Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVII. NO. 12. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1874. WHOLE NO. 1416.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

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

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS - $1.50 per annum, in advance, $2 if credit is given. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING;

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines $5.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

YEARLY AGREEMENTS:

The following rates will be charged to merchants and others who advertise by the year,—

One Column	1 year	$60
" "	6 months	35
" "	3 months	25
Half "	1 year	35
" "	6 months	25
" "	3 months	15
Quarter "	1 year	20
" "	6 months	12
" "	3 months	8
Eighth "	1 year	12
" "	6 months	8
" "	3 months	5

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

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

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

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

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

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

Business Directory.

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

John Campbell, M.D., C.M.,
(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal),
SEAFORTH.
Office and residence—one door south of Ross' Hotel, Main Street, and opposite McLachlin's Hotel.
Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

G. C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, Accoucheur, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1340-1y

DR. McLEAN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c. Office and Residence—Opposite the Central School.

Dr. Cassidy,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c. Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. 1392

Ira Lewis
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Solicitor in Chancery, Crown Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office—Court House.

Cameron & Garrow,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office—Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. Cameron. 932 J. T. Garrow.

H. L. DOYLE.
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1357

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

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

W. R. SQUIER.
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont.
Office, Auditor's Block, West Street, Goderich. 1353

P. F. WALKER.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office, opposite the Post Office, West Street, Goderich, Ont. 1358-6m

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

Malcomson & Keating,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c., &c., Clinton, Ont. w65
MONEY TO LEND.

HUGH HAMILTON
CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Crown Land Agent, Goderich, Ont.
Money to Lend. 138

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT & CONSULTING ENGINEER, Goderich, Ont. Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters, Masters and Masons work measured and valued. 1307-1y.

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

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.
OFFICE AND STABLES,
Newgate Street, Fifty Doors East of Colborne Hotel.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1315

PATENTS
FOR INVENTIONS
EXPEDITIOUSLY & PROPERLY
secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. PATENT guaranteed in one choice. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb. 11th 1871. w4-1y—

NOTICE,

MISS BARNES in returning thanks to her friends in Goderich for past patronage, begs to say that she is now prepared to give Lessons on the Pianoforte and Cabinet Organ and in Singing.

Residence opposite Mr. Savage's, Colborne St. 1363

CARD.

MISS SKIMMINGS, Teacher of Music on Piano Forte and Organ. Terms as usual in advance. Residence, Stanley Street, Goderich.

January 5th. 1874. 1403

RESTAURANT.

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

THE ACADEMY
FOR YOUNG LADIES UNDER THE direction of the SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH will be re-opened on
WEDNESDAY Jan. 7th 1874.

TERMS

Tuition per quarter,	$3 00
Music, Instrumental,	7 00
" Vocal,	5 00
Guitar,	5 00
French,	2 00
Drawing,	4 00

Payment quarterly and in advance. Plain and ornamental needle-work do not form extra charges to pupils.

Jan. 6th 1874. 1403-6m

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, 1871. sw73-1y

Hotels.

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

Money to Lend.

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

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

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

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan on mortgage on farms, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD.
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies
PHOENIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates.
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 26th 1870 s364-1y.

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 $2,000,000, are being promptly and fairly adjusted without protection. 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. E. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, Montreal
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

ANCHOR LINE.
STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.
PASSENGER ACCOMODATION UNSURPASSED
Rates of Passage from New York to Glasgow, Liverpool, Londonderry, Queenstown or Belfast: Cabins $65, $75 and $80 Gold, according to location. Intermediate $39; Steerage $34
DRAFTS ISSUED AT LOWEST RATES.
For passage or further information, Apply to
HENDERSON BROTHERS,
7 Bowling Green N. Y.
Or their Agent
1418 MRS. E. WARNOCK, Goderich.

ALLAN LINE.
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.
REMEMBER.
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 16th April.
For Tickets and every information apply to
P. H. CARTER,
1414 3m Grand Trunk Station, Goderich.

