Huron Signal.

DIEU ET MON DROIT

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 27. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1379.

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.

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

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Dr. Cassady, C. M. 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. C. CAMERON w52 J. 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. ly.

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P. F. WALKER. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR-IN Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office, over Mr. C. E. Archibald's Store, Goderich, Ont. 1376-6m

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

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

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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.*

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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. w-ly—

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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. sw73-1y

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

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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, Agent at Goderich. 1378

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Toronto Life 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. Beaumont, 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 Agent at Goderich. 1342

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 particularly favorable to the Farming Community. First Class man wanted for a travelling Agency for the townships outlying this Town. Apply in writing with references to the undersigned for transmission to the Head Office. D. WATSON. Local Agent. Goderich 12th Sept. 1871 6

PIMPLES. I WILL send (free) recipe for my VEGETABLE BALM, removing PIMPLES, BLACK WORMS, BLOTCHES, FRECKLES, MOTHS, TAN and all DISFIGURES OF THE SKIN, leaving it clean and with a healthy glow. Also sure process for fine growth of HAIR on bald heads or smooth faces. THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist, 197 Broadway, New York. P.O. Box 5,128. 1371-3m

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 (Island Mail) and Passengers. £2 Sterling is booked and forwarded to and from all Railway stations in Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden or Denmark and America, as safely, speedily, comfortably and cheaply, as by any other Route. THE NEW DEPARTURES. From Quebec.—From New York. Sat., Sept. 20th...IOWA...Mon., Oct. 16th. Sat., Sept. 27th...CALEDONIA...Sat., Oct. 21st. Sat., Oct. 4th...ANGLIA...Sat., Oct. 28th. Sat., Oct. 11th...COLUMBIA...Sat., Nov. 4th. And every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter from Pier 20, North River, at noon. Rate of Passage PAYABLE IN CURRENCY. To Londonderry, or Glasgow or Derry. First Cabin, $65 and $75, according to location. Cabin Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) $130. Intermediate, $35. Steerage, $28. Certificates LOWEST RATES. Drafts for sale by the undersigned, payable on demand at any place in Great Britain and Ireland. Prepaid Certificates from Liverpool, $20. Apply at the Company's Offices or to MISS WARNOCK, West St., Goderich, Ont. Goderich Oct. 24 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, 10th 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 Kincardine and Inverhuron at 3 p. m., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Returning: Leave Inverhuron at 6 a. m., and Kincardine at 8 a. m., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Leave Goderich for Southampton and Port Elgin every Thursday, 3 p. m. Returning, leave Southampton 4 a. m., and Port Elgin, 4.30 a. m. every 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. McIlao, 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 or City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms. Approved Mortgages purchased. G. M. TRUEMAN, Agent. 1317 Next Squares, Goderich

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 vitreoln room attached where 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. Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Paper hanging, &c., &c. F. R. MANN. Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 sw1

Poetry.

Harsh Words Hastily Spoken.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the strangers,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the cure impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

"Olive Varcoe."

:o:

A yellow shade passed over the dried countenance of Mr. Heriot.

'You take it coolly, Sir Hilton,' said he, 'is it your pleasure to gratify the hate of this venomous magistrate, by giving him a victim to tear to pieces?'

Mr. Heriot was not easily indignant now, since he was no longer paid for it; nevertheless, there was a touch of indignation at this moment in the tones of his clear voice. Sir Hilton heard him with some surprise. He had expected the world's condemnation for screening Olive; but to be rebuked for abandoning her, startled him.

'I do not forsake her,' he cried; 'it is she who forsakes me. She will not let me save her. I have kept a boat off this coast for three days in vain.'

The tone of pique in which he spoke surprised Mr. Heriot in his turn.

'I would advise you to go and try her again,' he remarked, drily. 'Does your boat still wait?'

'Yes,' replied Sir Hilton. 'Can you stay here till I return? I will go at once. I will but speak a moment to my brother first. The agitation of the last few days has laid him on a sick bed.'

'Then why bother him?' asked Mr. Heriot.

