Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 37. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1389.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR, AND PROPRIETOR.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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

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

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

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

YEARLY AGREEMENTS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

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

Business Directory.

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

John Campbell, M.D., C.M.,
(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal),
SEAFORTH.
OFFICE and residence—One door south of Ross' hotel, Main street, and opposite McCallum's hotel.
Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1567

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. 4w

G. C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont. 1346-ly

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

Dr. Cassady,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

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

Cameron & Garrow.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. CAMERON w23 T. GARROW.

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

ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, IN Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1373

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

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

P. F. WALKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR-IN Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office, over Mr. C. E. Archibald's Store, Goderich, Ont. 1378-6m

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. w33
MONEY TO LEND.

HUGH HAMILTON
CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Eight Years Established—Goderich, Ont.
Money to Lend. 138

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c. OFFICE—SOUTH SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', Plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued. 1367-ly

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds' Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1502.

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. 1319

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,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb. 11th 1871. w4-ly

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

Music and Drawing.
MISS LOWES wishes to inform her friends and the public that she is prepared to give lessons on the Piano forte, &c. Having been taught by first class masters, and for several years a successful teacher, she feels confident she can give satisfaction. Also, a class in Drawing, Water-colors, &c., on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. For terms, apply at the residence of Mr. G. M. Trueman, Hamilton Street, Goderich.
May 19th, 1873. 1370

NEW RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAVING LEASED THE STORE ON THE West Side of Waterloo Square and fitted it up as a First Class Restaurant and Fruit Store, is prepared to supply everything in his line.
FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, OYSTERS, &c., &c.
N. B.—Meals served at all hours.
FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY SOLD AT WHOLESALE.
Goderich, 18 April 1870. 1506

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. A. 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. sw72-1y

Money to Lend.

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

MONEY TO LEND
AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST for 5 or 10 years. Interest repayable either early or half-yearly. Apply to
HENRY MATHERS,
St. Helens.
1309-tf.

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

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

MONEY TO LEND.
INTEREST LOW.—TERMS OF REPAYMENT EASY.
THE CITY OF TORONTO PERMANENT BUILDING AND SAVINGS SOCIETY
Advances money at reduced rates for from 2 to 20 years. Loans repayable in instalments to suit the borrower.
Full information given on application.
R. H. KIRKPATRICK,
1378 Agent at Goderich.

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

INSURANCE CARD.
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies
PHOENIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 26th 1870. w36-1y.

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Available Assets, $27,000,000.
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT DEDUCTION.
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

TorontoLife Assurance and Tontine Company.
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER.....$100,000
With liberty to increase to half a million
Amount called in, 25 per cent.—all paid up.
INVESTMENTS LIMITED BY CHARTER TO MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS
President: The Hon John Hillyard Cameron, M. P., Q. C., &c. &c. Toronto.
Vice President: Lewis Moffat, Esq.
Geo Duggan, Esq. Judge of the County of York.
W. H. Brown, 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.
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.....208,369.60
RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30th 1871. 357,858.26
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 Country places. These rates and terms of policy gratuitously happable to the Farming Community.
First Class man wanted for a travelling Agency for the townships adjoining this Town. Apply if applying with references to be addressed for commission to the Head Office.
D. WATSON, Local Agent.
Goderich 12th Sept. 1871

Goderich Harness Shop
W. A. MARTIN
HAS pleasure in calling the public of Goderich and County that he has purchased the Harness business of Mr. Isaac Stafford, on Hamilton St., and having served his apprenticeship with Messrs W. & H. Martin, Goderich, and Mr. R. Weekes 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-Nets constantly on hand throughout the summer.
Goderich, June 26, 1871.

Hotels.