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust and Loan Company of CANADA.
Incorpoated by Royal Charter.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of 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,
Agent
1317 Market Square, Goderich

NEW CONVEYANCING & LOAN Agency Office, Blyth.
W. H. G. COLLES,
Conveyancer, Solicitor in Chancery, and Attorney of the Law and Equity Courts of Ireland, Genealogist, Land, Loan and Estate Agent, Law, Life and Fire Insurance, and General Agent.
Has opened an office in Blyth, at the late residence of Dr. Hutchinson, next house south of the Registry Office. Deeds, Wills, Mortgages, &c., carefully prepared; Titles and claims to Irish Estates investigated, and Law Business in Ireland transacted in connection with a First-Class Dublin Firm; Genealogies traced and Pedigrees prepared; Forty Years Experience; charges moderate. Money to Loan—private funds, and for Public companies. Debts collected. Notes protested and collected.
☞ Office next house south of Registry Office.
1407

ARE YOU SICK?
IF SUCH IS THE CASE CALL ON
J. BOND,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, of 26 years Practice, where thousands have been relieved of various diseases incidental to the constitution.
NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS.
SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR,
East Side Market Square.
GODERICH.
Where you can get Pure Drugs and Chemicals compounded by a first-class Chemist. Open night and day. A large and well selected stock arriving weekly from European and American markets, viz:

Drugs,	Patent Medicines,
Sponges,	Shoulder Braces,
Trusses,	Sea Salt for Baths,
Perfumery,	Hair Oils,
Essences, assorted,	Hair Brushes,
Tooth Brushes,	Combs, &c., &c.

A LARGE LOT OF
DYE STUFFS FRESH AND GOOD.
The Medicine prepared by J. Bond for purifying the blood far surpasses all other preparations.
Bond's Tonic Bitters,
For Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Bilious Diseases, &c., &c., still maintains its superior reputation above all others, both in Ontario and the United States.
A Call is respectfully solicited.
Goderich, March 2nd, 1874. 1411

THE
Very Thing Wanted
NEW HARDWARE STORE
In GODERICH
OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE.
SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW
THE SUBSCRIBERS BEG TO SAY THAT THEY have just completed opening out an Entire New and
COMPLETE STOCK OF
HARDWARE.
of all kinds which will be sold at prices that defy competition. Before purchasing elsewhere. Please give us a call.
B.—List of Goods sold, next week
G. H. PARSONS & CO
Opposite The Market House
Goderich June 23rd 1873.

DOMINION CARRIAGE WORKS.
R. J. WHITELY
BEGS TO THANK THE PUBLIC for the liberal patronage accorded him in the past and to announce that he still carries on Carriage and Sleigh making in all its branches, at the old stand, opposite E. Martin's Colborne Hotel. Carriages Buggies, Waggons, and everything else in his line kept on hand or made to order of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
Goderich, 25th Feb. 1873. 1358

HURON CARRIAGE WORKS,
HAMILTON STREET, GODERICH.
KNOX & ROTHWELL
Beg to inform the public that they are in a position to fill all orders with which they may be entrusted, in a style which cannot be surpassed in the County. The vehicles turned out of their establishment are finished in a very superior style, and will bear comparison with any.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
Goderich, 16th Feb. 1874. 1709

OPENED OUT AGAIN.
DOUGLAS MCKENZIE
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
DESIRES to return his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage extended him in the past, and to announce that he has removed to the new premises in Acheson's Block, West Street, He would call special attention to the
RUSSELL WATCH
for the sale of which he is the agent in Goderich. A large stock of Waltham, Swiss, England or Swiss Watches in Gold and Silver cases.
He has on hand a large and well selected stock of
JEWELLERY
of all kinds which he will sell cheap.
REPAIRING DONE AS USUAL.
A CALL SOLICITED.
D. McKENZIE.
Goderich November 11th 1872 1365

Dr. S. S. Fitch's Family Physicians
Containing descriptions of Diseases and rules for their treatment, will be sent by mail, free of all charge, to any one sending their address to
714 Broadway, New York.

