most approved style. All operations performed with care and skill. 1441 1y

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Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

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PRESIDENT of the late Homœopathic Medical Board, now resumes his patients between 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. Other hours by special appointment.
112 BAY STREET, TORONTO, 1410

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BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, In Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1397

ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, IN Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1372

Sinclair Seager & Wade
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
W. S. Sinclair. C. Seager, jr. E. E. Wade.
Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

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BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN Chancery, &c. Office on West St. opposite the Post Office.
J. T. GARROW. F. F. WALKER.

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING, Office at Dixie Watson's, Official Assignee, sw7-tf Goderich, Ont.

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w35
MONEY TO LEND.

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COMMISSION AGENT AND ACCOUNTANT. Any commissions promptly attended to. 1445-1y

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

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OFFICE, STABLES & RESIDENCE, St. Andrew's Street, back of D. Ferguson's Store, and directly opposite the residence of Horace Horton, Esq., M. P. 1313
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness.

GEORGE LEMON,
VETERINARY SURGEON, GODERICH,
Of 19 years practice,
GRADUATE of the Colleges of Lexington, Kentucky, and Toronto, has opened an Office at Elijah Martin's Colborne Hotel, where he can at all times be consulted, night or day, on all diseases of Horses and Cattle. 1344-1y

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

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

STAR BAKERY
Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St.,
GODERICH, Ont.
HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners. Weddings and Parties supplied on short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Goods delivered in any part of the town.
Goderich, Nov. 22, 1874. 1449-1yr

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

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. & A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p.m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich, 4th May, 1875. 1376-1y

Money to Lend.
$25,000
TO LOAN on Farm or Town property at Ten per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.
Oct. 29th, 1874. 1347 Goderich.

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. ROBERTSON,
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 favorable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expense will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society of Toronto.

INSURANCE COMPANY.
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:
PHŒNIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH-AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 24th 1870. w36-1y.

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 without concession.
Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.
FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
Head Office, Canada Branch, Montreal.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

ANCHOR LINE.
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMSHIPS
Sail every Saturday from
NEW YORK AND GLASGOW
Favorite route for Tourists.
Finest approach to Great Britain.
Passenger accommodations unsurpassed.
RATES OF PASSAGE
From NEW YORK to
GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, BELFAST, or LONDONDERRY,
Cabin—$65, $75 & $80—Currency.
Return tickets at reduced rates.
Steerage always as low as by any other FIRST-CLASS LINE.
COMPANY'S OFFICES: 7 Bowling Green, N. Y.
Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK,
1469 Goderich

CANADA
Live Stock
INSURANCE Co'y.
Head Office, Toronto.
HORSES AND CATTLE
Insured against death from any cause.
For rates apply to
R. RADCLIFF, Agent,
Goderich.
BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.
1466—6mo

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust & Loan Company of Canada.
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm or City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.
☞ Approved Mortgages purchased.
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St. Joseph's Academy.
FOR YOUNG LADIES UNDER THE DIRECTION of the Sisters of St. Joseph will be re-opened on
On Monday, 4th of Jan., 1875.
TERMS,

Tuition per quarter	$3.00
Music, Instrumental, Vocal and Guitar, each	"
Bed quarter	3.00
French	2.00
Drawing, Pencil	5.00
" Crayon	5.00

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

Artificial Stone.
The ubscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for
WINDOW CAPS,
KEYSTONES,
WINDOW SILLS,
DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK
required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, opposite Neibergall's Salt Works, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement.
Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.
J. & G. W. THOMSON,
1473 3m Goderich, Ont.

NEW DOMINION
BAKERY,
on the corner of
EAST STREET,
next door to the
FIREMAN'S HALL,
If you want to get first class
BREAD, CAKES, PIES, BISCUITS
AND CONFECTIONERY
go to the
NEW DOMINION BAKERY.
For Oranges, Lemons, and all kinds of Fruits in season. Oysters prepared in every style. Parties supplied on short notice. Wedding cakes made to order.
WM. DOCHERTY

Montreal Academy,
161 Metcalf St., Montreal.
F. S. HAIGHT, M. A., Principal. Vacancies for two Boarding Pupils. Apply for circular to Box 734 P. O. Montreal. 1431—1m

HENRY GILKES,
PAINTER, PAPER - HANGER, BARBER & Paper Manufacturer. Whitewashing done at short notice. Residence, Cameron Street. 1460-1y

J. BOND,
NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS.
EAST SIDE MARKET SQUARE,
SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR,
GODERICH.
BEGS TO INFORM THE PEOPLE OF GODERICH THAT HE HAS
JUST RECEIVED
A large consignment of the
Messina Lemonade Powder.
Potato Bug Destroyer.
A certain and effectual Remedy.
AS ALSO,
Lady's London Supporters,
Lady's Shoulder Braces,
Gents' do do
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. 1456-1yr

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.

