Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE. $2.00 AT END OF YEAR.

GODERICH, ONTARIO, D. C., THURSDAY, AUG. 20, 1868. VOL. XXI.—NO 30

Business Directory.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL WILL BE AT HOME FOR CONSULTATION up to 11 o'clock, a. m. every day. Will visit clients at any hour afterwards, night or day. w49

G. C. Shannon, M. D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., GODERICH, C. W. 12:40-1y

DR. McLEAN. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER. &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central School. 49

G. M. McMICKING, M. D. LICENTIATE COLLEGE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, C. E. Office over Jordon's Drug Store. 19

Medical.

RICHARD MOORE, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND Accoucheur, Manchester, C. W. February 7th, 1867. w377

Dr. Stanbury, GRADUATE of the Medical Department of Victoria University, Toronto, and late of the Hospital and Dispensary, New York. Residence D. McDougall's Bailiff, Bayfield. w49 4m*5

William Fraser, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, &c, Walkerton, County of Bruce. w5

William R. Bain, B. A. CHANCERY AND LAW OFFICE, CRABB'S NEW buildings, Kingston, Street Goderich. N. B.—Conveyancing, Money lent on reasonable terms. Disputed and defective titles to real estate Quieted. Goderich, Dec. 24 1866. 2w34

P. F. WALKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR-IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, &c., West St. Goderich Out.20

JAMES T. GARROW SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Conveyancer, &c. OFFICE:—M. C. Cameron's Law Office, Kingston Street, Goderich. w29.

S. Malcomson, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., &c. Clinton, Ont. w35 MONEY TO LEND.

D. McDougall LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD, County of Huron. Sales in village or country punctually attended to. w9-1yr8

L. B. Hamlin, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, LAND Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine. 1

JAMES FERGUSON, SECRETARY HURON TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, BRUCEFIELD, POST OFFICE. w40

D. S. CAMPBELL, PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, DRAUGHTSMAN, &c. Office in Mr. Carroll's Drug Store, at Wroxeter. N. B.—All orders for surveying left with C. Tait Scott, Esq., of Wingham, will receive immediate attentnmay w39

Auction & Commission.

GODERICH & CLINTON Established 1852.

SALES of Miscellaneous Property in Goderich every Saturday, and in Clinton every Wednesday. Money advanced on Property for immediate sale and prompt returns made. Farm Stock and other Sales punctually attended to throughout the County. G. M. TRUEMAN'S Auction Mart, w61 Market Square, Goderich

Money to Loan on Real Estate, APPRAISER to the Trust and Loan Company of Upper Canada. G. M. TRUEMAN, wg Market Square, Goderich.

Land Office, A REGISTER of Improved Farms and Wild Land for Sale. G. M. TRUEMAN, Goderich March 1, 1867. Market Square

GODERICH FANNING MILL AND Pump Factory!

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

He would particularly draw attention to at Mills, as he will warrant them to free Wheat from oats, cockle, chess, &c. Pumps made to order and warranted. *Factory on Nelson st., between Victoria street and Cambria Road*

Also, agent for the sale of Morgan's premium and patent CULTIVATOR, which has never yet failed to give general satisfaction to a mers who have used them. HENRY DODD, Goderich, April 22nd, 1864

GRAIN, FLOUR, FEED, AND PROVISION STORE.

ARCHIBALD HODGE, PRODUCE MERCHANT, Cameron' Block, Kingston Street, GODERICH.

GRAIN, FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, Bran, Shorts, Potatoes, Bacon, Butter, &c. Highest market price paid for grain and all kinds of produce, w41

G. BARRY & BRO., CABINET MAKERS, WOOD-TURNERS! AND UNDERTAKERS, Hamilton St., Goderich,

KEEP constantly on hand for sale all articles in their line, such as Bedsteads, Chairs, Tables, Sofas, &c., All kinds of wood-turning done, such as Newel posts, stair bannisters, neckyokes, &c Always on hand, a complete ASSORTMENT OF COFFINS and a HEARSE to hire on reasonable term Goderich, May 3rd, 1866 15w6m*

Business Directory.

MRS. DAYS' HOTEL. WROXETER.

ON the direct road from Seaforth to Walkerton. Every necessary accommodation for the travelling public. HANNAH DAYS. Wroxeter, Nov. 5, 1867. w42

LUCKNOW HOTEL AND STAGE OFFICE. R. S. CUNNINGHAM, Proprietor.

SITUATED on the corner on the Northern Gravel Road, Lucknow, Stages leave every morning for Goderich and Walkerton. The hotel is fitted up with every accommodation for commercial travellers. A large Hall attached. June24, 1867

Commercial Hotel, Mitchell C.W

JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Good stabling for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire, on Shortest Notice. 1457

COLONIAL HOUSE.

