Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVI. NO. 26. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1378.

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 S. 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 4 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 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.

☞ 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-ly

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 McCallum's hotel. Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

Dr. P. A. McDougall WILL be now in town for Consultation up to 11 o'clock, a.m., every day. Will visit patients at any hour afterwards, night or day. 4w

G. C. Shannon M.D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont. 1340-1y

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

Dr. Cassady. McGill College PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw103

Ira Lewis BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office in Court House.

Cameron & Garrow. Barristers, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich. M. C. CAMERON w53 J. T. GARROW.

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

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

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

W. R. SQUIRE. BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR for in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. Office, over J. C. Detlor & Co's Emporium, Market Square, Goderich. 1353

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

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

JAMES SMAILL, ARCHITECT, &c., &c., COURT HOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', "plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued. 1297-1y.

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 manufactured 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. w4-1y—

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

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 1872. 1305

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 by payments on the principle of Sinking Fund, either repayable at expiry of time or by annual payments in instalments. Facilities of Loans will be accepted at any time in favorable terms. ☞ Approved Mortgages purchased. M. TRUEMAN, Agent. Office—next door to Signal Office, Goderich. 1317

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. sw19-1y

Hotels.

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

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

Money to Lend.

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 At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan 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. 26th 1870. w36-1y.

$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 AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST for 5 or 10 years. Interest repayable either early or half-yearly. Apply to HENRY MATHERS, St. Helens. 1300-1f.

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

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 company. 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

Toronto Life Assurance and Tontine Company. HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL AUTHORIZED BY CHARTER.....$100,000 With liberty to increase to half a million. *Amount called in, 25 per cent.—all paid up.* INVESTMENTS LIMITED BY CHARTER TO MORTGAGES AND DEBENTURES. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: *President*: The Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, M.P.P., Q.C., &c., &c., Toronto. *Vice President*: Lewis Moffatt, Esq., Geo. Duncan, Esq., Judge of the County of York. W. H. Beatty, Esq., N.D.M.P., Toronto. Angus Cameron, Esq., Chief Merchants Bank, Toronto. Wm. J. Macdonell, Esq., Manager Toronto Savings Bank, Toronto. Alexander Hosmer, Esq., M.P.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.....209,369.60 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 recommend to the Farming Community. First Class men wanted for a travelling Agent for the townships outlying this Town. Apply in writing with references to the undersigned for terms, mission to the Head Office.

D. WATSON, Local Agent. Goderich 12th Sept. 1871 1

ANCHOR LINE.

Steamers Sail Every Wednesday and Saturday. TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND GLASGOW, Calling at Londonderry to land Mails and Passengers. ☞ Passage, as 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 DEPARTURES. From Glasgow. From New York. Sat. Sept. 23d....IOWA.....Mon., Oct. 16th. Sat. Sept. 20th....CALEDONIA..Sat., Oct. 21st. Sat. Oct. 7th....ANGLIA.....Sat., Oct. 26th. Sat., Oct. 14th....COLUMBIA...Sat., Nov. 4th. And every Wednesday and Saturday thereafter from Pier 20, North River, at noon. RATES OF PASSAGE PAYABLE IN CURRENCY, To Liverpool, Glasgow or Derry: First Cabin, $65 and $75, according to location. Cabin Excursion Tickets (good for 12 months) securing best accomodation, $130. Intermediate, $35. Steerage, $32. Certificates at LOWEST RATES can be bought here by those wishing to send for their friend. Drafts issued payable on presentation. Apply at the Company's Offices or to MRS WARNOCK, West St. Goderich, Ont. Goderich Oct. 23 1871.

Goderich Marble works

Scott, Vanstone & Co., BEG TO INTIMATE THAT THEY HAVE opened a branch of their Kincardine MARBLE-CUTTING WORKS, in the old stand of Mr. A. M. Johnston Victoria st., Goderich, and will be able to supply Tombstones, Mantlepieces, Window Sills, &c., &c., &c., in the best style of workmanship and on reasonable terms. GAVIN STUTHERS, Agent. Goderich 11th July. sw30-1

IMPORTANT NOTICE

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

OPENED OUT AGAIN.

