Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W. T. COX, Editor and Proprietor.] The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number.

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE! GODERICH, C. W., THURSDAY, AUGUST. 16, 1866. VOL. XIX.—NO. 29

Business Directory.

Dr. P. A. McDougall,

WILL BE AT HOME FOR CONSULTATION after the 1st of October, every day from 9 to 11 o'clock, when not professionally absent. Will visit patients at any hour afterwards, night or day. w2

G. C. Shannon, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., GODERICH, C.W. 12:40-1y

DR. McLEAN,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER, &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central School

DR. A. WORTHINGTON,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., will attend particularly to diseases of the eye and surgical operations upon the eye. Office, Kingston street, Goderich, C.W. Dec. 15, 1865. [w47-1y

Ira Lewis,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-Law, and Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Canada West. Office in Court House. w1y

M. C. Cameron,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, CONVEYANCER, &c., Kingston street, Goderich, C.W. w14-1y

Sinclair & Walker,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Office, next the Store of V. Detlor & Son, Goderich.

Henry McDermot,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notaries Public, &c., West Street, Goderich, C.W. 10:1

John Davison,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Office: Market Square, Corner of King and Street, Goderich. 19:42

John B. Gordon,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, Canada West. Office on the South side of West Street, third door from the Court-House Square.

D. Shade Gooding,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., Conveyancer, G. W.—Office: Up Stairs Watson's Block, West Street, entrance First Door West of Gaslow House.

Cameron & Morris,

ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c., Goderich, C. W. Office—CRABB'S NEW BLOCK.

A. McCrosson. LEWIS C. MORRIS.

Goderich, August 27th, 1864. sw103w31

William T. Hayes,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Goderich, C.W.—Office, over C. E. Archibald's Store, Crabb's Block. w1ly29

Money to Lend on Real Property

Hayes & Doyle,

BARRISTERS, &c., GODERICH, C. W. Office—Crabb's New Block.

S. P. YEOMANS,

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, ATTORNEY, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &c.—Office Corner of Hamilton st. and the Square, in the building lately occupied by J. C. McIntosh, Esq., Goderich.

J. Y. Ellwood,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Blake's Block, opposite the Post Office, Goderich. January 3, 1866. sw37

William Fraser,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Wallaceburg, C.W. w1ly

Thomas Weatherald,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor. Toronto Street, Goderich. w1ly3

L. H. Hamlin,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR Land Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine

Consulate of the United States of America.

DARIUS HOPPEL.

Office hours from 9 o'clock, a. m., to 3 o'clock, p. m.

JAMES SMAILL,

ARCHITECT,

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS of Buildings, &c., got up in a neat and correct style. Office at the Huron Auction Mart, Market Square, Goderich. [sw1ly

G. M. TRUEMAN

LAND AGENT, Goderich.

Market Square, Goderich.

Trade Chat every Wednesday, from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. 8:10

John Campbell,

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, Commissioner in Queen's Bench, for taking Affidavits, Conveyancer, &c., &c. Office on Broad Street, Village of Clinton, C.W. 9:p

Peter McRae,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION Merchant, Bayfield, C.W. Notes and Accounts collected. Business of any kind entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. w46-1ly

W. M. SAVAGE,

BUYS and sells New York Drafts, Greenbacks—National currency—State notes, and uncurrent money, at current rate of exchange. w47-1ly

D. McDougall

LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD County of Huron. Sales in village or country solicited. w3-1y

DENTISTRY.

Dr. PHELPS,

SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST, Goderich, C. W.

Rooms over Mr. F. Jordan's Drug Store. January 13th, 1865. sw28-ly

GEORGE FORBES,

AGENT of the G.W. Farmers Mutual and Joint Stock Company, Hamilton, C. W.

G. Forbes, Lot 25, Con 3, Morris. Duncan, P.O. w1ly

Commercial Hotel, Mitchell, C.W

JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Good stabling for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire, on the Shortest Notice 14:y

British American Assurance Co.

FIRE & MARINE.

JOHN ESSON, Agent.

Bayfield, C. W., April 16, 1865. w12

Business Directory.

Malcolm Nicholson,

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST, ELECTROPATHIST, &c.

TEETH inserted in either Plate, Gold, Silver or Vulcanized Rubber on reasonable terms.

Office over the Post Office, West Street, Goderich. w24

GODERICH

MARBLE WORKS,

W. O. TRELEAVEN.

Monuments, Headstones, Tombs, Tablets, Table-Tops, &c.,

Ohio Free Stone kept on hand for Building purposes such as Caps, Sills, Bases, &c., Cheap for Cash.

GODERICH C. W.