Poetry.

Life's Question.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

Drifting away
Like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment,
Yesterday's dream;
Ever resolving—
Never to mend—
Such is our progress;
Where is the end?

Whirling away
Like leaf in the wind,
Points of attachment
Left daily behind;
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend—
Such our fidelity;
Where is the end?

Crystal the pavement,
Seen through the stream;
Firm the reality
Under the dream.
We may not feel it:
Still we may mend—
How we have conquered
Not known till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter
Sports of the wind;
But stands to the winter
The great tree behind.
Frost shall not wither it;
Storms cannot bend;
Roots firmly clasping
The Rock at the end.

Calm is the firmament
Over the cloud;
Clear shine the stars through
The rifts of the shroud,
There our repose shall be;
Thither we tend—
Spite of our waverings,
Approved at the end.

GENTLE WOMAN ROUSED.

A STORY OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN THE WEST.

(From Hearth and Home.)

"I think such action is unlady-like, unwomanly, and altogether wrong," said Mrs. Elliott, warmly. "The idea of women marching in bands through the streets, followed by a rabble of rude men and boys—the idea of refined ladies forcing their way into some filthy barroom, full of obscene, guzzling, ill-omened looking loafers, and kneeling on the tobacco stained floor in audible prayer. These temperance movements always tend to fanaticism, but this is a little worse than anything I have heard of yet. Must woman unsex herself and brave the most disgusting phase of publicity? Must the pearls of religious feeling, even in the most sacred form of prayer, be cast before the swine that infest these low dens?"

The speaker was a young and very pretty lady, who had lived in our town about a year. Indeed, she had not been married much longer than that, having come to us as a bride. She was a fine type of the New England girl, quite brilliant and ready in conversation, very refined and high cultured, a little opinionated, but intense in her disgust at the pronounced phase of "woman's rights." "Home is woman's highest sphere," she was wont to say, "and the power behind and above the throne." As we came to know her well, we found that she possessed a warm heart and Christian principle, though not very obtrusive in manifesting either. Something of the coldness and repression of New England society tinctured her manner, and made her seem a little formal at first in contrast with our free, hearty western style. Like too many of her sisters, instead of gaining hardiness from the bleak hills and chill winds of her early home, she appeared a frail blossom that would ever need the shelter of the tenderest love and care.

Her husband was a Western man, one who had grown up in our young city. He was well connected, of recognized ability as a lawyer, and with a future before him of the fairest promise. It had occasionally been whispered that he drank rather freely, but no one had ever seen him the worse for it. His lovely young wife seemed to possess boundless influence over him, and for the greater part of the first year of married life he had been very domestic. But of late he spent his evenings out more frequently, excusing his absence by saying that there were parties that could be seen in the way of business better at night than during the day.

I had my fears, but the wife suspected nothing.

Two or three of us were sitting socially with our work in her pretty parlor one afternoon, when some remark on the strange temperance movement that had lately been developed led to Mrs. Elliott's decided expression of opinion with which I have commenced this brief record of an experience so different from my usual quiet life.

I will merely say to the reader that I am a middle aged widow lady, quite alone in the world. My home is next door to that of Mrs. Elliott, and from some secret affinity we had become very intimate. Years before my natural heart treasures had slipped from me, and I, in my loneliness, found it very easy to love my young neighbor as a daughter. Through a side entrance we ran in and out of each other's homes with perfect freedom, and often sat with our work together.

This afternoon Mrs. Judge Ashman, another intimate friend, was also with us. Her only immediate response to Mrs. Elliott's words was a deep sigh. At last she said:

"The evil grows so desperate I can scarcely wonder at any effort to counteract it, though I must say with you that I can scarcely understand this one. I do not see how a lady can go to such places as you describe, I suppose, only too truly. But the trouble is, the worst mischief is not done at these 'deus.' Many of our drinking saloons are elegant in all their appointments, and are frequented by gentlemen."

