The Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 16. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1368.

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 4 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	15
"	3 months	12
Eighth "	1 year	8
"	6 months	6
"	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. 1311-1y

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

Dr. P. A. McDougall
WILL be at home for Consultation up to 11 o'clock, a. m., every day. Will visit patients at any hour afterwards, night or day. 1w

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

DR. McLEAN.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c. Office—Chief, throughout the Court House on Central School.

Dr. Cassidy,
McGill College,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. w1092

Ira Lewis
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Solicitor-in-Chancery, Comm'r Queen's Bench, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Commissioner, &c. Office in Court House.

Cameron & Garrow.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON w3 J. T. GARROW.

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

Gifford Elliott,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, IN Chancery, &c. Goderich.

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

W. R. SQUIRE.
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery &c. Goderich, Ont.
Office, over J. C. Detlor & Co's Emporium, Market Square, Goderich. 1353

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

Malcomson & Keating,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w35

MONEY TO LEND.

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

A. M. CAMPBELL
Veterinary Surgeon,
FORMERLY of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York and Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. RESIDENCE, VARNA.
Will visit Bayfield every Saturday. 1313 3m.*

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.
OFFICE AND STABLES,
Newgate Street, Fifth House East of Colborne Hotel.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS
FOR INVENTIONS
EXPEDITIOUSLY & PROPERLY
Secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. PATENT 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. 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

NEW RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAVING LEASED THE HOTEL at the corner of West and Waterloo Streets and fitted it up as a Restaurant and Fruit Store, is prepared to supply everything in his line.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c. &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Goderich, 22 April 1872. 1329

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 Property or City or Town Property for periods of Five Years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and sums repayable at option of Borrower, 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 Hot Sqre 2, Goderich

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. sw18-1y

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

COLBORNE HOTEL,
GODERICH.
E. MARTIN Proprietor.
Good Accommodation. Ample Stable Room.
☞ This is admitted to be a First class House kept in Good Style.
August 15th, 1870

Money to Lend.

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 from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favorable 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
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. 26th 1870. w36-1y.

$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
AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST for 5 or 10 years. Interest repayable either early or half-yearly. Apply to
HENRY MATHERS,
1300-tf. St. Helens.

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

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Available Assets, $27,000,000
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted—every exception.
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

Toronto Life Assurance and Tontine Company.
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER.....$100,000
With liberty to increase to half a million
A moment called in, 25 per cent.—all paid up.
INVESTMENTS LIMITED BY CHARTER TO MORTGAGES AND SECURITIES.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
President, The Hon. John Hamilton Cameron, M.P.P.C.C., K.C. Toronto.
Vice President: Lewis Moffat, Esq.
Geo Hodgins, Esq., Judge of the County of York.
W. H. Simmons, Esq., M.D., M.P., Prescott.
Arch. Cameron, Esq., Cashier Merchants' Bank, Toronto.
Wm. J. Macdonell, Esq., Manager Toronto Savings Bank, Toronto.
Angus Morrison, Esq., M.P.P.
Secretary and Treasurer: Arthur Harvey, Esq.
Applications for Insurance in this first class Company received by
J. J. BELL
1342 Agent at Goderich.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.
CAPITAL STOCK.....$400,000
SURPLUS FUNDS.....206,369.60
RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30th 1871. $87,858.26
HON. J. McMURRICH, President.
B. HALDAN Managing Director.
FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE AT Lowest Current Rates.
SPECIAL LOW TARIFF OF RATES COVERING Insurance for one or three years on Detached Dwellings, Churches and Schools with contents, in Cities, Towns and Counties.
Farm Property, Farm Stock, Farm Produce and Risks of points particularly favorable to the Farming Community.
First class men wanted for a Travelling Agency for the townships unoccupied in this Town, apply or writing will receive prompt attention and full information to the Head Office.
D. WATSON, Local Agent.
Goderich 17th Sept. 1871 s

ANCHOR LINE.

Steamers Sail Every Wednesday and Saturday.
TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASGOW, Calling at Londonderry to land Mails and Passengers.
☞ Passengers booked and forwarded to and from all Railway Stations in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden or Denmark and America, as safely, speedily, comfortably and Cheaply, as by any other Route or Line.
THE NEW DEPARTURES.