'Oh, his head is clear, and he will advise me how to persuade Olive,' replied Sir Hilton. 'He has a very patient, calm nature; a nature for which she has a wonderful respect, being herself passionate; a word from him will influence her more than any entreaty of mine.'

'Then it is a pity he can't go instead of you,' observed Mr. Heriot.

The old dame's tone was more caustic than ever, but Sir Hilton did not stay to reply to him. He took the key of the low-arched door from the drawer of the table, and in a moment his step might be heard ascending the spiral stairs.

As Sir Hilton approached his brother's bed, and looked down upon his pale, weary face, he read in every haggard line how great the love was which could cause such suffering. It was not without a pang of remorse and shame that he marked the change in features once so calm and placid. The calmness was gone; the eyes were wild and woe-worn; the cheeks flushed, the lips dry; the whole body restless, as though swaying to and fro in some great agony.

'John, I have something to tell you; can you bear to hear it?' asked Sir Hilton, in his kindest voice.

'I can bear anything. There is nothing can happen to me worse than is come already,' said John, closing his eyes wearily.

Then, in a few words, Sir Hilton told of Mr. Heriot's visit, and of Sir Anthony's resolve to arrest Olive; he related also his own plan for her escape; and lastly, he asked how he should induce her to listen to him.

'Try every argument you have in store,' replied his brother; 'and, lastly, if they fail, tell her that, if she will not let you save her, I must and will.'

'Is that all?' asked Sir Hilton, in a disappointed tone. 'If she does not listen to me, will she heed you, John?'

The sick man sighed heavily, and turned upon his side, hiding his face from his brother.

'Then I will write to her, if you like,' he said. 'Give me my desk.'

He wrote a few words with a nervous hand, his face flushed painfully with the effort; and when he threw down the pen, he fell back on his pillow, with eyes unnaturally fixed and haggard.

'My dear John, I fear you are worse than you think yourself,' said Sir Hilton. 'Let me send Dr. Burton to you.'

'No—the sight of medicine and doctors is hateful to me,' replied John. 'Seal that letter, Hilton, and promise me you will not give it her save as a last resource. I have written feverishly, so do not frighten Olive with my hot words, unless her obstinacy renders it necessary. Bring the letter back to me, if you spare her the pain of reading it. Give me your word for that, Hilton, before you go.'

His rapid utterance, his feverish aspect, impressed his brother painfully. He gave the required word, and was quitting the room when John called him back.

'There is brandy in that flask,' said he. 'Give me some, Hilton, before you leave me.'

'My dear fellow, you must not have brandy!' exclaimed Sir Hilton.

'Then I shall take something worse, Hilton,' said John—'I shall try opium. I must sleep, or I shall go mad!'

'And will brandy make you sleep?' demanded Sir Hilton.

'Lately it has, when nothing else would,' replied John. 'If it gave me sleep, I would take it, if it were poison.'

Sir Hilton poured out the brandy and held it to his lips.

'Did the girl Tamson give you Mrs. Maristowe's message?' he asked.

At the question John fell back on the pillow ghastly white.

'You have murdered my sleep now,' he said. 'The name of Maristowe is written on my brain. Hilton, is it true you saw Eleanor on the cliff that day? She should haunt me—not you! I loved her best. Yes, Olive's wrath is in the coffin. Poor Olive!' I dared not strew a flower on her bosom. She said she hated me. Why are you lingering here?' he added, passionately; 'there is scarcely time to get Olive safely away. She will comfort you when I am gone, Hilton. I do not think I shall trouble you long.'

He covered his face as if to sleep, and Sir Hilton, on his way out, stopped to speak to Lady Trewavas, and say that John's head was a little touched by fever and grief.

There was a small parlor in the Trewavas Arms, with a sanded floor, whitewashed walls, and honeysuckle covered casement. One large trunk, containing all Olive's wardrobe, rested in a corner, and she herself sat by the window, with eyes fixed anxiously on the quiet street, upon which the moonlight shone fitfully. Suddenly she started, and a deep, bright color flushed up over her face and neck. In another moment the door opened, and Sir Hilton Trewavas entered. She rose to receive him, and pointed to a chair silently. There was no greeting between them, beyond a slight bend of the head.