WRIGHT'S HOTEL,
GODERICH, ONT.
SITUATED ON THE HIGH BLUFF overlooking the Harbor, Lake and River.
This house after being thoroughly renovated and furnished is now open for the summer season for the reception of guests.
Parties going to Lake Superior by the *Manitoba* will find this house very convenient.
Large families requiring rooms should engage previously either by mail or telegraph.
J. J. WRIGHT,
Proprietor.
Goderich, 20th May, 1873. 1370

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

ANCHOR LINE.
Steamers Sail Every Wednesday and Saturday.
TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASgow, Calling at Londonderry to land Mails and Passengers.
☞ Passage is 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 DERRY:
First Cabin, $65 and $75, according to location
Cabin Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) securing best accomodation, $130.
Intermediate, $33. Steerage, $28.
Certificates at LOWEST RATES can be bought here by those wishing to send for their friends
Drafts issued payable on presentation.
Apply at the Company's Offices or to
MRS WARNOCK,
West St., Goderich, On
Goderich Oct. 23 1871.

THE STEAMER
"BENTON"
G. W. McGREGOR,
MASTER,
Will leave Goderich for SAGINAW and intermediate ports
EVERY SUNDAY MORNING;
And for SARNIA, PORT HURON, DETROIT and CLEVELAND
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
For Freight or Passage,
Apply to
WM. LEE.
Goderich, 16th June, 1873. 1374

GODERICH AND NORTH SHORE LINE.
In connection with the Grand Trunk Railway. Shortest, Cheapest, and most direct route.
THE NEW STEAMER
WM. SEYMOUR,
EDWARD MARLTON, MASTER,
will ply in connection with the G. T. Railway as follows: Leave Goderich on arrival of Express Train from the East, weather permitting, for Southampton at 3 p. m., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Returning: Leave Southampton at 4 a. m., Port Elgin at 4:30 a. m., Inverhuron at 6 a. m., and Kincardine at 8 a. m., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Arriving in Goderich each day as above, to connect with the train going East.
SARNIA & PORT HURON.
The above named Steamer leaves Southampton for Sarnia and Port Huron at 4.00 a. m., Port Elgin, 4.30 a. m., Inverhuron, 6.00 a. m., Kincardine, 8.00 a. m., Goderich, 2.00 p. m., every Friday, weather permitting. Connecting with River Boats for Detroit and G. T. Railway Propellors from Sarnia to Chicago, Milwaukie, &c. Returning: Leaves Sarnia every Saturday at 8 o'clock, a. m., weather permitting. For further information, apply to Byron Wilson, Purser, on the Boat, or to Thos Lee, Southampton; J. Eastwood, Port Elgin; P. McRae, Inverhuron; R. Robertson, Kincardine; W. B. Clark, Sarnia; A. N. Moffat, Port Huron.
J. V. DETLOR & SON,
General Agents, Goderich

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 City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and rather 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,
1317 Agent
Market Square, Goderich

IMPORTANT NOTICE
F. R. MANN,
House Sign & Carriage Painter
DESIRES TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has opened a shop on Hamilton street next to the Methodist Church, where he will furnish room attached whereby he is prepared to fill all 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 Cutters Sleighs, and Carriages.
☞ Orders from country Carriage shops attended to with dispatch.
Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Papering, &c., &c.
F. R. MANN,
Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 sw1

Poetry.

(From the Aldine for October.)

October.

There comes a month in the weary year—
A month of leisure and heathful rest;
When the ripe leaves fall, and the air is clear:
October: the brown, the crisp, the blest.

My life has little enough of bliss:
I drag the days of the odd eleven,
Counting the time that shall lead to this—
The month that opens the hunter's heaven.

And oh! for the mornings crisp and white,
With the sweep of the hounds upon the track;
The bark-roofed cabin, the camp-fire's light,
The break of the deer and the rifle's crack.

Do you call this trifling? I tell you, friend,
A life in the forest is past all praise,
Give me a dozen such months on end—
You may take my balance of years and days.

For brick and mortar breed filth and crime,
And a pulse of evil that throbs and beats;
And men grow withered before their prime
With the curse paved in on the lanes and streets;

And lungs are choked, and shoulders are bowed
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And Death stalks in on the struggling crowd,
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine.

And of all to which the memory clings,
There is naught so sweet as the sunny spots
Where our shanties stood by the crystal springs,
The vanished hounds, and the lucky shots.