Sign of the Large Padlock.

H. GARDINER & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Hardware Merchants,

Market Square, Goderich,

HAVE now on hand a complete and well assorted stock of Hardware, consisting in part of

Axes, Broad Axes, Chopping Axes, Augers, Bristles, Borax, Waggon Boxes, Canada Plates, Chains, Curry-Combs, Cordage, Hung Forks, Hay Forks, Manure Forks, Glass, Putty, Grain Tin, Grindstones, Powder, Shot, Caps, Sheet Iron, Tinned Iron, Steel, Spring Steel, Blister Steel, Kinds, Iron, Steel, Spring Steel, Hubs, Spokes, and Rims Stuff, Hat Lead, Lamp Glasses, Looking Glasses, Looking Glass Plates, Horse Nails, Cut Nails, Screws, Hand Saws, Saws, &c., &c.

The above will be sold cheap for Cash.

GILLING and STURGEON TWINE FOR SALE CHEAP.

Agents for Commercial Union Assurance Co., of London, England. 1st September, 1865. w43

NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to Wm. E. GRACE, by note or book account, will please

CALL AND SETTLE

The same without delay.

Office on Lighthouse St.

Next to Mr Andrew Donogh's

For Sale

200 BARRELS SALT!

AT

$1.25 PER BBRL.

A QUANTITY OF

IRON!

Assorted, at

$2.50 PER 100 POUNDS!

WM. E. GRACE.

Goderich, December 22nd '65. w32-tf

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ST. CATHERINE'S NURSERIES.

INASMUCH as certain persons are selling trees in the Counties of Huron and Bruce under the false pretence that they are obtained from the St. Catherines Nurseries, this is to certify that Messrs. James Stewart and Robert Gordon are the only persons now authorized to sell trees from my nurseries in those Counties.

D. W. BEADLE, Proprietor.

25 May, 1866. w18 1yr

THE undersigned, Agents for the above Nurseries, are prepared to fill all order in their line, and as they make their selections personally, their patrons may rely upon that no pains will be spared to give satisfaction.

STEWART & GORDON.

Jane 1st, 1866.

MONEY TO LEND.

THE HURON & ERIE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

The above Society is prepared to make

ADVANCES

ON IMPROVED

Farm Property,

ON MOST ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

The cost of effecting a Loan will be found much lower than in other Societies of a similar nature. The attention of the Borrower is called to the fact that he will receive the full amount of the Loan, without any deduction being made for interest or payments in advance.

Advances may be repaid Monthly or Yearly, extending over a period of from one to fifteen years.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY TO

G. POLLOCK,

Agent and Treasurer for the Society at Goderich.

Goderich, C.W., 1866. w13

MONEY TO LEND

AT

EIGHT PER CENT.

IN SUMS OF

One Hundred Dollars and upwards.

Apply to TOMS & MOORE, Solicitors,

CRABB'S NEW BLOCK

Goderich, Sept, 8th, 1864. m33

Business Directory.

DRUGS, DRUGS!

F. JORDAN,

(Successor to R. B. Reynolds)

Medical Hall,

Court-House Square, Goderich,

DISPENSING CHEMIST & DRUGGIST

Dealer in and Importer of

GENUINE DRUGS

Chemicals, Perfumery,

Hair, Cloth, and Nail Brushes

PAINTS, OILS, COLORS, DYESTUFFS,

HORSE & CATTLE MEDICINES

GARDEN SEEDS, &C., &C.

Orders from Medical men punctually attended to at Lowest Trade Prices.

N.B.—Physician's Prescriptions carefully dispensed.

Goderich, Jan. 16, 1858. 49

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

ROCK & COAL OILS,

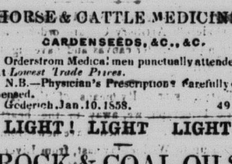
Burning Fluid, Lamp Oils.

For Sale by F. JORDAN.

Goderich, Jan. 17, 1859 50

GODERICH

WAGON & CARRIAGE



Manufactory.

THE subscriber would announce to the public of Huron and Bruce that he has on hand and will make to order Carriages, Wagons, Harrows, &c., which will be sold cheap for cash or approved credit. On hand and for sale cheap,

THE Subscriber has also received the Agency of the Celebrated

BALL'S OHIO, COMBINED

REAPER AND MOWER,

MANUFACTURED BY

SAWYER & HAMILTON,

which has been decided to be the most complete implement of the time now made.

JOHN PASSMORE,

Victoria Street, Goderich.

April 1st, 1863 w49 6m

MONEY TO LOAN at nine per cent on improved farms.

S. P. YEOMANS,

Solicitor &c.