"No matter," answered Mr. Elliott, almost hotly; "womanly delicacy forbids that she should go to such a place. They are frequented by rogues and gamblers also, who differ from the ragged loafers only in being better dressed. In each case she is liable to insult, and to see and hear things which, to a pure, refined woman, are worse than blows. I'd rather meet the coarse brutality of the 'dens' than the contemptuous leers and mocking smiles of the fine gilded saloons."

"What you say, my dear, seems perfectly true, and I have always felt so myself. But oh! what can we do? what can we do? It's dreadful to sit still with folded hands and see the havoc these places are making."

The pathos and distress in Mrs. Ashman's voice were too deep to be caused by merely general appreciation of the evils of intemperance. I had read the sad secret of the mother's trouble in the flushed and bloated face of one of her sons. Mrs. Elliott looked at her with a little surprise, and said more quietly:

"I agree with you it is a very great evil, and perhaps the greatest evil in our age, but it is man's work to cope with it publicly. Women can help by making home so attractive that husbands, fathers and brothers will find nothing that can tempt them abroad. Thank God, I have never had much personal experience in this matter. My husband takes a glass of wine when he feels like it, and so did my father. There's no more harm in that than in the use of tea and coffee."

"No," said Mrs. Ashman with another deep sigh, "I suppose not, if it would only end there."

Again Mrs. Elliott looked at her a little curiously, and changed the subject. The early shadows of the coming winter evening soon after warned Mrs. Ashman that she must be on her way homeward. At Mrs. Elliott's request I remained to tea.

Her husband came in at the usual hour. I do not wonder she half idolized the handsome dark-eyed man, with his free and easy Western bearing refined by Eastern culture (for he had completed his studies at the East). He certainly petted her to her heart's content. But to-night he seemed a little preoccupied and excited. After the meal was over he immediately excused himself.

"Must you go out again this evening, Vinton?" asked his wife pleadingly.

"Indeed I must, Nellie. It's court week, you know. There are many lawyers in town, and I have much on hand.

I heard her kiss him affectionately at the door as he departed and thought it must be a stress of business, indeed, that would take a man from such a wife; but surely that kiss would be protection against every evil spell.

I sat with her till ten o'clock. We only spoke at intervals, for we had attained that true companionship that does not require constant talking. I saw a dreamy, far-away look come into the young wife's eyes. She was building bright castles in the future when her prospects of maternity would be realized in the supreme joy of mother love, and her home be complete.

I did not offer to stay later than ten, for by so doing I might betray somewhat of the anxiety and boding of ill that oppressed me. I do not often have such feelings, but am always in terror when I do, for trouble had soon followed. My sitting-room was opposite her parlor, where I knew she would watch and wait. After lighting the gas I did not draw the curtains, but sat down with my knitting where she could see me, and so practically watched and waited with her.

When from a city steeple eleven was tolled out, my neighbor grew restless. When with solemn, measured stroke midnight was announced, I heard her side door open and her quick steps on the gravel. I met her at the door.

"Dear Mrs. M——," she exclaimed, breathlessly, "how good of you to be up! I half believe you have been watching with me. Vinton has not come home yet. What does it mean? He never stayed out so late before."

She was shivering as with cold, but it was the chill of fear. I put my arms around her and said:

"Let us hope for the best, my dear. If you wish, I will come and stay with you."

"Please do," she half sobbed, and then hastened back, as if unwilling to be absent from her post a moment. I was soon at her side, and with her hand (which trembled and fluttered like a frightened bird) in mine, we sat silently through another long hour.

Like a knell, one sounded from the steeple. Her hand closed convulsively upon mine, and with an ashen face she turned and gasped:

"Oh, if anything should happen—if I shouldn't see him again!"

"Don't fear that," I said hastily. "I'm sure you need not. If he had been injured or sick, you would have been sent for long before this."