"Olive Varcoe."

'It is all his thought, all he lives for, I think' said Florian, in her saddest voice. 'And I have striven so hard, Mrs. Gunning, to find that prize for him, of all in vain. I want to give her a home here. I want to be kind to her. I cannot bear to see his misery about her, his anguish, and sickness of heart. He knows her innocence, and he fears that her silent martyrdom will crush her into the grave. She has hidden herself from him—from everyone—'

'Who can wonder at that?' interrupted Mrs. Gunning, fiercely. 'Have not the Trewavases driven that creature out into the world, to suffer for their pride's sake, and to die for them if she will? Ah! the tale of that girl's sufferings would make a long romance, Florian Langley.'

'I know it,' she said; 'she is a noble, generous girl, worthy of the chivalrous devotion of a brave heart.'

Tears checked her utterance; but recovering herself she went on more calmly.

'Therefore my dear Mrs. Gunning, I want to shield her, if I can from further suffering. And this was my first reason for meeting him. I had a note from him, imploring her to give him news of her if I could. He was aware she had been my companion, and he was in hopes that I knew where she was, but I did not; and when I wrote telling him this, his answer was so full of sorrow, and he besought me so earnestly, by my affection, my interest in Opal Vansittart, to give him my aid in his anxious search for her, that I resolved to see him. I had no adviser. Pity for my poor blind mother, whose belief in Olive's guilt I cannot overcome, and whose peace would be thoroughly gone if she knew I was conscious of the identity of Olive and Opal, held me silent towards her. And I dared not speak to my brother. He was afraid of doing I know not what mischief. You know he and your husband are seeking Olive, even now, to arrest her.'

'Oh, indeed!' said Mrs. Gunning, with grim earnestness, as her thoughts travelled swiftly to the dingy garret, where the worn and weary Olive lay pale and wasted on her poor bed. 'When Tobias does things without consulting me, he generally makes a fool of himself. And is that your brothers advertisement about "O. V."?'

'Yes. And I cannot tell how it will all end,' replied Florian, wearily, leaning her head upon her hands.

'As far as Tobias is concerned,' said Mrs. Gunning, 'it will end very soon, my dear, as I shall take him out of Paris at once. I shall not permit your brother to make a cat's-paw of a man of his intelligence. And I would advise you, Florian, to act in the same prompt way, and clear yourself from any share in this business as fast as you can. The man ought never to have seen you. In all you have told me, I perceive no reason for your imprudence in meeting him.'

'You are very bitter against him,' said Florian, proudly. 'If there be any fault in that, it is mine, not his. I confess that I wished to see him—I confess I was curious. I had heard so much of him from Opal, that my heart was touched, my imagination warmed, by the history of his strange devotion—a devotion, too, so unrestrained, so unregarded by its object.'

Mrs. Gunning listened to Florian with eyes wide open with amazement.

'I never thought to hear you confess to a morbid curiosity, Florian,' she said. 'I believed your nature as high and noble one.'

Florian was silent, but she did not look abashed or ashamed.

'And did this man—I cannot speak his name,' said Mrs. Gunning—'only come to Paris to search for Olive?'

'For that chiefly,' replied Florian, hesitating slightly. 'At all events, to find her and do her justice, is his first, his most earnest desire.'

'And if he finds her,' said Mrs. Gunning, what will he do then?'

'He will go back to Cornwall instantly,' replied Florian—'I believe to Trewavas.'

'I am sorry for Sir Hilton,' said Mrs. Gunning, abruptly; 'and yet his pride well deserves the bitter punishment awaiting it. What will he say, what will he think, when he finds what Olive has suffered for his sake!

'I wonder she can love him,' said Florian softly. 'Nothing amazes me as does this strange, hopeless devotion of hers, for that self-contained man.'

'You wonder at it?' exclaimed Mrs. Gunning, turning on her fiercely; 'and yet you have just dared to confess to me a love a thousand times madder—a love that is a disgrace to you—a love—a love that you should shudder to own!'