Goderich 29th Dec. 1865. w48tf

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES.

A CHOICE LOT OF BABY CABS of latest styles, received and for sale, at

BUTLER'S.

Wall Paper! Wall Paper!

A Large quantity of the above papers in every variety of Quality and Pattern, just to hand, prices low,

AT BUTLER'S.

Goderich, April 27th, 1866. sw26

GODERICH FANNING MILL

AND

Pump Factory!

THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO INFORM the inhabitants of the Counties of Huron and Bruce that he is still Manufacturing, and has on hand a number of his

SUPERIOR FANNING MILLS & PUMPS.

He would particularly draw attention to his Mills, as he will warrant them to free Wheat from oats, cockle, cheese, &c. Pumps made to order and warranted.

Factory on Nelson st., between Victoria street and Cambria Road.

Also, agent for the sale of Morgan's premium and patent CULTIVATOR, which has never yet failed to give general satisfaction to farmers who have used them.

HENRY DODD,

Goderich, April 22nd, 1864. 39

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Capital, £2,000,000, Stg.; Accumulated Fund $3,671,722.

Britannia Life Assurance Co. of London.

THE undersigned have been appointed Agents for the above highly respectable Companies, is prepared to accept of both Fire and Life risks at a moderate rate of premium.

A. W. ROSS, Agent.

Goderich, June 1, 1865. w22

1859] HENRY GRIST, [1866

Departmental, Parliamentary,

AND PATENT AGENT,

OTTAWA.

Transacts business with the Crown Lands and other Government Departments; Takes out Patents for Inventions; Obtains Incorporation for Companies by Letters Patent; Drafts and take charge of Private Bills during the Session, &c., for parties residing elsewhere.

REFERENCES:

Hon. A. Campbell, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

R. Jenson Esq., Hamilton.

Messrs. R. Lewis & Son, Toronto.

W. M. Wilson, Esq., Simcoe.

Hon. J. Carling, London.

B. Bull, Esq., Inspector of Agencies, Colonial Life Assurance Co.

CANADIAN HOTEL,

CLINTON, C. W.

W. TUDSBURY Proprietor.

THE establishment is furnished with all the requirements essential to the comfort of guests. w34tf

Business Directory.

CABINET WAREHOUSE

(THE OLDEST IN THE COUNTY.)

D. GORDON,

CABINET MAKER

AND UNDERTAKER,

Manufactures and has now on hand a complete assortment of Furniture, at his Warerooms,

WEST STREET, GODERICH,

SUCH AS

Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Hair, Cane and Wood seated Chairs, Gilt Moulding and Looking Glasses, in variety of

Home Manufacture and Imported!!

D. G. has always on hand a complete assortment of COFFINS. Also, HEARSES TO HIRE.

Lumber and Cordwood taken in exchange for Furniture.

Goderich, 27th Oct., 1863 w2

J. & J. SEEGMILLER,

TANNERS!

DEALERS

IN

LEATHER FINDINGS!

&c., &c.

GODERICH, C. W.

w 1ly w47w

GEO. RUMBALL & CO.,

FORWARDERS,

And COMMISSION Merchants,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

PRODUCE, COAL, SALT, WATER LIME, &c.,

Agents for first class Marine and Fire Insurance Companies.

w911 HARBOR QUAY, Goderich, C.W

JUST RECEIVED LARGE STOCKS OF NEW GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT W. M. SAVAGE'S, MARKET SQUARE, GODERICH, C. W.

April 23th, 1866. w11

FIRE & MARINE

INSURANCE.

PHŒNIX FIRE ASSURANCE Company of London England, established in 1782, one of the oldest, largest and best offices in Canada.

HORACE HORTON, Agent

PROVINCIAL INSURANCE Company of Canada, Head Office Toronto. Will take risks on Country and City Property. Marine risks taken at as low rates as any other first class office.

HORACE HORTON, Agent.

MONEY TO LOAN

$20,000 on good farm security payable from one to twelve years. No interest retained in advance.

HORACE HORTON, Agent.

Goderich, March 31st, 1866. sw70

Money to Lend,

ON very reasonable terms. Apply to

B. L. DOYLE,

Crabb's new Block.

Goderich, 9th Jan. 1865. w50 1yr

MONEY to Loan at reasonable rates. Apply to

M. C. CAMERON.

w11 Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND at Eleven per cent on improved Farms, and no charges made against the borrower.

Apply to

D. SHADE GOODING,

Barrister.

West Street, Goderich.

April 26th, 1866. w14

MONEY TO LEND

ON IMPROVED FARMS,

AT 8 PER CENT!

—ALSO,—

Some to Invest in Town Property

J. B. GORDAN,

Barrister, &c., Goderich.