From Glasgow.		From New York.
Sat. Sept. 23d	IOWA	Mon., Oct. 16th.
Sat. Sept. 30th	CALEDONIA	Sat., Oct. 21st
Sat. Oct. 7th	ANGLIA	Sat., Oct. 28th
Sat. Oct. 14th	COLUMBIA	Sat., Nov 4th

And every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter from Pier 20, North River, at noon.
RATES OF PASSAGE PAYABLE IN CURRENCY.
To Liverpool, Glasgow or Londonderry:
First Cabin, $65 and $75, according to location
Cabin Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) securing best accomodation, $130.
Intermediate, $35. Steerage, $28.
Certificates at LOWEST RATES can be bought here by those wishing to send for their friends
Prepaid passage can be secured on payment of passage money.
Apply at the Company's Offices or to
MRS WARNOCK,
Goderich Oct. 23 1871. West St. Goderich, On

MONTREAL OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

TICKETS to and from Liverpool, Londonderry, or Glasgow by the above Steamship Coy. apply to
J. H. CARTER,
Agent Grand Trunk Railway
Goderich, Au. 15, 1870. w36

NEW Drug Store.
JOHN BOND,
CHEMIST & DRUGGIST
OF 25 YEARS PRACTICE.
NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS.
ARE YOU SICK
with Dyspepsia, Constipation, Head Ache, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart, Billious Diseases and General Debility? If so call at J. Bond's, East Market Square, and get his Renowned Vegetable Tonic Bitters which has completely cured thousands throughout Canada as well as 200 in Goderich and vicinity.
CERTIFICATES.
Aurora, January 1864.
This is to testify that I have derived a beneficial effect from Bond's Tonic Bitters and found it to be by far the best article in use for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints, &c., &c
JOSEPH SHIPLY,
Wesleyan Minister,
Goderich, Aug. 27 1872.
Mr. John Bond,
Dear Sir,
I have great pleasure in recommending your Tonic Bitters as an excellent thing for giving tone to the stomach and strengthening the system generally. I have found it a very beneficial thing in my own personal case, and have known others to use it with like satisfaction.
Yours &c,
J. P. KAY,
M. N. C. Minister
Aurora: May 30th, 1864.
I feel perfectly free to testify to the benefit I have derived from the use of Mr. Bond's Tonic Bitters. Dyspepsia, Liver complaint and attacks of Dyspepsia, in my case from their Tonic and aperient properties
DAVID SAVAGE,
New Connexion Minister.
And 99 others.
Bond's Expectorant or Pulmonic Syrup for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis &c., &c., the Best Cough Medicine ever introduced in Goderich. It has saved hundreds from an early grave
Goderich, 2nd Sept. 1872.

Goderich Marble works

Scott, Vanstone & Co.,
BEG TO INTIMATE THAT THEY HAVE opened a branch of their Kincardine
MARBLE-CUTTING WORKS,
in the old stand of Mr. A. M. Johnston Victoria st., Goderich, and will be able to supply
Tombstones,
Mantlepieces,
Window Sills,
&c., &c., &c.,
in the best style of workmanship and on reasonable terms.
GAVIN STUTHERS,
Agent.
Goderich 17th July. sw30-f

Goderich Harness Shop
W. A. MARTIN
HAS pleasure in announcing to the public of Town and County that he has purchased the Harness business of Mr. Isaac Halliday, on Hamilton St. After having served his apprenticeship with Messrs W. & H. Martin, Goderich. W. A. M. has worked for the last three years in the best Harness Shops in Chicago, and is now prepared to make up
LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS,
Horse-Clothing and Scotch Collars
in first-class style and with despatch. Orders promptly attended to
Trunks, Whips, Curry-Combs, &c. &c.
N. B. Fly Sheets constantly on hand throughout the summer.
Goderich, June 26th 1871.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
F. R. MANN,
House Sign & Carriage Painter
DESIRES TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has fitted up a shop on North street next to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with varnish room attached where he is prepared to fill orders promptly, and at reasonable prices. Thankful for the patronage of the last 7 years solicits a continuance of the same.
Now is the time to Paint your Chairs Sleighs, and Carriages.
☞ Orders for Country Carriage shops attended to with despatch.
Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, Graining, Paper Hanging, &c., &c.
F. R. MANN
Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 sw1

STOP, STOP, FRIEND!
WHERE are you going in such a hurry?
I am going over to McINTOSH'S Gun Shop, to get my Sewing Machine repaired. You can get all kinds of Sewing Machines put in
Good Running Order
there, if not there is no charge.
☞ Remember the place in rear of F. Jordan's Drug Store.
Goderich, March 24th, 1873. 1362

Poetry.

