The Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 39. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY. OCT. 15, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1391.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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

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

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

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

YEARLY AGREEMENTS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

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

Business Directory.

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

John Campbell, M.D., C.M.,
(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal),
SEAFORTH.
OFFICE and residence—One door south of Ross' hotel, Main street, and opposite M. Calline's store. Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 17-y

G.C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. &c., Goderich, Ont. 13-6m-y

DR McLEAN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, MIDWIFE, &c. Office and Residence—third door north of Central School

Dr. Cassady,
Maitland street,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw1-y

Ira Lewis
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, Commissioner, Crown Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office—Court House.

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

H. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. 1357

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

Sinclair & Seager
BARRISTERS, &c. Goderich. CHAS. SEAGER, Jr
Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 15

W. R. SQUIER,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. Office, over A. C. Dickson & Co's Drug store, Market Square, Goderich. 1353

P. F. WALKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office, over Mr. C. H. Archibald's Store, Goderich, Ont. 1278-m

G. CAMPAIGNE,
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office at Dixie Wilson's, Special Sessions. aw7-tf Goderich, Ont.

Malcomson & Keating,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w35
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', Plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued. 1397-1y.

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.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS
FOR INVENTIONS
EXPEDITIOUSLY & PROPERLY
Secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. PATENTS 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-1y—

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

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

NEW RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAVING LEASED THE STORE ON THE 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 1870. 1305

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. A. A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich, 4th May, 1871. 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
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

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan on from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favorable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society. of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD.
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:
PHOENIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates.
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich
Oct. 29th 1870. w36-1y.

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Available Assets, $27,000,000.
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without reduction.
Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy community.
FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
Head Office, Canada Branch, MONTREAL
G. F. C. SMITH, President. J. J. JOHNSON, Secretary.
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

TorontoLife Assurance and Tontine Company.
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER.....$100,000
With liberty to increase to half a million
Amount called in, 25 per cent.—all paid up.
INVESTMENTS LIMITED BY CHARTER TO MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS
President: The Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, M.P., Q.C., &c. &c. Toronto.
Vice President: Lewis Moffat, Esq. Gad Duncan, Esq. Judge of the County of York.
W. H. Beatty, Esq., M.D., M.P., Toronto.
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 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 township outlying this Town. Apply in writing with references to the undersigned for transmission to the Head Office.
D. WATSON.
Local Agent.
Goderich 17th 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 Halliday, 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, Curry-Combs, &c. &c.
N. B.—Fly Nets constantly on hand throughout the summer.
Goderich, June 24, 1871.

Hotels.

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

BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL,
MARKET SQUARE GODERICH.
CAPT. W. COX, - PROPRIETOR
LATE OF THE HURON HOTEL.
A continuance of the favor and support of the Commercial and Travelling public that has accorded before the fire, respectfully solicited. 1334

ANCHOR LINE.
Steamers sail Every Wednesday and Saturday.
TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASgow, Calling at Londonderry to land Mails and Passengers.
☞ 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 Steamer.
THE NEW DEPARTURES.
From Glasgow. From New York.
Sat., Sept. 23d.....IOWA.....Sat., Oct. 16th,
Sat., Sept. 30th.....CALEDONIA.....Sat., Oct. 21st
Sat., Oct. 7th.....ANCHORIA.....Sat., Oct. 28th
Sat., Oct. 14th.....COLUMBIA.....Sat., Nov 4th
And every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter from Pier No. 20, North River, at noon.
RATES OF PASSAGE PAYABLE IN CURRENCY.
To Liverpool, Glasgow or Londonderry.
First Cabin, $65 and $75, according to location. Cabin Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) securing the best accommodation, $130.
Intermediate, $35. Steerage, $28.
Certificates at LOWEST RATES can be bought here by those wishing to send for their friend. Drafts issued payable on demand.
Apply at the Company's offices or to
MUIR WARNOCK,
Goderich Oct. 23 1871. Agent Goderich, Ont.

