Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVII. NO. 33. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 2, 1874. WHOLE NO. 1437.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

One of the largest Open published in Canada, printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every WEDNESDAY MORNING, at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by the

SIGNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

TERMS—If Paid in advance, in advance, $2 if payment is given. If not paid in advance, $2 if payment is not made within three months from date of publication, and $2 if payment is not made within six months from date of publication, and $3 if payment is not made within twelve months from date of publication.

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

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

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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. 1811-1y

John Campbell, M.D., C.M.,
(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal),
SEAFORTH.
OFFICE and residence—One door south of Rae's hotel, Main street, and opposite McCallum's hotel.
Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

G.C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c &c., Goderich, Ont. 1368-1y

DR. McLEAN.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER, &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central Saloon

Dr. Cassady,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. 8w12f

IRA LOWIS
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office in Court House.

Cameron & Gormully,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON J. J. GORMULLY.

B. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in-Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1327

ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1379

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

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

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

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

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w32
MONEY TO LEND.

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich. 1432-1y

HUGH HAMILTON
CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Crown Lands Office, Goderich, Ont.
Money to Lend. 136

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., &c., COURT HOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', Plasterers' 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, STABLES & RESIDENCE, St. Andrews Street, back of D. Ferguson's Store and directly opposite the residence of Horace Horton, Esq. M. P.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS
FOR INVENTIONS
EXPEDITIOUSLY & PROPERLY
secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
PATENTS guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman, Ottawa, Canada.
Feb. 11th 1871. wt-1y—

MUSIC.
MISS SKIMMINGS WILL RESUME her tuition in Music on Monday 24th September. Terms as usual in advance.
Stanley Street,
Goderich, 19th Aug., 1874.

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
Monday, August 17th 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.
Aug. 11th, 1874. 1434

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33

G. R. C., A. F. & A. M.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of this Lodge will be held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 P. M. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

Goderich, 4th May, 1871. W. DICKSON, Sec. sw12-1y

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 vacated 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. 29th, 1873 41tf 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. ROBERTON,
Toronto. 1343.

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest

THE undersigned has any amount of money to lend from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.

HORACE HORTON
Agent for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD

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. 29th 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 settled at nearly $2,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without reduction, 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.

STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.
Passenger Accomodation Unsurpassed.
Rates of passage from Sun. Bridge or Buffalo To GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, LONDONDERRY, QUEENSTOWN or BELFAST:
Cabin $55 to $80 gold, according to steamer and location of berth.
Return tickets issued at reduced rates.
Intermediate and Steerage as low as any other line.
For passage or further information apply to Henderson Brothers, 7 Bowling Green, New York,
Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK,
1415 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. These tickets are good for one year and the amount is refunded, less a small deduction, if not used.
RECEIVING REMITTANCES.
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,
Grand Trunk Station Goderich.
1414-3m

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust and 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.
G. M. TRUEMAN,
Agent
1317 Market Square, Goderich

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

ARE YOU SICK?

IF SUCH IS THE CASE CALL ON
J. THOMPSON
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, of 26 years Practice, where drugs and have been relieved of various disease incidental to a climate like this.

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 Brace,
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

STEAMER BENTON.

CLEVELAND, DETROIT, AND SAGINAW.
G. W. McGREGOR, MASTER.

THE Steamer BENTON will run during the season of navigation as follows:—Leave Goderich for Port Hope, Port Austin, Tawas, Bay City, Saginaw, Sauble, Harrisville and Alpena every Thursday at 5 o'clock p.m., commencing on Thursday 21st May. Returning, will leave Goderich for Port Huron, Detroit and Cleveland every Sunday at 2 p.m.

N. B.—Passengers going by the BENTON on Sunday will connect with the Steamer St. Joseph of the same Line every Monday for Au Sauble, Harrisville, Alpena, Sheboygan, Duncan City, and Traverse Bay country. Through tickets for all the above points.

For particulars as to freight or passage, apply to
WM. LEE, Agent.
Goderich, June 1st 1874. 1496.

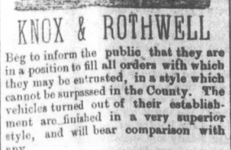
DOMINION
CARRIAGE WORKS.

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

One Box of Clark's B 41 Pills

IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, acquired or constitutional, Gravel and Pains in the Back. Sold in Boxes, 1 dollar, 50 cents each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.
Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE,
APOTHECARIES HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND
Sold in England by all Wholesale Patent Medicine Houses.
Wholesale Agents for Provinces of Ontario and Quebec:—EVANS, MERCER & Co. MONTREAL.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

MORRISH & FISHER.