'Mrs. Gunning,' cried Florian, rising, with flashing eyes, and her cheeks scarlet with indignation, 'how dare you speak to me like this? I have borne too much from you! I have stood meekly silent, and permitted you to malign a man, before whom Sir Hilton Trewayas should stand bareheaded and ashamed—a man whose courage, whose generosity I revere. I was silent because I was ashamed that I had given my love unasked—given it hopelessly, passionately, knowing that his heart is fixed one more worthy than I; but I will be ashamed no more. No, I am proud that I love him; and for his sake I will stay single all my life long.'

Florian had spoken with wonderful volubility and passion, but her strength gave way now, and she fell back in her chair trembling and weeping.

Mrs. Gunning thrust both her little hands into her frizzled hair, and stared at her helplessly for a moment, in utter stupidity; then she shook herself, by way of bringing back her senses, and walked straight up to Florian's chair.

'My dear girl,' said she, 'I beg your pardon; I am a simpleton. I have been making the greatest mistake I ever made in my life. I thought——'

'And here she stooped and whispered in Florian's ear. The girl started back in horror at the name she uttered, and her face grew very pale.

'Mrs. Gunning, how could you think anything so horrible?' she said, with a visible shudder. 'Don't you know that it is to find him—to track him down—that——'

'That your friend is come to Paris, my dear,' said Mrs. Gunning. 'Well, I guess as much.'

'And he knows now where that unhappy man is,' continued Florian, in a whisper; 'but he will not leave Paris till he has found Olive.'

'Then, my dear,' said Mrs. Gunning, 'let him leave to-night; for when you see him this evening, you may tell him Olive is found.'

She stooped and kissed the girl's tear-stained face, and then kneeling by her chair, she told in rapid words the story of Olive's sickness, loneliness, poverty and pain.

The same afternoon, Mrs. Gunning was destined to receive another trial to her nerves, and this in the shape of a pompous silence on the part of her lord and master, sorely distressing to her kindly nature. They drove home together in a hired carriage, and during the drive the majestic Tobias was as mysterious and silent as a pyramid. In vain his wife plied him with questions, as to his health and spirits, or with genial remarks upon the weather, or the approaching London season. He cared nothing for any of it; he was impervious to flattery, and presented a face silent and stolid as a wall to all her adroit attacks. On his arrival at home he entrenched himself in his dressing-room, saying he had letters of importance to write, and he did not wish to be disturbed till dinner was on the table. There was nothing for it but to obey this command, and await hopefully an after-dinner thaw. That meal, however, passed like an Egyptian feast, with several skeletons served up as a reminder instead of only one, and the very servants seemed to stalk about like mutes.

'This comes of having secrets from each other,' thought the contrite Mrs. Gunning, as she glanced at the aggressively silent countenance of her husband.

'My love,' said she, 'these oranges are very good. May I peel you one?'

'You may,' said Mr. Tobias.

And there was an end; it was impossible to get conversation out of an orange; and, in the servants' presence, poor little Mrs. Gunning dared to try no stronger method of forcing speech from her domestic oracle. No sooner, however, were they alone, than she burst forth in an injured tone.

'Tobias,' said she, 'what is the matter with you? If I have offended you, speak out, and say so. I hate sulkiness.'

'Mrs. Gunning, I am not offended,' he replied, 'and I am not sulky. I have simply a reason for being silent, that's all.'

Good gracious! was there anything so trying? Here was Mrs. Gunning herself bursting with secrets, and yet willing to be as chirpy and chatty as ever, while Tobias made himself as pompous, as arrogant, and as silent as the tombs of the Pharaohs.

'Mrs. Gunning,' said Mr. Tobias, looking at her through his eyeglass, 'will that dress you have on do for the opera?'

'Then oblige me by changing it, as I have promised Herbert Langley to meet him at the opera to-night, in Mrs. Langley's box.'

'Is Florian going?' asked Mrs. Gunning, carelessly.

'No, she is engaged to go to some friends this evening,' was the curt reply.

Mrs. Gunning sighed deeply, and looked wistfully at her husband.