Courtesy.

AN ATHENIAN STORY.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

I.

In Athens, o'er its sun of flame had set,
In pomp and show the gazing crowd were met,
Intent forever upon something new,
The mimic wonders of the stage to view.

II

So when the wide extended circus spreads
In galleried ranks, its sea of living heads,
Ranged in close order, rising row on row,
The void arena claims the space below.

III.

The seats were filled, but ere the show began
A stranger entered—'twas an aged man;
And while he sought a place with aspect mild,
The polished young Athenians sat—and smiled,
Eyed his confusion with a sidelong glance,
But kept their seats, nor rose on his advance.

IV.

Oh! for a burning blush of deeper hue,
To mark the shame of that self-glorious crew;
How poor the produce of fair learning's tree,
That bears the fruit of sweet humility;
The growth of Arts and Sciences how vain,
To hearts that feel not for another's pain.

V.

Not as the Spartan youth, whose simple school,
Instilled the plain but salutary rule
Of kindness; and whose honest souls preferred,
Truth to display—performance to a word,

VI.

They, with less pomp, had their appointed place,
Apart from Attious' distinguished race;
And rose with one accord, intent to prove,
To honoured age their duty and their love.
Nor did a Spartan youth his seat resume
Till the old man found due and fitting room.

VII.

Then came the sentence of reproof, and praise,
Stamped with the sterness of the ancient days,
For standing full amidst the assembled crowd,
The venerable stranger cried aloud.
"The Athenians learn their duty well,
but lo!
The Spartans practice what the Athenians known."

VIII.

The words were good, and in a virtuous cause,
They justly earned a nation's glad applause.
But we have surer words of precept given
In God's own book, the words that come from Heaven:—
"Be kind—be courteous—be all honour shown,
Seek others welfare rather than thine own."

"Olive Varcoe."

—:o:—

CHAPTER I.

'TO ME, Sir Hilton!—and you say this to me!'

'To you, Eleanor Maristowe, and to none other in the world. Why are you astonished? Have you not seen this long while that I love you?'

'No,' said Eleanor, 'I never dreamed of it. I thought that you loved another.'

'Then Eleanor, on my life you have wronged me!' he cried. 'Whom did you suppose I loved? I have never seen any woman but you whom I could wish to make my wife.'

'The young girl to whom Sir Hilton Trewavas spoke thus earnestly was silent, but her face was covered with blushes, and the little hand resting in his trembled visibly.

'If I could only believe you,' she said at last, in a low voice, 'if I could only think it was true.'

'Tell me why you doubt me, Eleanor!' cried her lover eagerly. 'Let me defend myself. Of what do you accuse me?'

'I thought your cousin Olive—'

'My cousin Olive!' he interrupted fiercely. 'What of her?'

The girl drew her hand from his, and turned away her face proudly.

'I see, I see she, you grow angry the moment I mention her name. Go back to your cousin Olive. I will never take another girl's lover from her.'

'This is nonsense, Eleanor! I am not her lover. Has she dared to say so?'

'She has not quite said so,' was the reply; 'but her manner, and your manner—'

'My manner was that of a cousin,' said he, 'nothing more, Eleanor—dear Eleanor, hear me! Don't leave me; don't wreck my happiness for such a folly as this.'

Eleanor Maristowe was stealing away from his side among the trees, but she came back at this appeal, and he seized her hand again.

'Eleanor,' he exclaimed, 'what can I say—what can I do to convince you of my truth?'

'And have you never loved Olive Varcoe?'

'No, never,' he replied. 'Eleanor, do not make me hate the poor girl. Remember she is dependent on my bounty.'

'I am sorry,' said Eleanor, softly; 'I would not say a word to injure her, but I assure you she has always implied to me that you loved her; therefore I have avoided you as much as I possibly could.'

'And for this you have treated me so coldly, so cruely! Eleanor, you owe me some amends. Say frankly now that you love me, and will be my wife.'

'If Olive—'

'Fling Olive to the winds!' he interrupted. 'Say Yes, Eleanor. I want that one word—Yes.'

'If you really love me, I say it—Yes. But if Olive has any place in your heart—'

'If!' said her lover. 'I will have no ifs. You are mine now.'

