Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE, $2.00 AT END OF YEAR. | GODERICH, ONTARIO, D. C., THURSDAY, AUG. 13, 1868. | VOL. XXI.—NO 29

Business Directory.

MRS. DAYS' HOTEL
WROXETER.

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

LUCKNOW HOTEL
AND STAGE OFFICE,
R. S. CUNNINGHAM, Proprietor.
SITUATED on the corner of the Northern Gravel Road, Lucknow. Stage leaves every morning for Goderich and Walkerton. The hotel is fitted up with every accommodation for commercial travellers. A large Hall attached.
June24, 1867

Commercial Hotel Mitchell C.W.
JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Good stabling for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire on Shortest Notice 14-y

COLONIAL HOUSE.
THE Subscriber always keeps the largest variety and best Stock of
HOISERY & GLOVES!
IN THE COUNTIES.
CHAS. F. ARCHIBALD.
Goderich, August 22nd, 1866. w187

SOAP FACTORY.
ECONOMY FOR HOUSEKEEPERS
GOOD HARD SOAP,
8 cents per bar or 3 bars for 25 cents.
SOFT SOAP
$2.00 a barrel—40 cents per gallon to be had at the SOAP AND POT ASH FACTORY, at the Dock.
JOHN BARNES.
Goderich, March 20th, 1868. w9 6m

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

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

Agricultural
MUTUAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION
OF CANADA.
NOTICE is hereby given that LESLIE JOHNSTON is no longer an Agent for the above Company, his services having been dispensed with. He has no authority to take risks or transact any other business whatever for the Company.
D. C. McDONALD, Sec.
London, Ont., May 23, 1868. w23-tf

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT,
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS of Buildings, &c., got up in a neat and correct style at Office at the Huron Auction Mart, Market Square, Goderich. [illegible]

G. BARRY & BRO.,
CABINET MAKERS,
WOOD-TURNERS!
AND UNDERTAKERS,
Hamilton St., Goderich,
KEEP constantly on hand for sale all articles in their line, such as
Bedsteads, Chairs, Tables, Sofas, &c.,
All kinds of wood-turning done, such as Newel posts, stair banisters, neckyokes, &c
Always on hand, a complete
ASSORTMENT OF COFFINS
and a HEARSE to hire on reasonable terms
Goderich, May 3rd, 1866 15w3m

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR
SALE.
THE undersigned offers for sale lot 6, con. 3, Goderich township,—88 acres, 55 cleared, frame barn, good land. The property is only a mile from present salt wells, and as the railway runs through it, better salt territory cannot be found.
WILLIAM ELLIOT,
Goderich.
March 24, 1868. s.w 60 tf

GRAIN, FLOUR, FEED,
AND
PROVISION STORE.
ARCHIBALD HODGE,
PRODUCE MERCHANT,
Cameron's Block, Kingston Street,
GODERICH.
GRAIN, FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, Bran, Shorts, Potatoes, Bacon, Butter, &c. Highest market price paid for grain and all kinds of produce. w6tf

Business Directory.

ALLAN P. MACLEAN,
TAILOR & CLOTHIER,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE
ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHS
Consisting in part of West of England Broad cloths, Beavers, Whitneys, Beaverkins, Fancy English Scotch, and French Tweeds, Cashmeres, Doeskins, and a variety of Canadian Cloths; Plain, Satin, and Showered Vestings, Shirts, Gloves, Caps, &c., &c
He feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favor him with their orders
TWEED SUITS (all wool) $12 and upwards.
N. B.—Cutting done to Order.
Goderich, Sept 25th, 1866.

H DUNLOP,
NEXT DOOR TO
BANK OF MONTREAL, WEST ST.
HAS ON HAND
A LARGE SUPPLY
OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS
which he is prepared to make up in the shortest notice, and Cheap for Cash.
GOOD FIT WARRANTED.
Goderich, April 21, 1868. w39