WELLER & MARTIN,
Pump Makers.
Wells Sunk & Repaired
on short notice.
Also, Soft water Tanks
made and repaired.
Parties requiring good work done would do well to call upon the subscribers at their shop on Victoria Street in the old marble works.
Weller & Martin
1475 1yr

GODERICH
AUCTION MART.
JOHN STEWART
INFORMS the inhabitants of the County of Huron, that he has just received a large stock of
Dry Goods, Crockery,
GLASSWARE,
COOKING & PARLOR, STOVES,
Hardware and Fancy Goods.
And as the goods in stock were purchased at a low figure he is enabled to sell them cheaper than any other store in the place. The goods are of the very best description and will be sold at a great sacrifice on original cost, parties wishing goods will do well to call and look at the stock.
Cash advanced on goods consigned.
Cash paid for all kinds of Household Goods.
No charge for storage of goods for sale at auction
Bankrupt and other stocks bought and sold.
Goods appraised and debts collected.
A number of Farms and Town Lots for Sale.
Goderich, April 6th, 1876. 1468-1yr

Cheap Cash Store.
SOFAS,
CHAIRS,
LOUNGES,
CUPBOARDS,
LOOKING GLASSES,
FANCY CLOCK SHELVES,
PICTURE FRAMES,
FANCY BRACKETS,
WASHSTANDS,
BEADSTEADS,
WHATNOTS,
PICTURES,
MATTRESSES,
TABLES,
COTS.
Or any thing in the Cabinet or Furniture line for SALE CHEAP FOR CASH.
Upholstering and Picture framing on the shortest notice. Remember the place.
JOHN A. BALL,
Next Signal Office.

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

BELL FOUNDRY.
ESTABLISHED IN 1860.
Bells from 45 lbs. to 700 lbs.
For Farm, School, Town and Church purposes with steel springs in the larger sizes.
5000 BELLS NOW SOLD
Incourage home manufacture. All bells warranted for one year. Send for Catalogue.
L. JONES & Co.,
433-1yr Markham, Ont

Poetry.

Two Pictures.

Before Marriage.

My Maggie, my beautiful darling,
Come into my arms, my sweet.
Let me hold you again to my bosom,
So close I can hear your heart beat.
What! these little fingers been sewing?
One's pricked by the needle, I see.
These hands shall be kept free from labor,
When once they are given to me.

All mine, little pet! I will shield you
From trouble and labor and care,
I will robe you like some fairy princess,
And jewels shall gleam in your hair;
Those slippers you gave me are perfect,
That dressing gown fits to a T—
My darling, I wonder that heaven
Should give such a treasure to me..
Eight—nine—ten—eleven! my precious,
Time flies so when I am with you.
It seems but a moment I've been here,
And now, I must say it!—Adieu!

After Marriage.

Oh! Meg, you are heavy—I'm tired;
Go sit in the rocker I pray;
Your weight seems a hundred and ninety
When you plump down in that sort of way.
You had better be mending my coat sleeve—
I've spoken about it before—
And I want to finish this novel,
And look over those bills from the store.

This dressing gown acts like the d—l;
These slippers run down at the heel;
Strange nothing can ever look decent:
I wish you could know how to feel.
What's this bill from Morgan's? Why surely,
It's not for another new dress!
Look here! I'll be bankrupt ere New Year.
Or your store bill will have to grow less.
Eight o'clock? Meg, sew on this button
As soon as you finish that sleeve;
Heigh-ho! I'm dencedly sleepy.
I'll pile off to bed, I believe.

Our New Story.

Back numbers of the SIGNAL, containing the first chapters of the new story will be furnished to subscribers desirous of reading the story. Those wishing to subscribe will have these back numbers forwarded to them on receipt of FIFTY CENTS, which will entitle them to receive the paper until 1st January, 1876.