He had her in his arms; and as his lips touched hers, Eleanor forgot her jealousy, and the vision of Olive Varcoe's bright flushing face faded away.

* * * * * * * *

'John, I am going to be wasted,' said Sir Hilton Trewavas to his brother. 'My bachelor days are nearly over. Congratulate me.'

'I'll, wait till I know who the lady is,' said John, a great, easy, good-natured fellow, slightly given to superstition, and a few other weaknesses.

'Well, guess then who it is,' said his brother.

'Do I know her, Hilton?'

'Slightly, I think.'

'My dear brother,' said John, 'I hope it is not Olive Varcoe!'

'Olive Varcoe!' exclaimed Sir Hilton, impatiently. 'Am I to have that girl always thrust into my ears? Do you think me a fool, John, that I should marry a little flirting witch like Olive Varcoe?—a cousin too!'

'Now you own she is a witch,' said John. 'And you know she is a flirt. Bad signs, Hilton—very.'

'Out it short, John, unless you want me to guess aright' exclaimed Sir Hilton. 'I am going to marry Eleanor Maristowe.'

The blood flew to the face of John, leaving it quite pale as it rushed back to his heart.

'Then you are going to marry a good girl, Hilton,' he answered; 'and may God bless you and her! Hollo! there's Vivian Damerel; and I must go and speak to him.'

John Trewavas sprang out of the open window, and ran down the lawn in firey speed, but he dashed among the laurels avoiding the elegantly dressed boy, who called out to him in a languid voice to stop.

'The dence is in John this morning, I believe,' observed Sir Hilton to himself. 'He need not have gone off in that style; I had a hundred things to tell him.'

A light step made him turn around, and then he faced a tiny figure of a woman, so small, that she might have been a child, and so wonderfully attractive that she might have been a syren, or a witch, or a nymph, or all three in one.

'Olive!' exclaimed Sir Hilton.

'Yes, Olive,' she repeated; 'just arrived. Are you glad to see me?'

'I am always delighted to see the most charming of cousins,' he replied.

'That means nothing,' said Olive, seating herself on a little footstool just in front of Sir Hilton. 'I hate compliments. Say something true and kind, Cousin Hilton.'

The tall, handsome man looked down on the little figure in slight embarrassment. She looked lovely, and she know it, as she turned her large black eyes up to his, and smiled. One little hand rested on the large arm-chair against which she leaned. It was covered with green velvet, and the contrast between this and her white fingers, her glossy black hair, coiled massively around her head, and the folds of her pale pink dress, all made a picture, the beauty of which no one could appreciate more than her impulsive cousin.

'Upon my word, black hair is the richest in the world,' he said aloud, speaking his thoughts too frankly; 'and the color you have in your cheeks, Olive, would shame a damask rose. You were born somewhere in the sun, I think, and dropped upon this world by mistake.'

Olive had just said she did not like compliments, yet she made no objection to this speech; on the contrary, her lips broke into a smile, and her bright face was lit up with a flush of joy. She suddenly bent forward, and seizing Sir Hilton's hand, she impressed a kiss upon it. The young man colored to the roots of his hair, but he did not take his hand away from the ripe lips that lingered on it lovingly.

'That's to thank you,' she said, 'for your pretty compliment. Words are so tame, they never say anything that I want to express with my whole heart.'

'It was a very pretty, cousinly act, Olive,' returned Sir Hilton, a little gravely.

Olive's dark eyes flashed at Sir Hilton's words, and she flung his hand away with an angry gesture.

'There, you have undone your kindness now,' she said. 'I understand you; I have not acted up to your stiff English notions of propriety. Wait—you shall not get a kiss from me again until you go on your knees for it. If you like prudes, go and flirt with Miss Marristowe.'

'Miss Marristowe will never let any man flirt with her, Olive,' said Sir Hilton.

'Dear me!' said Olive. 'She is too good I suppose,—a sort of angel in flounces. Well, leave her alone, if you don't flirt with her. I assure you it will not trouble me.'

'Nothing troubles you, Olive,' said he. 'I really think you never cared for any human being in your life.'

'No, I never cared for anybody but my dog Spot,' she replied, 'and he isn't a human being is he? Look here, Sir Hilton—how do you like this new dance? I learnt it last week.'

She displayed a pair of twinkling feet, and danced a new Mazurka, twirling in and out between chairs and tables with marvelous grace.