A GREAT CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA IN CANADA.
Cosseon, Prince Edward Co., C. W., March, 1867.
MESSRS. YOUNG & CHAMBERLAIN,—Sirs, having received within my own person that there is at hand a medicine that will indeed cure liver complaint and dyspepsia, I am induced to make this statement under oath, which is to certify that I have been sorely afflicted for the last three years, according to the Doctors' statements, with Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. I had a feeling of sinking and vague uneasiness about the stomach, worse has gone, critical as of wind, occasional pain, uneasiness, constipation, uneasiness in the right side, headache, a poor appetite, &c., &c., and was greatly reduced in strength. Hearing your new Indian medicine the Great Shoshonee Remedy spoken of so highly, I tried a bottle with your Pills, from these I must say I found but little change, but I took another and then found my health improving. I continued it until I have taken about six bottles, using the pills, and I find that I have quite recovered. I feel hearty without pain or uneasiness. I am well and have pleasure in attending to my business. The doctor remarked to me I was looking much better. He felt in the Great Shoshonee Remedy was doing it. I have recommended the Remedy to several cases and it has invariably given good satisfaction, and I would strongly recommend it to all afflicted as I was.
AMBROSE WOOD.
Sworn before me at Consecon, C. W. this 2nd day of March, 1867.
J. M. CADMAN, J. P.,
A Commissioner in Q. B., in and for the County of Prince Edward, C. W.
w33 1yr

STOP AND SEE.
THE following remarks on Testimonials of most wonderful and extraordinary cures in aids to the GREAT INDIAN REMEDY. They are certainly desirable and incontrovertible facts, sufficient to convince the most skeptical that the Great Medicinal Compound offered for sale is now accessible in the Great
SHOSHONEES REMEDY
for Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Liver, Digestive Organs, Kidneys, &c., as well as Scrofula, the various Skin diseases, Humors, and all diseases arising from a Impure state of the blood, we boldly state that this great remedy has NEVER BEEN EQUALLED. Where was there ever such a cure as that in the person of Wilson Stevens of Brighton, C. W., of Consumption; or that of Peter C. V. Miller, Earnestown, C. W., of Consumption, or that of Ambrose Wood, of Consecon, C.W., of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, or that of John Honey, of Napanee, C. W., of Rheumatism, who had recently been on crutches for years, in a state of all treatment heretofore, and a now well. Scores of such cases might be mentioned had we space.
Call at the drug store and get a Circular containing testimonials of the GREAT SHOSHONEES REMEDY and PILLS, and satisfy yourselves
Price of the Remedy in large pints $1
For Sale by all respectable Dealers in Medicine. Agents for Goderich, F. Jordan and Parker & Cattle
WHOLESALE AGENTS:
LYMAN, ELLIOTT & Co., DUNDAS, DUNKIN & WATSON, J. DINER & Co. } TORONTO.
HOLBROOK & SPARK, T. BIRKS & SON, A. HAMILTON & Co. } HAMILTON.

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

Money to Loan.
ON very reasonable terms. Apply to
B. L. DOYLE,
Savage's new Block.
Goderich, 9th Jan. 1865.

SASH AND DOOR
FACTORY.
THE undersigned having purchased the Planing Mill and Sash Factory owned, and occupied by Donald Cumming, are now prepared to carry on the business of manufacturing
Sash, Doors, Blinds,
Mouldings, Flooring
Siding,
and all kinds of
CIRCLE WORK,
such as Circle and Gothic Sash and Frames. They think from their experience in Factory Work, that they can give satisfaction to all who may favor them with a call.
N. B.—A liberal discount to the trade.
JAS BUCHANAN,
DAVID LAWSON,
WM ROBINSON.
Goderich, March 4th, 1868. w55

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

STOVES! STOVES
CISTERN PUMPS, LEAD PIPES, &c., &c.

EAVE TROUGHS & CONDUCTOR PIPES.
PLAIN AND FANCY
TIN WARE
COAL OIL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Coal Oil Lamps, &c. &c. Old Iron, Copper, Brass, Wool Pickings, and Sheep Skins taken in exchange.
J. & J. STORY.
Sign of the Large Coal Oil Barrel.
Goderich, March 1st, 1867 6-tf

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT
IN TOWN.
MARTIN AMANN
BEGS TO INFORM HIS OLD CUSTOMERS that he is still able to sell for cash, at the lowest rates,
ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE
At his shop on Kingston street, opposite the Huron Hotel, Goderich. Give him a call.
Goderich Oct. 3, 1866. sw11w3

New Marble Works
ELGIN ST., GODERICH

A. M. Johnston
MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, Table tops, Posts, &c., Tombs, of every description, and style of workmanship, furnished on short notice and at the lowest prices. Liberal reduction made for cash. All orders punctually attended to. Designs of Monuments, &c., may be seen at the shop.
Goderich, Dec. 19, 1865 w47 1y

TAILORING
D. ADAMS
RETURNS HIS MOST SINCERE THANKS for the very flattering encouragement he has received since he commenced business in Goderich, not being able to execute over one-half the orders brought to him last season; having now secured additional help
Carrying on Business Extensively
and employing none but first-class tradesmen. And as D. A. believes his experience as Cutter is second to none in the Province, having carried on business extensively and successfully in Hamilton, principally first-class customers, and having been Cutter in one of the Principal Establishments in Edinburgh, Scotland, he earnestly states to a discerning public that
CLOTHING CAN BE MADE
at his establishment equal to the best Establishments in Toronto or Montreal.
Goderich, October 3rd, 1863. sw17

Written for the Huron Signal.