Having purchased the Saw Mill of
W. M. SAVAGE
at Millburn, 3 miles North of Goderich on the Gravel Road,
are now prepared to furnish lumber of all kinds to those who require such.

Having thoroughly repaired and renovated the mill they are in a position to do it cheap.
Colborne, 17th Dec, 1873. 140

Poetry.

A Perfect One.

The following beautiful poem, will be acceptable to every person who has heard of Thomas McGregor, as a brilliant memento of our "Western pioneer poet." In the year 1847, Mr. McGregor was visiting Mrs. J. P. Grant, of Perth, a lady of high literary attainments, and on being requested to write a stanza in her album, he responded with the following fine, but impromptu effort. He was accidentally discovered a short time since, and was transmitted to this paper—the associate of his popular verses—for publication, through the hands of Mr. J. S. Sinclair.—ED. SIGNAL.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

If there is aught within this little world
Of black and coldrife dreariness,
Where sordid self vorniously eats up
The very shreds of feeling, and destroys
All nobleness of thought, if there is aught
That mitigates the rigor of Man's doom,
'Tis the holy beauty of a woman's smile,
When pain or passion rouses up the man,
Till prescient wrath, like madness from the soul;
Or when the ghostly gloom of secret grief
Rolls over him a mountain like a thunder cloud,
The horror and the darkness both are lost
In the strange mystery of a woman's voice.
Yes, if there is, amid the shapeless mass
Of Fancy's Deities, one ray divine,
Which flings a radiant glory on the world,
And in return with sovereign power demands
The purest homage, worship, awe and love
Which Nature offers at Devotion's shrine,
'Tis that heavenly ray of light of Life and Love
Which intellectual woman calls her soul.

THOMAS MACQUEEN.
Perth, Dec. 13th, 1847.

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

"Well, really! this is the most provoking occurrence in the world," exclaimed Mrs. Clare, looking up from a letter which she had been perusing one snowy winter morning, while comfortably seated in her cushioned arm-chair before the blazing fire. "It seems that we cannot go to Greymount, after all. Do you hear, Julia? Are you listening, Charles?" she added, turning irritably to look at her son and daughter, two well-looking young people, between the ages of twenty and thirty, and who were relatively employed—he, lying on the sofa reading a novel; she, seated at the window painting in water colors, an occupation from which she looked up to ask, with a very little show of interest:

"But why not, mamma? What has happened to prevent us?"

"Old Mrs. Clare is ill," replied her mother in a tone more expressive of annoyance than commiseration for the venerable lady.

"Grandmamma is never well," said Julia, quietly.

"No; but she has a bad sore throat, and fancies it is something dangerous, and she ought to make her will."

"Still, though of course I'm very sorry for the poor old lady's sore throat, I don't see why it should oblige us to break our promise to our cousin at Greymount," observed Mr. Charles from behind his novel.

"It does not interfere with you, my dear; but she wishes Julia and me to go up to London and see her. Let me see. It takes all day to get there; if we start to-morrow, probably stop a day or two there, perhaps three if she is worse, we shall be away ——"

"All week!" cried Julia in dismay. "And we were to have started for Greymount this evening. All my dresses are packed. It is too bad!"

"It can't be helped, my dear. Of course we must pay every attention to your father's mother. When he was alive, you know, she was always his first thought—even before his wife."

"But what are we to do about Cissy Wharton—Cousin Cissy, who is to come as far as the station to meet us this evening, and whom we are to escort to Greymount?"

Mrs. Clare shook her head, and sorrowfully gazed dispondingly into the glowing depths of the fire. "I never thought of that," she said slowly. "What is to be done? We could telegraph, but she will be so disappointed, poor girl!"

"And I wanted her to meet Charles *so*," continued Julia, with a young lady's customary disregard of grammar. "Mamma, Cissy will be furious. Don't you think we could manage something—somehow?"

Mrs. Clare laughed at the vague proposition, and shook her head again.

"Mamma, couldn't Charles go to the station and meet Cissy? Grandmamma doesn't want *him*, and he could take care of her. Then of course Charley can take Cissy to Greymount!" cried Julia.

"You appear to be making pretty free with 'Charley's' name over there," said that individual, closing his book and throwing it on the table. "What's up now?"

"A great honor and pleasure for you, Charley. You are to go to Greymount without us, meet Cissy at the station, and take her with you, under your sole and undivided protection."

"Oh! honor and pleasure be hanged! Who is this Cissy whose name I've heard repeated at least fifty times in the last five seconds?"