'Tobias,' she said, 'you recollect that advertisement about Bolster? Did you ever make any enquiries about it?'

Apparently she had touched upon a subject that startled Mr. Gunning, for he immediately shut himself, metaphorically, into a silent tomb.

'I decline to be questioned,' said he. 'I have ordered a carriage at eight; will you be ready, please?'

'Now, couldn't I annihilate him with a word if I chose!' thought the exasperated little wife, as she rose with great seeming meekness to obey his behest.

During the drive to the opera, Tobias was more aggravating still. Full of importance, and mystery, and triumph, he enjoyed himself immensely, while Mrs. Gunning sank into the utmost insignificance, not to say cowardice.

'What can it be?' she thought to herself with terror. 'What is it he and Herbert Langley have found out?'

She was not destined to remain much longer in uncertainty. Hurrying her through the corridors to the box, Mr. Gunning made her a tremendous speech.

'Mrs. Gunning,' said the ungrateful rose, 'women are so long-tongued and mischievous, that I confess I have brought you here to-night to prevent your being a marplot. You will be under my own eye here till twelve o'clock; you will be able to send a message to no one, to write to no one; after that hour it will be too late, even if I did not take care—as I shall—that you seize no pen and paper to-night.'

'What does this mean?' exclaimed the little woman, trembling very much.

'It means,' returned the triumphant Tobias, 'that I have very much suspected lately your visits to that villainous laundress. And to-morrow morning, Herbert Langley and I pay a visit to your little friend, Mademoiselle Olympe Valancy, and hand her over to the police.'

There was a clash of trumpets, a roll of drums, and Mrs. Gunning, pale as death, took her seat amid a rustle of silks and satins, to listen with what patience she could to music, which sounded in her ears like the braying of a thousand donkeys, each one with a head like his own Tobias. Nevertheless, in about half an hour the little woman recovered her serenity, and looked out upon the play with a smiling countenance.

'Now I've got it!' she said, suddenly, as her hand came down sharply on the silken and cushioned ledge of the box. 'Got what?' asked Mr. Gunning, in a stately tone.

'This horrid fly, Tobias, that has been buzzing about my ears all the evening,' replied Mrs. Gunning.

It was a quarter past twelve that night when Herbert Langley ran lightly up the stairs to his mother's apartment on the first floor, whistling as he went. In the drawing room, seated by a fast-dying fire, he found his sister alone.

'Mrs. Gunning gave me something for you, Flo,' he said.

'A note?' said Florian, eargerly.

'A note!' he repeated. 'No, how could she write notes at the opera? It is your locket which she has got mended for you.'

'My locket! said Florian. 'She hasn't any locket of mine.'

'Yes, she had,' persisted Herbert; 'she said she thought you had for gotten it. She took it off her chain, and here it is.'

Florian, with a flush of expectation on her face, thought it wise to be silent as Mrs. Gunning's unconscious messenger took the locket from his waistcoat pocket and handed it to his sister.

'I shall have goods news for you to-morrow, Flo, I think,' said the young man, lighting his cigar at the dying embers. 'And now good night. I shall smoke this out in my own room.'

'Wait a minote, Herbert; I have got good news for you,' said Florian. 'I have had a letter from Opal Vansittart.'

As Florian spoke, a deep crimson flash rept over her face, even to the roots of her hair.

'The deuce you have! That is good news,' cried her brother. 'And why the—the dickens didn't the girl write before?'

'She has been very ill,' replied Florian. 'She has not seen the advertisements, nor had my letters. She has had fever. She is so sorry, she says, for all the trouble she has given us.'

'And why is she in the world did she run away from Langley?' said Herbert.

'That—that was the beginning of the fever,' replied Florian.

'Ah, poor thing! out in her head, I suppose,' said Herbert. 'Well, Flo, we must have her here, and show the world, Mr. Vivian Dameral included, that she is herself, and nobody else.'

'I shall be delighted to have her here,' said Florian, faintly; 'but I have sounded mamma, and I see she will never consent.'