Goderich, Sept. 13, 1864. sw3tf

Hotel Notice.

THE Subscriber in retiring from the Proprietorship of the "Union Hotel" Goderich, begs to return his sincere thanks for the liberal patronage which he has enjoyed, and at the same time inform his friends and the travelling public that in future he will be found at his old stand "Prince of Orange Hotel" Dungannon, where no efforts shall be wanting on his part to make those at home who may favor him with a call.

ANTHONY BLACK.

Goderich, April 5th, 1866. w11tf

Goderich and its Salt Well.

Correspondence of the Prototype.

The town of Goderich has great natural advantages. Standing on an elevated point at the confluence of Lake Huron and the River Maitland, it commands a fine district of country. The town is clean, well ordered, and has a number of fine buildings and stores,

The court house stands in the main street, and is an elegant structure, having the officers of the county attached, while from it, as a centre, the different streets may be seen, giving one the idea that the gentleman who planned the court house had studied his euclid with a practical bearing in view.

There are two weekly and one semi-weekly journals published in Goderich—the *Semi* and *Weekly Signal* and the *Star*. The former has been an old "residenter," as an Irishman would say, and was ably conducted by the late Mr. McQueen. It is now the property of Mr. Cox, a gentleman, who brings to bear upon the sheet much versatility of talent, and displays force and energy in his popular and widely spread paper.

While I speak of the national resources of this place, I believe there is a stimulant needed to revive its trade. The water privileges have been greatly neglected. What a vast field there is for an enterprising firm to trade with the folk on the other side of the lake.—With the exception of Mr. George Rumball, now Rumball & Co., there have been no boats or steamers of any note plied on these waters for a number of years Mr Rumball deserves much credit indeed for the enterprising spirit he has shown in trying to build up this branch of trade, and his boats have plied to Southampton, Sarnia, and Saugeen regularly, for the past five or six years. Mr. Rumball is a man, I believe, who, had he a large capital to command, would give impetus and spirit to any undertaking in which he would engage. He is now, I learn, associated to some extent in the shipping business with J. V. Detlor, Esq., mayor of the town, a man who stands high among his fellow townsmen, and deservedly so.

I hope, now that the amalgamation bill has passed, that Mr. C. J. Brydges will do something for the building up of this highly favored and early settled town. Mr. B, when he puts his energies to work, can achieve wonders in a business point of view. He has a fine elevator at the mouth of the harbor, ready to hold a vast amount of grain. Huron and Bruce can fill its largest granaries and bins, and the *Canadian*, when repaired, will, under a skilful pilot, want it across the blue waters of the Huron, and Brother Jonathan, I opine, will buy it. Another field in which Goderich might thrive and prosper is by making it a summer resort for invalids and pleasure seekers. It is admirably adapted for such a purpose. A bracing, healthy air ever pervades it. A trip on the lake acts like a "refresher," or the "taking of a little something" to a two legged sucker, and, as I speak from experience, after a two weeks' sojourn, a word to the sick, and all those afflicted with the world's carking cares and lassitude—go to Goderich, spend a month or two there in the summer season and I'll give you the ear out of my head if you don't return to your home as sound as a trout.—Well then I would say to the Grand Trunk manager, and I have good authority for making the suggestion, put up a mammoth hotel here, and you will have an influx of visitors annually from Brother Jonathan's territory that will amply repay the capital expended.

With the Buffalo and Brantford Railway at the one extremity, and the great outlets of roads it touches, and Lake Huron with open water, and shipping and fishing trade on the other, there is nothing on earth to hinder Goderich from making progress. The bar is well represented in Goderich—mind, I don't mean the "whiskey bar." I refer to the learned in the law. Here we have the jolly Lewis, County Attorney, Gordon, Cameron, Sinclair & Walker, Shade Gooding, Doyle, and a number of others, whose names I did not ascertain. The town has too good hotels—the British Exchange, conducted by M. Dark, and the Huron Hotel by J. J. Wright. Both houses are highly spoken of.

Though last in my sketch, the Goderich salt well is not least. I visited it on the excursion day, and send you a sample of the saline article Salt is good, and the Goderich salt well is a good thing for the town. At a depth of 1,010 feet the real article was come at able. It is a pure, strong salt, the brine yielding 100 per cent, and the pump being at work during my visit, I had the felicity of seeing the engine of fifteen horse power force up the precious liquid. The good people are overjoyed at the prospects held forth in this mine of wealth, and well they may, for I learn that the whole of the land surrounding the town is largely impregnated with the material. As it is, the whole of Canada West can be entirely supplied by this well, thus creating another local treasure for the Province, and thereby enriching the town I speak of. J. V. Detlor, Esq., is the president of the salt company. To Mr. Samuel Platt a large meed of praise is due, for his indomitable energy to carry out this salt work to completion. Mr. Platt formerly resided in Plattsville, where he put up a flouring mill, tannery, woollen factory and foundry. He possesses great business tact and ability, and indeed one of the few men I meet with in the world, who, endeavoring to build up commerce and trade, generally comes off second best. All honor to Platt, and I wish the salt well of Goderich may flourish under his contract and able management.