DOUGLAS McKENZIE Watchmaker & Jeweller, DESIRES to return his sincere thanks to the public for its patronage extended him in the past, and to announce that he has removed to the premises on Hamilton Street, formerly occupied as a Saloon by Harry Reed, and directly opposite C. Crabb's store, which he has fitted up in first-class style. He would call special attention to the RUSSELL WATCH for the sale of which he is Sole agent in Goderich. A large stock of Waltham, Merion, Elgin and Swiss Watches in Gold and Silver cases. He has on hand a large and well selected stock of JEWELLERY of all kinds which he will sell cheap. REPAIRING DONE AS USUAL. A CALL SOLICITED. D. McKENZIE. Goderich, March 28th 1873 1363

DOMINION CARRIAGE WORKS.

R. J. WHITELY BEGS TO THANK THE PUBLIC for the liberal patronage accorded him in the past and to announce that he still carries on CARRIAGE & SLEIGH MAKING in all its branches, at the old stand, opposite E. MARTIN'S COLBORNE HOTEL. Carriages, Buggies, Waggons and everything else in his line kept on hand or made to order of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner. REPAIRING PROMPTLY EXECUTED. Goderich, 25th Feb. 1873. 1308

THURBER'S ROYAL ANTI-FRICTION BABBITT METAL. PARTICULARS: THURBER METAL No. 1 is for Main Bearings, Crank Pins, Piston Heads, Cross Heads, Eccentrics and Journals running at high speed. No. 2 is for Factory Shafting, Journals and general purposes.....per lb. No. 3 is for Gudgeons and general purposes.....per lb. CANADIAN METAL is for sale at Factory prices. PHILADELPHIA METAL is a very fine Metal at the Price.....per lb. Large Stock of the above Metals always on hand. Orders for the Trade and Manufacturers will receive prompt attention. Circulars with Testimonials and Prices Current sent on application. THURBER'S ROYAL ANTI-FRICTION BABBITT METAL is now used on the following Railways in Canada: Great Western, Grand Trunk, Toronto, Simcoe and Huron, Northern, Toronto and Nipissing, Ontario and Quebec, Canada Southern, Credit Valley, Port Hope, Toronto, Sarnia, Georgian Bay and Lake Huron Mills, Peterborough, Lindsay, Port Hope, Brantford, Galt, Kaposee, Brockville, Ottawa, Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec and Northern Mills, &c., as well as in all the Principal Manufacturing Establishments, Railway Shops, Steamboats, Propellers, &c., &c. For Sale everywhere in the Dominion at the above Prices. F. P. G. TAYLOR & CO., Toronto. For sale by H. GARDINER & CO., Agents for Goderich. Nov. 16th, 1872 1344

Poetry.

Changed.

H. W. Longfellow, in The Tonic.

From the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the milestone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down,
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
Ah, the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun.
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

"Olive Varcoe."

—:o:—

Mr. Heriot was silent. It was a dead, blank silence, having in it a world of conviction, and to Sir Hilton a world of hopelessness.

'Then it would appear,' said Mr. Heriot, 'the poor man whom she has infatuated, hid the cord, and gave it to her in the course of the day. Was he at Trewavas? Could he have done this?'

'Yes' replied Sir Hilton.

'And here was Miss Maristowe her rival?' continued Mr. Heriot. 'Did she, too, love this young man?'

'No,' said Sir Hilton, 'she was engaged to me. She was to be my wife next week.

'Ah!' exclaimed the lawyer. 'Where is the rivalry then? Who is this girl whom you accuse of murder?'

Sir Hilton could not answer; his voice died on his lips, and Dr. Burton spoke.

'We are come to you to entreat your help, Mr. Heriot.' said he; 'we speak frankly, openly, relying on your honor, trusting to you implicitly. We know, that to enable you to help us, we must give you our entire confidence.'

'Certainly, said Mr. Heriot, gravely. 'Your skill, your learning, your experience, can be of infinite aid, if you will but use it in our behalf.'

