The Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 41. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1393.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines $5.

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

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

YEARLY AGREEMENTS:

One Column	1 year	$60
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" "	3 months	15
Quarter "	1 year	20
" "	6 months	12
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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.

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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.

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M. NICHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street. Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1413

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(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal.)
SEAFORTH.
Office at residence—Good's Block, Main street, and opposite Commercial hotel. Seaforth, April 2nd, 1873.

J. C. Shannon M.D.,
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DR. McLEAN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Office, Kay's Office and Residence third door south of the Court House. 805 y

Dr. Cassady,
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Ira Lewis
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Commissioner, Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office in Court House.

Cameron & Garrow,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON. 932 J. T. GARROW.

B. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1537

ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, IN Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Clubbe's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1372

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

W. R. SQUIRE,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. Office, over J. C. Detlor & Co's Emporium, Market Square, Goderich. 1583

P. E. WALKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office, over Mr. C. E. Archibald's Store, Goderich, Ont. 1578-m

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

Malcomson & Keating,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c., Clinton, Ont. w25
MONEY TO LEND.

HUGH HAMILTON
CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Crown Lands Office, Goderich, Ont.
Money to Lend. 138

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., &c., COURT HOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', Masters' and Masons' work measured and valued. 1307-1y.

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

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.
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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,
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Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb. 11th 1871. w4y—

NOTICE.
MISS BARNES in returning thanks to her friends in Goderich for past patronage, begs to say that she is now prepared to give Lessons on the Pianoforte and Cabinet Organ and in Singing. Residence opposite Mr. Savage's, Colborne St. 1363

NEW RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAVING LEASED THE STORE ON THE corner of West and Waterloo Streets and fitted it up as a Restaurant and Fruit Store, is prepared to supply everything in his line.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c., in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Goderich, 12 April 1873. 1365

STOCK'S EXTRA
MACHINE OIL
Has been in general use for the past two years and giving the best satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading houses in Ontario. It will not congeal in the coldest weather, it is discovered suitable for the lightest and fastest, as well as the heaviest machines in use.
TESTIMONIAL
From the Joseph Hall Machine Works, Oshawa.
I consider Stock's oil cheaper at $1.00 per gallon than olive oil at 80 cents. Yours respectfully,
F. W. GLEN, President.
For sale only by
G. H. PARSONS & CO., Hardware Merchants, Goderich.
SOLE AGENTS. 1312.

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

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.
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
Advance 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

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to ten years, at a low rate of interest and upon terms of repayment to suit borrowers; parties at a distance will save expenses and be treated with equal liberality as those residing near the agency.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD.
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:
PHŒNIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich
Oct. 29th 1873. 1364y.

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 established at nearly $40,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without litigation.
Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjusting, are the leading features of this wealthy corporation.
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., Toronto.
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W. H. Brouse, Esq., M. D., M. P., Prescott.
Angus 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 8

Goderich Harness Shop
W. A. MARTIN
HAS pleasure in announcing to the public of Town and County that he has purchased the Harness Business of Mr. Isaac Hatfiddy, on Hamilton St. After having served his apprenticeship with Messrs W. & H. Martin, Goderich, W. A. H. has worked for the last three years in the best Harness Shops in Chicago, and is now prepared to make up
LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS,
HORSE-CLOTHING AND SCOTCH COLLARS, in first-class style and with despatch. Orders promptly attended to.
Trunks, Whips, Carry-Combs, &c., &c.
N. B.—Fly Sheets 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 is respectfully solicited. 1371

ANCHOR LINE.
Steamers Sail Every Wednesday and Saturday.
TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASgow, Calling at Londonderry (round Malin and Passengers.
☞ Passengers booked and forwarded to and from all Railway Stations in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden or Denmark and America, as safely, speedily, comfortably and cheaply, as by any other Route or Line.
THE NEW DEPARTURE.
From Glasgow.....New York.
Sat. Sept. 6th.....Europa.....Wed. Sept. 17th
Sat. Sept. 20.....Anchoria.....Sat. Oct. 4th
Sat. Oct. 4th.....Cambria.....Wed. Oct. 15th
Sat. Oct. 18th.....ANGLIA.....Sat. Oct. 25th
Sat. Nov. 1st.....Europa.....Wed. Nov. 12th
And every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter.
From Pier 20, North River, foot of Warren Street, New York.
Rates of Passage (including Cabin Provisions) from New York to Londonderry, Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool or Queenstown:
First Cabin, $60 and $70 gold. Second Cabin, $40 gold. Intermediate, $35 gold.
Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) coming here, $65 gold.
Children under 1 year, $5 gold.
Children between 1 and 8 years, half price.
Certificates at LOWEST RATES can be bought here for friends coming to America.
Prepaid Steerage Passage, $35 gold.
Apply to the Company's Agents,
MESS. WINNOCK,
West Street, Goderich.
Goderich, Oct. 23, 1873.