"What, then, can keep him?" she asked with a wild, questioning look.

"Well," I answered evasively, looking away from her, "when lawyers get together they have a good deal to say, and time passes more quickly than they think. They may have a little supper or something of the kind."

She shook her head decisively.

"Nothing of that kind would keep Vinton from me, especially now," she said with emphasis.

Another hour passed, and she sprang up with such a frightened, hunted look as I hope never to see in her sweet blue eyes again.

"Come," she said hoarsely, "we must find him. I shall go mad if I wait here in uncertainty."

"But where shall we go?" I asked in dismay.

"Anywhere!" she cried desperately. "Action must take the place of this awful suspense."

I saw that she would go, and prepared to follow; but before we could assume some hasty wraps, the door bell rang. She flew to open it.

Her husband stumbled in, and would have fallen had she not caught him. It was a pitiable sight to see him leaning upon and clinging to her frail and trembling form, as if she were a lamp post. As the light streamed through the door, I caught a glimpse of the flitter of the policeman's star, and then heard his gruff voice.

"Glad you're up, madam. He needs looking after sure enough. If it hadn't been for me, he might have met a foul death, for I found him in the gutter this raw night."

True enough, he was reeking with the filth of the street, and besmearing the delicate fabric of his wife's dress as he clung to her; but that wife would soon be in agony over deeper, more loathsome stains.

"It's a d——n lie!" hiccoughed her husband, in tones so indifferent from his usual clear, manly voice. "I was in a feather bed."

"O God! what's the matter with him?" gasped the wife.

"Well, ma'am, you are innocent," said the policeman in a not unkindly tone. "I'm sorry for you; but do you really mean to say that you don't know he's drunk? I'll stay a bit and help you with him if you wish."

At the word "drunk" she tottered a moment, as if she would fall, then, by a great effort recovering herself, said hoarsely;

"No, no; go away; I will take care of him. Stay; let me thank you for bringing him home; but in the name of mercy don't tell anyone what you have seen."

The man made no promise as he departed, and I shut the door.

"Mrs. M——, I am very sorry you are here, I would hide this from all the world. Would that I could from heaven. But I know I can trust you. What shall I do with him?"

This horrid, unexpected scene at the door had found us both too bewildered to act, and for a moment longer we looked helplessly at each other.

Then her husband muttered, "What's the use standing here?" and he staggered into the parlor.

Near the door stood a dainty little table with Mrs. Elliott's bridal wreath and bouquet upon it, encased in a glass cover. He stumbled against this and fell with it, crushing it to the floor. The warmth of the room with the excess of liquor that he had drank now produced nausea, and, sickening to behold, the flowers that had crowned his bride's brow were now fouled literally, even as his action had stained her fair, pure name.

It was awful—it was horrible, even to me, beyond the power of words to express—to see that proud, refined gentleman grovelling helplessly, like a vile beast in his own filth in that sweet little parlor, that dainty basket of her priceless jewel. But what must it have been to his wife?

She did not faint, as I feared, or become hysterical, but the anguish of her look would melt a flinty heart. With clasped hands she stood above her husband till he became somewhat quiet, as a pitying angel might. Oh, the contrast she made to him! Oh, the mighty triumph of love, that she did not turn away in disgust!

As soon as she could, she took his head in her lap, and said in a low, firm voice.

"Vinton, how did it happen? Tell me all."

"Nothing much's happened," he hiccoughed. "Met some friends at Harry Hill's—took little too much—that's all."

"Harry Hill's, Harry Hill's," she muttered, as if some new light was dawning upon her.

I have dwelt too long upon these painful scenes, but they seem burnt in upon my memory, and my mind will revert to them, even though to think of them is torture. He was not violent, though somewhat obstinate and profane. At last she got him to bed, and he fell into a heavy stupor. As she returned to me in the dining room, where there was a fire, I said:

"I will not leave you to-night."