RIVERBANK MUSINGS.

Where the clear Maitland into Huron flows,
'Mid verdant isles where peace in Eden repose,
On mirror bay, overshaded by lands,
The healthy town of Goderich stands.
A fairer place—the gem of the west,
To three affections it's dear to our eyes,
Sight for the fountains and more genial skies,
Thy woodlands, meadows, and the cool retreats,
Amongst the fragrance of the month of beets;
Salubrious breezes from the deep blue lake
Cool the hot sun and rule in the brake.
Kind nature's hand has magic charms bestowed,
Her glorious sunset sinks in gleaming gold;
The fairy tribes in mottled attire are,
Sport in the sunshine and tumble on the wave.
O, mighty Huron! on thy generous breast,
May peaceful fleets of happy commerce rest,
To wash the treasures of the Silver Mine
To distant lands on every clime.
Sublime in anger, thou hast charms for me
'Mid roaring storms, great inland sea!
And on thy bosom when no tempests rise,
Soft clouds are imaged and the starry skies.
May peace, and plenty honest labour cheer,
With every blessing of the circling year;
May fierce unrest and angry passions cease,
And every human end in peace.

Agriculture Department Report.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington has issued a report on the condition of crops in July.

CORN.—The most remarkable fact in connection with the corn crop of the present year is the great increase of its average in the South, the difference in number of acres, between the present and preceding year being more than two million and a half. A slight decrease is apparent in the eastern seaboard States, resulting from the unpropitious character of the recent cold and backward spring, which sadly interfered with planting.

A careful estimate of the average shown a decrease of 49,669 acres in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York and Maryland, and an increase of 30,129 125 acres in the other States. The figures show an increase of over 3,000,000 acres in corn, making about 35,000,000 in the United States—an advance of nine per cent. The per centage of Louisiana reaches 65, that of Arkansas 47, Kansas 30, Mississippi 25, Missouri 22, Texas 13, Minnesota 17, Iowa 15, Illinois and Ohio 8, Indiana 4. The drouth in the South has retarded somewhat the growth of corn, but its condition in that section is generally good. In the West the average is high, except in Ohio and Indiana, where the weather has been somewhat unpropitious and storms destructive. During the last of June the growth was small, but the hot weather of July has brought a large portion of the crops to a splendid condition.

WHEAT.—The condition of the wheat is above the average for last year in all the States except Vermont, Connecticut, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Nebraska. The season has been peculiarly favorable to growth and ripening in all except the Southern States.

COTTON.—The returns indicate everywhere a reduction of the average, with the exception of Texas, which shows an increase of 3½ per cent, over last year, and Alabama, where there appears no material change in figures. The falling off in Mississippi appears to be 18 per cent., 24 in Louisiana, 12 in Georgia, 13 in Arkansas, 18 in South Carolina, 20 in Tennessee, and 32 in North Carolina. The average reduction is about 10 per cent. With this diminished breadth there is cleaner and better culture, and more general use of fertilizers. The yield may be quite equal to last year, the season being equally favorable with a like exemption as to insects and other causes of injury. One county in Arkansas (Dushe) reports less than a third of the average of last year, while the area in corn is three times as large. Such indications are hopeful. The correspondent, as might be expected, declares that the crops are all in a splendid condition, and if not injured by a drought, the finest yield for many years will be the result. A warm rain has been apparent in half the State, and severe drought has afflicted Western Tennessee. But few complaints of its effects on cotton are made. So far the plant enjoys a very general exemption from casualties and injures.

RYE, OATS AND BARLEY.—Promise abundant crop. No serious drawbacks are reported, and few complaints of bad condition are received.

POTATOES.—Are in unusual condition, and the average is increased in every State except Rhode Island.

FRUITS.—Are variable. Apples and peaches are less promising than usual. New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia make a worse record than the other States as to apples. Peaches will be less abundant than apples. New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware promise but half a crop, and Illinois and Michigan show a considerable reduction. A fair promise of grapes is indicated.