GODERICH AND NORTH SHORE LINE.
In connection with the Grand Trunk Railway. Shortest, Cheapest, and most direct route.
THE NEW STEAMER
WM. SEYMOUR,
EDWARD MACLTON, 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 5 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 5 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 Propellers 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 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.
1217 Post Office, Goderich

H. DUNLOP
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH,
HAS received his Spring Stock of Goods and is prepared as usual to make all kinds of Garments in the most fashionable styles and at the lowest rates.
Gents Furnishings
of all descriptions constantly on hand.
A CALL RESPECFULLY SOLICITED.
☞ Two good Tailors wanted immediately.
Goderich, 15th April, 1873.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
F. R. MANN,
House Sign & Carriage Painter
DESIRES TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has fitted up a shop on North street next to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with varnish room attached, where he is prepared to fill 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 despatch.
☞ Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Paperhanging, &c., &c.
F. R. MANN,
Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 sw1

Poetry.

The Meeting.

BY LONGFELLOW.

After so long an absence
At last we meet again;
Does the meeting give us pleasure,
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,
And but few of us linger now,
Like the Prophet's two or three berries
In the top of the uttermost bough.

We cordially greet each other
In the old, familiar tone;
And we think, though we do not say it
How old and grey he is grown!

We speak of a Merry Christmas
And many a Happy New Year;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their fortunes,
And of what they did and said,
Till the dead alone seemed living,
And the living alone seemed dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the guests,
And a mist and shadow of sadness
Steals over our merriest jests.

"Olive Varcoe."

CHAPTER VII.

'Evening,' interposed Olive; 'do not be unjust.

'And who now, continued Charles, 'were so stone blind in their pride, that they could not imagine one of their name, their family, had done this deed; they could not perceive the poor girl they half despised was a martyr, piling on her innocent heart all the tortures from which she saved them.'

As he spoke Olive opened the window and stole out into the garden, leaving him to question her to Florian alone.

'She cannot endure to hear a word against them,' said Charles, sadly; 'but Miss Langley, you will, I know, agree with me in thinking Sir Hilton Trewavas a poor fellow, utterly unworthy of the wonderful love which that girl has given him.'

'There is only one worthy of it,' said Florian, and her eyes filled with tears, 'and that is yourself.'

Charles Vigo glanced at her agitated face, and a deep color stole over his own.

'I have only done what any man with a man's heart would have tried to do,' he answered; 'and Olive will never love me for it; I do not deceive myself in that respect; and I have never looked forward to this as my reward. The poor child promised to be my wife, because she had a generous idea that she ought not otherwise to make me suffer any continuity or annoyance for her sake; but never in my own heart have I held her bound by a promise made only in a spirit of self-sacrifice. If I have ever seemed to make any claim on her word, it was because otherwise I could not get her to accept the help she so much needed. And you know how she avoided all obligation; you remember the trouble she gave you and me once to find her? I was compelled to make a claim upon her duty to save her from perishing; but not a real claim.

'No, Olive's is not a heart to love twice; and without her love, what would I be to ask her to be my wife? I should break my heart in having so cruel a gift.'

As Florian listened to his words her face grew crimson, then pale, then red again, and the brightness of a great hope lifted her spirit from its heaviness. Yet she could not speak.

In her innocent self-consciousness she fancied that the slightest word her trembling lips uttered would betray her secret.

Seeing her silent, Charles Vigo began to talk more lightly.

'Here is the real hero of our story,' he said, pulling Bolster's ears. 'He brought that dreadful cord to me at the time when I sat by the pool, in a state of horror and bewilderment past telling. The sole clear feeling that I had, was the one thing I did, I ought to do, to save Olive. "But the outside world has not watched her as I have—does not know her as I do," I said to myself; "and this cord which she lost by the pool yesterday will accuse her." Miss Langley, I had seen her lose it. Flinging it angrily from her hand as she passed the water, it slipped from her waist and fell to the ground, and I saw it lying on the grass as she disappeared beneath the beeches. But what would it avail to tell this? Would it prove that she had not returned to the Bower, and used it as an instrument of murder? "Oh, give me time!" I cried within myself, "and I will prove her innocent; but I must have time. Ah, good dog; take this to its mistress." I rose; I patted the dog; I talked to him, and pointed the way to Trewavas. I am convinced Bolster understood every word I said, for he set off at full speed, not by the path, beneath the trees; and you have heard with what sagacity he obeyed all my instructions.