THE Subscriber always keeps the largest variety and best Stock of HOISERY & GLOVES! IN THE COUNTIES. CHAS. E. ARCHIBALD. Goderich, August 22nd, 1866. aw103

SOAP FACTORY.

ECONOMY FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

GOOD HARD SOAP, 8 cents per bar or 3 bars for 25 cents. SOFT SOAP $2.00 a barrel or 10 cents per gallon. to be had at the SOAP and POT ASH FACTORY, at the Dock. JOHN BARNES. Goderich, March 20th, 1868. w9 6m.

Malcolm Nicholson. SURGICAL OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. ELECTROPATHIST, &c. TEETH inserted in either Platina, Gold, Silver, or Vulcanized Rubber on reasonable terms Office over the Post Office, West Street Goderich. w

W. M. SAVAGE, BUYS and sells New York Drafts—Greenbacks—National currency—State notes, and uncurrent money at current rate of exchange. 19th Dec., 1865. w47-1yr8

Agricultural MUTUAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

NOTICE is hereby given that LESLIE JOHNSTON is no longer an Agent for the above Company, his services having been dispensed with. He has no authority to take risks or transact any other business whatever for the Company. D. C. McDONALD, Sec. London, Ont., May 28, 1868. w20-tf

H DUNLOP, NEXT DOOR TO BANK OF MONTREAL, WEST ST. HAS ON HAND A LARGE SUPPLY OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS which he is prepared to make up in the shortest notice, and Cheap for Cash.

GOOD FIT WARRANTED. Goderich, April 21. 1868. w39.

NEW Woolen Factory.

THE Subscriber in returning thanks to his numerous customers, begs to state that having purchased a New suit of Manufacturing Machinery, including one new double custom Carding Machine, he is prepared to execute all orders in Wool Carding, Spinning, Weaving, Cloth-Dressing and COLORING! Manufacturing by the Yard will be done promptly and in a superior style. Farmers coming from a distance with wool to be carded will receive it in time for returning the same day, having two machines in operation fitted up with New Cards for that purpose. The undersigned having spared no expense in fitting up these Mills he trusts that all who really wish good value for their money will not fail to cultronize the WINGHAM WOOLEN FACTORY. WOOL and FARMERS' PRODUCE taken in payment for work and accounts at the highest cash price. PETER FISHER. Wingham, May, 1868. w19 3m

STARTED AFRESH!

GODERICH Steam Axe Factory.

JOHN McPHERSON, BEGS to announce to the public that he is now prepared, with new and improved steam machinery, to turn out his superior axes in larger quantities than hitherto, and hopes to give the same satisfaction that has attended his efforts up to the present. These axes have gained a wide-spread popularity throughout Huron and Bruce. Remember the shop: Corner of Waterloo and Lighthouse streets. Goderich, Dec. 2. 1867. w45tf

COLONIAL HOUSE!

KID GLOVES! KID GLOVES Josephine's, Alexander's, Jouvin's, Duchess Lace backs & Alexandras in white, black and colors. The largest Stock in the Counties. CHAS. E. ARCHIBALD. Goderich, August 22nd. 1868. aw10.

A GREAT CURE OF LIVER OMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA IN CANADA,

Consecon, Prince Edward Co., C. W., March. 1867. MESSRS. YOUNG & CHAMBERLAIN,—Sirs, having proved within my own person that there is at last a medicine that will indeed cure liver complaint and Dyspepsia, I am induced to make this statement under oath, which is to certify that I have been sorely afflicted for the last three years, according to the Doctors' statements with Lever Complaint and Dyspepsia. I had a feeling of sinking and vagite uneasiness about the stomach, worse has pain, eructations of wind, occasional pain, drowsiness, costipation, uneasiness in the right side, headache, a poor appetite, &c., &c., and was greatly reduced in strength. Hearing your new Indian medicine the Great Shoshonees Remedy spoken of so highly, I tried a bottle with your Pills, from these I must say I found but little change, but I took another and then found my health improving. I continued it until I have taken about ten bottles, using the pills, and I find that I have quite recovered. I eat hearty without pain or uneasiness. I am well and have pleasure attending to my business. The doctor remarked to me I was looking much better. I told him the Great Shoshonees Remedy was doing it. I have recommended the Remedy in several cases and it has invariably given good satisfaction, and I would strongly recommend it to all afflicted as I was. AMBROSE WOOD.

Sworn before me at Consecon, C W this 2nd day of March, 1867. J. M. CADMAN, J. P., A Commissioner in Q. B., in and for the County of Prince Edward, C. W. w33 1yr

STOP AND SEE.