TOBACCO.—Covers as large an area as usual in Virginia, Kentucky and Connecticut, and somewhat less in Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. The condition is good in Kentucky and Michigan. Elsewhere it is a little below the average.

SORGHUM is generally doing well in the west, but not so well as usual in the middle belt of Southern States.

The Silver Nuisance in Canada.

While we in these United States are anxiously waiting and watching for the speedy return of good old hard currency, and trusting our present circulating medium of paper, grease and mucilage, with the merry jingle and clink of past days, our Dominion med neighbors profess to be bored almost beyond bearing by the "Silver Nuisance," as it is universally called by every Canadian paper. The "nuisance" is that they have a little too much of the "good thing" for which we sigh so much—that American silver is too plentiful in that country for comfort. Meetings are being held in every city and town, at which the merchants pledge, and in some cases bind themselves under a penalty, to take no American silver under the denomination of twenty-five cents, unless at a discount of ten per cent, and to exact a discount of four per cent, on quarters and half dollars.

The same silver which they thus show there desire to get rid of, commands in the United States a premium of 33 per cent. That this should be the case is, and ought to be, a subject for deep thought and careful consideration. Are our promises to pay and our chances for ultimate payment, as compared with those of the Dominion of Canada, but as five to seven? Then, if that is the case, we wish no more to hear the opprobrious name "Canuck" applied to a citizen of that highly respected and highly honorable nation. "Our vast resources" have been mentioned quite often; this great country and Canada are not to be spoken of in one breath; but American silver and Canada paper money stand 90 to 100, and American paper and the same silver, 100 to 133!—*Detroit Commercial Advertiser.*

THE SILVER NUISANCE.

IS THE REMEDY PROPOSED AN ADEQUATE ONE?

BY A MECHANIC.

In addressing your intelligent readers Mr. Editor, allow me to premise that, although the Canadian Press and the Canadian people generally seem to be at one in their determination to drive American silver out of the country, there are always *two sides* to every question. Having paid some attention to this subject, I must confess that, as a humble member of the great Body Politic, I question the propriety of the wholesale onslaught being made on good hard money, which, if properly used might prove a blessing to Canada rather than a nuisance. I have asked myself and others too, Why are not four American quarters worth a dollar? The only answer is, oh! because, as compared with gold, it is at a discount in the States, and besides, our banks will only receive it from merchants at a ruinous rate of reduction. They make it. The bankers knowing that it general circulation must keep their bills out of circulation will take it only at rates which enable them to make a splendid profit. But then, if the bankers, on the soundest of Commercial principles, refuse to take silver at a less discount than 4 or 4½ per cent, how, I ask, do they discover all at once, when the people of the country decide on using silver at its depreciated value only, that they cannot take it except at a discount of 6 or 6½ per cent? Does not such an action prove, most conclusively, that the depreciation of silver coins, as now understood, is based on *arbitrary* and unsound principles. I admit that silver has been over-valued, and also that such overvaluation is the direct cause of its super-abundance, just as in 1717 when, because it was fixed that the British guinea should exchange for 21 shillings, it was the obvious interest of everyone to deal solely with gold, but I deny that the remedy adopted will be the means of removing the evil complained of. Look at the objections calmly. The remedy is an *arbitrary* one. Do we not know that even with the assistance of Law it is impossible to quell a title of public evil—how then succeed in a measure which depends for success solely on the popular caprice? It is *inadequate*—the action of the Banks and Brokers proves that to a demonstration. Going further, I had almost said it was *impolitic*. Why? Because coin, be it silver or gold, is a good thing for any country to possess. With six or seven millions of silver in circulation we have something *substantial* to look at if every bank in the country should fail. Why, when the senseless run upon the Royal Canadian occurred last year unthinking people—(and the masses, when excited about money never do think)—actually paid a premium for silver as compared with its bills. You must know, Mr. Editor, and I thank your readers will admit that we have not, during the past twenty years, had enough money in this country to carry on its legitimate business. Hence the credit system, the living from hand to mouth during the period between June and September, the thumbscrewing of certain banks, the sickening efforts of our Government in the hopeless task of endeavoring to *borrow itself out of debt*. Truly the American war was our opportunity. We received enormous prices for our horses, cattle, sheep, swine and produce. We got paid to a great extent in hard silver. Gold the Americans could hardly do without in view of foreign loans and exchange, silver they did not want because their greenbacks were issued on the security of the country at large—to be redeemed or repudiated at some future day, just as might be found most convenient. They got our produce and we hold nearly all they had in the shape of real money. Let us hold on to it. If we have to reduce it by 4 per cent why not in this wise; buy up the silver at 4 per cent discount with Provincial Notes to be issued in batches of say one million dollars at a time, and re-coin the silver into genuine Canadian legal tender coin, to be held as a basis for for a greatly increased paper circulation, or put in circulation to such an extent as might be considered safe or desirable. If too much silver were accumulated through this means nothing could be easier than to buy gold with a portion of it. We should then be borrowing from ourselves in such a way that the burthen would never be felt, while there would be an abundance of money in the country—just what we want. If the silver nuisance complained of is a real one, it is a crying shame that the people, under a representative form of Government, should be compelled to take the remedy into their own hands. What is the Government of the country for, if not to adjust such difficulties as this. In all civilized countries, and especially during modern times it has been considered incumbent upon governments to pay strict attention to matters of such vital importance as currency and banking, and I think it is clearly the duty of the Canadian Legislature, instead of placing the business community to a great extent under the thumb of Mr. King of the Bank of Montreal and bolstering up huge monopolies like the Grand Trunk Railway, to do something for us in the matter. If the merchants, traders and mechanics of the country had shown as much zeal in pressing the legislature to definite action as they have done in taking the bull by the the horns themselves, I feel confident a great public benefit would have been permanently secured. I am aware that the views of a common, hard-working, *bona fide* mechanic cannot possibly carry the weight which would be attached to the utterances of the great ones at the top of the ladder, but their publication may, at least, lead to something to the point from a more competent pen. I only wish, when I do a piece of work, that I was always sure of my pay, even in the despised silver.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