'The dance is very pretty,' said Sir Hilton. 'Who taught it to you?'

'A bear—a Russian bear,' she replied, 'rich and ugly. Oh Hilton! had such a time in London.'

'What, pleasant?' said Sir Hilton. 'Balls, and concerts, and flirtations, I suppose, constantly.'

'Plenty of all that,' replied Olive. 'But where was the pleasure? Oh, it was such a dreary time to me! I would rather be at Trewavas than I would live in London, and go to parties every night.'

'I don't believe that, Olive,' said Sir Hilton.

'Oh yes, you do,' said Olive; you know it is true. Just try this dance, Hilton. I am sure I can teach it to you in five minutes.'

He put his arm around her; he took her hand in his; the glossy coils of hair rested on his breast, they could not reach his shoulder. He forgot Eleanor Maristowe, and the dance grew faster and faster, as she sang in a low voice a wild Russian melody to Mazurka time.

'There!' she cried at last, triumphantly. 'I knew you would learn it in a minute or two. You are so quick at anything. By-the-by, have you not found it slow here without me? I have been away a whole month, you know, Hilton.'

'Is it really so long? said Sir Hilton, gasping a little from his exertions in the dance.

'Then the time has not seemed so long to you!' exclaimed Olive. 'Out of sight, 'out of mind!' as the old proverb says. But what have you been doing with yourself all this while?'

'Doing? Why nothing,' replied Sir Hilton.

'Then if you were doing nothing,' said Olive, 'why did you not come to meet the coach this morning, and escort me home? I felt so dismal when I saw the carriage was empty.'

'Upon my word, Olive, I didn't know the carriage was gone for you,' said Sir Hilton. 'My respected grandmother never said one word about your return. I never knew you were coming until you appeared here to me like a vision.'

Olive laughed aloud. 'Aunt did not know I was coming till last night,' she said.

'I have returned without orders. I am not wanted here.'

'Olive!' he ejaculated. 'If I thought any one, even my father's mother, dared to make you unwelcome to my house,—'

'I am always welcome wherever I go,' said Olive. 'In five minutes from this time I mean to make Aunt thank me for coming. I know she has been dull enough since she sent me away. Who has been here? Have you had those Maristowes all this while, the prude and her stately stick of a mother?'

A burning flush came over her cousin's face at these words. In his embarrassment he drew Olive closer to him, and grasped her hand with nervous strength. At that moment the door opened, and a well-trained servant, standing quietly at the portal, said in a soft, clear voice, addressing the Baronet's domestic, 'The boats are at the ferry, sir; and Miss Maristowe ventures to say she was waiting.'

'I am coming,' said Sir Hilton, biting his lip.

The servant closed the door, while the cousins looked at each other blankly. Olive was the first to laugh—'Oh, it is too ridiculous! We are cousins—that adjust like brother and sister, you know.'

'Of course it is, exclaimed Sir Hilton, eagerly, 'and I hope you will always feel it so, Olive.'

Olive turned her back on him, and walked to the window.

'I wish,' she murmured, 'you hadn't promised to ride with that tiresome Miss Maristowe on the very same day of my coming home.'

But she spoke to the winds, her cousin was gone; and, gazing blankly from the window, she saw him in a moment lifting Eleanor Maristowe on her horse. What was there in this little act of courtesy that made Olive gasp for breath, and send the blood to her heart in a rush of terror and anguish?

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The green glades of Trewavas slope down to the sea, and the honeysuckle and hawthorn, lilac and arbutus trail their branches on the beach, while the shadows of stately elm and oak fall far across the waters. The waves are blue and liquid, clear as liquid crystal; so that far beneath the surface, down among the very depths, the eye watches delightedly the silvery fish, darting to and fro, and marks the glittering sands, white as snow, the rocks of serpentine flashing purple and green, and the many colored plants of the sea waving in a thousand shapes of beauty. The bay of Trewavas, like an inland lake, is shut in on nearly every side by green hills and sloping woods; and dotted around it, like gems, lie the glistening sands of little sheltered coves, up which the waves roll lovingly, dancing in with a gentle murmur.

High up, on the sunniest slope of the fairest hill, stands the old mansion of Trewavas. It seems embodied in roses, so luxuriant are the flowers of every sort that cluster around its windows, and climb up to the old grey roof. The garden, too, is lovely as a dream; green glades, soft as velvet, with here and there a vista opening to the sea, or a peep given for an instant of the great rugged hills far away, and then the walls of leaf and flower shut them out again.