GODERICH AND NORTH SHORE LINE.
In connection with the Grand Trunk Railway. Shortest, Cheapest, and most direct route.
THE NEW STEAMER
WM. SEYMOUR,
EDWARD MARLTON, MASTER,
will ply in connection with the G. T. Railway as follows: Leave Goderich on arrival of Express Train from the East, weather permitting, for Southampton at 3 p. m., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Returning: Leave Southampton at 4 a. m., Port Elgin at 4.30 a. m., Inverhuron at 5 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, Milwaukee, &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

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, Milwaukee, &c. Returning: Leaves Sarnia every Saturday at 8 o'clock, a. m., weather permitting. For further information, apply to Byron Wilson, Purser, on the Boat, or to Thos Lee, Southampton, J. Eastwood, Port Elgin; P. McRae, Inverhuron; R. Robertson, Kincardine; W. B. Clark, Sarnia; A. N. Moffat, Port Huron.
J. V. DETLOR & SON,
General Agents, Goderich

GODERICH AGENCY OF THE Trust and Loan Company of CANADA.
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of borrowers, and 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 Post Square, Goderich

IMPORTANT NOTICE
F. R. MANN,
House Sign & Carriage Painter
DESIRES TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has started upa 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 dispatch.
Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Paperhanging, &c., &c.
F. R. MANN,
Goderich, Aug. 15, 1870 sw1

SOMETHING NEW!
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ESTablished a branch of his Toronto Sewing Machine Repairing Works,
IN CLINTON,
where all kinds of
Sewing Machines
will be repaired, altered and put in first class running order.
Having had 16 years experience in some of the largest machine manufactories in the world he can guarantee satisfaction.
Workshop—Next door to *New Era* office, Clinton.
MR. L. S. WILLSON, next to SIGNAL office, Goderich, will receive machines and take orders.
THOMAS GOBERT.
Clinton, 10th March, 1873. 1360

Poetry.

A Sign-Board.

I will paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And hang it above your door;
A truer and better sign-board
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rum-seller,
As you wait for the fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping.
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rum-seller;
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor
Holding in either hand.
He wavers, but you urge him;
"Drink! pledge me just this one!"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And I next will paint a drunkard,
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was quick and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother
As she kneels at her darling's side—
Her beautiful boy, that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of the coffin
Labeled with one word—"Lost!"
I will paint all this, rum-seller,
And paint it free of cost.

The sin, and the shame, and the sorrow,
The crime, and want, and woe,
That is born there in your rum-shop,
No hand can paint, you know;
But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

—*Christian Advocate.*

"Olive Varcoe."

(Continued from page 2.)

'Take him away quickly,' whispered Florian to Damerel; 'and be merciful to him. Let Olive alone. I'll take the journey. He will bear it best from Lady Trewavas's lips.'

'I will obey you,' said Vivian, taking her hand. 'Oh, Florian! when shall we meet again?'

'Soon,' she replied, hastily. 'We are going to Bosvigo with Olive.'

'Bosvigo' he reiterated, in surprise. 'Then you will see Charles Vigo, once my friend—the noblest fellow on earth. Ah, Miss Langley, get him to forgive me if you can. I might have known such a heart as his could not err,' and he glanced at Olive. 'You know he loves her.'

'I know it,' she replied. 'Go, pray go; Olive is too weak for this agitation.'

She was so pale, so agitated herself, that Vivian Damerel hastened to obey her. He made his adieu quickly to all, bowing to Olive as to a queen, then he took Sir Hilton's arm, and led him away.

Sir Hilton, looking back, saw resting on every face that strange shadow of pity, the memory of which followed him through the thronged streets of Paris, and haunted his broken sleep, or came suddenly upon his fevered dreams, as he hurried on day and night in blindness to that awakening horror which awaited him beneath the grey roof of Trewavas.

And what was he speaking to Sir Hilton's heart on the journey in a sad, low voice? What is it speaking now aloud in this bitter cry of anguish, in these clasping arms, in this pale, wasted face?

'It is a truth, the whispering of which he thrust away with a strong hand, but it will be heard at last, for as his blood curdles beneath the sound, it cries to him in a voice of thunder, though the aged woman, whose trembling arms are clasped about his neck, utters it in the lowest whisper that can touch his ear.

'Hilton,' said Lady Trewavas, 'Olive is innocent. John was the man—your brother!' And he is hidden here—not in his right mind at times—mad, miserable, dying!'

He was in the library, whither she had drawn him, when she told him this; and as she spoke she pointed to the old arched door hiding the spiral stairs.