THE following remarks on Testimonials of most wonderful and extraordinary cures in Canada by the GREAT INDIAN REMEDY. They are stern, undeniable and incontrovertible facts, sufficient to convince the most skeptical that the Great Medicinal Compound aimed after for ages is now accessible in the Great SHOSHONEES REMEDY or Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Liver, Digestive Organs, Kidneys, &c., as well as Scrotula, the various Skin Diseases, Humors, and all diseases arising from Impurities of the Blood, we boldly state that this great remedy has NEVER BEEN EQUALLED. Where was there ever such a cure as that in the persons of Wilson Storms of Brighton, C. W., of Consumption; or that of Peter C. V. Miller, Earnestown, C. W., of Consumption, or that of Ambrose Wood, of Consecon, C.W., of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, or that of John Hosey, of Napanee, C. W. of Rheumatism, who had actually been on crutches for years, in spite of all treatment heretofore, and is now well. Scores of such cases might be mentioned had we space.

☞ Call at the Drug Store and get a Circular or unquestionable certificates on the GREAT SHOSHONEES REMEDY and PILLS, and satisfy your selves.

Price of the Remedy in large pints $1

☞ For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine. Agents for Goderich, F. Jordan and Parker & Cattle

WHOLESALE AGENTS: LYMAN, ELLIOTT & Co., DUNSFAUGH & WATSON, J. WINER & Co. } TORONTO. HOLBROOK & STARK, T. HICKLE & SON, A. HAMILTON & Co. } HAMILTON.

SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.

THE undersigned having purchased the Planing Mill and Sash Factory owned, and occupied by Donald Cumming, are now prepared to carry on the business of manufacturing Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Flooring, Siding, and all kinds of CIRCLE WORK, such as Circle and Gothic Sash and Frames They think from their experience in Factory Work, that they can give satisfaction to all who may favor them with a call. N. B.—A liberal discount to the trade. JAS BUCHANAN, DAVID LAWSON, WM ROBINSON. Goderich, March 4th, 1867. aw55

LOOK HERE

THE subscriber having REMOVED to the store lately occupied by WM. DUNCAN, first door south of Bingham's, Market Square, wishes to inform his friends in the Town of Goderich and surrounding country, that he now has the largest and most complete stock of Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes of any house in the country, containing every style of Ladies' and Children's goods, and that he has also a very large assortment of GENTLEMEN'S WINTER BOOTS coarse and fine, both imported, and of his own manufacture, which he will sell Cheap for Cash! Call and examine, as he is satisfied that he has just the goods you want. SAM'L FURSE. Goderich, Sept. 24, 1867. w4

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT IN TOWN.

MARTIN AMANN BEGS TO INFORM HIS OLD CUSTOMERS, that he is still able to sell for cash, at the lowest rates, ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE At his shop on Kingston street, opposite the Huron Hotel, Goderich. Give him a call. Goderich Oct. 3. 1866. aw11w3

THE NEW REGISTRY OFFICE.

GODERICH, 13th Aug., 1868.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

MY DEAR SIR,—Would you be kind enough to insert a few lines to let the members of the County Council and the ratepayers know, that all is now satisfactorily settled with respect to the site of the New Registry Office; as I am in receipt of a communication from the Government, informing me that they had approved of lot 232, North street, for the site of the office, notwithstanding the pressure brought to bear on the Govenment, through false information forwarded by interested parties to compell the County Council to purchase the Wallace Lot, whether the title was good or bad. I am happy to say that truth has prevailed over falsehood, as it ever will do in the end. I would further state that the title to the Proctor lot is indisputable being direct from the Canada Company to R. Proctor, from him and wife to the Corporation of the County of Huron, and their successors in office, and I believe no drainage will be required, whereas had we bought the Wallace lot, it would cost from three to five hundred dollars for drainage, to give a cellar according to plans of eight feet deep. This I feel satisfied would have been objected to by every Councillor at the board.

The following clauses from the Prov. Secretary's letter to me will be my best answer to the unmanly attacks made upon my motives and those of the committee, generally, by that organ of obstruction, the Goderich *Star*.

"I have great pleasure in being able to add that the statements in your letter of the 6th inst., are quite satisfactory, and that no member of the building committee appears to have acted from any interest d or improper motives."

"I would further be permitted to say that the prompt manner in which the Council acted in carrying out the recommendation of the Inspector that a new Registry Office should be built is a gratifying evidence of the desire of the County Council, to perform its duty efficiently, and is indicative of great public spirit.