'Olive,' said Sir Hilton, in a low, passionate voice, 'I am come once more to entreat you to accept my aid.'

'I cannot renew that subject,' replied Olive. 'I have refused once and for ever.'

'You think, perhaps,' continued Sir Hilton, 'that the verdict of the coroner is final, and you are no longer in any danger? In that case you could afford to flout at my help; but you are mistaken: it is not so. You are liable, at any time, to be charged with the crime committed three days ago——'

'And what if I am?' interrupted Olive, fiercely. 'Do not fear that I shall call upon a Trewavas to own or to defend me.'

'You misunderstand me, Olive,' said Sir Hilton. 'You would be past helping then. If it comes to that, things must take their course, and the consequences to you would be more terrible than I dare to think of.'

Olive smiled in sorrowful scorn at his words.

'Are all the Trewavases cowards?' she said, bitterly.

'If I have shrunk, it has been for your sake, Miss Varcoe,' replied Sir Hilton. 'I cannot forget that you are my cousin, and that you were brought up at Trewavas.'

'Always for yourself and for the Trewavas name,' murmured Olive. 'You can deny that I am a cousin,' she said, aloud; 'and you could comfort yourself for remembering that I have quitted Trewavas for ever.'

'I am not come to you in a bitter spirit like yours,' said he. 'I am come to save you from shame, disgrace, and perhaps death. You will be arrested to-morrow, and taken to prison. Olive, will you let me save you to-night?'

'No,' she replied, resolutely. 'I am under too many obligations to the Trewavases already. They have overwhelmed me with benefits; I cannot accept any more of them.'

'Olive,' said he, 'at such a time these sneers are childish, and cruel both to yourself and me—'

'I am not sneering,' interrupted Olive; 'I speak in bitter earnestness. I have been clothed, and fed, and sheltered beneath the Trewavas roof for ten years; the best return I can make them now for this kindness is to refuse to let them meddle with my miserable fortunes. Let my fate and theirs henceforth be separate, let our names never be spoken by the same lips.'

'But this cannot be!' exclaimed Sir Hilton. 'You have lived with us so long; our connection is too well known. The disgrace of your crime and your punishment must fall on us also. How can we be other than linked together for over?'

Olive turned very pale, and her large eyes flashed on him a strange look.

'To spare the Trewavas pride a pang, I would do much,' she replied. 'But can it be hurt because a miserable Varcoe suffered too much?'

'Olive, it is for your own sake I ask,' cried Sir Hilton, passionately, 'and not for the family pride you scorn so much. Will you not take you away to-night?'

'Once more, no!' cried Olive. 'I would not go a step with you from this door, even to save myself from the scaffold.'

'Then it is from hate to me you refuse!' said Sir Hilton, and his color rose high in his face.

Standing by the chimney-piece, clinging to the mantel ledge for support, Olive turned her eyes full on him, and said dreamily, 'No, not for hate, though you merit hate from me. You made me love you when a child; and when I was a woman, you forced me to stand by and see you give your love to another—to one who had all the gifts that you most valued—the gifts that I could never hope to win. For such a prize as Eleanor Maristowe, you were right to fling me by as you would a reed. And because your love for me had been implied, not spoken, I had not even the right to complain.'

'Was I not wronged?' he said, bitterly. 'You or Eleanor? She lies dead in her mother's house, therefore I have let that woman heap contumely on my head; but I will not bear it from you. I will not let you utter Eleanor's name in my ears. How can you,' he added, as his voice broke down huskily, 'how can you dare to do it?'

'Are you my judge?' asked Olive, clasping her hands together. 'Have you pronounced me guilty, and condemned me unheard? A rare judge you make, Sir Hilton Trewavas! And, as to darting, I dare do more than you can dream of.'

'I believe you,' replied Sir Hilton, mournfully. 'You have proved that.'