Staggering as though he had been struck, and covering beneath the blow, Sir Hilton sank into a chair, and turned upon her a face of ghastly woe, with dumb lips that quivered but found no language.

'Will you go to him,' said Lady Trewavas. 'He expects you.'

'Go to him!—go to whom? His brother!—a murderer! and a Trewavas! No, it could not be.

He was dreaming, as he had dreamed on the weary journey, when Olive, with white lips, said that his mother had uttered now, 'John is the man!'

He tried to speak; but his voice, husky, low, unnatural, scarce obeyed his will.

'Mother, Olive is innocent, you say. Did she guess the truth?—did she know

Words failed, but his eyes turned to that ghastly door which hid their woe.

'I think she knew,' said Lady Trewavas.

There was a stifled sob in her throat, and her wrinkled hands clasped passionately, and she sank down in despair.

'And knowing, she yet suffered this great contumely, this frightful wrong, this hideous shame and pain?' said Sir Hilton.

'Yes; knowing the truth, she suffered all that for our sakes, Hilton.'

'Our sakes! would not have suffered all that for our sakes, Hilton.'

The sor could not be checked now; and with a burst of anguish, Lady Trewavas struck her bosom with her clenched hands, as though she would beat back the pain into her heart, or die.

'For our sakes!' repeated Sir Hilton. 'Then Heaven help me! for I am a broken man, beaten down with weapons of my own pride. Upon this fragile girl has fallen the penalty of our sins. And I love her as I always did. Oh! Olive, Olive, you have smitten me to the earth!'

Slowly down, down to his very knees drooped his bowed head, while his agony called for tears that could not, would not come.

No, the torture on him was like a fire, burning heart and brain; and starting up, to bear his anguish erect, he paced the room restlessly.

'If I had believed her,' said he, 'if I had only spoken one kind word, if I had given her that kiss of peace for which she prayed so humbly, if I had even only touched her hand in mercy, I might now bear to think of her. But no; blind, stubborn, cruel to the last, I never gave her one sign of compassion or of love. And for me she suffered even my contumely, for a Trewavas, and to spare this house, she endured all things, even our desertion and our hate. Mother, it is I who am mad, not John.'

His voice swelled in passion, rolling like waters that gather strength as they rush to their fall; then he stopped his hurried walk, and went on brokenly, in a more gentle tone.

'Give me time,' he said. 'I cannot go to that man just yet. My mind is shaken, bewildered, filled with horror. Forgive me, mother; it is of you I should think. I am sorry for you—in your old age such a shame as this to fall upon you! And Olive—what were we saying of Olive? She tried to save you—to save us all. For nearly a year she bore our shame, our pain, the brand of our crime; and she has been hunted from country to country, driven from every shelter, thrust out from every friendship; and one word, one whisper of truth, would have saved her from all sorrow; yet she would not speak it! Great heavens! and I have despised her! I have thought her not good enough to be the wife of a Trewavas! Oh, why did she not blast me with the truth, as I stood in my blind, hard pride before her? Why did she not say, "John is the man; your brother, John Trewavas! and I will proclaim his crime, and bring your name and your pride down to the very dust." Oh, if she had only turned upon me once, with one bitter or taunting word, I could bear this sorrow better; but now my cup is full, and I drink the gall to the dregs. Mother, she has heaped fire upon my head—this weak girl that we despised. I can never look her in the face again. Do you know that in exile and loneliness she has borne the sharpest pangs of poverty, and suffered sickness! Oh, she is so changed and wasted, that I could hold her in the grasp of my hand, and her face has a white and weary look upon it that cuts me to the heart. To save my pride she has borne this. To keep the Trewavas name from infamy, to guard our foolish false honor from the dust, she went forth an outcast, bowed down by our shame. Perhaps she will die! Who can say she will live, having suffered so much for me! Oh, Olive! Olive!'

* * * *

There was a slight noise in the still chamber, and John turned his haggard face from the wall, and saw the tall form of his brother standing in the doorway.

There was a momentary flash of terror in his mild eyes, that faded, and he clasped his hands above his head with a vacant smile.

This he did to show Sir Hilton that he expected no brother's greeting, no friendly clasp of hand in hand; he, the guilty outcast, asked him only a shelter in which to die.

Neither spoke for a moment; each was gazing on the wreck of the other, and the hearts of both were full.