'Ah! that's a difficulty, Flo,' said Herbert, with a puzzled air. 'Well, I'll think it over, and let you know more about it to-morrow. Tell some one to call me at seven, will you, Flo? I have an appointment in the morning at the unnatural hour of eight.'

With a happy 'good night,' for he seemed in triumphant spirits, Herbert Langley sauntered from the room, and left his sister alone. Then she took Mrs. Gunning's locket to the light, and turned it over and over anxiously, and lastly opened it. As she did this, there escaped from this golden prison a poor little half-dead fly; and on the inner surface of the gold, scratched by a pin, that she had been permitted to do this.

With burning cheeks and trembling hand, Florian stood a moment in wonder and dismay. But she was not long in decyphering this strange message; her fear of interruption rendered it other than earnest and urgent. Mrs. Gunning was too sensible to send her such a token as this, unless the danger was imminent and near.

'Fly instantly,' this was her message, and she meant it. Florian could easily divine that it was sent in this odd manner, because she must evidently have been under some strong restraint or surveillance, and utterly unable to find other means of communicating her warning. Recalling the great Tobias's pompous importance, Florian felt sure that he and her brother had at length succeeded in their quest, and it was doubtless they who had mounted guard over Mrs. Gunning, and hindered her from sending note or messenger. And even in this dismay, Florian could not but smile at the sharpness of the little woman, whose keen wits had found means to circumvent their watchfulness, and even make a catspaw of the unconscious Mr. Herbert Langley.

'And he said he had an appointment at eight,' said Florian, gazing about her half wildly. 'What there is to do must be done at once then—now, this very night! Oh, how can I go to him at this hour, and alone?'

She sank into a chair and for a moment seemed lost in bewildered thought. Then starting up, she clasped her hands, saying eagerly, 'I will go! She shall see my face, and know if I can help it. I would save her, if only for his sake.'

A few minutes after this, dressed in a dark cloak, and with a thick veil over her face, Florian crept quietly through the porter's lodge, and out into the street, where, with trembling hand, she beckoned to a passing *fiacre*, and sprang into it. She gave her directions to the driver in a low voice, and then drew up the windows as he went off at a rattling pace.

Very pale, very wasted, but with a calmness and peace upon her face, which it wanted in that old fiery time, when the passion of her nature, unchastened by sorrow, was ever ready to spring to eye or lip, Olive sat by her fire alone. She sat with her small thin hands lying idly in her lap, and her dark eyes, which often filled suddenly with tears, fixed sadly on the dying embers. Sometimes she looked wistfully at the little clock on the chimney-piece, the hands of which were just upon the strike of one. It seemed as though she was chiding the weakness, which rendered the exertion of undressing and going to rest, appear too great a trouble for her feebleness to attempt. And the clock struck one; and yet she lingered here, with her clasped hands still lying powerless, and large tears gathering slowly in her eyes, and falling down unchecked over her wasted cheeks. She was not sobbing or weeping passionately: the tears welled up quietly from their front, and fell in silence, not even a sigh breaking their weary flow. She was very lonely, and the poor room in which she sat looked chill and cheerless by this dim light, its very shadows having a weird and ugly shape, strangely expressive of solitude and pain. Upon the little table near her rested the remains of her frugal supper: she had been too weak to put them away; and down about her feet, in loose folds, lay the large grey shawl that had slipped from her shoulders. The dying fire needed replenishing, and the wood was close by, but her weary hands refused to unclasp their wan fingers at the mind's bidding.

Was she counting the cost of her strange deed as she sat thus alone in her sickness, untended and unwatched? As she looked back upon the path she had trodden, so full of thorns and sorrows, did she shudder and weep for her own sufferings? Did she repent as she saw her own set had made her a wanderer, an outcast, nameless, forsaken, shunned, hunted and driven from place to place, even as one who 'seeketh rest, and findeth none' No; her tears tell for none of these things: she counted her suffering as nothing, if only they had not been spent in vain. In that fear her heart could yet bound in sudden joy, and her pulse stand still. And here in this poor garret, between her tearful eyes and the dying fire, there rose up faint visions of Trewavas. Here a sunny slope, where a green glade, with shadows lying on the grass; again, a wooded dell, with glimpses of the sea; then the shining sands, the quiet ripple of the waves; and the tall beeches, with silken leaves of golden green—all rose up before her in this mist of tears, making her heart swell with love and bitterness.