She thanked me by a silent pressure of my hand, and we sat down to watch together as before, but with a certainty of evil instead of its expectation. In the depths of my soul I trembled for her. She might stand one or two such shocks, but the moment she lost faith in her husband's will or power to refrain from the cause of his present condition, she would die. His hold upon life was too fragile as it was.

She stepped to her husband's side from time to time, and then came and sat down. Her brows were contracted, as if in deep thought or the formation of a purpose. Her eyes had a fixed, solemn look that contrasted strangely with her fair young face. At last she asked suddenly:

"Where is this Harry Hill's?"

I told her.

Morning came, after a seeming age. We had cleaned and righted the parlor as well as we could. The cook got breakfast as usual, and was told that her master was sick. I tried to anticipate Mrs. Elliott in obtaining the newsboy, but she was too quick for me. With dilating eyes she scanned the columns, then with a cry of anguish, dropped the paper.

"It's all here," she groaned, and she writhed and wrung her hands as if in intense bodily anguish.

It was, true enough, and with an editorial paragraph of comment upon it. A reporter of the paper was in the habit of feeing some of the night guardians of the city for any item of interest that came to their knowledge. The policeman knew that this scandal of Vinton Elliott would be well paid for, and he was not the man to lose several dollars on any sentimental grounds. Even the night editor's sensibilities seemed shocked over the affair, for he had written:

"Things have come to a sad pass when such men as Elliott get down in the streets. If the praying and singing men can do us any good they had better come at once. Harry Hill's establishment, with all its style, is one of the most miserable places in town," etc.

After a few moments she again seized the paper.

"Oh, leave it alone!" I cried. "You've had more than you can endure now."

"I am not a child!" she answered, almost fiercely. "I intend to know and face the worst of this matter," and with a white, stern face she read every word, and for a few moments with the old thoughtful contraction of brow. Suddenly she started up with a look of fixed purpose and asked:

"How long do you think he will sleep?"

"Several hours."

"Then come with me."

"Where?"

"To Mrs. Judge Ashman's."

The Judge's family was just sitting down to breakfast when we arrived.

"Why, Mrs. Elliott, and Mrs. M——, too!" exclaimed the good lady, in unfeigned surprise. "What is the matter? Surely, this is not a party call."

"No," said Mrs. Elliott, impetuously, "it is not. Mrs. Ashman, I take back all I said about ladies going to liquor saloons, in order to break them up if they can. I am going to Harry Hill's to-day, if I go alone. He about the same as murdered my husband last night," and she briefly told her story, "I am going there this very morning," she continued. "He must resist a wife's prayers and a wife's curses if he sells my husband one drop more. Will you go with me?"

Mrs. Ashman's features were working with deep emotion, but the stately judge now joined us from the dining-room, and remonstrated:

"Really, Mrs. Elliott, I greatly sympathise with you, for I have read the painful account in the morning paper, but hope you will do nothing rash. You will only expose yourself to insult, and accomplish nothing. Perhaps you may obtain some legal redress."

With a dignity and impressiveness which even he had never possessed upon the bench, the aroused wife silenced him with a gesture.

"You are not equal to this matter, Judge Ashman," she said, "nor are your legal forms. During the past night I have seen my own grave open, and in it buried life, youth, happiness. What is far worse, I have seen the yawning grave of my husband, and I know it to be the mouth of hell. And do you ask me to go law about such matters? Harry Hill and his kind are digging these graves. I never realized it before. Surely, he does not. Unless he is a fiend, he will cease his vile traffic when I tell him the truth. I tell you I will go, if I go alone! You may as well ask the lightening not to strike when the storm is at its height!"

"George," cried Mrs. Ashman in a voice of anguish, "how often has your own son been drunk at that same Harry Hill's?"

The judge turned pale and abruptly left the room.

"You shall not go alone," continued Mrs. Ashman, sobbing on Mrs. Elliott's shoulder; "a score of women that I know of, smitten by this terrible curse, will go with you, if you will lead the way. Some are rich and some are poor, but we all occupy common ground in this matter. I will send them word."