Continued.

He turned round and slept for several hours as he supposed; but in reality he was silent for just three seconds. "Well said he, "and is a gardener a man to be looked down upon by upstarts? When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman? Why, where the spade was. Yet I went through the Herald's College and not one of our mushroom aristocracy, (blooted I object to; they don't eat half as much as their footmen) had a spade for a crest. There's nothing ancient west of the Caspian. Well, all the better. For there's a spade for a that, an a that, an a that,—an a that. Hallo! Stop that an a' that,—and it is my with to be quiet. Allow me respectfully to observe," said he striking off suddenly into an air of vast politeness, that man requires change. I've done a jolly good day's work with the spade for this old Buffer, and now the intellect claims its turn. The mind retires above the noisy world to its Acropolis, and there discusses the great problem of the day: *the Insular Enigma.* To be or not to be, that is the question I believe. No it is not. That is fully discussed elsewhere. Hum! to diffuse—intelligence—from a fixed island—over one hundred leagues of water.

"It's stinger. But I can't complain. I had read Lempriere, and Smith and Bryant, and mythology in general, yet I must go and fall in love with the sphinx. Men are so vain. Vanity whispered she will set you a light one; why is a cobbler like a king, for instance. She is in love with you, ye fool, if you are with her. The harder the riddle the higher the compliment the Sphinx pays to you. That is the way all sensible men look at it. She is not the Sphinx; she is an angel, and I call her my Lady Caprice *Hate her for being Caprice?* You morrigrinjie muddlehead. Why, I love Caprice for being her shadow. Poor, impotent love that can't solve a problem. The only one she ever set me. I've gone about it like a fool. What is the use putting up little bits of telegraphs on the island; I'll make a kite a hundred feet high, get five miles of rope ready against the next hurricane; and then I'll rub it with phosporus and fly it. But what can I fasten it to? No tree would hold it. Dunce! To the island itself, of course. And now go to Stanhope Magg, Meiton, and Copestake for one thousand yards of silk,—Money! Money! Money: Well, give them a mortgage on the island and a draft on the gallows. Now stop the pitch-fountain, and bore a hole near it; fill fifty balloons with gas, inscribe them with the latitude and longitude, fly them, and bring all the world about our ears. The problem is solved, it is solved, and I am destroyed. She leaves me; she thinks no more of me. Her heart is in England!"

Then he muttered, for a long time unintelligibly; and Helen ventured near, and actually laid her hand on his brow to soothe him. But suddenly his muttering ceased, and he seemed to be puzzling hard over something.

The result came out in a clear articulate sentence, that made Helen recoil, and holding by the mast, cast an indescribable look of wonder and dismay on the speaker.