Now sir, as to the conduct of the editor of the *Star*: I am compelled to state that he, with a few kindred spirits, has acted in this matter in such a matter as to deserve the ridicule he has drawn down upon himself. He may think it to his advantage to become the pliant tool of men who regard neither truth nor honesty, but he is very much mistaken if he thinks he or his friends can *drive* the County Council to acts of manifest injustice. To blame the committee, as he did, for delaying the erection of the office while he was using every means to throw obstacles in the way, is worthy of his well-known puerility of conduct when anything *I* do is in question. He has done his best this time, *and failed*. Let him, in future, be careful that his statements are garnished with, at least, a shadow of truth.

Yours, &c., ROBT. GIBBONS.

St. Andrew's Congregation Goderich

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. D. CAMELON.

On Tuesday the 11th inst, a number of the members of St. Andrew's congregation of this town, met at the Church, for the purpose of presenting a splendid horse, harness and buggy to their esteemed pastor, the Rev. D. Camelon. The following address was read by Mr. James McN. Brackenridge.:

Rev. and Dear Sir,—A year has now passed, since in the good providence of God you were placed over us as our Pastor; During that time your ministrations have been so abundantly blessed to us, that we look forward to the future in the full confidence of faith, believing that he who hath blessed your labours hitherto, will bless them still. We have found in you a minister that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of life, bringing out of the treasury of gospel grace, things both new and old giving to all their portion of food in due season. We have beheld with great pleasure and satisfaction, the deep interest you take in the lambs of the flock, both in the Sabbath School and also in your Pastoral visitations. We believe the seed thus sown, is already springing up and bearing fruit to the praise and glory of God. It is with like gratification that we have witnessed your faithful and unwearied labours among the sick, the afflicted, and the dying. These and other traits in your character have endeared you to our hearts, and given you a deep place in our affections. It is therefore, with profound respect, that we present you with this Horse and Buggy and Harness, which, we pray you to accept, as a token of our love and esteem for you. Our prayer to God is that you may be long spared to go out and in among us, breaking to us the bread of life, may you see many seals of your ministry, and may you at last hear the master's voice saying, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, GODERICH, Aug. 11th

My Dear People,—Your too flattering address and princely gift have so overwhelmed me, that I cannot find words to express the deep gratitude which I feel. I esteem the good opinion of my people, next to the approbation of God and the approval of conscience I feel, however, that your address and noble present are quite beyond my merits, and I can only attribute them to your own considerate kindness, and generous liberality. Most sincerely do I reciprocate your kindly sentiments. My sojourn among you has been very pleasant. I have been greatly cheered and encouraged, in the discharge of my ministerial duties, by your regular attendance upon ordinances, by your many acts of private kindness, and the warm and cordial greetings with which you have received me at your houses But what has cheered and encouraged me most, in my Pulpit and Pastoral duties, are the many instances of the power of converting grace that have come under my observation, during the past year. For this I humbly hold to be the true measure, of either congregational or ministerial success. It is not the increase of numbers in the congregation, however desirable that may be, nor is it the increase of wealth and influence among its members, it is the increase of conversions, of holiness and love, that constitutes the real and true prosperity of a church. Most gratefully do I accept of your noble present, and pray that the great Father of Lights, the God of all mercy and of all grace, may abundantly enrich you with every good and perfect gift, through Jesus Christ Our Lord.

INSTINCT WITHOUT BRAINS.—Long ago, it was ascertained by naturalists that worms and insects are without a brain, and yet they pursue a course of activity which bears much upon the domain of reason; so we are accustomed to say that they act from instinct, which is no explanation at all of the phenomena in the higher orders of organic life which have their orgian in the brain. The insect world swarms with beings of the most delicate construction, without hearts and without brains, whose movements and habits independently of thousands of contingencies to which they are exposed, prove in the most satisfactory manner that their acts are a near approach to the elements of a reasoning faculty, if they do not indicate reason itself. When by accident, a thread of a spider's web is broken, the little weaver examines the misfortune with extreme care, and by taking different positions, surveys the demage, and then proceeds artistically to repair it by splicing or inserting an entire new cord Again when a wandering fly becomes entangled in the net, the cautious approach of the owner of the trap, lying patiently near by for game, indicates calculation in regard to the character and strength of the victim. Does it not strangely resemble reason when all its movements, under such an aspect of affairs, show beyond a doubt the spider considers the matter in all its relations before venturing to seize the prey? And yet spiders are without a brain.

DEATH OF THADDEUS STEVENS.—Washington, Aug. 11.—Hon. Thaddeus Stevens died at precisely 12 o'clock to-night, at his residence in this city, on Capitol Hill. Simon Stevens, Thad. Stevens, jr., a nephew, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Smith, were at bedside, also, Sister Loretas and Genevia, of the Providence Hospital, and J. Scott Patterson of the Interior Department, and the servants of his household. Breathing his last, he passed away quietly and calmly, without a struggle as falling asleep.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

Continued.