Seeing an old friend, Rev. E. L. Elwood, I had hoped to greet him as the new Archdeacon of Huron, like many of his friends in Goderich, but I was mistaken. He is not the recipient. However, He is not the recipient. However, there is a good time coming.

A visit to the Wesley an Sunday-school was very satisfactory. Last Lord's day, I was escorted by a friend to see the young people, and a more orderly assemblage I never witnessed. Mr. Cox, brother to the *Signal* proprietor, has been the superintendent for a period of eighteen years, and certainly under his superior leadership it has attained a very high position indeed. Numerically, in scriptural knowledge, and methodical arrangement, it is a credit to him and his able staff of teachers.

My thanks are due to Mr. George Acheson, Mr Daniel Gordon, and Samuel Pollock, Esq., for the disinterested kindness displayed to me and mine while itinerating in Goderich.

J. W. L.

Will Hamilton, the half wit of Ayr, was hanging about the vicinity of a loch, which was partially frozen. Three young ladies were deliberating as to whether they should venture upon the like's surface, when one of them suggested that Will should be asked to walk on first. The proposal was made to him. "Though I'm daft, I'm no ill-bred," quickly responded Will; "After the leddies!"

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

I.

Mark Weston was an unfortunate man.—When I say unfortunate, I do not mean that he had suffered any one particular hardship. Mark's trouble throughout life had been life itself. The silver spoon, which, according to ancient tradition some men are born with, was, in his case, of the dullest, commonest, counterfeit Brummagem metal. The snug little farm which his father had left him changed to the Bankruptcy Court to the mid night haunts of a poacher, and these again to the district jail, from whence he had been cast forth in the comfortable possession of—yes, of his unfortunate self. And now he seemed on the high road to a final change from newly-recovered liberty to her Majesty's penal settlements; for, on the autumn night to which I refer, he was lying behind a hedge, waiting for the light to go out in Squire Harper's windows, before making an attempt on the plate and other valuables within.

It was a dark night, with sufficient fog to make it dreary and damp, and Mark had been for some time wet, cold, and hungry, with an empty pocket and gloomy mind, and he had got cramped and stiff, and his corduroy suit, which had been fumigated and pressed for three months in the jail, while its owner's "daily course of duty" ran on the treadmill, was full of creases, and suggestive of his late abode, and probable return thereunto. At last he could bear it no longer, and as all created things of life naturally turn towards the light, he—the most miserable weed of all—turned involuntarily towards the glimmer of a farthing dip in the scullery window of the house.

He had shambled stealthily on for about twenty yards, when the sound of another pair of feet, and the rustle of female garments brought him to a halt. "Jim!" said a voice, in a half whisper. "Jim!" Mark held his breath. The voice came still nearer, and with it an odor of blacking. "Jim!" Mark meditated flight, when, with a fourth repetition of the name, a stout country girl sprang into distinctness out of the mist, and he was suddenly enclosed in a warm embrace, and received some dozen kisses in rapid succession. Here was a pretty situation!

"O Jim!" exclaimed the girl, "how could you be so cruel? When all's said and done, it was only a joke. I've been out this blessed evening, looking for you near a score of times; and here I've left cleaning the shoes and everything, and it's as much as my place is worth, and you might ha' come sooner, I know you might!"

Here, indeed was a situation! To be robbing an absent Jim of his lawful property in the way of kisses as a preliminary to a robbery of forks and spoons was confusing, to say the least of it. Mark's first idea was to disenchant the affectionate maid somewhat roughly; but flesh and blood are weak, and kisses, even when scented with Day and Martin's best have their influence; besides, though it was too dark to discern a feature, the face so close to his own might be a pretty one; and so, I blush to say it, he not only received, but rendered back a full return.