"She says she hates reptiles. Yet she marries Arthur Wardlaw."

CHAPTER XXXIX

The very name of Arthur Wardlaw started Helen, and made her realize how completely her thoughts had been occupied with another.

But, add to that the strange and bitter epigram! Or was it a mere fortuitous concourse of words?

She was startled, amazed, confounded, puzzled. And, ere she could recover her composure, Hazel was back to his problem again; but no longer with the same energy.

He said in a faint sleepy voice; "He maketh the winds his messengers, and flames of fire His ministers.' Ah! if I could do that! Well, why not? I can do anything she bids,—

Gracilius caurions colum jessers fitt."

And soon after this doughty declaration he dozed off, and forgot all his trouble for a while.

The sun rose, and still he slept, and Helen watched him with undisguised tenderness in her face; undisguised now that he could not see it.

Ere long she had companions in her care. Ponto came out of his den, and snuffed about the boat; and then began to scratch it, and whimper for his friend. Tommy swam out of the sea, came to the boat, discovered, Heaven knows how, that his friend was there, and, in the way of noise, did everything but speak. The sea-birds followed and fluttered here and there in erratic way, with now and then a peck at each other. All animated nature seemed to be uneasy at this eclipse of their Hazel.

At last Tommy raised himself perpendicular, in a vain endeavour to look into the boat, and invented a whine in the minor key, which tells on dogs: Ponto set off in a moment; he sat upon his tail, and delivered a long and most deplorable howl.

"Everything loves him,' thought Helen.

With Ponto's music Hazel awoke, and found her watching him, with tears in her eyes; he said softly: "Miss Rolleston there is nothing the matter, I hope. Why am I not up getting things for your breakfast."

"Dear friend," said she, "why you are not doing things for me and forgetting yourself, is because you have been very ill. And I am your nurse. Now tell me what I shall get you. Is there nothing you could fancy?"

"No; he had not appetite; she was not to trouble about him. And then he tried to get up; but that gave him such a pain in his loins, he was faign to lie down again. So then he felt that he had got the rheumatic fever. He told her so; but seeing her sweet anxious face, begged her not to be alarmed,—he knew what to take for it. Would she be kind enough to go to his arsenal and fetch some specimens of bark she would find there, and also the keg of rum.

She flew at the word, and soon made him an infusion of the barks in boiling water; to which the rum was added.

His sweet nurse administered this from time to time. The barks used were of cassia-tree, and a wild citron tree. Cinchona did not exist in this island unfortunately. Perhaps there was no soil for it at a sufficient elevation above the sea.

Nevertheless with these inferior barks they held the fever in check. But the pain was obstinate, and cost Helen many a sigh; for if she came softly, she could often hear him moan; and the moment he heard her foot, he set-to and whistled, for a blind; with what success may be imagined. She would have bought those pains, or a portion of them; ay, and paid a heavy price for them.

But pain, like everything, intermits, and in those blessed intervals his mind was more active then ever, and ran a great deal upon what he called the Problem.

But she, who had set it him, gave him little encouragement now to puzzle over it.

The following may serve as a specimen of their conversation on that head.

"The air of this island," said he, 'gives one a sort of vague sense of mental power. It leads to no result in my case; still, it is an agreeable sensation to have it floating across my mind that some day I shall solve the Great Problem. Ah! if I were only an inventor!"

"And so you are."

"No, no," said Hazel, disclaiming as earnestly as some people claim; "I do things that look like acts of invention, but they are acts of memory. I could show you plates and engravings of all the things I have seemed to invent. A man who studies books instead of skimming them, can cut a dash in a desert island, until the fatal word goes forth,—invent; and then you find him out."

"I am sure I wish I had never said the fatal word. You will never get well if you puzzle your brain over such impossibilities."

"Impossibilities! But is that not begging the question? The measure of impossibilities is lost in the present age. I propose a test. Let us go back a century, and suppose that three problems were laid before the men of that day, and they were asked to decide which is the most impossible; 1st, to diffuse intelligence from a fixed island over a hundred leagues of water; 2nd, to make the sun take in thirty seconds likenesses more exact than any portrait-painter ever took,—likenesses that can be sold for a shilling at fifty per cent profit; 3rd, for New York and London to exchange words by wire so much faster than the earth can turn, that Loud shall tell New York at ten o'clock on Monday morning what was the price of consols at two o'clock Monday afternoon."

"That is a story," said Helen, with a look of angelic reproach.