Now is the time to subscribe.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A Domestic Story.

I think that I would rather hear you when Frank is with me, and can help me frame my replies,' said the young lady, so demurely that Sir Charles felt himself foiled, and bit his lip. He adroitly changed the subject.

'You must be proud of your relation' ship to such a clever artist. Will Mr. Dalton oblige me by painting a companion picture to the gem I have just secured?'

'Frank will be very glad to do so,' answered Rosamond, herself forgotten in her loving anxiety to advance her brother's interests. 'He has been ill; but to hear that his works are appreciated will do him much good! He will commence the picture you wish to have as soon as he is able. Do you leave the choice of the subject to him?'

'Or to you,' answered Sir Charles, who was admiring the lovely bloom that had risen into her cheek while she was speaking. 'Pray do not let Mr. Dalton hurry himself; but, at the same time, will you kindly hint to him that he is at liberty to draw upon me whenever it suits him.'

Rosamond drew herself up with a stately gesture that harmonized so well with her finely developed figure and nicely pointed head.

'Frank is too honest to accept payment for an unfinished picture,'

'But between friends, dearest Miss Dalton, such scruples are absurd.'

Rosamond began to grow excited. With such a wealthy man as Sir Charles to encourage and aid the young artist's efforts, Frank might achieve wonders.

'Ah, if you and he were friends!' she exclaimed; then paused, doubtfully.

'And why not, if you wish it? Of course I must not intrude upon Mr. Dalton while he is ill; but if I could see you again—if I could know his tastes, his wishes, and how I could most effectually serve him——'

'Tears sprang into Rosamond's beautiful eyes, and she extended both her hands to the speaker, whose truth it never entered her head to suspect.

'Oh, thank you—thank you! You are the first who has spoken such cheering words to me for a long while. Poor, friendless—afraid to confess to each other all we have been dreading—your promises are more inspiring than you can imagine.'

Sir Charles, really touched by this burst of genuine emotion, gently forced her to seat herself. He had found the key to her heart. While he talked of her brother, Rosamond would listen.

'Don't think me impertinent,' he said, 'if I own I should like to know how it is I find Mr. Dalton harassed by such difficulties. You need not hesitate to tell me; I am young and foolish and thoughtless myself.'

Anxious to remove the thought that their troubles were the result of Frank's extravagance, Rosamond told him all, from the moment Mr. Robinson's strange will crushed the hopes that they had been led to entertain, till now poverty very closely enveloped them.

Sir Charles was really interested, and asked many questions concerning the mysterious heiress.

'Mr. Dalton should seek for the lady who has ousted him from his inheritance,' he observed. 'If she be young and lovely, their union will put an end to all ill will.'

Rosamond smiled sadly. 'The heiress of such a fortune bestow her hand on a struggling painter! What could be more unlikely? Besides, if she were the most beautiful of her sex, Frank's pride would be an insurmountable obstacle. But I should not waste my time, nor yours, Sir Charles, in these idle conjectures,' she added, rising hastily. 'Adieu!'

'Before you go, give me leaves to try whether I can procure a commision for Mr. Dalton from Lord Yateslay. He is a friend of mine, and a noted connoisseur!'

'Will you do this? How shall I thank you?' cried Rosamond, her breath fairly taken away by the bright prospects his generous offers conjured up.

'Do not speak of thanking me till my success merits it. I will see his lordship this evening; but would it not be as well to keep silence respecting this—to Mr. Dalton, I mean? In his delicate health, to raise hopes I may not be able to fulfil, would be dangerous, would it not?'

Rosamond acknowledged that he was right.

'Then you will say nothing of my intentions until after to-morrow, when I will contrive to communicate to you the result of my application to his lordship. But how am I to do so? I have an engagement at Tufnell Park. If I stroll towards your residence, may I hope to meet you?'

Rosamond drew back and hesitated, but Sir Charles was too wily to see this, and went on to say. 'If I am the bearer of good news, I shall ask you to introduce me to Mr. Dalton at once, and trust to his good nature to forgive the intrusion. And now you must permit me to see you safely home.'

But this she positively refused to do, and he was compelled to relinquish his intention.

'Till to-morrow,' he murmured, as she turned away, and Rosamond half unconsciously repeated the words; looking back to flash at him a sunny glance from the eyes in which the light of hope beamed once more.