And this dear Trewavas, it was smiling, it was happy; no blight had fallen on it, no shame, no pain. It still gathered beneath its ancient roof all it loved and honored of its own lineage—not one missing, not one an outcast save her, the poor, outlandish cousin, the dependent whom the world ignored. Did it matter that she was suffering, if the name was saved!—the grand old Trewavas name. Did it matter where Olive Varcoe was, so that the family pride was uncathed, the family honor sustained? No, truly; it mattered nothing. And so, amid this rain of tears, the visions of Trewayas rose and fell; the Trewavas she had saved, the Trewavas between whom and the world's contumely she had thrust her own soul.

'And I do not repent,' she said, in a soft, thrilling voice, as she cast her tearful eyes upwards. 'I owed them this. And surely, for this, God will forgive me my ingratitude, my impatience, my wilful bursts of passion, and my selfish love. Ah! not selfish now. Even for my love's sake I can give him up, and bear to see him happy with another. There is a barrier between us now, that time can never fling down. If he came to me and offered me his love, the world would say it was the bribe for which I suffered this, and some shadow of dishonor would fall upon him. And that shall never, never be!'

Her head fell forward on her hands, and between the thin fingers her tears now fell fast.

'I have saved his pride,' she said; 'he loved his pride better than anything else in the whole world. I have saved it for him; there is not a word against his name. Intact, untouched, unspotted, the name of Trewavas will be honored by the world while Olive Varcoe——'

But here she stopped. Her generous heart would not count up the ills it bore. She would not weigh in the balance against their honor her dishonor, her brand of shame and crime. Still less did one mean thought ever touch her soul of their wealth, their beautiful refinements of life, as contrasted with this sad poverty and lack of comfort. For how little could such needs count compared with those nobler, deeper sorrows, that she had borne so willingly! If health and strength had fallen before this grim misery, that was the body's weakness, not the mind's.

And how beautiful and glorious it was to think of dear old Trewavas, standing in its stately pride, still so honored and beloved of all! More beautiful still to feel that her feeble hands had kept sorrow from it, her unvalued love had saved it from a dreadful shame. She, the tiny creature, so mean, so small, so poor, overlooked, had stood in the breach, and caught the arrows in her own heart, that would have pierced its pride. And there was no self-praise in this thought, only a sort of humble joy that she had been permitted to do this, that to her had been given the power to suffer in their stead.

Shut up as in a prison by her friendlessness, her sickness, her poverty, and her fear she forgot that outside the world had not reached her, and she thought of Trewavas as peaceful, happy, safe. Above all, Sir Hilton was unscathed; no glimmer of the bitter truth had touched him, no finger pointed at him as he passed; his pride of birth and name had suffered no shock; careless and happy, he was free to choose from the highest in the land another bride, as fair as poor Eleanor Maristowe. And if this thought caused a tear, Olive swept it away quickly. 'Lady Trewavas, too, would live out the remnant of her days in peace; unhowed by shame and pain, her honoured head would go down to its last sleep, still crowned with its ancient glory. Ah, what joy to purchase this peace for her, even at so great a cost! And Olive looked down upon her wasted hands and smiled.

'They thought I did not love them!' she said softly to herself. 'My wilful words, my fierce temper, misled them all. And is this too great a return for what they did for me? No! I was homeless, and they gave me a home; an orphan, and they gave me a mother and brothers. Ah, how ungrateful I was!—now passionate, how wicked, how angry for fancied slights! It was not till that sorrow came, that I knew how much greater than my anger or my jealousy was my deep, deep love. Oh Trewavas, may God bless you, and give me strength to bear on to the end!'

Again her tears fell, and through their mist rose up the visions of turret and terrace, mullioned window