In this lovely spot the mock of the west lived old Lady Trewavas, a stately dame of the old school, full of pride and kindness; and with her lived her two grandsons—Sir Hilton, a man not without faults, and kindly, simple John, who thought every man a Bayard, and every woman a saint; a good heart born to be deceived, born to love unwisely and too well.

Olive Varcoe, a second cousin to the brothers, made one of the family at Trewavas. Utterly alone, but self-possessed, and wilful as an imp, she arrived at Cornwall at ten years of age, having come from Smyrna in a sailing vessel. She was put on board by the English consul, with letters and credentials for Lady Trewavas. The letter was from her nephew, Mr. Varcoe, who at the point of death, implored his aunt to take pity on his little child.

Lady Trewavas might have hesitated, but the letter and the child reached her together. And the friendless and helpless little creature, who with folded arms and flashing eyes stood dauntless before her, seemed to have no relation on earth but herself. Her father's letter made no mention of her mother; but it was easy to see, by Olive's blue-black hair and dark skin, that she must have been of Eastern blood; and, though she might have been a wife, it was more probable that she was a slave.

Mr. Varcoe, all his life, had been a strange, secretive man, 'everything by turns, and nothing long.' Accident caused him to study astronomy; hence he diverged to astrology; and, in pursuit of this science, he travelled to the East, and never returned to England. He pretended to have penetrated deep secrets, and learned weighty things; but they certainly never benefited his fortune, for all he dealt the small remnant of his once large property was only a scanty pittance for his child. Thinking pitifully of his poverty, and remembering, with very fresh and yearning affection, the sorrows, the love, and the short life of his only sister, Mr. Varcoe's mother, Lady Trewavas took Olive and gave her a home.

The two grandsons, whom the untimely death of their parents had left entirely to her care, had no sister; hence this little Eastern child became their petted playmate. But as Olive grew older Lady Trewavas became uneasy at this companionship. She had no wish to see Olive the wife of either of her cousins; hence she cleverly managed, after her fifteenth birthday, to keep them much apart. But her maternal instinct soon told her, that John might see this fascinating second cousin without danger; therefore she allowed him to come and go as he would at Trewavas, but his elder brother she kept as much as possible from home. His education, his continental tour, his amusements, all had insured his absence; and during his brief visits Lady Trewavas fondly hoped that he regarded the wayward wilful fairy of the household only as a sister. And we have seen how the old lady knew how to manœuvre. She could send Olive Varcoe on a visit, when Sir Hilton's stay was expected to be long, and she could fill her house with safer attractions.

Sir Hilton had known Eleanor Maristowe about two years; that is, he had seen her at intervals during that time, and every succeeding interview had strengthened the impression which her face had made. Her coolness and reserve wounded his pride, made him only the more earnestly resolve to win her. Longing to see him safely married, Lady Trewavas had, without his knowledge, warmly aided his wooing. Long before his last return home, she had invited Eleanor to Trewavas, and secured Olive's absence by procuring for her a judicious invitation to London. All this was well; but in constantly having Eleanor for her guest, she had forgotten John. Thinking only of Sir Hilton, she had asked her to Trewavas as often during his absence as his presence; and the result was, that simply, kindly John loved her with all the strength of his soul. And his life was wrecked; there was no hope for him now but to hide his pain, and never touch the happiness of others with the shadow of his own grief.

On the silvery beaches that gemmed the Bay of Trewavas fringed also a little cove, so sheltered from the winds that hawthorn bushes and wild roses grew in every nranny of the cliff, and the clear waves crept in with a gentle lap, lulling into dreams of happiness even the heart of the careworn and the world-weary.

The beach itself was almost inaccessible; walled in by cliffs, it could only be reached outwards, except by some adventurous climber, who could scale heights that seemed fatiguing. On this warm spring day the sands glistened white in the sun, and no sign of life, either on sea or land, broke the beautiful loneliness of the scene. But soon a little boat put out from Trewavas, and a single rower with stout arms pulled steadily towards this solitary beach.

The rower was John Trewavas, who, impelled by that instinct of suffering which teaches man and animal alike to seek solitary places, had now set his face towards these lonely sands; but when he was about to spring ashore, hoping to find solitude and peace, he was startled to see the tiny figure of Olive Varcoe on the beach.