'Pass all that, and go on with the story,' interposed Mr. Heriot, in his cold, calm voice.

'I obey you,' said Dr. Burton. 'The lady we accuse is Miss Olivia Varcoe. Sir Hilton's cousin—a second cousin. She was an ambitious girl, and until his engagement, she hoped that he would marry her.

'Burton, be just!' broke in Sir Hilton, passionately. 'Olive loved me! Heaven forgive me, she loved me with her whole heart.'

'Then the rivalry and jealousy were between her and the murdered girl on your accounts?' observed Mr. Heriot.

'Oh, the agony in the young manly face! the pain and shame struggling to hide, and breaking forth in trembling lip and shrinking eyes.

'Mr. Heriot,' said he, 'I am not a vicious man, believe me, or a vain man, or a fool; and yet this horror has fallen upon me. It has come through the sins that the world engenders; it has come through carelessness, selfishness, pride, blindness of heart.'

'Stop!' said the lawyer. 'Tell me all that by-and-by. Let me know now where the chloroform was found.'

'In the pocket of the dress she wore on the day of the murder,' resumed Dr. Burton. 'A servant, who dislikes her, found it, and brought it to me this morning.

'And this made you examine the body with a view to detecting chloroform?' said Mr. Heriot.—'Yes,' replied the doctor.

'And, as a medical man, you believe that it was used?' continued Mr. Heriot.

'Yes,' said he; 'but, with an autopsy, I could——'

'Never mind technicalities, and medical terms and proofs,' exclaimed Mr. Heriot—'keep them for the coroner. I take your word without them. What other links are there in the evidence?'

'Rapidly I have suggested Mr. Damerel's statements respecting Olive's interview with Eleanor in the Lady's Bower; to this he added many of those threads and suspicions, which, taken singly, but weighty when woven into one; and lastly, he detailed the servant's story of the dress being wet, as though dragged through water, and the finding ashes of burnt letters in the grate.

'Strange to say, I have reason to believe these burnt papers were leaves from my brother's journal,' said Sir Hilton, 'for he found it torn; and, with great difficulty, I have got him to confess to me, that the missing pages related to conversations he had held with her respecting Mrs. Maristowe.'

'Then your brother will be a reluctant witness?' remarked Mr. Heriot.

'He will indeed,' replied Sir Hilton. 'Eleanor and Olive were great friends.'

'And this young man, who loves her, will be an unwilling witness also?' continued the lawyer.

'There is no doubt of that,' said Dr. Burton; 'and there are other circumstances in her favor. Her defence is, that she was locked in her room from three until eight, Lady Trewavas having the key of the door.'

'Ah!' said Mr. Heriot, looking up with sudden and renewed interest, 'this complicates the case amazingly. She must be a clever girl. Go on; explain all.'

Upon this the doctor sketched the plan of the room, with the closet, the spiral stairs, the locked door at the foot, and the library window close at hand, opening on the unfrequented shrubbery.

'But the door is always locked,' observed Sir Hilton, 'and the key kept in the table drawer.' And it was there last night at nine o'clock—it was there this morning.'

'But you know not where it was between three and eight yesterday?' inquired Mr. Heriot.

'No,' replied Sir Hilton; 'but I never missed it from the drawer.'

'Well,' resumed Mr. Heriot, 'I presume you have laid before me nearly all the evidence which will be put before the coroner, testimony, the gown with the ashes, and the missing letters?'

'Yes,' returned Dr. Burton.

Sir Hilton did not answer, but leaning his brow upon his hand, gazed into the parchment face of the lawyer, with a strange agony in his eyes.

'Facts of Lady Trewavas' evidence of the locked door of the chamber, and in spite of the favoring testimony of unwilling witnesses, the result of the inquest will be a verdict of wilful murder against Olive Varcoe,' said Mr. Heriot.

'And then?' asked Sir Hilton, gasping for breath.

'And then she will be tried at the sessions,' replied Mr. Heriot, 'and——'

'Good Heavens!' condemned!' exclaimed Sir Hilton.