And so she ordered him off. The inventor in his moment of victory slunk away crest-fallen to change his clothes.

So far Helen Rolleston was a type of her sex in its treatment of inventors. At breakfast she became a brilliant exception. The moment she saw Hazel seated by her fire in dry clothes she changed her key, and made him relate the whole business, and expressed the warmest admiration and sympathy.

"But," said she, "I do ask you not to repeat this exploit too often; now, don't do it again for a fortnight. The island will not run away. Ducks come and go every day, and your health is very, very precious.

He colored with pleasure, and made the promise at once. But during this fortnight, events occurred. In the first place, he improved his invention. He remembered how a duck, over-weighted by a crab, which was fast to her leg, had come on board the boat. Memory dwelling on this, and invention digesting it, he resolved to weight his bath of ducks; for he argued thus; "Probably our ducks go straight from this to the great American Continent. Then it may be long ere one of them falls into the hands of a man; and perhaps that man will not know English. But, if I could impede the flight of my ducks, they might alight on ships; and three ships out of four know English."

Accordingly, he now inserted stones of various sizes into the little bags. It was a matter of nice calculation; the problem was to weigh the birds just so much that they might be able to fly three or four hundred miles, or about half as far as their unincumbered companions.

But in the midst of all this, a circumstance occurred that would have made a vain man, or indeed most men, fling the whole thing away. Helen and he came to a rupture. It began by her fault, and continued by his. She did not choose to know her own mind, and, in spite of secret warnings from her better judgment, she was driven by curiosity or by the unhappy restlessness to which her sex are peculiarly subjected at odd times, to sound Hazel as to the meaning of a certain epigram that rankled in her. And she did it in the most feminine way, that is to say, in the least direct; whereas the safeft way would have been to grasp the nettle, if she could not let it alone.

Said she one day, quietly, though with a deep blush; "Do you know Mr. Arthur Wardlaw?"

Hazel gave a shiver, and said "I do."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"I do."

"Nothing to his discredit. I am sure."

"If you are sure why ask me? Do I ever mention his name?"

"Perhaps you do, sometimes, without intending it."

"You are mistaken; he is in your thoughts no doubt; but not in mine."

"Ought I to forget people entirely, and what I owe them?"

"That is a question I decline to go into."

"How harshly you speak to me? is that fair? You know my engagement, and that honor and duty draw me to England; yet I am happy here. You, who are so good and strong, might pity me at least; for I am torn this way and that:" and here the voice ceased, and the tears began to flow.

"I do pity you," said Hazel: I must pity any one who is obliged to mention honor and duty in the same breath as Arthur Wardlaw."

At this time Helen drew back, offended bitterly. "That pity I reject and scorn," said she. "No, I plighted my faith, with my eyes open, and to a worthy object. I never, knew him blacken any person who was not there to speak for himself, and that is a very worthy trait, in my opinion. The absent are like children; they are helpless to defend themselves."

Hazel racked with jealousy, and irritatd at this galling comparison, lost his temper for once, and said those who lay traps must not complain if others fall into them.

"Traps! Who lay them?"

"You did, Miss Rolleston. Did I ever condescend to mention this man's name since we have been on the island? It is you make me talk of him."

"Condescend?"

"That is the word. Nor will I ever design to mention him again. If my love had touched your heart, I should have been obliged to mention him, for then I should have been bound to tell you a story in which he is mixed, my own miserable story—my blood boils against the human race when I think of it. But no, I see I am nothing to you; and I will be silent."

"It is very cruel of you to say that," replied Helen, with tears in her eyes; "tell me your story, and you will see whether you are nothing to me."

"Not one word of it," said Hazel, slowly "until you have forgotten that man exists."

Oh! thank you, sir, this is plain speaking. I am to forget honor and plighted faith; and then you will trust me with your secrets, when I have shown myself unworthy to be trusted with anything. Keep your secrets, and I'll try and keep faith; ay, and I shall keep it, too, as long as there's life in my body."

"Can't you keep faith without torturing me, who love you?"

Helen's bosom began to heave at this, but she fought bravely. "Love me less, and respect me more," said she, panting; "you affront me, you frighten me. I looked on you as a brother, a dear brother. But now I am afraid of you—I am afraid—"

He was so injudicious as to interrupt her, instead of giving her time to contradict herself. "You have nothing to fear," said he; "keep this side of the island, and I'll live on the other, rather than hear the name of Arthur Wardlaw."