In John's confused mind and dimmed brain there seemed to float shapes and voices which he would never hear again.

'Are you married?' he said to his brother; 'and have you brought your wife here to see what she and you have made me?'

Sir Hilton's spirit quailed, and he rested his hand against the arched doorway to steady his trembling frame.

'John,' said he, in a hollow voice, 'I dare not say that I am guiltless; but I solemnly aver that I was ignorant. I never thought to see you thus.'

John raised himself on his elbow, and stared fixedly on Sir Hilton's face.

In that look of recognition memory returned, and a groan escaped his lips.

'To see me thus' he murmured; 'A human beast, fearing for his miserable life! No, you never thought it; you were happy and careless; you trampled on Olive, and on me. Eleanor, you know, is dead.'

With a quiver of the lip, he stopped suddenly, while an expression of terrible anguish sprang into his haggard eyes.

'Oh, if I could forget—forget—forget' he shrieked. 'It is a mercy to be mad, if it is when my reason returns that I feel mad. Hilton, you know I am not responsible as I once was; but there are times when it all comes back to me—all.'

'Be comforted, John,' he whispered. 'The mercy of God is infinite.'

But with the touch of his hand—with the old fraternal embrace of boyhood—John's thoughts had gone back to days long buried and half forgotten.

'Don't row to-day, Hilton; the sea is rough. I have a new cricket ball. Come and try it.'

He said this with the very look upon his face it had worn in boyhood, and he put his arm around Sir Hilton with a feeble smile.

Touched more by the childish words than by the most passionate prayer for pardon, Sir Hilton strove vainly to repress his emotion.

'But where is Olive?' continued John, with a childish eagerness in his eyes. 'We cannot play without Olive! Fetch her, Hilton—fetch Olive.'

Sir Hilton trembled, and there rose up in his heart a voiceless cry, that echoed, Olive! Olive!

'I would fetch her, John,' he said softly, heaven knows how willingly, if I could—I would fetch her, never to leave us more.'

But with the sound of his voice John's woe—his reason—returned.

Removing Sir Hilton's arm from his neck, ashamed that kindness should be shown to such a wretch as he, his head sank back upon the pillow, and he said, feebly, but with perfect composure.

'You come home, Hilton, to a sad sight, and a terrible duty; I have only waited for your return to confess my guilt; you must send for a magistrate, and let him take my deposition.'

A sob rose in Sir Hilton's throat, which seemed to rend his heart; it was the last cry of his pride, ere it was torn from him for ever.

To this was he come now, that he must send for his neighbors and friends to let them hear his brother confess himself a murderer.

'I will do it, John,' he said, in a broken voice; 'but do you know the consequence of such an act? It will be the duty of the magistrate who hears your confession to commit you to the county jail.'

'I know it,' answered the guilty man, with a ghastly look. 'But I *must* make some expiation before I die. I have cared for the old name, Hilton—I have indeed—else I would have told the truth at once; I would not have suffered all that for our sakes, Hilton.'

'Yes; knowing the truth, she suffered all that for our sakes, Hilton.'

'Would not have suffered all this from my own pride. Upon this fragile girl has fallen the penalty of our sins. And I love her as I always did. Oh! Olive, Olive, you have smitten me to the earth!'

Slowly down, down to his very knees drooped his bowed head, while his agony called for tears that could not, would not come.

No, the torture on him was like a fire, burning heart and brain; and starting up, to bear his anguish erect, he paced the room restlessly.

'If I had believed her,' said he, 'if I had only spoken one kind word, if I had given her that kiss of peace for which she prayed so humbly, if I had even only touched her hand in mercy, I might now bear to think of her. But no; blind, stubborn, cruel to the last, I never gave her one sign of compassion or of love. And for me she suffered even my contumely, for a Trewavas, and to spare this house, she endured all things, even our desertion and our hate. Mother, it is I who am mad, not John.'

His voice swelled in passion, rolling like waters that gather strength as they rush to their fall; then he stopped his hurried walk, and went on brokenly, in a more gentle tone.