'You insult me,' cried Olive, turning on him with sudden indignation. 'Leave me! I will bear this no longer!'

'I will not leave you,' he said. 'I must and will save you from a prison and a shameful death. You shall let me do this. You owe it to me. For you I have trampled on my honor; for you I wink at crime, and forfeit the world's respect. Will you let me do this in vain?'

'Not for me have you done this, Sir Hilton,' she replied, in a sad voice. 'But if I let you save me, what will the world say then?'

'It will say either that I connived at your escape, or effected it,' said Sir Hilton; 'and my best friend of yesterday will cut me to-morrow. It will say more; it will perhaps declare that I was secretly your accomplice.'

'And are you willing to suffer this,' said Olive in a softened voice. 'Can you bear this load of contumely for the sake of my safety?'

'Yes,' replied Sir Hilton, steadily. 'This pain will be a feather's weight compared to what I should suffer if you were brought to trial.'

'I believe you,' she responded. Her voice was very low, and she broke into weeping suddenly. Then she fell upon her knees, and held her clasped hands towards him. 'Hilton, if you can still give me your love you shall save me. I will yield myself to your guidance to hide where you will, till the shadow be overpast. And I will be content, for your love's sake, to let you suffer the world's contumely, the world's cruel scorn. But only for love—nothing else. Hilton, can you give it?'

Her voice rang out in agony, yet Sir Hilton remained dumb before it; and her clasped hands, resting on his knee, were left there untouched. Then he rose and stood beside them.

'No, Olive; you ask too much. The thought of love for you now makes me shudder. I will save you for pity's sake, and for the memory of my boyish affection—nothing more.'

The whiteness of Olive's face grew to the hue of death, and her quivering lips, standing apart, gave her a ghastly look.

'I am answered,' she said, in a whisper; as her arms fell down by her side, and her head drooped nearly to the ground. 'Sir Hilton Trewavas, I will never ask you for your love again.'

For a moment there was a breathless silence between these two; then it was broken by Olive's sobs. She sprang to her feet, brushing her tears away, though they fell faster than her hand could wipe them; and, standing thus with streaming eyes before him, she said in a low voice, a swift flush covering her face—'Hilton, we shall never meet again. Take me in your arms, and kiss me before I go. I shall remember that kiss in prison, in sorrow, in exile, in death. It will comfort me when my burden seems heavier than I can bear, and perchance I lie fainting beneath it. Hilton, you will not refuse me so slight a thing as a caress? A touch of hand, then!—a kind word? What! not even that? Then God's will be done. My heart is breaking!'

The stony look on Sir Hilton's brow relaxed as he saw her break down utterly, as he saw her cover her face with her hand's and turn away hopelessly, like one humbled to the dust.

'Olive,' he said, coldly, 'I should despise myself if I weakly yielded to your prayer. My lips can never touch yours again, either in love or in kindness. I have said, compassion is all I can give you now. But for pity I would not stand by your side a minute. What! will you ask for love, for caresses, for tenderness from me? Is it not enough that I criminally shield you from justice, I, who am bound by every tie of honor to punish the murderer of my affianced wife! Olive, you ask too much when you desire even a touch of my hand.'

Her face flashed upon his as he spoke, not humble, not sorrowful, but flushed, proud, and indignant.

'Do not fear that I shall ask it again,' she said. 'Sooner would I do anything more to say to me, Sir Hilton!'

'I have to explain to you my plan for your safety—'

'Your plan!' she cried, breaking in upon his speech passionately, her eyes blazing as in the days when no sorrow had touched them. 'I will not hear it! I will not owe my safety to your compassion; I scorn it! You have refused me even a kind word. Shall I take anything from your hands now? No! a thousand times no!' Sir Hilton Trewavas, Olive Varcoe will never live to be saved contemptuously by your pity.'

She was in earnest, bitter earnest, and he saw it. Still he importuned, he prayed, beating his words passionately against her fiery pride as against a wall; but they fell back useless upon his own heart, chilling it into despair.

'Then John must save you,' he cried at last.