Helen's courage failed her at the spirited proposal, and she made no reply at all, but turned her back haughtily, and went away from him, only when she had got a little way her proud head dropped, and she went crying.

A coolness sprang up between them, and neither of them knew how to end it. Hazel saw no way to serve her now, except by flying weighted ducks; and he gave his mind so to this that one day he told her he had twenty-seven ducks in the air, all charged, and two thirds of them weighted. He thought that must please her now. To his surprise and annoyance, she received the intelligence coldly, and asked him whether it was not cruel to the birds.

Hazel colored with mortification at his great act of self denial being so received.

He said, "I don't think my worst enemy can say I am wantonly cruel to God's creatures."

Helen threw in, deftly, "And I am not your worst enemy."

"But what other way is there to liberate you from this island, where you have nobody to speak to but me? Well, selfishness is the best course. Think only of others, and you are sure not to please them."

"If you want to please people, you must begin by understanding them," said the lady, not illnaturedly.

"But if they don't understand themselves?"

"Then pity them; you can, for you are a man."

"What hurts me," said Hazel, "is that you really seem to think I fly these ducks for my pleasure. "Why, if I had my wish, you and I should never leave this island, our any other person set a foot on it. I am frank, you see."

"Rather too frank."

"What does it matter, since I do my duty all the same, and fly the ducks? But sometimes I do yearn for a word of praise for it; and that word never comes."

"It is a praiseworthy act," said Helen but so icily that is a wonder he ever flew another duck after that.

"No matter," said he, and his hand involuntary sought his heart; "you read me a sharp but wholesome lesson, that we should do our duty for our duty's sake. And as I am quite sure it is my duty to liberate you and restore to those you—I'll fly three ducks to-morrow instead of two."

"It is not done by my advice," said Helen. "You will certainly make yourself ill."

"O, that is all nonesene!" said Hazel. "You are very rude to me, sir," said Helen, "and I am not aware that I deserve it."

"Rude, am I? Then I will say no more," said Hazel, half humbly, half doggedly.

His parchment was exhausted, and he was driven to another expedient. He obtained alcohol by distillation from rum, and having found dragon's blood in a pure state, little ruby drops, made a deep red varnish that defied water; he got slips of bark, white inside, cut his inscription deep on the inner side, and filled the incised with this red varnish. He had forty-eight ducks in the air, and was rising before daybreak to catch another couple, when he was seized with a pain in the right hip, and knee, and found he could hardly walk, so he gave in that morning, and kept about the premises. But he got worse, and he had hardly any use in his right side, from the waist downwards, and was in great pain.

As the day wore on, the pain and loss of power increased, and resisted all his remedies; there was no fever to speak of; but Nature was grimly revenging herself for many a gentle warning neglected.

When he realized his condition he was terribly cut up, and sat on the sand with his head in his hands for nearly two hours. But, after that period of despondency, he got up, took his boat-hook, and using it as a staff, hobbled to his arsenal, and set to work.

Amongst his materials was a young tree he had pulled up, the roots ran at right angles to the stem. He sawed off the end of the roots, and then proceeded to shorten the stem.

But meantime, Helen, who had always a secret eye on him and his movements, had seen there was something wrong, and came timidly and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing," said he, doggedly.

"Then why did you sit so long on the sand? I never saw you like that."

"I was ruminating."

"What upon? Not that I have any right to ask."

"On the arrogance and folly of men; they attempt more than they can do, and despise the petty prudence and commonsense of women, and smart for it; as I am smarting now for being wiser than you."

"O!" said Helen; "why, what is the matter?" and what is that you have made? It looks like a crutch—O dear!"

"It is a crutch," said Hazel, with forced calmness; "and I am a cripple."

Helen clapped her hands, and stood trembling.

Hazel lost his self-control for a moment, and cried out in a voice of agony, "A useless cripple. I wish I was dead and out of the way."

Then, ashamed of having given away before *her*, he seized his crutch, placed the crook under his arm, and turned sullenly away from her.

Four steps he took with his crutch.

She caught him with two movements of her supple and vigorous frame.

She just laid her left hand gently on his shoulder, and with her right she stole the crutch slowly away, and let it fall upon the sand.

She took his right hand, and put it to her lips like a subject paying homage to her sovereign; and then she put her strong arm under his shoulder, still holding his right hand in hers, and looked in his face.

"No wooden crutches when I am by," said she, in a low sweet voice, full of devotion.

He stood surprised, and his eyes began to fill.

"Come," said she, in a voice of music. And, thus aided, he went with her to her cavern. As they went, she asked him tenderly where the pain was.

"It *was* in my hip and knee," he said, "but now it is nowhere; for joy has came back to my heart."

"And to mine too," said Helen; "except for this."