"I accept the reply," said Hazel. "As for me, I have got a smattering of so many subjects, all full of incredible truths, that my faith in the impossibility of anything is gone. Ah! if James Watt was here instead of John Hazel—James Watt, from the Abbey, with a head as big as a pumpkin,—he would not have gone groping about the island, writing on rocks, and erecting signals. No: he would have had some grand and bold idea worthy of the proposition."

"Well, so I think, said Helen, archly, "that great man would begin by making a kite a hundred yards high."

"Would he? Well, he was quite capable of it."

"Yes; and rubbed it with phosphorus, and flown it the first tempest, and made and made the string fast to—the island!'

"Rather hyperbolical, I fear. But after all, it is an idea."

"Or else," continued Helen, "he would weave a thousand yards of some light fabric and make balloons; then he would stop the pitch-fountain, bore a hole in the rock near it, and so get the gas, inscribe them with our aid story, and our latitude and longitude, and send them flying all over the ocean,—there!"

Hazel was amazed.

"I resign my functions to you," said he. "What imagination! What invention!"

"O dear no," said Helen, slyly; "acts of memory sometimes pass for invention, you know. Shall I tell you? when first you fell ill, you were rather light-headed, and uttered the strangest things. They would have made me laugh heartily, only I couldn't—for crying. And you said that about kites and balloons very word."

"Did I? than I have most brains when I have least reason, that's all."

"Ay," said Helen "and other strange things,—very strange and bitter things. One I should like to ask you about, what on earth you could mean by it; but perhaps you meant nothing after all."

"I'll soon tell you," said Hazel; but he took precaution to add, "Provided I know what it means myself."

She looked at him steadily, and was on the point of seeking the explanation so boldly offered; but her own courage failed her. She colored and hesitated.

"I shall wait," said she, "till you are quite, quite well. That will be soon, I hope only you must be good, and obey my prescriptions. Cultivate patience; it is a wholesome plant; how the pride of that intellect which you see a fever can lay low in an hour; aspire no more beyond the powers of man. Here we shall stay unless Providence sends us a ship. I have ceased to repine; and don't you begin. Dismiss that problem altogether; see how hot it has made your poor brow. Be good now, and dismiss it; or else do as I do,—fold it up, put it quietly away in a corner of your mind, and when you least expect, it will pop out solved.'

(O, comfortable doctrine! But how about Jamie Watt's headaches? And why are the signs of hard thoughts so much stronger on his brow and face than in Shakespeare's? Mercy on us there is another problem.)

Hazel smiled, well-pleased, and leaned back, soothed, silenced, subdued, by her soft voice and the exquisite touch of her velvet hand on his hot brow; for woman-like, she laid her hand like dew on that burning brow to aid her words in soothing it. Nor did it occur to him just then that this admonition delivered with a kind maternal hand, maternal voice, came from the same young lady who had flown at him like a wild cat with this very problem in her mouth. She mesmerized him, problem and all; he subsided into a complacent languor, and at last went to sleep, thinking only of her. But the topic had entered his mind too deeply to be finally dismissed. It returned next day, though in a different form. You must know that Hazel, as he lay on his back in the boat, had often, in a half-drowsy way, watched the effect of the sun upon the boat's mast: it now stood, like a bare pole, and at certain hours acted like the needle of a dial, but casting a shadow upon the sands. Above all he could see pretty well by means of this pole and its shadows when the sun attained its greatest elevation. He now asked Helen to assist him in making this observation exactly.

She obeyed his instructions, and the moment the shadow reached its highest angle, and showed the minutest symptom of decension she said, "Now," and Hazel called out in a loud voice:—

"Noon!"

"And forty-nine minutes past eight at Sydney," said Helen, holding out her chronometer, for she had been sharp enough to get it ready of her own accord.

Hazel looked at her and at the watch with amazement.

"What?" said he. "Impossible. You can't have kept Sydney time all this while."

"And pray why not?" said Helen. "Have you forgotten that once somebody praised me for keeping Sydney time; it helped you, somehow or other, to know where we were."

"And so it will now," cried Hazel, exultingly. "But no! it is impossible. We have gone through scenes that—you can't have wound that watch up without missing a day."