'She is an angel!' said Sir Charles to himself, with some thing like a compunctious sigh. 'I would rather be the poverty-stricken ambitious boy over which she watches so tenderly, than the reckless, world-hardened libertine an unbridled career and evil counsels have made me. My pretty Rosamond! I'm afraid this will be an evil day for you to look back upon. If I had the courage to do right, I should see you no more!'

CHAPTER VI.

A BLIGHT FALLS ON THE ROSE.

A week after this rencontre, Frank Dalton was making use of his slowly returning strength to sketch out his ideas of the picture he was to paint for the Baronet; and presently he called Rosamond to come and look at it.

She praised it warmely. 'Then it is finished. I may carry it to Monsieur Galli's this afternoon, and submit it to Sir Charles Tresilian.'

Frank drew her down beside him.

'This sketch shall be submitted to Sir Charles; but I think, Rosie, I must find another messenger. I should not like you to have to listen to criticisms which you are too partial not to resent if they are unfavourable.'

She smiled. 'Nay you may trust me to be very humble and silent. Besides, Sir Charles is too courteous to couch his remarks in terms that would annoy me.'

'Still, dear Rosie, I had rather you did not wait on this gentleman,' he persisted. 'Two or three words my old friend Morrison let fall when he called, made me so uneasy that I questioned him, and learned that Sir Charles Tresilian bears a somewhat doubtful reputation.'

Rosamond grew hot and indignant when she heard this.

'I don't like Mr. Morrison. He is apt to make ill-natured remarks; and it is not right of you, Frank, to be so ready to believe an evil report of one to whom we owe so much.'

'Don't be so hasty, dear,' he answered, pacifically. 'Sir Charles may be a munificent patron of the arts, yet not a man in whose power I should choose to trust my sister's good name.

The annoyed girl pushed away the arm that lay round her shoulders, and started up.

'This is cruel both to him and me. Do you think I would permit him to say anything to which it would not be right to listen? Sir Charles has never for a moment forgotten that I am the sister of a gentleman, and his equal in everything but fortune.'

'I did not mean to vex you, Rose; nevertheless, I must adhere to what I said just now. There may or may not be truth in Morrison's tale; how much or how little it scarcely concerns us to discover. But it is my bounden duty to shield my sister from calumny, and so, dear Rosie, we will send the picture with a polite note.'

Frank was very determined, and Rosamond made no further attempts to oppose him. Besides, she was not wholly conscious free. Twice she had seen Sir Charles, and been prevailed on by his specious pretexts to keep their interviews secret from her brother. It is true that these meetings had been brief, and the second one quite, apparently quite accidental; but with looks and half-uttered expressions of delight, on which she had dwelt for hours afterwards. And to-day they were to have met at Galli's, and Rosamond had been impatiently longing for the moment when her hand would be imprisoned in that ardent clasp; her eyes sought by his, while, under the pretence of a desire to serve her brother, he would detain her and breathe in her ear those soft nothings, at which practice had made him such an adept. What would he think of her absence? She panted with angry shame least he should guess the true reason, and devine that this ungrateful Frank had dared to doubt him!

But she had not the courage to renew the subject; and Frank was packing up his sketch, and feeling a little annoyed that Rosamond sat by, and never offered her assistance, when a letter was brought in.

'Monsieur Galli wishes to see Miss Dalton on a little matter of business, as soon as she can make it convenient to call.'

'Was not Galli aware that you have already proposed visiting him to-day?' asked Frank, looking over the paper, thoughtfully.

'I don't know. Sir Charles Tresilian made the arrangement,' Rosamond answered, reddening, and feeling guilty.

'I wish I were strong enough to save you all these troublesome walks,' her brother sighed, after a short pause.

'Then you wish me to go?'

'To confer with Galli, yes,' was the prompt reply. 'You can leave my sketch and note for Sir Charles in the care of his clerk.'

With slow steps, and disappointment at her heart, Rosamond went. It was provoking to know that in an hour or two the Baronet would arrive, to find her gone.

Monsieur Galli complimented her on har promptitude, and put into her hands a small case.

'See here, mademoirelle; this miniature is entrusted to me to be retouched; the colours are fading. It will require delicate handling, and I have promised that it shall be carefully done. Will Mr. Dalton undertake this commission?'