'No, acquitted,' said the lawyer. 'She is very young, very pretty, and a woman; the jury won't hang her. There is no circumstantial evidence against her, and some of that doubtful. At the trial she will get the full benefit of that doubt, and be acquitted. But, mark how do you call him, Vigo?—will have made up his mind to swear, as thick and thin, Olive Varcoe, He'll deny having seen her in the wood, and he'll contradict his friend Damerel respecting that cord; though if I were her counsel I would not let him. The cord staggers me—a clever woman would not advertise her crime like that. I should make a point of it, to prove her innocent. There is no proof she had, or ever had the key of the ancient staircase; so the fact of her having been locked in her room being proved by your brother and grandmother, and there being no proof forthcoming of her having got out, she must necessarily be acquitted. You tell me she asserts that Mr. Damerel's statement is false, and she met Vigo in the wood, not yesterday, but the day before. Now, this will be her weak point, and his also; so, if you want to get her convicted, I tell you what you must do.'

'Convict her!' interrupted Sir Hilton. 'Oh, Mr. Heriot, I am come to you to ask what I can do to save her—what I can do to spare her the agony of a trial, the shame and misery of a prison.'

'Is that it?' said Mr. Heriot, fixing his keen eyes on the unhappy young man. 'Do! Why, nothing. You can't save her.'

'But I must—I will!' exclaimed Sir Hilton. 'My senses leave me at the thought of seeing her perish.'

'You believe her guilty?' said Mr. Heriot.

'Heaven help me!—yes!' he replied.

'Then she deserves to be hanged,' said the lawyer. 'She'll be mighty lucky in getting off with a few months' imprisonment.

'But the shame, the agony,' said Sir Hilton; 'she will die under it. Oh, Mr. Heriot, tell me what I can do. Must I give evidence to-morrow?'

'You cannot escape that,' he replied.

'But I shall not speak of the burnt cord,' said Sir Hilton. 'It is only a shadow, a suspicion in my mind. I have no right to name it. You will not betray me! I can rely on Dr. Burton.'

'You need not fear,' said Mr. Heriot. 'I shall say nothing. I never talk when I am not paid for it. If you want to get this girl off, I can give you the address of a first rate man, who will do it, if any one can.'

Sir Hilton scarcely seemed to hear him. He leant back in his chair, pale and exhausted.

'Let him test a minute,' said Dr. Burton, in a low voice, as Mr. Heriot wrote down the name and address of a celebrated counsel. 'You understand his desire is to avoid a trial. It is his bride who is murdered; her family and all the world will expect him to aid in convicting, not saving, the accused. His is a hard position.

'It is an awful mess,' said Mr. Heriot. 'Why did he not get the girl out of the way this morning?

'He tried it,' replid Dr. Burton; 'she would not go.'

'What?' exclaimed Mr. Heriot, in a quick, sharp whisper.

'No; she was proud and sulky,' said Dr. Burton, 'and would not, she said, accept anything from his hands.'

The keen glance that fell from Mr. Heriot's eyes on Sir Hilton's pale face might have startled him, had he seen it.

'Ah,' said he—'and yet she loves Sir Hilton, you think?'

'Or she wanted to be Lady Trewavas,' said Dr. Burton.

'Very likely,' said Mr. Heriot. 'In that case she may love Vigo.'

The doctor thought within himself for a moment, and then was obliged to answer, frankly, 'No, I think not.'

Again Mr. Heriot's glance wandered to the young, worn face, regarding him so wearily.

'Sir Hilton,' said he, 'I am going to ask you an abrupt question. You need not answer it if you don't like. Were you much attached to Miss Maristowe?'

A swift flush went up to Sir Hilton's brow, leaving his face, as it passed away, wan and pale as a dead man's.