"And O Jim!" continued the girl, after a minute or so of this amusement; "I was only in joke last night about the beer. You shall have it, if you'll come to the scullery window in half an hour." You know master will not be at home till ever so late, and Mr Jones is here, a sitting up with young missus till her's a come. But I can't stop now. It's all your fault for not coming before. There's Miss Jane, I do believe, a opening of the back door,—don't you hear? She's always after me. Well, you'll know better nor to sulk another time, Jim. Ay! there she goes!" A voice calling out "Nancy," was here audible. "Come for the beer, dear, in half an hour. It'll be on the sill, and I'll be there, too, if I can.—Gracious! she's at it again." And the young lady vanished as quickly as she had appeared, leaving the flavor of Day and Martin still on Mark's lips.

"What ho, my gallant Romeo! Is the charmer fledand was it my profane approach that lent her wings? Hold out thy fin, honest Jim! Pompey, thy paw!" It was a man this time, and his hand was on Mark's shoulder.

"Well, my gay Lothario! went on the new cones; "how speeds thy wooing? Fortune favors thee, methinks; but as for me, alas!" and he struck his breast dramatically.

"Dash it!" said Mark; "the place is all cracked, and here's another lunatic."

"Why, it's not Jim, after all," said the other, falling back in great amazement.

"No, of course it ain't," said Mark, sulkily.

"O faithless woman!" soliloquized the stranger,. "Coy and hard to please! Now is Jim most barely wronged. Have you supplanted him, young man?"

"I'm neither Jim, nor nobody else, but a poor unfortunate beggar, as was going to beg some broken meat," said Mark doggedly.

"Ah! yes, man's the word," went on the other, putting his finger up. "Discreet and close as wax. But stay,—a word will do.—What has become of Jim?"

"I'll not stand this any longer," said Mark, in despair. "I tell you I'm not Jim, nor don't know him nor yond' lass either; and I don't want to,—that's more. I'm a poor fellow as has had three months for begging a hare, and is come out, and doesn't care how soon he goes in again."

The stranger stared. "A poacher, eh? Would it were light, that I might scan thy face! I want a felon,—dark, revengeful eyes,—coarse mouth,—cropped hair, and beetle brows. The look,—ferocious hate! Young man, I like thee."

"You're out for once," said Mark, as the other peered into his face. "I growed all the time I was in."

"Did you though?" exclaimed the other, evidently in blank amazement. "Witness sublime to prison nourishment!"

"Hair I mean," growled Mark.

"Ah, yes, I see!" said his companion; "no bristly stubble here. Well, well we'll be content; you'll make a study yet. Friend rustic, confidence is reciprocal. I am an artist,—poet, — painter, too,—to fame not quite unknown. You have a dulcinea; so have I. Yours dwells in yonder palace; so does mine. Yours smiles upon you; mine is somewhat coy. The fact is," continued the stranger, more earnestly, "if you're the real Dromio, I've been deceived,—that's all.—There is a lad called Jim, who has imposed upon me as your Juliet a Romeo."

"If you've got anything to say," interrupted Mark, "say it, and have done. It's no good speaking fine in that way."

"Well, then, rustic listen. For the last few days I've been a dodging a girl I know that has a lodging here,—your Nancy's mistress. Now don't interrupt! Your rival, Jim, was my friend. I told him all, and won his gentle heart with pints of ale. He was to get your Nancy on my side, and through her win me access to my lady-love. Now, since he's false, or Nancy must untrue, I must e'en change my tactics. Rustic, listen!—you shall be Jim's successor, if you will.—Inherit all the pints and pipes which else had fallen to his share. In one word, will you help me to besiege the fair Miss Harpar, mistress of heart? Wages,—unlimited credit at the Chequers, rich prospective tips when all is settled, and I happy. Say, is it a bargain?"

"No, it ain't," said Mark; "I'll have nothing to do with none of you."

"Rustic, be merciful," said the other, pulling him back, "I really am in earnest. I'm a stranger here, on a sketching-tour. I halted at the village, found the ale was good, and stayed the night. On the morrow Miss Harper passed, and all was over! I've lingered since about the house stayed beneath windows, left notes about the grounds, and even thrown one through the bedroom casement. All to no purpose. She has a stern old parent, an immaculate housekeeper, a Spartan butler,—none that I could bribe save Jim, and he's an outsider, and now no good at all."

"Well, I'm no good either," said Mark; "the servant comes a kissing of me, but I never seen her before."

"I'm not asking you, man alive, anything about her. You keep your love-affairs to yourself, as much as you please. You'll meet the girl again."

"No, I sha'n't!" roared Mark.

"Well, then, you'll not," said the other, changing his tone; "but you don't object to ale and pipes for nothing, do you? If you don't, will you come a hundred yards with me to the Chequers? A friendly glass—now come!"

"Well, I don't mind that, sir," said Mark.

"Come on, then without more ado. Charge, Chester, charge!, on, Stanley, on?"