The quarrel dissappeared like a cloud, under this calamity.

There was no formal reconciliation; no discussion; and this was the wisest course: for the unhappy situation remained unchanged; and the friendliest discussion could only fan the embers of the discord and misery gently instead of fiercely.

It was a happy dream.

What a pity that dreams dissolve so soon!

This had lasted for nearly two months, and Hazel was getting better, though not well enough, or not fool enough, to dismiss his live crutch, when one afternoon Helen, who had been up to the heights, observed a dark cloud in the blue sky towards the west. There was not another cloud visible and the air marvellously clear; time, about three quarters of an hour before sunset

She told Hazel of about this solitary cloud, and asked him, with some anxiety, if it portended another storm. He told her to be under no alarm,—there were no tempests in that latitude except at the coming in and going out of the rains,—but he should like to go round the Point and look at the cloud.

She lent him her arm, and they went round the Point; and there there saw a cloud entirely different from anything they had ever seen since they were on the island. It was like an enormous dark ribbon stretched along the sky, at some little heighs above the horizon. Notwithstanding its prodigious length it got longer before their very eyes.

Hazel started.

Helen felt him start, and asked him what was the matter.

"Cloud," said he, "that is no cloud. That is smoke."

"Smoke!" echoed Helen, becoming agitated in her turn.

"Yes; the breeze is northerly, and carries the smoke nearer to us; it is the smoke of a steamboat."

CHAPTER XLV.

Both were greatly moved; and after one swift glance. Helen stole at him, neither looked at the other. They spoke in flurried whispers.

"Can they see the island?"

"I don't know; it depends on how far the steamboat is to the winward of her smoke."

"How shall we know?"

"If she sees the island, she will make for it that moment."

"Why? do ships never pass an unknown island?"

"Yes. But that steamer will not pass us."

"But why?"

At this question Hazel hung his head, and his lip quivered. He answered her at last.

"Because she is looking for you."

Helen was struck dumb at this.

He gave his reasons. "Steamers never visit these waters. Love has brought that steamer out; love that will not go unrewarded. Arthur Wardlaw is on board that steamer."

"Have they seen us yet?"

Hazel forced on a kind of dogged fortitude. He said, "When the smoke ceases to elongate you will know they have changed their course, and they will change their course the moment the man at the masthead sees us."

"Oh! But how do you know they have a man at the masthead?"

"I know by myself. I should have a man at the masthead night and day."

And now the situation was beyond words. They both watched, and watched, to see the line of smoke cease.

It continued to increase, and spread eastward; and that proved the steamer was continuing her course.

The sun drew close to the horizon.

"They don't see us," said Helen, faintly.

"No," said Hazel; "not yet."

"And the sun is just setting. It is all over.

She put her handkerchief to her eyes a moment, and then, after a sob or two, she said almost cheerfully, "Well, dear friend, we were happy till that smoke came to disturb us: let us try and be happy now it is gone. Don't smile like that, it makes me shudder."

"Did I smile? It must have been at your simplicity in thinking we have seen the last of that steamer."

"And so we have."

"Not so. In three hours she will be at anchor in that bay."

"Why, what will bring her?"

"I shall bring her."

"You? How?"

"By lighting my bonfire."

CHAPTER XLVI.

Helen had forgotten all about the bonfire. She now asked him whether he was sure those on board the steamer could see the bonfire. Then Hazel told her that it was now of prodigious size and height. Some six months before he was crippled he had added and added to it.

"That bonfire," said he, "will throw a ruddy glare over the heavens, that they can't help seeing on board the steamer. Then, as they are not on a course, but on a search, they will certainly run a few miles southward to see what it is. They will say it is either a beacon or a ship on fire; and, in either case, they will turn the boat's head this way. Well, before they have run southward half a dozen miles, their lookout will see the bonfire, and the island in its light. Let us get to the boat, my lucifers are there."

She lent him her arm to the boat, and stood by while he made his preparations. They were very simple. He took a pine torch and smeared it all over with pitch: then put his lucifer box in his bosom, and took his crutch. His face was drawn pitiably, but his closed lips betrayed unshakable resolution. He shouldered his crutch and hobbled up as far as the cavern. Here Helen interposed.

"Don't you go toiling up the hill," said she. "Give me the lucifer and the torch, and let me light the beacon. I shall be there in half the time you will."

"Thank you! thank you!" said Hazel, eagerly, not to say violently.

He wanted it done; but it killed him to do it.

He then gave her his instructions.

"It is as big as a haystack," said he, "and as dry as a chip; and there are eight bundles of straw placed expressly. Light the bundles to windward first, then the others it will soon be all in a blaze."