'But were you not afraid of his being met? asked Florian.

'Of course I was,' he replied; 'but I saw it would make things no worse, and the chance of his success was worth trying for. My wish was to keep Olive's name entirely out of the affair: and you can imagine my distress and amazement when I found I had sent her the cord in vain, and she was almost courting suspicion instead of repelling it. But when I saw this,—when I listened to her prayer to me not to say she was in the wood,—when I heard her appeal to Lady Trewavas to prove she had not quitted her chamber, the truth came to me like a flash of lightning'

'And not earlier, not instantly at the pool?' cried Florian.

'Scarcely,' said Charles. 'The idea had seemed too dreadful; too wild then, and I thought of the foreign sailors on board the Brazilian ship in the harbor. But now it was different; Olive would not take suspicion on herself to save one of them,—would not hide she was in the wood to avoid giving evidence against one of these. She would bear this load of sorrow and continuely herself, to spare them, but not for any other living creature, of that I was certain. At first I did Sir Hilton Trewayas the honor,' he added, a little bitterly, 'of suspecting him, not thinking him, you see, so grand a knight as poor Olive does.'

'Oh, that was horrible—too horrible!' exclaimed Florian.

'Not more horrible than his suspecting Olive,' continued Charles Vigo. 'But as the shadow came into my mind, it fitted; it did but pass through. I think I have always done him justice.'

Florian was silent; she thought more kindly of Sir Hilton than did Charles, and she believed, when the fumes of jealousy were cleared away, he would see him in a nobler light than he did now.

'Go on,' she said, eagerly—'tell me all the rest.'

'Then I spoke privately to the quick inspector, whose observant eyes had met mine once or twice,' said Charles; 'and I found that he had laid his finger mentally on John Trewavas. "But there is not a tittle of evidence," I said. "That young lady, Miss Varcoe, can speak, if she pleases," he answered. "But she is taking suspicion on herself instead," I continued; "and I know her—she will die rather than speak. I want to spare her; indeed, I have promised her she shall not be called upon, you see what a cruel task it would be for her!"

'"Then we must do without her," said the man; "and meanwhile, sir, get her out of the way, for Mr. Eslick is blind with self-conceit, and Sir Anthony Roskelly is bent on getting a victim." Then we hunted up that rascal Skewa between us, Miss Langley; and—and I think that's all.'

'Except all your generous zeal in righting the innocent—except all your courage, coolness, and devotion,' said Florian.

'Never mind that,' returned Charles Vigo, whistling to Bolster. 'What do you say to a stroll in the garden, Miss Langley?'

CHAPTER VIII.

Was John Trowavas sane or insane? This was the question of the day; and doctors, as usual, differed. Each had his theory to propound.

Men, wise in their craft, called together from all parts of the kingdom by Sir Hilton, only added to his distress by their diversity of opinion; and yet he could scarcely wonder at their perplexity; for John, often for days together, appeared as rational as the sanest man that watched him. His health too seemed no worse, though he was worn to a very shadow.

But the time now drew near when his doom would depend on the belief or disbelief of twelve men, on the evidence of those doctors and witnesses whom his family had called together to prove him mad; and as the days went by it was manifest that Sir Hilton's anxiety grew upon him like a fever.

At last it was here—the day he had so long dreaded; and John Trewavas, held up by his brother's arm, stood at the bar, and pleaded guilty, in a weak voice, low and sad.

Then his counsel started up, and demanded that a jury should be empanelled, to try if he was in a fit state of mind to plead. This was done; and throughout the dreary hour counsel examined and cross examined, and doctors argued and differed; but long before the jury had closed, the great point at issue had decided—still, the prisoner had fallen exhausted, and been carried away in the warder's arms.

'Hilton,' said John, suddenly, as his brother sat by his bed, 'have I saved myself any shame, any pain that my crime should bring upon me?'

'None, John, none,' he replied; and Sir Hilton turned away his face from the haggard eyes looking into his.

'I know there is something wrong here,' said John, putting his hand upon his head, 'but I have not tried to hide it—I have not sought to escape through that. No, let them find me guilty, if they will. I have suffered the prison patiently,—Hilton, have I not? Say yes, say patiently.