'John!' exclaimed Olive. 'No, no, you are dreaming, Sir Hilton. John cannot save me.'

'He will rise from his sick bed, and die to save you, obstinate, ungrateful as you are,' returned Sir Hilton. 'He said, "Tell Olive if she will not let you save her, I must." Here is his letter; read it, and accept his help, since you refuse mine.'

Olive took the letter, with a wild terror shining out of her eyes, and a look of firm resolve upon her pale lips.

'I refuse your aid, because you give it to me upon the only terms on which I could accept it,' she said. 'I would let the man who loves me suffer for my sake, but not the man who loathes me.'

She broke the seal of the letter with trembling fingers, and read it hastily.

'Poor John!' she said; her eyes filled with tears, and crushing the letter in her hand, she turned a changed face towards Sir Hilton.

'Must I bear this too?' she murmured 'Oh Hilton, Hilton why would you not spare me? It is too late now. Wait, if you will, and see what I can do for John's sake.'

Perplexed, angry, weary, Sir Hilton watched her, as she burnt John's letter by the lighted taper; then she wrote hurriedly a tiny note, which she folded and tied with white silk. Sir Hilton thought this was John, and fancying she had yielded now, he waited every moment to hear her say she was ready to accompany him; but to his surprise, she walk ed to the window, and unhung from its hooks cage within which there rested a small white pigeon; she tied the note beneath its wing, and opening the lattice with a silver knife, she set the bird free. It flew swiftly upward into the darkness and disappeared.

'What folly is this, Olive?' cried Sir Hilton. 'To whom have you sent that carrier pigeon?'

'It is gone to Charles Vigo,' she replied.

A thrill like an electric shock ran through Sir Hilton's frame as she uttered these words. So young Vigo's disappearance was her doing, and she knew all along where he was hiding. Could any new proof of her guilt be needed, this seemed to give it; and added to the pang of this thought, came a sharp, burning pain, which he scarcely recognised as jealousy.

'And why to Charles Vigo?' he asked.

In spite of his horror at Olive's crime, his voice shook, and his hand trembled to seize her as she passed him.

'I have accepted his offer,' replied Olive mournfully, in a dreamy voice. 'Perhaps it is cruel to let him suffer so much for me; but he loves me, he trusts me, he believes in me, and love is happy when it suffers.'

A smile quivered on her lips—a smile so sad, that it seemed more mournful than the saltest tears ever shed.

'Does Mr. Vigo, for your sake, sacrifice home, name, and country?' demanded Sir Hilton in a sharp tone; 'and do you accept so much from him? His father is an old man; he will never live to see his son again. And with such a wife as you, he will scarcely wish it.'

'You are cruel!' said Olive, calmly.

For the first time her eyes fell upon Sir Hilton reproachfully, and again his restless hand half raised itself, longing only to touch her for a moment. Yet there was a burning anger in him now, quivering through every nerve in his flesh, holding down all kinder words that might have come.

'Cruel!' he echoed. 'No, not I. It is but truth I speak. So you elope with Charles Vigo? You do that boy this bitter wrong, rather than accept my aid—rather then let John save you.'

'Yes,' she returned, in the same dreamy, mournful voice. 'Tell John his letter decided me, and I leave England to-night with Charles Vigo. Tell him there was no other way for me to escape, you scorning me as you do; and let no anxiety for me trouble him; I shall be in safe hands. Give him this message, and say—yes, say, I prayed God to save him.'

Tears! Were these tears upon Sir Hilton's cheek, as the woman he deemed so guilty fixed her large eyes on him, filled with unutterable sadness?

'Olive!' he cried.

But there was no time for further speech, as a hand thrust the honeysuckled lattice aside, and Charles Vigo sprang into the room.

'Thank Heaven you have sent for me at last!' he exclaimed. 'Olive! I have suffered tortures—I have feared—'

He had seen but her at first, but now he perceived Sir Hilton Trewavas, and checked himself suddenly.

'Mr. Vigo, you disappear and reappear at opportune moments in Miss Varcoe's fate,' said Sir Hilton. 'I hope your presence to-night will be as happy a thing for her as your absence was to-day.'