"Charles, I am ashamed of you! How rude you are!" said Mrs. Clare.

"*Now*, Charley," said Julia coaxingly, "you know who Cissy is—Cissy Wharton, your old playmate and my schoolfellow—*Cousin* Cissy."

"I don't remember her a bit," grumbled Charles. "What is she like? Any of the Whartons of Greymount?"

"Not at all. She's a very superior girl, so clever, three years younger than I am, and knows three times as much—German, Latin, algebra—has traveled like you, paints in oil, plays the harp beautifully. Oh, you will get on capitally! and to let you into a secret," added Julia, clapping her hands ecstatically, "it has always been a pet theory of mine that Charley and Cissy are to fall in love with each other and get married; and it almost reconciles me to going to grandmama's just to think what a nice opportunity for the first part of the drama the twenty minutes' *tete-a-tete* in the railway carriage will be."

"I wish you would not talk such nonsense!" cried Charles, rising angrily. "I verily believe the girls of this century think of nothing but falling in love, lovers and weddings, from their cradles to the time when they succeed in flinging their nesbies over some poor fool or other. You at least might have more sense. Fall in love with your schoolfellow indeed! and a cousin too—the thing of all others which I have always reprobated. Thank God! I've never yet been real spooney on any woman, and certainly I'm not likely to begin with a blue-stocking young lady, fresh from school, with a false chignon and blue spectacles. If there is no one else to take her to Greymount, of course I can't refuse, but it will be a most awful bore, and I think the pedantic youngster was the bottom of the one."

Bore or no bore, three o'clock of that same wintry afternoon found the much aggrieved Mr. Charles Clare stamping into the little country station at Greymount, with his overcoat and thoroughbred mare had brought him there at lightning speed, but he should be late, and in truth he had not been three minutes on the platform before the great black train, with its fiery eyes and hideous load, came shrieking and puffing to the station, and began quickly to disgorge trunks and passengers, boxes of dogs, game, hampers of fish, and sundry girls all the way from London for their holidays. Lots of them had come to Greymount, lots of children of all ages, lots of Fathers of families, some of them daughters of families, every one had mothers of families, who on a little pressing could stay at home, and yet Charles stood up to the guard, and asked if there was a "Miss Wharton" among the passengers. "No," the guard said, he threw at his list; "no there won't," and Charles returned to the first compartment, and at the platform in high dudgeon. He had not been quite sure previously whether Miss Wharton was to arrive by train or carriage; but now he made up his mind that she ought to have arrived by the former, and that she was too late, and that he would have to wait another hour on that dismal platform, and perhaps lose the places he had already taken, not no speak of being more than half frozen to death, all through that "confounded" (unfortunately emphasized) girl. There was the whistle again, people hurrying and people hurrying past to take their places. In another minute it would be off, and he should be left behind. And wasn't it going to be an awful snow-storm! Why it was as black as thunder already.

"Charley! Charley, dear, is that you?" exclaimed a voice at his side; and turning sharply round, he found himself face to face with a young lady of diminutive stature, wrapped in furs from head to foot, and who was gasping breathlessly at his overcoat: "Oh, Charley! I am so late—I couldn't help it—the fly broke down," she added in gasps. "Oh, do hurry; the train is moving."

So it was, indeed; and Charles Clare had barely time to drag his fair companion across the platform, lift her into the first carriage he saw (fortunately a vacant one), and jump in himself, before the train started, and the storm, which seemed to have politely waited until then, came down furiously reducing our travelers to a state of total darkness (one of the most inviolate rules of the railway company being never to light the lamps before four p. m. from November to April.

For the first few seconds after taking their places, both young people were too much out of breath to do anything but pant. Miss Wharton, however, recovered herself first, and instantly springing to her feet exclaimed: "Charley, are you angry, that you won't speak to me? It was an awful shame to be late after not having seen you for so long—and, for that matter, I can't see you now, and haven't even given you a kiss; but at any rate you shall have that at once!" and suiting the action to the word, she leaned her two little gloved hands on her companion's shoulders and gave him one hearty kiss between his eyes and another on the bridge of his Roman nose. Charles nearly fainted. He had traveled half over Europe; he had mixed in pretty nearly every shade of society, desirable and other wise, in London and Paris; but really, you know, anything like this! No, he was so taken aback that I almost think he would have fainted if the piquancy of the sensation had not revived him. Were these the manners of boarding-school young ladies of the nineteenth century? and was he, could he be expected to return the salute?