'Patiently, John? Yes. God help me!—yes,' answered his brother, holding in his pain.

'And to-day, Hilton,' said John, clutching at his hand, eagerly. 'I did not shrink from that public shame. let the iron sink into my soul,—say, patiently, humbly,—did I bear it so?'

'Yes, replied Sir Hilton, humbly. God have mercy on you, John! you bore it humbly.'

John's haggard eyes lighted up at this with some wild hope.

'I came home to suffer all this—voluntarily to suffer it,' he said, excitedly; 'that was not cowardly, Hilton. And now will she—will she let me see her again? Will she think this enough? Can she forgive me now? Is there any thing more that I can suffer—anything more that I can do, so that she may stretch out her hand to me, when I die, and say, "John, I forgive you my death?"

Sir Hilton's tears were falling, but he brushed them aside and answered, steadily, 'You have done all that man could do, John, to expiate your guilt; you must go now to that great, that divine sacrifice for pardon.'

John was silent, but Sir Hilton saw by his lips that he prayed, and for a minute not a sound crept through the cell.

Then again he began to murmur softly, as if to himself, 'The poor—it is written: He will have mercy on the poor. Who is poorer than I?—stripped of rank and honor, stained with guilt, covered with shame, stricken with remorse and sorrow—and not always having a mind to know those things because of the cloud upon my brain—the mist that comes down and puts my thoughts in confusion, bringing me childish tears and idiot laughter. Oh, I am poor, indeed! Am I one of the poor to whom the promise is given? Say, Hilton, is there light?—is there hope?'

For answer, Sir Hilton stooped and put his arm around him, and John, with a wild look, burst forth with a loud voice, singing;

'"I will praise Him with my mouth, for He shall stand at at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those that condemn his soul."'

Then subsiding into sudden calm, he turned his eyes upon his brother in pleading agony. 'Oh, Hilton, is there nothing I can do?—nothing more?—no reparation I can make?'

'My poor brother, be at peace,' replied Sir Hilton. 'What can you do?'

'Nothing through all eternity,' murmured John—'nothing! Oh, blot it out! blot it out! Let it not be written against me for ever. Let Eleanor say she forgives me—else I cannot die.'

'Here is a letter, sir, for your brother,' said a man, opening the harsh door softly.

Sir Hilton took it mechanically, but turned pale as he saw Mrs. Maristowe's writing on the envelope. John seized the letter with his thin eager fingers, and tore it open with a frenzied look. The paper was blurred with tears.

'I forgive you,' wrote Mrs. Maristowe, 'strange as it may appear to say so, I forgive you for my daughter's death. I came into Court to-day, and saw your face; and having seen it, with all the pain and madness on it, I write again I forgive you. I do not look upon you as the most guilty, and I wish others ——'

But Mrs. Maristowe had here erased her judicious words, and with a prayer for his peace and pardon she concluded abruptly.

'She has listened to my entreaty at last,' said John, with clasped hands. 'Pardon and peace—she prays for these for me? Peace!—can peace come at her cry?'

'Then you have her forgiveness, John!' said Sir Hilton. 'I am glad of that.'

'I wrote to her weeks—many weeks ago,' said John, wearily, 'confessing the truth, and imploring her pardon; but she would not answer me. Peace—peace—she says peace now. If the mother forgives, will the daughter forgive me likewise? Hilton! Hilton! is the gulf narrowed, will the daughter forgive? And what I have done and suffered, will that count for a little? a breadth of a man's hand—a step nearer to her? I might have died, you know, and spared myself all this: twice I loaded the pistol that would have ended all. But that would have widened the gulf—do you see, Hilton?—it would have widened it?'

'Try to sleep, John,' said Sir Hilton, bending over him anxiously; 'you are weary and excited.'

'Soon, I shall sleep soon,' said John. Then he took Mrs. Maristowe's letter of pardon, and putting it on his pillow, rested his haggard cheek on it. 'I think I can sleep now. Peace—peace—peace—she said peace—she prayed for peace. When I die, bury me in the prison yard in a nameless grave—that will be another step—another link in the bridge of pardon. I see the gulf narrower. Put the letter on my heart, Hilton; let it lie there when I am dead. Peace—peace—let us pray for peace.'

The word peace died away softly on his fevered lips, and his last breath passed with it. For one moment a deep grey shadow over the wan worn face, a fixed look, and all was still.

Mad or sane, responsible or irresponsible, the spirit of John Trewavas was gone to its Maker.