He was about to add further directions, when he was called, and begging Rosamond to sit down and rest, he bustled away.

She was hot and weary with her walk and retreating to a small adjoining room, but little used, where there was an open window looking out into a flagged courtyard, containing a couple of dusty sycamores, she seated herself, and opened the case.

It contained a portrait of a girl younger than herself, and so exceedingly lovely, that Rosamond uttered a little cry of admiration when she first beheld it. Eyes of that dark gray which in some aspects are almost black, at others, of the deepest blue, seemed to look archly into her own. The lips were parted as if about to utter some gay sally; while to mark the nationality of the merry maiden, she wore in her bosom a cluster of the leaves of the shamrock, and her dark hair was carelessly tied back with a green ribbon. An engagement ring was on one of the taper fingers of the hand she held up in sportive warning—perhaps of the danger of going too long on her beauty.

Rosamond was so engrossed with the miniature, that she did not hear any one enter the adjoining department, until Sir Charles Tresilian's voice struck upon her ear. He was talking to Major Colbye about some betting transaction, and she tried to fix her attention on a newspaper that lay on the table, hoping all the while that Sir Charles would glance that way and discover her presence.

'No, I cannot go with you,' she heard him say; 'I must call on my solicitor, and then I return here to keep an appointment.'

'Oh, ah! with little Dalton, I suppose. Is she still in the ascendant? I thought no belle ever retained her power over you for more than a fortnight.'

Sir Charles laughed carelessly.

'My Rose of roses is very charming, Colbye and so I take no note of time while I bask in her smiles.'

Rosamond started from her seat, quivering in every nerve at the tone in which this was said.

'Is the brother—a—a—troublesome? asked the Major; 'or is he one of those convenient relatives who know how to shut their eyes upon occasions?'

'The poor devil is ill, so he has not been much annoyance to me at present,' Sir Charles replied; and the listening Rosamond cleuched her hands and set her teeth in her full red lips. For a moment she was ready to confront him, and ask how he dared speak of Frank thus; but then a sense of her own misplaced love and confidence swept over her, and dropping into the seat from which she had risen, she covered her face, nor looked up again till Monsieur Galli received her.

Sir Charles and his friend had departed—one swift look had assured her of this, while the picture-dealer was apologizing for his lengthened absence. Like one in a dream she heard his message for Frank, and with the miniature in her hand she immediately turned to depart.

'You will be careful with it,' was Monsieur Galli's parting injunction. 'The pearls at the back are valuable on es, and Sir Charles Tresilian appears to set great store by the picture.'

Was it then the image of some other foolish, credulous girl, who, like herself, had listened and believed? Frank was alarmed when she returned home, and he saw the white rigid face, that, without a word she laid upon his breast, clinging to him the while almost convulsively.

'Rosie, my darling, what has happened? Has Sir Charles——has any one presumed——'

She passionately interrupted him.

'I have not spoken to a person, save Monsieur Galli, since I left you. Don't question me, Frank. I am learning a hard lesson; that is all. Be contented to know that you were right in your judgment, and I——'

A long, long sigh finished the sentence.

He took the miniature out of her hand.

'What is this, Rosamond?'

'A portrait for you to retouch. Whose is it? I cannot tell you, and you must not seek to know. Perhaps it is some poor credulous child, who is even more unhappy then I, for she may not have learned, till too late, that there is no truth, no honour, in the world. Oh, Frank, Frank! love and pity me, for I am very miserable!'

He put his finger on her lips to still the agonizing cry, and pointed to the door.

A strange female was standing on the threshold.

CHAPTER VII.

A HUMBLE FRIEND TURNS UP.

The brother and sister gazed wonderingly at their visitor, a little old woman whose shrewd, good-humoured face was surrounded by a full quilting of net beneath the quaintly shaped black satin bonnet that covered her head. A black dress, carefully tucked up over a quilted petticoat, and an ample gray cloak, completed her costume.

''Deed, then,' she said, as she came slowly forward, 'it's myself that ought to beg pardon for coming in without being announced; but you did not seem to hear the knocking of my knuckles on the door, so I made bould to enter. 'Tis Ailie Brean, I am,' she added, in reply to their enquiring looks.

'Mr. Robinson's housekeeper?'