"I tell you what," observed Mark suddenly, "there's to be a can of ale a-waiting at the scullery window in a few moments, for Jim or any one who likes to fetch it. Nancy will be there, and, if you like, you can go yourself and make the best of it."

"Hold! Here's an idea!—You are discretion itself, my unknown friend. Not implicate yourself,—not lose the pipes and ale. I see, I see! Rather forego the tender love-scene and drink alone, while I go meet the fickle Nancy. Good!—You go off, and order what you will at the Chequers. Use my name; they know my ways already—Mr. Duval. Now don't forget. Just at the corner down the road, and wait there till I come. Spare not the ale. I'll go and meet thy Nancy, drink the swipes, and win her over. Don't forget the name,—Duval!"

As Mr Duval disappeared in the direction of the house, Mark turned away towards the alehouse, and a thought struck him that possibly Mr. Harper's spoons and forks might rest quietly in their plate-basket for this night at all events.

II.

Miss Jane, the housekeeper and cook, and Mr. Cramp, the footman and butler of Mr. Harper's establishment, sat in the kitchen, on each side of the fire. Once on a time, it had been "Jane" and "Thomas"; but years had gone by, and they had fairly claimed promotion. Miss Jane, with her dress carefully tucked over her knees, sat with her feet in a pair of carpet slippers on the fender, and drank hot posset negus. Mr. Cramp had the other end of the fender and added unto his negus a long church warden. Four and twenty years had they thus occupied the fender together, night after night, like the tutelary Lares of the house; and every night did Mr. Cramp smoke a privileged pipe, and he and Miss Jane together imbibe the privileged negus.

Mr. Cramp was a man of few words; Miss Jane was a woman of mary. This evening, she had got an idea,—an old one revived with great force. Single blessedness was an evil. Why shouldn't Mr. Cramp marry her? Why hadn't he done so long since? Why shouldn't she give him a gentle hint on the subject?—so she began.

"It's an awful cold night, Mr. Cramp."

"Hum," said Mr. Cramp, assentingly.

"And mortal lonesome, like,—now aint it?"

Mr. Cramp looked at his pipe, and glass, and the fire, and did not assent this time.

"I often wonder what them poor creatures must do, as don't have no one to look after them," sighed Miss Jane. "I'm afeard there's a good deal of misery in the world, Mr. Cramp,—a mighty deal more than we knows of," with a sip at the negus.

Mr. Cramp having nothing to say to this proposition, she resumed:—

"That's what I often says to myself, when I see them two young folks up stairs, bless their hearts! a sitting side by side, as I'll be bound they're doing at this very identical moment, a holding of one another's hands, and a planning the marriage day, and the white favors. I often says, it's a mercy, says I, there'll be no misery in that quarter."

Mr. Cramp rubbed his nose with a meditative expression.

"Yes, and there's aint such a bad-looking couple below in the kitchen, is there, Mr. Cramp?" simpered the lady, with a meaning smile towards the other end of the fender. "It's quite comical, a couple, too, Mr. Cramp, eh? Why, any one coming in now, would think we were keeping company, wouldn't they?"

"People's thoughts are none sense, ma'am," observed Mr. Cramp, sternly.

"Now I'm a pedestrian," continued Miss Jane, nowise daunted by the failure of shot number one, and slightly mistaking her terms, "I'm a pedestrian, and believes what is to be will be. I might appear to some people quite unlike a marrying woman, might n't I, Mr. Cramp, and yet I should n't be surprised if I was to take to the nuptial state before long. My poor mother used to say I was born to housekeeping, and you see it's come true; and such talons are not to be thrown away on other folks all one's life. A nice snug house of one's own, and a bit of garden land, and, may be, a pig or two,—I dare say I may think of all this one of there days. It's a selfish thing to keep a saving up of money for one's self, and, between you and me, I've put by a goodish bit, Mr. Cramp. And what is a going to be will be, whatever one may do." Here she finished her negus, and again looked hard across the fender.

"And so," she continued, after waiting in vain for Mr. Cramp to say something, and firing her shots rapidly and with precision,—"and so, Mr Cramp, if I could meet with a nice, respectable, mid-leaged (glancing hard between each word), steady, necessoken (here the glance was prolonged), good-looking man, who wanted a managing wife, why I don't know but I might undertake the responsibles of matermony. What do you say to that, Mr. Cramp?"

"I say," replied Mr. Cramp, "with your permission, ma'am, as we've finished our glasses, we'd better try what two more would be like of the same sort." And he went to fetch the bottle.

It was necessary to fire a very big shot in deed. Miss Jane felt this, and rallied all her forces for a last attack. She sipped a little of the hot negus, and waited a few moments. Then she spoke.