* * * * * *

In her grief and bereavement Mrs. Maristowe had not been without comforters. The terrible crime which had struck her childless, surrounded her sorrow with a halo, the glory of which was wonderfully consoling to her self-love.

Never had she been so visited, so sought after, as she was now. Great ladies jolted over fifteen miles of crossroads to see her, and county magnates vied with each other in civilties, invitations, and condolences. All this made life pleasant to her; moreover, the death of that fair young daughter rendered her the richest lady in the land, and the report of her great wealth brought to her suitors. At forty-two a lover is not unwelcome; so amid flattery, sympathy, and suitors, Mrs Maristowe was in no danger of breaking her heart, even over the untimely grave of an only child.

Half her liking for John had arisen from the instinct which told her he was a weak man, who, as a son-in-law, would yield to her every power and influence which the Maristowe property gave; while Sir Hilton, on the contrary, would be lord of himself, his lands, and his wife. In visiting Trewavas she intended John to be her son-in-law; but thwarted in this hope by Sir Hilton, she grew to dislike him, and to hate Olive Varcoe, whose passionate, generous nature was antagonistic to hers in every fibre and vein. Olive, not being cut to the conventional pattern of her goodness, was incomprehensible, and therefore a creature to be feared and hated.

From that cruel summer, through the autumn and winter, and on to spring, she had vented this hate of Olive in bitter words, outspoken and whispered. In castles and mansions, towns and villages, a shadow following Mrs. Maristowe's steps had gathered round Olive's name. To lords and ladies, squires and dames, she had wept weak tears and uttered weak regrets over her inability to punish the young woman whose hand had been guilty of her daughter's death. Her feelings, then, can be imagined when John's incoherent letter acquainted her with the truth. It had done this, and Olive had borne all this contumely in generous pity and in generous love.

As Mrs. Maristowe read John's wild, despairing words and cries for pardon—as she read his entreaties to her to love Olive justice—she felt as Haman felt when he grasped the bridle of the horse of the hated Mordecai the Jew, and proclaimed through the royal city that thus should it be done 'unto the man whom the king delighted to honor.' But she would not take the part of Haman on herself, unless obliged to do so; so she meekly bid the letter, and kept its contents a secret. She tried to think that she did not believe it; she told herself John had gone mad with grief, and this self-accusation was a thing not uncommon in the insane.

When Vivian Damerel came to her, he found her marvellous and excited, and until John's confession was published, still unwilling to believe the truth; and when belief was forced on her, she exclaimed passionately, that Olive had induced John to do the deed, in order to be Sir Hilton's wife; and the more indignant Damerel grew at this, the more bitter she became against them.

'I came hither,' said Damerel, 'to entreat you to bear witness to John's generous and kindness when sane. Your testimony will have great weight with a jury; and surely you will not refuse to show this pity to the family, whose affliction is even greater than your own.'

'Let Sir Hilton promise me that he will never marry Olive Varcoe, and I'll say, what I think—that John is quite incapable of crime, when in his senses,' she replied; 'but without this promise, I will not come forward. I'll never help that girl to reap the reward of her sins.'

'Sins!' cried Damerel. 'She has been the victim of all our prejudices, hate, and injustice. I am ashamed of my part in the matter; show some generous shame for yours, Mrs. Maristowe.'

But Mrs. Maristowe was hard as stone; all her tears and pity were for herself, and all her shame for other people.

At length, however, Vivian persuaded her to come down to Bodmin to watch the trial; and once there, he easily prevailed on her, through the curiosity, to enter the Court. Then she saw John, and seeing all the madness and despair upon his face, her heart smote her with pity, and that unanswered prayer for his pardon came back to her memory, as the desperate cry of perishing soul.

She no longer doubted his madness, and madness is worthy of pity and pardon, even though its hand be red with violence. When he fell senseless, she hurried away, his pale face haunting her; and then with tears of mercy dropping on the paper, she wrote the letter of forgiveness, which calmed the agony of John' despair and death.

'Tell Sir Hilton to call on me to-morrow,' she said to Damerel; 'I will swear there was no quieter, gentler, or more harmless being on earth than that poor creature; and he must have been mad indeed when this deed——'

Tears stopped her; and used as he was to tears in Mrs. Maristowe, Vivian Damerel pitied her now; and glad to do her behest while her heart was merciful, he hurried away to find Sir Hilton.

Thus it happed, that as the great gates of that doneful house wherein his brother lay were opened for Sir Hilton Trewavas to pass out, he saw Vivian Damerel standing in the street.