'Give me time,' he said. 'I cannot go to that man just yet. My mind is shaken, bewildered, filled with horror. Forgive me, mother; it is of you I should think. I am sorry for you—in your old age such a shame as this to fall upon you! And Olive—what were we saying of Olive? She tried to save you—to save us all. For nearly a year she bore our shame, our pain, the brand of our crime; and she has been hunted from country to country, driven from every shelter, thrust out from every friendship; and one word, one whisper of truth, would have saved her from all sorrow; yet she would not speak it! Great heavens! and I have despised her! I have thought her not good enough to be the wife of a Trewavas! Oh, why did she not blast me with the truth, as I stood in my blind, hard pride before her? Why did she not say, "John is the man; your brother, John Trewavas! and I will proclaim his crime, and bring your name and your pride down to the very dust." Oh, if she had only turned upon me once, with one bitter or taunting word, I could bear this sorrow better; but now my cup is full, and I drink the gall to the dregs. Mother, she has heaped fire upon my head—this weak girl that we despised. I can never look her in the face again. Do you know that in exile and loneliness she has borne the sharpest pangs of poverty, and suffered sickness! Oh, she is so changed and wasted, that I could hold her in the grasp of my hand, and her face has a white and weary look upon it that cuts me to the heart. To save my pride she has borne this. To keep the Trewavas name from infamy, to guard our foolish false honor from the dust, she went forth an outcast, bowed down by our shame. Perhaps she will die! Who can say she will live, having suffered so much for me! Oh, Olive! Olive!'

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There was a slight noise in the still chamber, and John turned his haggard face from the wall, and saw the tall form of his brother standing in the doorway.

There was a momentary flash of terror in his mild eyes, that faded, and he clasped his hands above his head with a vacant smile.

This he did to show Sir Hilton that he expected no brother's greeting, no friendly clasp of hand in hand; he, the guilty outcast, asked him only a shelter in which to die.

Neither spoke for a moment; each was gazing on the wreck of the other, and the hearts of both were full.

In John's confused mind and dimmed brain there seemed to float shapes and voices which he would never hear again.

'Are you married?' he said to his brother; 'and have you brought your wife here to see what she and you have made me?'

Sir Hilton's spirit quailed, and he rested his hand against the arched doorway to steady his trembling frame.

'John,' said he, in a hollow voice, 'I dare not say that I am guiltless; but I solemnly aver that I was ignorant. I never thought to see you thus.'

John raised himself on his elbow, and stared fixedly on Sir Hilton's face.

In that look of recognition memory returned, and a groan escaped his lips.

'To see me thus' he murmured; 'A human beast, fearing for his miserable life! No, you never thought it; you were happy and careless; you trampled on Olive, and on me. Eleanor, you know, is dead.'

With a quiver of the lip, he stopped suddenly, while an expression of terrible anguish sprang into his haggard eyes.

'Oh, if I could forget—forget—forget' he shrieked. 'It is a mercy to be mad, if it is when my reason returns that I feel mad. Hilton, you know I am not responsible as I once was; but there are times when it all comes back to me—all.'

'Be comforted, John,' he whispered. 'The mercy of God is infinite.'

But with the touch of his hand—with the old fraternal embrace of boyhood—John's thoughts had gone back to days long buried and half forgotten.

'Don't row to-day, Hilton; the sea is rough. I have a new cricket ball. Come and try it.'

He said this with the very look upon his face it had worn in boyhood, and he put his arm around Sir Hilton with a feeble smile.

Touched more by the childish words than by the most passionate prayer for pardon, Sir Hilton strove vainly to repress his emotion.

'But where is Olive?' continued John, with a childish eagerness in his eyes. 'We cannot play without Olive! Fetch her, Hilton—fetch Olive.'

Sir Hilton trembled, and there rose up in his heart a voiceless cry, that echoed, Olive! Olive!

'I would fetch her, John,' he said softly, heaven knows how willingly, if I could—I would fetch her, never to leave us more.'

But with the sound of his voice John's woe—his reason—returned.

Removing Sir Hilton's arm from his neck, ashamed that kindness should be shown to such a wretch as he, his head sank back upon the pillow, and he said, feebly, but with perfect composure.

'You come home, Hilton, to a sad sight, and a terrible duty; I have only waited for your return to confess my guilt; you must send for a magistrate, and let him take my deposition.'

A sob rose in Sir Hilton's throat, which seemed to rend his heart; it was the last cry of his pride, ere it was torn from him for ever.

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