"Mr. Cramp."

"Ma'am."

"What should you say if I told you a secret?"

"Can't say, ma'am."

"A very important secret. One I should n't tell every body; to hardly any one but you, Mr. Cramp; indeed, it ain't quite proper to tell it at all."

"Better think twice about it ma'am."

"Well, Mr. Cramp," speaking very slowly and impressively, "there's a young man coming after me now."

Mr. Cramp looked very earnestly at the door, as if expecting to see the young man appear.

"It's quite creditable to him, on Mr. Cramp, I'm a prudent woman, and it is shocking to have a young man waiting for one, outside, whenever one puts one's face at the winder, and bowing like a real born gentleman."

Mr. Cramp looked attentive, so Miss Jane proceeded with the picture.

"A nice, handsome young fellow, with black hair and white hands and clean chin; and a white cutaway coat with large buttons; and a stick with a gold top to it."

Mr. Cramp listened still more attentively, and hope rose in Miss Jane's gentle bosom. If she could but make him jealous!

"He puts his hand in this way to his side, Mr. Cramp, and bows,—O, so genteel!—and I've seen him near every day for a week past, and he's a great painter from London; now think of that?"

"Well, ma'am," said the butler, seeing she stopped, "there's not much in it."

"No, Mr. Cramp, there's not much in that," resumed the housekeeper, getting excited as she went on; "but there's much in messages, perhaps, Mr. Cramp; and in notes, Mr. Cramp; in letters thrown in at the winder; in billy-dews like this, Mr. Cramp!" triumphantly displaying a triangular pink note from her pocket.

"Well, ma'am, it's got some writing inside?"

"Yes, and you'd like to read it, Mr. Cramp, and to know all about it, Mr. Cramp,—would n't you, now?"

"Well, ma'am, I've no objection," said the butler, phlegmatically.

"No Mr. Cramp," said the lady, with a show of virtuous indignation, "then you don't. I've said too much already, and an honest servant's secrecies is plaitiated here; but, if any one is looking out for me,—and you don't meet with a housekeeper of my experience every day, Mr. Cramp,—he'd better be quick about it, or may be there'll be a prior engagement, that's all. And we'll change the subject if you please."

Mr. Cramp quietly finished his glass, gave a few last whiffs at his pipe, knocked the ashes out, glanced at the clock, rose with great deliberation, put back his chair, walked to the door, and then stopped. Miss Jane had subsided into sullen silence.

"You've had your say," said the butler, "now I'll have mine. I does n't say much, but I thinks a good deal. You says a good deal, but does n't think at all. And what I have to say is,—it's spoons, ma'am."

"Spoons?" cried Miss Jane, starting.

"Yes, ma'am, it's spoons,—spoons and forks, and silver, ma'am, and anything else that can be laid hold of. It's robbers and breakings into houses, that's what it is, and I'm not a going to stand it." And Mr. Cramp walked up stairs.

"Think goodness, he's serious at last!" exclaimed Miss Jane. "There's indeed, a very pretty idea!"

The couple above to whom the housekeeper had referred were not so private in their billing and cooing as to be in all decorum when Mr. Cramp knocked and entered. I doubt if they even altered their relative positions on the sofa. For Mr. Jones was an accepted lover; the regular orthodox course had been pursued, the proper probation duly fixed, and matters of course visits were paid every week, involving each of them a terrible fate, like the one which was now interrupted. Mr. Jones was a school master at the grammar school in Chickenborough, about 2 miles off. A steady, substantial young man, a young man of fixed principle, who had passed through Cambridge with credit; a young man of whom were prophesied great things,—to be ordained shortly, with rectories and who could tell what in prospect,—in fact, a most desirable match altogether.

Now, at this moment, Mr. Jones's sense of decorum had obtruded itself very awkwardly. It was from the annual magisterial dinner, and if the county business or the county wine should detain him all night, he (Jones), by staying here he was, would place himself in such a category Miss Harper until morning.—This would be awkward and embarrassing. On the other hand, it was cold, dreary walk to Chickenborough, and he was not partial to the road after dark, and his landlady would be gone to bed, and the fire out. Being, therefore, in much doubt, he took Mr. Cramp's entrance as a hint to decide one way or the other, believing the butler was come to signify it was time to close up the house for the night.

Miss Harper, on the other hand, who had personally superintended the airestuire of the spare bed with clean sheets, had settled that Mr. Jones should remain, as a matter of course. Knowing also, of sundry cunningly devised dishes left under the charge of Miss Jane, and shortly to be produced for supper, she, consequently, hailed Mr. Cramp's entrance as an announcement of the same being ready.

It was, therefore, to the astonishment of