The sarcasm cut Olive to the quick, not for herself, but for Charles Vigo; and she came hastily forward, and laid her hand on the young man's arm.

'Do not heed him,' she said, softly. 'There is no time for quarrels. Mr. Vigo, I promised you, that if all aid from the Trewavas family failed me, I would accept your most generous offer of assistance. It has failed; do not seek to know why or wherefore. Mr. Vigo, have you counted the cost of helping me? You will be exiled from home and country——'

'Let those scorn who do not understand,' interrupted young Vigo, eagerly. 'I know what I do. Olive, I am proud to suffer somewhat for your sake. The shame and pain of which you speak, will be to me a glory. You know what I feel—you know what I think; why should we talk further? All things are ready. Will you come?'

'This is infatuation indeed!' exclaimed Sir Hilton, angrily. 'Olive, I conjure you, by all you hold sacred, to pause ere you drag this young man into the shame of your guilt. Remember, he is the only son of his father—the sole prop of an ancient house.'

'How dare you speak to your cousin in such words as these?' cried Charles Vigo, drawing Olive towards him, and standing proudly by her side. 'Do you not see——'

'Stop!' exclaimed Olive, springing up, and putting her hand upon his mouth. 'Remember your promise to me, Charles Vigo. Do not waste words now; there will be time hereafter for all these things. Sir Hilton, I have reflected deeply on what I do, and on what I stand pledged to do, in accepting the aid of this true and generous friend. Mr. Vigo, at that future time of which we have talked, when you come to me, and say, "Olive, remember in the day of your shame and humiliation, when the dearest friends forsook you, and lovers stood aloof, I came, I understood, I pitied, I pardoned," then I will have the poor gift, I will put my hand in yours, and be your wife.'

She said this, not with crimson cheeks, and eyes flashing fire-light from their lashes, but with pale face, and head drooping forward, bowed humbly as if in shame. Her hand rested on Charles Vigo's arm—the hand that Sir Hilton had flung from his knee, and refused even to touch—and taking it in, he bent his lips upon it reverently.

'I shall never remind you, Olive of this time,' he said, softly. 'I shall make no claims on your gratitude; you do not think so meanly of me as that. No, a free-will offering—all your heart and soul, Olive, or merely a poor remembrance; I will take nothing between these two.'

Sir Hilton heard him, and his very soul seemed on fire. Either these were noble words, or they were the outpouring of the wildest, maddest infatuation that ever possessed an unthinking heart; surely they were these last, and this boy was crazed by his foolish passion for the guilty girl. This was not love, the sound, reasonable, moderate affection upon which the world bases its happiness; it was midsummer folly, that could not outlast a month; yet his blood burned with fiery heat as he heard it, and it seemed to him that he was being schooled in love by a beardless youth, whose mind had not yet reached the stature of a man's. He tried to stand by indifferently, and listen with a careless mien to Olive's answer, but his hand clutched the back of his chair, and his heart beat like a hammer against his side.

'I am not worthy of a gift, you,' said Olive. You give me a too generous love; it covers me with shame and pain. How can I ever repay you?'

Her head drooped down till it touched his arm, and the accents of her voice rang out in deep mournfulness.

'You pay me when you trust me,' replied Charles Vigo. 'Olive, we have lingered too long. The men wait for us Let us depart.'

'I am ready,' she said.

Her voice had the same sad, listless tone. It seemed she scarcely cared to save herself. Sir Hilton watched her as she put on her hat and cloak, and the moments to him now counted like golden sand, unutterably dear, fearful in their value and their pain. Suddenly he con strained himself to speak.

'I know not what arrangements you may have made, Mr. Vigo,' said he. 'I believe mine more safe, but my cousin prefers your aid and your plan to mine; so, of course, I have no right to interfere. Perhaps you would wish that both the Trewavas constables are in the kitchen of this little inn. I believe they would let mine pass unmolested; but whether you can—'

'They can have no right to detain me,' interrupted Charles Vigo; 'and there is no warrant out yet against