"Meanwhile," said Helen, "you prepare our supper. I feel quite faint—for want of it."

Hazel assented.

"It is the last we shall—" he was going to say it was the last they would eat together; but his voice failed him, and he hobbled into the cavern, and tried to smother his emotion in work. He lighted the fire, and blew it into a flame with a palmetto-leaf, and then he sat down a while, very sick at heart; then he got up and did the cooking, sighing all the time; and just when he was beginning to wonder why Helen was so long lighting eight bundles of straw, she came in, looking pale.

"Is it all right?" said he.

"Go and look,' said she. "No, let us have our supper first."

Neither had any appetite: they sat and kept casting strange looks at one another.

To divert this anyhow Hazel looked up at the roof, and said faintly. "If I had known, I would have made more haste, and set pearl *there* as well."

What does that matter?" said Helen, looking down.

"Not much, indeed," replied he, sadly. "I am a fool to utter such childish regrets; and, more than that, I am a mean selfish cur to *have* a regret. Come, come, we can't eat; let us go round the Point and see the waves reddened by the beacon that gives you back to the world you were born to embelish."

Helen said she would go directly. And her languid reply contrasted strangely with his excitement. She played with her supper, and wasted time in an unusual way, until he told her plump she was not really eating, he could wait no longer, he must go and see how the beacon was burning.

"O, very well," said she; and they went down to the beach.

She took his crutch and gave it to him. This little thing touched him to the heart. It was the first time she had accompanied him so far as that without offering herself to be his crutch. He sighed deeply as he put the crutch under his arm; but he was too proud to complain, only he laid it all on the approaching steamboat.

The subtle creature by his side heard the sigh, and smiled sadly at being misunderstood,—but what man could understand her? They hardly spoke until they reached the Point. The waves glittered in the moon light: there was no red light on the water.

"Why, what is this?" said Hazel. "You can't have lighted the bonfire in eight places, as I told you."

She folded her arms and stood before him in an attitude of defiance; all but her melting eye.

"I have not lighted it at all" said she.

Hazel stood aghast. "What have I done?" he cried. "Duty, manhood, everything, demanded that I should light that beacon, and I trusted it to you."

Helen's attitude of defiance melted away: she began to cower, and hid her blushing face in her hands. Then she looked up imploringly. Then she uttered a wild and eloquent cry, and fled from him like the wind.

CHAPTER XLVII.

That cloud was really the smoke of the Springbok, which had mounted into air so thin that it could raise no higher. The boat herself was many miles northward, returning full of heavy hearts from the fruitless search. She came back in a higher parallel of latitude, intending afterwards to steer N. W. to Easter Island. The wife was gone out of the ship; the father was deeply dejected, and the crew could no longer feign the hope they did not feel. Having pursued the above course to within four hundred miles of Juan Fernandez, General Rolleston begged the Captain to make a bold deviation to the S. W., and then see if they could find nothing there before going to Easter Island.

Captain Moreland was very unwilling to go to the S. W., the more so as coal was getting short. However, he had not the heart to refuse General Rolleston anything There was a Northerly breeze. He had the fires put out, and covering the ship with canvas, sailed three hundred miles S. W. but found nothing. Then he took in sail, got up steam again, and away for Easter Island. The ship ran so fast that she had got into latitude thirty-two by ten A. M. next morning.

At 10th. 15th. the dreary monotony of this cruise was broken by the man at the mast-head.

"On deck there!"

"Hullo!"

"The schooner on our weather bow!"

"Well, what of her?"

"She has luffed."

"Well, what o' that?"

"She has altered her course."

"How many points?"

"She was sailing S. E, and now her head is N. E."

"That is curious."

General Rolleston, who had come and listened with a grain of hope, now sighed, and turned away.

The captain explained kindly that the man was quite right to draw his captain's attention on the fact of a trading vessel altering her course. "There is a sea-grammer, General," said he; "and, when one seamansees another violate it, he concludes there is some reason or other. Now, Jack, what d' ye make of her?"

"I can't make such of her: she don't seem to know her own mind, that is all. At ten o'clock she was bound for Valparaiso or the Island. But now she has come about and is beating to windward."

"Bound for Easter Island?"

"I dunno."

"Keep your eye on her."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Captain Moreland told General Rolleston that many ships went to Easter Island, which lies in a lovely climate, but is a miserable place; and he was telling the General that it is inhabited by savages of a low order, who half worship the relics of masonry left by their more civilized predecessor, when Jack hailed the deck again.

"Well," said the captain.

"I think she is bound for the Springbok."

The soldier received this conjecture with astonishment and incredulity, not to be wondered at. The steamboat headed N. W., right in the wind's eye. Sixteen miles off, at least, a ship was