'You have asked me a hard question, Mr. Heriot,' he replied. 'To answer truly, I must say both yes and no. This may seem strange, but it is true. If I dared assert it, I would say it is possible for the heart to hold to loves, both different, and yet both being love. Let any man examine his soul, and say whether there has not been a period in his existence, when such an anomaly has presented itself to his own experience. I liked Olive from a child, but as I grew older, reason and prudence drew me from her side. It was for her own sake, at first, that I ceoled towards her. I saw that my regard was drawing out her the unjust dislike of Lady Trewavas. My grandmother is in most things a kind, sensible woman, but in her pride or her affection for me rendered her cruel, almost vindictive. She gradually lowered Olive's position in the household—meaning to degrade her in her eyes, and render it impossible for me to marry her. She did this in the sight of strangers and acquaintances, galling the girl often to the quick. To spare her further pain, I kept much away from Trewavas, and when I was there I paid as much attention as possible to others. For the last two or three years Lady Trewavas has been careful, that whenever I returned home, I should meet Eleanor and her mother. You will not think me a coxcomb if I say, that I saw Miss Maristowe liked me. She was very beautiful; she combined, in her person and position, every requisite that my friends or I could desire in a wife. I proposed to her and was accepted. I did so, loving her, for her gentleness had greatly attracted me. In fact, I was fascinated for a time, and it was not till my engagement had lasted a month or two, that I began to feel there was something tame and inspired about her extreme softness. I fought against this reaction. I was resolved to fulfil my promises, and, through all, I was determined to reinstate Olive in her proper position in my house, and make her the companion and sister of my wife.'

'Ah—indeed!' said the old counsellor, drily.

'Eleanor's unfortunate jealousy interposed,' continued Sir Hilton, 'and I found myself obliged to consent to Olive's expulsion from Trewavas. This was the last blow that embittered that unhappy girl into madness and murder. I have told you the whole history now, Mr. Heriot. You will understand my grief, my compunction; you will see why I wish to save her.'

'I see the girl has been rather hardly dealt with among you all,' said Mr. Heriot. 'The truth is, you have filled her, and your grandmother has ill-used her. Now, if you will take my advice, you will get her out of the way till this affair has blown over, or till the right man turns up.

'Who? What do you mean?' said Sir Hilton.

'I mean the fellow who committed this murder,' replied Mr. Heriot. 'She is no more guilty than I am. Even assassins are scarcely such blunderers as you describe yours to be. The cord and the chloroform are convincing proofs to my mind of her innocence.'

Sir Hilton Trewavas started at him aghast; but, as the old lawyer yawned in his face, and laid his hand upon a volume of Swinburk on the table, there was nothing for it but to take the hint and go.

'I never accept a brief now,' observed Mr. Heriot, as they rose to say farewell, 'else I should be happy to defend this young girl, and put the hands of my friends, she will be safe—that is, if she abides to take her trial. My advice is, don't let her. These secret murderers always sing up sooner or later, and the world will see its injustice.

'I wish I could think as you do,' said Sir Hilton, in a tone of despair.

'He held out his hand as he spoke, and, strange to say, the old dried mummy if a man hesitated a moment to take it. He glanced at a bust placed above the door—the bust of a man with a small head, and mild, melancholy face.

'Well, I shook hands with him the day before he ended his existence in a solemn and public manner,' said the old cynic to himself; 'and so really I don't see why I should be squeamish.'

Upon this, his wiry hand grasped Sir Hilton's and the two men parted. As the noise of their horses' hoofs died away, Mr. Heriot rubbed his dry palms together, and shrugged his shoulders.

'Well, I don't wonder the young fellow feels uncomfortable,' said he. 'Of course he committed the murder himself. It is as plain as a pike-staff, that, and this girl is trying to screen him. Ah, and she'll do it too.'

This was Mr. Heriot's opinion, and it sant him in a complacent humor to his late rest.

It was two o'clock when Sir Hilton got back to Trewavas, He went straight to his brother's room. John lay on his bed sleeping, but dressed, and Sir Hilton, bending over him, felt a keen pang on seeing how the lines of his patient face had sharpened, and the dark shadow beneath hisunken eyes had deepened. 'John!' he said, softly, shaking him by the shoulder.

John sprang up with a sudden and ghastly wildness in his manner. 'Unhand me!' he cried, furiously. But, almost as he spoke, he saw it was his brother's grasp that held him, and the mad glare in his eyes died away, and the old patient smile broke over his face again.