After a little consultation it was arranged that we should start from Mrs. Judge Ashman's at eleven. Much as I shrank from the undertaking, I determined to remain at the side of my beloved Mrs. Elliott. We called on a few personal friends and stated our purpose, but so far from joining us they seemed dismayed at the very idea.

Mrs. Elliott then returned to her unconscious husband. One look at him seemed to turn her delicate frame into steel, and at a little before eleven she walked to Mrs. Ashman's with as firm a tread as ever soldier marched into battle.

I shall never forget the group that we found assembled in the judge's parlor. There were young faces present besides that of Mrs. Elliott. But all were pale and lined with care—all were solemn with an earnest purpose, and touched with the pathos of suffering.

"Ladies, this is Mrs. Elliott," said Mrs. Ashman, simply.

All rose to receive their leader, and she assumed control with the simplicity and dignity which only noble natures can attain.

"In the main you are strangers to me," she said, "but our common danger and our common wrong knit our souls together as one. The evil which threatens our lives and homes has grown so desperate that it seems to require a desperate remedy. It is a terrible cross for us weak, timid women to go on this mission. It brings back to us the days of martyrdom. Yesterday I thought I would rather die than do this. Now I feel that I would die if I did not go, for a dearer life than mine is in peril, I believe that I but imperfectly express the feelings of each one here. God seems to be enabling our sisters in other places to save their dear ones. In His name let us go forth to like rescue, and before we go, let us kneel to Him in silent prayer for help and guidance."

We knelt, but the prayer was not silent. There were sobs and groans and involuntary cries.

At last we sallied forth, pale, but as determined a little phalanx as ever assaulted a death-swept breach. It was sleeting, but we carried no umbrellas. This was not a pleasure excursion. We marched as soldiers do.

Our appearance upon the street soon attracted attention. People spoke hurriedly and excitedly together.

"By thunder, it's broke out here!" I heard one man exclaim. "Where will they strike first?"

"Harry Hill's, as you live," was answered, "for that's Vint Elliott's wife a leadin'."

The news spread fast, and soon we had an ample but nondescript following. Still the crowd was respectful. The worst man who had caught a glimpse of Mrs. Elliott's face could not have been otherwise.

By turning a corner we came suddenly upon the entrance of Hill's saloon. There was a bustle within as if they would lock the door against us, but we were too prompt for them and entered. The crowd thronged in after us, and with those already there filled the place completely.

Mrs. Elliott advanced at once to the bar and we grouped ourselves around her, and such a group as had never been seen in our city before.

"Where is Mr. Hill?" asked our leader, in a firm voice.

The bartender stared at her a moment in blank dismay, and then called out:

"Mr. Hill, here, quick, for God's sake!"

"Yes, tell him to come for God's sake and humanity's," said Mrs. Elliott, giving deep meaning to the fellow's profanity.

"What the devil does this mean?" asked Mr. Hill, appearing from an inner room with a face on which surprise and anger contended for the mastery. He was a florid, low browed, thick-set man, showily dressed, and with a hard sinister eye. After one glance at him, I hoped little from Mrs. Elliott's appeal. I turned to look at the crowd for a moment in order to see on whose side their sympathy would assert itself, but the expression at this time was mainly one of eager curiosity and excitement. But imagine my unmeasured surprise when I saw a side door open and Vinton Elliott appear overlooking the scene, with a white, appalled face. But all were too intent on the scene before them to note his entrance, for with a voice that trembled, and yet with dignity, Mrs. Elliott commenced speaking.