'I have been waiting for you,' said Damerel. 'Mrs. Maristowe——' But looking on Sir Hilton's face, he checked himself. 'What has happened?' he asked in an awed tone.

'My brother is dead,' answered Sir Hilton. 'He has appealed from man's judgment to God's. May he find mercy!'

There was a moment's silence; then Vivian grasped his hand, and said, softly, 'His death is a relief—a blessing. Do not think me hard in saying so.'

Sir Hilton did not attempt to reply to this; he simply bowed his head, and they walked on a few steps in silence.

'I came hither with Mrs. Maristowe,' continued Damerel. 'I could scarcely refuse her this kindness, though the task is painful. And she is not generous: she shows no contrition for the mistaken judgments of the past. She even persists in her cruel dislike of Miss Varcoe and yourself.'

'That she should dislike me is natural,' said Sir Hilton. 'What is her mean, again?'

'One that it is useless to deliver now,' answered Damerel. 'She desires me to say she would be a witness on your brother's behalf.'

'Her kindness comes too late,' responded Sir Hilton, bitterly; 'and a few days ago it was offered to me through Sir Anthony Roskelly, in the shape of an insult. She would speak for John, she said, if I would give her an assurance that no marriage would ever take place between me and Miss Varcoe.'

'She said this also to me,' said Damerel; 'but I could not bring you such a message.'

'Olive has borne too much for me and mine,' continued Sir Hilton, 'for me now to suffer any man or woman on earth to name her to me, save with all the honor and reverence that are her due. But least of all will I endure a word against her from Mrs. Maristowe.'

'You are right,' said Damerel. 'She and I especially owe to Miss Varcoe a reparation, which on my part, I feel can never be paid in full.'

'But Mrs. Maristowe will have no such feelings,' returned Sir Hilton. 'Hers is a nature incapable of comprehending a soul like Olive's. Tell her, I felt too much for her grief to ask her to testify to my unhappy brother's unfailing gentleness when sane; but had she done this at first, and voluntarily, I should have been most grateful. Such words from Eleanor's mother would been worth much to me; but I would never have consented to accept this justice from her lips on any condition, least of all on one involving Olive's name. Tell her, also, that all the sin and all the suffering we laid upon that innocent head will go down now into John's nameless grave; and for his sake, and because she pardoned him, I pardon her this last insult to Olive, sent to Olive, sent to me through the venomous tongue of an enemy. This is my farewell to Mrs. Maristowe.'

Let it be ours also, unless our readers care to hear that she married the needy brother of a marquis, and that a son was born to her, whose pattering feet and childish laughter chased away the sound of Eleanor's name from the halls of Maristowe Court.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a fortnight after John's death, and Olive, clad in deep mourning, sat upon a great rock by the sea-shore, looking westward. Her eyes were fixed on the dying splendor of the setting sun, whose glory trailed along the sea in lines of purple, crimson, and gold.

Dazzled by these, she did not see creeping now and then, now flashing into the light, now darkling in the shadows, a small boat, impelled by a single rower. But her tiny figure, conspicuous in her black garments, stood out darkly against the glorious sea and sky, visible to him as a beacon might be; and with hand somewhat unsteady, he rowed swiftly towards her. Then, as the keel grated on the sands, she turned, and saw Sir Hilton Trewavas. He came towards her hurriedly; and as she rose, and would have sprung down from the rock, his hand seized hers, and aided her. It was but the touch of a moment; yet her heart beat, and her cheek crimsoned, while Sir Hilton grew pale to the lips.

'Do you hold out your hand to help me now?' said Olive, a little wistfully—'you would not touch mine less than a year ago, even to say a last farewell?'

'Be cruel to me if you will, Olive,' he answered. I long to hear reproaches from your lips. I wish you would speak bitterly to me; then I might have a hope.'

Olive looked at him in the same wistful way; and, as her eyes half filled with tears, she turned her face from him.

'Always the same cold gentleness,' he said, in a despairing voice. 'Oh for a time of the old waywardness, a flash of the old passion? Shall I never, never see it back?'

'No,' answered Olive, sadly; 'it is gone for ever. Sorrow has broken my spirit to the yoke. I shall never vex the world again with the fire of my tongue.'

There was something in her tone that spoke of a broken heart, and Sir Hilton looked at her till his eyes grew dim.

'Olive,' he said, pleadingly, 'listen to me, I improve you. Do not send me away from you for ever. Be my wife, and come with me to Italy for your health's sake. You are ill, you are weak; you seem to me the shadow of yourself.'

His voice shook, and he held his hand towards her imploringly as she shrunk