'Hilton, is it you? I was dreaming horribly,' he said, with a shudder.

'Where is Olive?' asked his brother. 'Is she in her room?'

'No,' replied John. 'An hour ago she came and stood at my door like an avenging spirit, and she asked for the key—the key of that room where she lies. I could not refuse her. Do not tell Mrs. Maristowe of it, but I dare not say her nay.'

In his wild, weary manner, John seemed more like an excited child than a man, and Sir Hilton felt that it would be cruel to tax his strength further.

'Lie down again, John,' said he, 'I will go and find Olive.'

Sir Hilton descended the stairs with a soft step, and in a moment found himself in the corridor approaching Eleanor's room. A pale light streamed from the door, which was partially open. He looked within, and saw Olive kneeling by the bedside. She was weeping, her face hidden from his view; but the white flowers which he had seen in her hand that day were strewn about the bed, while a wreath of jasmine and myrtle rested gently on Eleanor's bosom.

'Eleanor, forgive me,' she murmured; 'forgive me if I escape, and hide this crime for ever in my secret solitude! Oh, merciful Father! have pity on me!'

'Olive!' said Sir Hilton; and his voice scarcely gentlemanly to trouble me at such a time with your vague suspicions.'

'Vague!' returned Mr. Damerel. 'No! I repudiate that expression; there is nothing vague about my opinion.'

'Then tell the coroner and the jury they have not done their duty; don't bother us,' said Dr. Burton, roughly.

Mr. Damerel gave him a languid stare, but vouchsafed no reply.

Sir Hilton Trewavas,' he continued, 'yesterday I was sorry for you. I thought there lay before you a sad duty, which you would nobly fulfil. To-day I am more sorry for you still. Beneath your feet you have trampled duty under foot. Do you know that from henceforth no gentleman will ever enter your doors, no lady will ever sit at your board? Even as I speak, Mrs. Maristowe unites your roof with the remains of her murdered daughter. All hearts sympathise with her, and approve of what she does. One house cannot contain her and Miss Olive Varcoe.'

Once more he removed his hat, and turning on his heel, departed, no sign or look from Sir Hilton staying him.

'Is this true, what he says?' asked Dr. Burton.

The workings of Sir Hilton's face, its dead whiteness, and suppressed passion, were a sufficient answer.

'Mrs. Maristowe is weak,' he said, in a moment recovering himself, 'and she hates me. Nevertheless, this is Sir Anthony's doing. Let us hasten on.'

'He will not let the matter rest here,' said the doctor. 'There will be a warrant here to-night to apprehend Olive, and she will be examined before this enemy of yours, and committed. At the examination, the fact of her having had chloroform in her possession will come out. I expected every moment to be questioned on it at the inquest. How it was Tamson did not betray herself I cannot tell.'

'She dares not,' replied Sir Hilton. 'Her whole family will be ruined if she swears to that falsehood. They are tenants of mine.'

This was significant. Yet the doctor was a dissector, and loved probity.

'Then you do not believe the girl found that chloroform in Olive's pocket?' he asked.

'No,' replied Sir Hilton. 'She never had any. I have asked John, and he assures me he never saw any in her possession. My grandmother's maid hates Olive.'

Dr. Burton pretended to be satisfied. On the whole, he was not sorry that Sir Hilton offered him this salve for his conscience. If the finding of the bottle was a pitiful trick of Tamson's, there was no harm in being silent on that matter. Hurrying through the park as they talked, they soon reached the mansion, and saw the great terrace sprinkled with horses and mourning coaches.

Sir Hilton was too proud to expostulate with Mrs. Maristowe, on the unseemly haste with which she quitted his house; but he felt the insult, and knew what it was intended to convey. She meant to show the world that she considered the roof that sheltered Olive Varcoe was not a fitting place for her and the remains of her murdered daughter. On entering the great drawing-room, he found her ready dressed for her departure, and saying adieu coldly and languidly to Lady Trewavas, while she, pale and stern, endeavored proudly to hide her sense of wrong and sorrow. The moment Mrs. Maristowe caught sight of Sir Hilton and Dr. Burton, she burst forth into shrieks, and sobs, and wringing of hands, till, spent and worn, she was obliged to cease from sheer exhaustion. When some little time after was restored, Sir Hilton bent over her, and said gently and steadily, 'Since you have resolved on departing immediately, I will not urge you to delay your journey longer than the short time requisite to enable me to get ready to accompany you.'