John was superstitious; and as he looked on the tiny creature, dressed in red and black, she sat on the jutting rock of a niche, he could fancy that she was a veritable witch. The very place wherein she sat had a supernatural air about it. No mere woman, he thought would have climbed to such a seat.

'How did you get on this beach?' he asked, looking about for her boat.

'I flew down,' she replied.

'Olive, you cannot have descended this cliff!' exclaimed John, aghast with astonishment.

'But I did, though,' persisted Olive. 'Look at my hands.'

She held forth her tiny hands, and showed them out and torn, and streaked with blood.

'The rocks are hard,' she continued, 'and the thorn will pierce the flesh,' as some trumpery poet says.'

'Olive, you are certainly mad,' said John; 'I would not have a spirit like yours for worlds.'

'Nor I one like yours,' she replied. 'I am tired, John; take me in your boat and row me home.'

John threw down his oars, and jumped ashore to assist her; but before he had time even to stretch out his hand, she had made a daring spring, and alighted on the sands at his feet.

Very pale, John caught her hastily up and asked if she was hurt.

'I wish I was dashed into a thousand pieces!' she replied. 'I wish my wicked brains were on the sands; that would be rare news for you to take back to Trewavas.'

'What can a man say to a woman when she talks like that?' said kindly John. 'Such words are childishness, Olive,—wilful, passionate childishness. You are looking ill. You are out of sorts to-day. Come home, and let Eleanor nurse you.'

'Eleanor!' she repeated, and the scorn, the anger, the hatred in that one word seemed to burn her lips, and flash fire into her eyes. She walked away, and stepped into the boat unaided. As John caught up his oars, and took his seat facing her, he observed she was deadly pale.

In deep silence he rowed half across the silvery bay; the scent of may and lilac reaching them in every breeze, the seabirds flashing by, and the song of the lark sounding high up in the clear heavens.

'How beautiful it is!' said John pausing on his oars. 'To me, Trewavas is a Paradise.'

'And, like the other Paradise, there's a devil in it,' said Olive.

'Where?' asked simple John. 'I never saw a devil in it, Olive.'

'You can always see that individual if you look for him, John,' Olive replied.

She put her hand in the water as she spoke, and caught a sea-anemone, and in a moment she tore the beautiful living flower to pieces, and flung it again on the waves.

'Suppose it feels!' said John, watching her. Some people believe that it does.'

'What does that matter?' asked Olive. 'Has anybody asked whether you and I feel? What do you think of it all, John?'

'What do I think of what?' asked John, dipping his oars into the water again, and flushing burning red.

'Don't row yet,' she said. 'The sea is a safer place to talk in than than the land. You may speak out here, John.'

'I have nothing to say, Olive, except that I wish them every happiness,' said John.

'Nothing to say!' repeated Olive' 'when you know your feelings have been blindly, ruthlessly disregarded; when you know Hilton and that girl—!'

'You are insulting me, Olive,' interrupted John, 'when you suppose I can listen to such language as this.'

Olive shrugged her shoulders as she replied, 'I am a fool to try to move a dish of skimmed milk. Stoop, Isaac-har, and bear your burden; but as for me, I am not a mule, stooping between two burdens, penury and cruelty. No! I am a woman, and they will live to see what I can do.'

'Olive, you make me glad that Hilton does not love you,' said John, gravely, with disgust and anger visibly shining on his face.

'But he does love me,' said Olive, sinking her voice to sudden lowness, and gazing steadily at her cousin. 'There is the misery; he does love me, you see, only he has been so used to me, that he cannot believe in his love, and he mistakes his fancy for that white Maypole——'

'Olive!' interrupted John.

'John!' she expostulated, 'you had better listen, and not interrupt me. I tell you this suggestion has been made up by Lady Trewavas. Mrs. Maristowe knows that you love Eleanor, and she has been expecting to hear it daily from your lips; she would rather give her daughter to you than to Hilton, and Eleanor herself would be happier with you. Marry her John. Save her from your brother, unless you wish her to be miserable.'

'It was painful to see a great strong man like John Trewavas grow so ghastly pale, and sink down on his seat as helpless as an infant; but it was pleasant to mark how soon he rallied from the temptation laid before him, and sat up erect, with kindling cheek and eye.

'Hilton loves her!' said he. 'Who will make Eleanor miserable?'

'I will,' replied Olive.

There was poison and death in the soft low accents of her voice