"Indeed but I have," said Helen. "Not wind my watch up! Why if I was dying I would wind my watch up. See, it requires no key; a touch or two of the fingers and it is done. O, I am remarkable constant in all my habits; and this is an old friend I never neglect. Do you remember that night in the boat, when neither of us expected to see morning.—O, how good and brave you were!—wait, I remember winding it up that night. I kissed it, and bade it good by; but I never dreamed of not winding it up, because I was going to be killed. What! am I not to be praised again, as I was on board ship? Stingy, can't afford to praise one twice for the same thing."

"Praised!" cried Hazel excitedly: "worshipped, you mean. Why, we have got the longitude by means of your chronometer. It is wonderful! It is providential! It is the figure of Heaven! Pen and ink, and let me work it out.

In his excitement he got up without assistance, and was soon busy calculating the longitude of Godsend Isle.

CHAPTER XL.

"There," said he. "Now the latitude I must guess at by certain combinations. In the first place the slight variation in the length of the days. Then I must try and make a rough calculation of the sun's parallax. And then my botany will help me a little; spices furnish a clew; there are one or two that will not grow outside the tropic. It was the longitude that beat me and now we have conquered it. Hurrah! Now I know what to diffuse, and in what direction; east, southeast; the ducks have shown me that much. So there's the first step towards the impossible problem."

"Very well," said Helen; "and I am sure one step is enough for one day. I forbid you the topic for twelve hours at least. I detest it, because it makes your poor head so hot."

What does that matter?" said Hazel, impetuously and almost crossly.

"Come, come, sir," said Helen, authoritatively; "it matters to me."

But when she saw that he could think of nothing else, and that opposition irritated him, she had the tact and good sense not to strain her authority, not to irritate her subject.

Hazel spliced a long, fine-pointed stick to the mast-head, and set a plank painted white with guano at right angles to the base of the mast; and so whenever the sun attained his meridian altitude, went into a difficult and subtle calculation to arrive at the latitude, or as near as he could without proper instruments; and he brooded and brooded over the discovery of the longitude, but unfortunately he could not advance.

Having thought and thought till his head was dizzy, at last he took Helen's advice and put it by for a while. He sat himself to fit and number a quantity of pearl oyster shells, so that he might be able to place them at once, when he should be able to recommence his labour of love in the cavern.

One day Helen had left him so employed, and was busy cooking the dinner at her own place, but, mind you, with one eye on the dinner and another on her patient, when suddenly she heard, him shouting very loud, and ran out to see what was the matter.

He was roaring like mad, and whirling his arms over his head like a demented windmill.

She ran to him

"Eureka! Eureka!" he shouted, in furious excitement.

"O dear!" cried Helen; "never mind," She was all against her patient exciting himself.

But he was exalted beyond even her control. "Crown me with laurel," he cried; "I have solved the problem'; and up went his arms.

"O, is that all?" said she calmly.

"Get me two "squares of my parchment," cried he; "and some of the finest gut."

"Will not after dinner do?"

"No; certainly not," said Hazel, in a voice of command. "I would not wait a moment for all the fleshpots of Egypt."

Then she went like the wind and fetched them.

"O, thank you! thank you! Now I want,—let me see,—ah, there's an old rusty hoop that was washed ashore, on one of that ship's casks. I put it carefully away; how the unlikeliest things come in useful soon or late!"

She went for the hoop, but not so rapidly, for here it was that the first faint doubt of his sanity came in. However, she brought it, and he thanked her.

"And now," said he, "while I prepare the intelligence, wid you be so kind as to fetch me the rushes."

"The what?" said Helen in growing dismay.

"The rushes I'll tell you where to find some."

Helen thought the best thing was to temporize. Perhaps he would be better after eating some wholesome food. "I'll fetch them directly after dinner," said she; "But it will be spoiled if I leave it for long; and I do so want it to be nice for you today."

"Dinner!" cried Hazel. "What do I care for dinner now. I am solving my problem. I'd rather go without dinner for years than interrupt a great idea. Pray let dinner take its chance, and obey me for once."

"For once!" said Helen, and turned her mild hazel eyes on him with such a look of gentle reproach.

"Forgive me! But don't take me for a child, asking you for a toy; I'm a poor crippled, inventor, who sees daylight at last. O, I'm on fire; and if you want me not to go in to a fever, way, get me my rushes."

"Where shall I find them?" said Helen, catching fire at him.

"Go to where your old hut stood, and follow the river about a furlong; you will find a bed of high rushes; cut me a good bundle, cut them below the water, choose the stoutest. Here is a pair of shears I found in the ship."

She took the shears and went swiftly across the sands, and up the slope. He watched her with an admiring eye; and