Mrs. Maristowe, with an hysterical gasp and sob, waved him away with her hand.

'No, no, Sir Hilton, I cannot let you go with me,' she cried. 'I could not bear it. The sight of you is too painful to me. My daughter's love for you has killed her. Close it over as you will, cover up the fatal truth, hide it, excuse it, shield the criminal beneath your own roof, the fact is the same. Eleanor's love for you has brought her to a violent death. My poor girl—my poor child!—I see it all. Oh, that I would to Heaven I had never seen this accursed house.'

Lady Trewavas took her friend into the alcove.

Her artful scheme had succeeded. Olive was alone. The circumstances of her bereavement too horrible, for them to feel aught but pity for her, say what she would.

'Considering the relation in which I stood to Eleanor,' continued Sir Hilton, his voice breaking slightly as he spoke, 'I think I have a right to accompany her to her last home.'

'No, no!' said Mrs. Maristowe, sobbing aloud. 'If you force yourself in this way on me, Sir Hilton, it will be cruel, most cruel. I will not bear it.'

'Madam, I forego my right,' said Sir Hilton. 'It is not my wish to force my presence on you, since it is painful, but I trust you will have no objection to accept the escort of my brother.'

'John has utterly broken down,' said Lady Trewavas. 'He is ill in bed.'

'Poor John!' sighed Mrs. Maristowe. 'I would gladly let him go with me, but he is really too ill. I thought he would have died just now, when he said farewell to my poor child.'

To Sir Hilton it seemed somewhat hard that John should be given the privilege denied to him; yet this, too, he bore silently.

'But it is better as it is,' continued Mrs. Maristowe; 'for the very name of Trewavas pierces my heart now.' Mr. Damerel has promised me his escort and protection. He will see me safely to my desolate, childless home. He is a Devonshire gentleman, a neighbor, and I shall feel tranquil with him.'

'You mean to forget, madam,' observed Dr. Burton, bluntly, 'that his family shares your sorrow, and has perhaps to suffer the harder portion of the burden. I think, for your own sake, and that of Lady Trewavas, you should rather—this painful interview had better end. Will you allow me to escort you to your carriage?'

Bursting into offending tears, Mrs. Maristowe rose at once.

'I am sure I can have no wish to stay here,' she said. 'No—not a minute longer.'

But at this moment the door opened, and a tiny figure dressed in black barred the way. It was Olive. Placing one hand on the back of a chair for support, she held the other imploringly towards Mrs. Maristowe.

'You are going away,' she said, 'and I fear it is because of me. I come to tell you that 'tis I who leave. I quit this house instantly, and I depart from the shores of Cornwall to-morrow. I shall stay in the village to-night—I hope that you will not offend you; but things will not be in readiness for my departure till the morning Mrs. Maristowe, will you say at Trewavas now? Do not add to their grief here by insult and unkindness.'

Was this Olive? Was this the proud, petulant, passionate girl, in whose nature there was no submission, no humility? Then, how utterly was her spirit broken down by remorse and guilt! It was so strange to hear humble accents from her lips, that Sir Hilton was inexpressibly touched, and for the first time the shadow of a tenderness came upon his soul, covering her crime and blotting it with tears. He understood what she had suffered, before she could thus humble herself. But not so Mrs. Maristowe. At the sound of Olive's voice, at the sight of her face, she shrank, and shivered and shuddered, folding herself up in her large cloak, and hiding her eyes with her hands.

'Will no one save me from this horror?' she cried. 'Will no one protect me? Am I obliged to bear the torture of this girl's presence? Send her away, she is killing me! Where is John? He is the only one of his family who has any heart or any honor.'

Her excitement, her foolishness, her tears, but, above all, her