"There now, we are all right!" cried Miss Wharton, without giving him a moment's time to recover or answer these questions, and resuming her seat with a great deal of crinoline arrangement.

"I'd like to sit on your knee, you dear old fellow; only I'm grown too big for that, and you'd be sure to drop me."

"Indeed I should not," replied Charles. They were the first words he had uttered, but he possessed energy enough for half a dozen sentences. "How could you think so? I should like nothing better."

"Thank you, dear, but I'm more comfortable here. What fun it is to be travelling together this way! Mamma would hardly let me go till she heard you were coming. As it is, she'd much rather have us both at home, I can tell you."

"Very kind of her!" said Charles.

"I'm really exceedingly sorry that she wasn't well enough to come too."

"Oh! she's quite well," replied Cissy, laughing. "She excused herself to aunt on the plea of ill health, but that was only a *facon de parler*. You know she and papa never spend their holiday away from home."

"And how came they to let you go, Cissy?" asked Charles, inwardly reflecting that as she called him "Charley" he had a right to address her as "Cissy," his sister's pet abbreviation of Cecilia.

"Oh!" said the girl, with another little laugh, (she seemed as light hearted as a child), "Uncle John did press it so much! and when Frank Wharton told mamma you had promised to spend a week at Greymount, she said I should go too. Indeed, I threatened to run away if any difficulties were made. I did so want to see you. It was so unfortunate my being away from home during both your last visits. Wasn't it?"

"Very," said Charles, trying to recall the very left visits he had paid since childhood to his distant cousins. "I do wish we could have seen more of you," he added heartily, "but I've been away from England."

"Yes, of course. I only wish I had been with you. I should so like to travel."

"You have traveled," suggested Charles,

"I don't call going to Scotland and Ventnor traveling," retorted Cissy in a tone of pique. "When will you come home for good, Charley?"

"I'm home for good now," replied Charles. At least I'm not going to foreign parts any more."

The young lady clapped her hands gleefully. "Home for good?" she cried. "They never told me so at home. Oh, I am so glad! I must give you another kiss for that, you nice old boy."

Charles bent forward his head eagerly, but apparently forgetting the proffered gift the young lady exclaimed, "Why, Charley, what a beard you have got. Is it a beard, or only whiskers?"

"A beard," said Charley, smiling behind it.

"O, don't wear a beard!" cried Cissy, expostulatingly. "It will make you look so old! None of the girls will like you."

"I'm sure I don't care about that as long as you do," replied Charles, entering into her own spirit.

"Oh, that's all very well," she retorted of laughing, and not a bit convinced. "But if you're not in love with any one yet, you will be soon; so please don't wear a beard—it's so ugly.

"I'll cut it off to-morrow," said Charles humbly.

"Do, that's a dear boy. Long whiskers if you like, and shave all a mountain. That's what I like."

"I'll do it," cried Charles heroically. "Anything to please you. Would you like any other alteration?"

"I can't see you well enough to tell," she replied merrily. "How tantalizing this darkness is! Worse than owls. Never mind, I can fancy what you look like quite well, for I'm sure you have not changed a bit, and have still the dear old pug nose and fawn mane."

"Pug nose and fawn mane!" indignantly Mr. Charles raised both hands, first to his auburn curls, and next to the classical Roman feature already mentioned.

"I can't expect you to remember what I looked like," he rejoined hauglitily, (he was entering the injured mood now), "I am afraid you will not find the original come up to your ideal portrait."

"Oh, your nose has grown bigger," replied Cissy coolly; "I fell that when I kissed you. Do remember, Charley, when mamma used to say that my nose and yours put together would only make one ordinary-sized one, I was so angry!"

"I think you had ample cause," returned Charles pointedly. "I'm ashamed to say that I hardly remember your face, Cissy, at least not well——"

"I'm immensely altered and improved," she interrupted eagerly—a pretty, childish eagerness which was very winning. "Really, Charles, without conceit, I am. I used to be so terribly plain; but my pug nose has grown down till Uncle John says it's quite a little Grecian. Do you believe that?"

"Of course I do" cried Charles. "I could have guessed it even without your telling me."

"And I don't mind my hair being so tight now it is the fashion, *coiffure candrea* they call it; and nicely done—crepes, you know—is'n't it very pretty. Did you hear at Ventnor last year Sir Harry Thornton say I must cost papa hundreds in false hair alone, for he knew two-thirds of what I wore could not be my own?"

"The insolent scoundrel!" exclaimed Charles fiercely.

"Oh, but next day," pursued Cissy with most innocent delight, "I happened to meet him coming home from bathing, with all my hair down and hanging round me.