'True, for ye, miss; though it's hardly what I ever named myself, seeing that he never had a house, but only what the furriners called a sweet of rooms, though 'tis neither sweet nor clane they were till I made them so.'

'Be seated, Mrs Brean,' said Frank, interposing himself between her and Rosamond, to give the latter time to recover composure. 'When did you return to England?'

''Tis ten days ago to-morrow; an' may be, sir, you're wondering, why I didn't pay my duty to ye before?'

The young man smiled faintly. 'Nay, Mrs. Brean, you owe us no such courtesy our connexion with your late master has entirely ceased. I am more disposed to be surprised that you have called upon us at all.'

''Deed, then,' she answered, warmly, 'I'd be ashamed to be wanting in respect to the son and daughter of Captain Dalton, who never came to the masther's (I was in Ingy with him, ye know) widout a civil 'How are ye, Ailie?' and a token of his good will, in the shape of a bit of silver, or a kiss, if he were going away. 'Twas young and pretty I was in those days, for 'tis but twenty years agone, and I'll not be sixty for these three months to come. 'Tis the gay, handsome gentleman he were, God rest his soul. Amen?'

This mention of the father they could scarcely remember, made both Rosamond and Frank view the old woman with interest, and draw nearer to her.

'Our mother—do you remember her, too, Mrs. Brean?' the former inquired

A tear sprang into her eyes, as she responded, 'How will I help it, when I see you standing there wid the same sorrowful look in your face that I have seen in hers when the Captain was called away, and her heart was sore wid her fears for him? And will I ever forget the day that I heard the news of her death—the dear lady—the gentle, tender creature that had a smile and a kind word for every one. May God forgive the cruel ruffians that shot her down, as she shielded her wounded husband wid her own body! But we'll not be talking of what's past and gone, she added, more briskly. 'I'd rather be telling you my errand miss, dear, if you're willing to hear it?'

Rosamond's hand was now lying on the shoulder of her guest, and her look of sympathy encouraged the old woman to proceed.

'Tis to Carlow, where I was born, that I went as soon as I came home to my own country, for I thought I'd settle down wid my own kin, and let them have the benefit of my money as well as myself. 'Tis twenty-twenty-round a score the matter—that I've left me, and alone the old premises I've saved out of my wages. But never a one that I left in the old town thirty years agone could I find. The brother of me was dead—though that was no more than I looked for, after I heard that a quart of whisky a-day did not contend him, and more didn't agree wid him. The cousins I played wid when I were a little girl had all perished in the famine years, and other faces and other hands had been pulled down to make way for a railroad. 'Deed, then, I felt like Kilduckery and in a wine-glass, out o' place altogether, and so I took my way back to England. 'Tis only wid orphans like myself that I could hope to find a home, and so I came to you.—Will ye give a corner of your hearthstone to the friendless old Ailie, Masther Frank?'

He hesitated, and glanced at his sister before he replied.

'My good Mrs. Brean, I don't know how to answer you. Would you be satisfied to share the home of those who are greatly troubled just at present to get their daily bread?'

'I'd not want to live upon you, sir,' said the old woman, drawing herself up; 'and for the shelter I ask, I'd pay ye back wid the labour of my own hands.'

'Don't misunderstand us,' Rosamond interposed. 'We will cheerfully make room for you if you can resolve to put up with the shifts and economies we are obliged to practise.'

''Deed, said Ailie, untying her bonnet and cloak. 'An', may be, I can help ye to save instead of hindering. Any way, if ye'll put up wid the old woman, she'll take care to be neither trouble nor expense.'

Still the brother and sister hesitated. Their pride made them unwilling to expose to a stranger all the shifts and privations they were forced to endure; and Mrs. Brean, at her age, might reasonably look for comforts which it was not in their power to offer.

Frank manfully threw himself into the breach.

'Mrs. Brean, we would cheerfully bid you stay with us if we were able; but my sister's strength is already taxed severely, and I must not let her take any additional burdens upon her young shoulders. These little hands of hers perform all our household duties, for the servant we had has left us for a better situation, and my sister Rosamond will not hear of her place being filled up till we can better afford it.'