"Mr. Hill, you have the form and semblance of a man, and we give you the credit of possessing the heart of one. You cannot realize the result of your traffic as we poor women can whose homes you are destroying, whose hearts you are breaking. What is life to us if our fathers, our brothers, our sons, our husbands (oh how her voice thrilled at that word) go down into the darkness and infamy of drunkard's graves! Can you not see that such a life would be to us but living death and prolonged agony! And yet not for ourselves are we pleading, but for those whom you are destroying. Perhaps we may find a heaven hereafter, but they cannot. You poison body and soul at once. We are desperate in view of the peril of those we love. Yesterday there was not, in all the city, a more proud and happy woman than I! happy in my home! happy in my husband! happy in my hopes for the future! proud of his rich promise and good name! But now my heart is breaking; oh how it has ached since you sent him staggering to me long past midnight! What but hell-broth could have so changed my noble, manly husband? Yesterday, all honored him. To-day, the finger of the town will be pointed at him. Oh! believe me, sir, a few dollars can not pay you for inflicting all this shame and misery. I beseech you, sir, promise me that you will never sell another drop of the accursed poison."

There was a momentary and a death-like silence, and then Hill, with difficulty, found his brazen voice.

"Now look here, madam," he began, "I've got my rights as well as you and other people. This is my business. You've no right here interfering with it. These are my premises. You've no right here without my consent. You all make yourselves liable to indictment for trespass. Besides, it a'n't the thing for ladies to go tramping through the streets followed by a rabble, and meddling with things that don't concern them. It isn't lady-like. It's fanat—"

"Hush! in a word, answer me!" cried Mrs. Elliott, in a voice that went to every heart like an arrow. "Will you not promise me never to sell my husband another glass of liquor?"

"No!" shouted Hill, "nor any other woman's husband. I will promise to sell to all who will pay."

There was sudden hoarse murmuring on the part of the crowd, but in a moment it was hushed, for the insulted wife had knelt on the floor before the bar. We all dropped on our knees around her.

"O God," she pleaded in a tone that must have thrilled the very soul of the most hardened present, "shall human love and human anguish plead before thee in vain? Art thou not a God of mercy, and cruelty is crushing us? Art thou not a God of justice, and yet we are being robbed of all that makes life endurable? Thou didst stop the mouth of lions. Here in our Christian land are human hearts more savage? Thou didst preserve in the furnace seven times heated. Beneath our church spires burns the more remorseless and destructive passion of avarice. Will thou not break the stony heart before us, and bend his stubborn will to thine? Thou knowest that because of our love we could die for our dear ones, but we believe that thou dost love them even more. Wilt thou not in mercy change their destroyers into men? Wilt thou not take this awful soul-killing temptation out of their path? We plead in the name of thy dear Son, who gave his life for us all. Amen."

Strange to say, there was a responsive "Amen" from the rough crowd that would have done honor to a Methodist "class-meeting," and as I looked around on rising, I saw many eyes wet with tears where I had expected only a look of scorn. I did not dare meet Mr. Elliott's eye, though he remained standing spell-bound in the doorway still.

But the tragedy went forward without a moment's pause. Mrs. Elliott took a step nearer the rum-seller, pointed up with an impressive gesture, and bent upon him a look such as I never saw on a woman's face before, for a mirror in the bar opposite revealed her form and features perfectly, and gave her back to the audience as a startling picture. Hill tried to meet her eye, but could not, for his sank guiltily and confusedly to the floor.

"Mr. Hill," she said in a low, gentle voice, and yet it reminded me of the "still small voice of God," it was so penetrating and awe inspiring. "once more I ask you, I beseech you, answer me as you will wish you had answered when you stand before His judgment seat, will you not cease this dread ful business?"

A death-like hush followed. Hill was evidently cowed and overcome, and after a moment mumbled out:

"It's not in a man to resist you, madam, I promise I will not sell any more to your husband, though he will get it elsewhere if he wants it. I think it's a pity he can't stand up for himself without sending his wife around a praying and beseeching for him."

"Give way there," cried Vinton Elliott's voice, and he sprang down from the raised doorstep and struggled toward his wife. There were murmurs and ejaculations of intense excitement on the part of the crowd as this new element entered into the drama, and all gave way before him. M