"So that he saw his mistake," said Charles. "Not that he deserved to be enlightened, the impertinent ape! I wish I'd been there to chastise him"

"Oh, poor old fellow! that would have been cruel," pleaded Cissy "It was only his crabbidness. He's past sixty, you know."

"Past sixty, is he?" returned Mr. Clare with a great sense of relief. "well he was wrong anyhow. I'll swear you have the prettiest hair of any girl in England. I only wish I had a little bit of it," he added with a remorseless recollection of his speech about "false chignons."

"Would you like some really, Charley?" asked his cousin, apparently quite gratified by the idea. "I'm sure I'll give you as much as you like. You shall have a whole curl, and cut it off wherever you please. What do you want it for—a watchchain?"

"N—no, not exactly," replied Charles, with a very vague idea of what he wanted it for beyond the pleasure of possession. "But I think it would be very nice to have one if——"

"If I make it for you, I suppose you mean," suggested Cissy.

Charles did mean it, and admitted as much.

"Very well," said his cousin cheerfully "I will if you are good and well behaved, as soon as I finish a purse I'm making for—oh, I say, Charley, isn't the train slackening?"

"Not yet, I think. Who are you making the purse for?" asked Charles jealously.

"Only Isabella Wharton. Charley is slackening. Oh dear and we've hardly had time to say a word to each other, and I haven't given you one of mamma's messages."

"I'll hear them when I get to Grey mount," said Charles, inwardly wishing the journey would last forever. "I am at your service all day and every day to listen to all you like to say to me, Cissy." And having got possession of one little hand, he emphasized his words by a gentle squeeze.

"Oh, but you must talk as well as listen," she said, laughing, and pulling her hand away to arrange her hair under her bonnet, for the train was evidently coming to a standstill. "You must tell me all about foreign parts, and Malta, and the garrison, and what you did, and how you amused yourself——"

"Malta?" repeated Charles, rather puzzled, "But——"

"Yes," she went on unheeding his interruption, "everything you said, and did, and saw, the latter especially, and then I shall fancy I was with you."

"*Dear* Cissy," said Charles, quite subdued by the sweet coaxing voice, and bending forward to speak the more emphatically, "I wish you would not only fancy it but come. I would travel over the world if I had you to—"

What he was going to say—whether he was really plunging into a declaration, after twenty minutes' *tete-a-tete*—who can say? for at that moment the door was flung open, and a hoarse-voiced guard thrust in his head vociferating:

"Cap'n Wharton! Miss Wharton here?"

"Yes, all right!" cried Cissy, springing to her feet! "Jump out, Charley, and catch my muff and basket."

Charles jumped out: but before he could obey the second command, Frank Wharton of Greymount, a fine, broad-shouldered young fellow of his own age, had seized him by the hand and was welcoming him in the heartiest manner.

"Although you are a lazy dog to be so late," he added jocularly; "and I don't know how you'll make it up with Cecilia Wharton, who, according to her own account, was to have come down under your protection by the 2:30 train; but her cavalier failing to—"

"But what do you mean!" interrupted Charles in utter bewilderment. "There was the hour fixed, and I have brought Cis—Miss Wharton down."

"Lucy Wharton, yes; but that's not Cecilia, by dear Clare," said the laughing Frank—"quite another thing, and, *entre nous*, a much prettier thing; but considering that she has her brother with her, and Cecilia has no one——however, I must go and speak to them," he added; and before Charles could make up his mind as to whether his cousin was or was not suffering from temporary aberration of the intellect, he had turned to the carriage and was holding out his hand for Miss Wharton to alight.

"Delighted beyond measure to see you Miss Lucy!" he said gallantly, and still retaining the pretty hand, though the young lady had already descended. "I've been waiting here with the carriage so impatiently, watching and wishing for you—and Charley. By the way, were is Charley?"

"He jumped out before me," replied Cissy coyly. "Positively, I haven't seen him yet—it has been so dark with talking about cousin Frank."

"Here, I'm here," returned her young friend offering her his arm. "I've seen no one yet but Mr. Clare, who came up to my carriage door—aren't you ashamed of yourself, cousin by name, and neglecting all your duties in not meeting a relation's guest in such a place?"

"Cousin Frank, I'm quite ashamed of myself!" cried Cissy, blushing and hanging her head in the prettiest fashion, "I'm quite ashamed of myself!" cried Cissy, blushing and hanging her head in the prettiest fashion, "I've seen no one yet but Mr. Clare, who came up to my carriage