'Gone off to get higher wages, has she?' was Mrs. Brean's only comment on this explanation. ''Deed, then, but that's a poor reason for leaving Miss Rosie, who's a good mistress, I'll go bail. For myself, I'd rather serve her widout any payment than leave her for such a paltthy cause. But some people do be thinking of nothing but getting and scraping. Miss Rosie's quites right to have no more of such covetous creatures. She'll make shift wid such help as I shall give her till the sun gilds Fortune's wheel again.'

Amused and yet perplexed, Frank glanced at his sister again. Apparently, Mrs. Brean was resolved to stay with them under any circumstances.

'If ye've no objection, I'll make bould to find my way to the room where she slept, and put my bonnet out of the dust,' said Mrs. Brean, trotting to the door. 'And then, if Masther Frank will write a line to those meddlesome chaps at the Custom House, and ask them to send up my bits o' boxes as soon as they ha' done prying into them—bad luck to the manners they have, touching what they neither bought nor paid for,—if he'll write the message, why I'll go to the kitchen, and make a cup of tay for Miss Rosie, for I can see, by the looks of her, that her head's splitting with the pain.'

Frank turned anxiously to his sister, who availing herself of the opportunity to avoid the questions she knew he was waiting to put to her, faltered that it was true that her head ached, and she should be glad to lie down a while.—Escaping to her chamber, she locked herself in, that no one might intrude upon the burst of misery she could no longer restrain. Sir Charles—impatiently awaiting her at Galli's—little dreamed that she was bravely wrestling with her love, and vowing never—never to see him again.

When left alone, Frank resumed his inspection of the miniature she had given him. All his natural and highly-cultivated sense of the beautiful was aroused by this portrait. Like one entranced, he sat gazing at it, impressing every lovely feature upon his memory, and longing to know the name and whereabouts of the fair original. Rosamond had spoken as though it were possible that some slur rested on the fair fame of this daughter of Erin; and the fact that her portrait pertained to Sir Charles Tresilian might induce others to think the same. But not Frank. Truth and purity were seated on that candid brow, and in those smiling eyes. The blight of sorrow might cloud them, but of shame—if he were a good physiognomist—never.

He was still seated at the table, his head supported on his hands, his eyes riveted on the pictured face that seemed sportively challenging his curiosity, when Ailie, who had been very busy in the little kitchen, came in with a tray, and with feigned indifference, Frank pushed the open case away from him.

Ailie's eye fell upon it as she passed. With a start a smothered exclamation, she hastily set down her load and turned to the young man, who, much to his own annoyance, felt his colour rise as her keen shrewd glances travelled from the pictured face to his own.

'I ha' seen that lady before,' she said, abruptly. 'Who give ye her picture, Masther Frank?'

'It is not mine,' he answered, with some surprise at the oddness of her manner. 'It is merely sent to me to be re-touched where the tints are fading.—Whose portrait is it, Mrs. Brean?'

He spoke with an eagerness he could not conceal; and she noticed it, and began to busy herself with her tray, answering evasively. 'How will I know, sir?'

'But you recognised the features as familiar to you. Pray, tell me the name of this lady.'

She put her finger to her chin, and stood considering.

'Now, where will I have seen her?—'Deed, then—it's may be my own fancy, though—that picture might have been taken for Mrs. General Jipps, only her hair was red; but I don't know whether it isn't more like Miss 'Stasia Jones, the doethor's daughter, that run away wid her father's groom, an' she thirty all but a week, and old enough, in all conscience, to have known better.'

Frank heard her, with growing irritation.

'But these are the features of a lovely Irish girl who cannot be out of her teens. Look again, Mrs. Brean, and tell me if you can mistake that youthful face for a Mrs. General Jipps, or the other middle aged woman you mentioned.' And Frank grew quite irate at the suggestion that his divinity might be a commonplace Miss Jones, with a pensionnaire for her father's servant.

'Deed, then, Masther Frank,' Ailie retorted, 'I did not call myself middle-aged at thirty—no, nor at forty neither; and the lady whose looks you're so taken wid may have been painted years ago, and be the fat, blowsy mother of half a dozen children by this time.'

Aggravating supposition! The young man bit his lips, and kept back an angry retort.

'May I make bould to ask to whom the picture belongs?' Mrs. Brean inquired, presently.

'To Sir Charles Tresilian,' was the curt reply.

'Eh! then the Lord help her, whoever she be—for them Tresilians is a bad lot, to say the best of them. And now, Masther Frank, while the tay's drawing on the body