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The Expositor

The Expositor. EVERY THURSDAY, AT THE OFFICE. In Booth & Corbett's New Brick Block, ORILLIA, ONT.

VOLUME III., NO. 144.

ORILLIA, ONT., CANADA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1872.

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Leave Orillia every morning (Sundays excepted) for Washago, at 9 o'clock, a.m., touching at Longford and the Portage. Leave Washago on the arrival of the mail from Gravenhurst, at 1 o'clock, p.m., touching at Longford, and connecting with train at Orillia, at 4 o'clock, p.m.; thus giving excursionists a good opportunity of visiting the mills at Longford, or going through to Washago, and returning the same day.

Fare to Washago, 40 cts; Longford and Portage, 25 cts; Tickets for the round trip, 50 cts.

D. L. SANSON, Orillia, June 11th, 1872.

1872. Summer Arrangement!!

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Leave Orillia every morning (Sundays excepted) at 8 o'clock, a.m., for Portage. Returning, calling at Longford and Rama. Will leave Rama at 1 o'clock, p.m., on arrival of the train, for Washago, with through mails and passengers, touching at Rama, Longford and the Portage. Will leave Washago at 3 o'clock, p.m., for Orillia, calling at the different ports on the route.

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Fare to Washago, 40 cts; Portage and Longford, 25 cts; Rama, 20 cts.

D. L. SANSON, Orillia, June 11th, 1872.

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The Home Fireside.

Not All at Once. The boy who does a stroke and stops Will never a great man be; 'Tis the aggregate of single drops That makes the sea the sea.

The mountains was not at its birth A mountain, so to speak; The little atoms of sand and earth Have made its peak a peak.

Not all at once the morning streams The gold above the gray; 'Tis a thousand little yellow gleams That makes the day the day.

Not from the snow-drift May awake In purple, red and Greens; Spring's whole bright retinue it takes; To make her queen of queens.

Upon the orchards rain must fall, And soak from root to root, And blossoms bloom and fade withal, Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till, And waste the wheaten bread, Then cradle, thrash, and go to mill, Before the bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout, But, spite of all the din, It is the patient holding out That makes the winner win.

LADY THORNHURST'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS, Author of "The Double Life," "Tressilian Court," &c., &c.

(Continued.)

Lord Thornhurst pressed her hand tenderly. He attributed her strange and shrinking silence to bodily weariness, and with his unoccupied hand he drew her nearer to him, so that her head lay upon his shoulder.

'Christmas would not have been Christmas had you remained in town, my own wife,' he said in his rich caressing voice, his tones thrilling the wounded, dreading heart thobbing heavily against his hand.

But as you are so pale and weak, why do your father allow you to come on alone? I expected Colonel Redruth would dine with us. Without him, we shall have but nine invited guests.

'Father had business in town, and I am quite able to travel alone. I have not even needed a maid, although you almost insisted that I should take Martha to town with me.'

'Cannot Colonel Redruth allow business to wait upon pleasure in the holiday season?' inquired Lord Thornhurst. 'Business at Christmas time? That seems too much like transacting business upon Sunday. By the by, Ignatia, I saw an odd notice in the Times—second column—yesterday. It was merely a striking coincidence of names. I must show it to you. What was the name of your girl-baby who died in her infancy?'

Lord Thornhurst's heart gave a great leap against his lordships hand. She withdrew from his embrace, as if stifled by it, and gasped for air.

'Good heavens! you are really ill,' cried the Marquis in alarm.

She did not answer, but pressed her forehead against the cold window-glass.

'It is nothing,' she said presently, in a half-choked voice—"a sudden spasm—that was all."

The Marquis was silent. She looked at him. He was regarding her gloomily, with glances of distrustfulness that bordered on suspicion.

'It was what I said to you, Ignatia,' he said in an altered voice, 'that made you start. I felt your heart give a frightened bound. There is something more than a coincidence of names in that notice. Did you put it into the Times?'

Lady Thornhurst shook her head. 'Colonel Redruth did?'

'Yes—he did,' was the slow, painfully spoken answer.

Lord Thornhurst's face changed in its hue. The gloomy look deepened in his bold blue eyes.

'Who was the lost child—this Georgia Holm—for whom the Colonel advertised?' he asked. 'Was she your daughter?'

The Marquis asserted by a movement of his head.

'But you told me she was dead?'

'I thought she was,' was the answer. 'I was led to believe that she died.'

'Why has there been any mystery about her?' demanded the Marquis, his face and voice growing stern.

'Why have you never told me that she was stolen from you? How have you discovered that she lives? Who stole her? And for what object?'

'It is a long story, Antony, and I am tired,' said Lady Thornhurst wearily. 'I have not told you because the story has been very painful to me, and I supposed my child to be dead. Do not question me now. I will tell you all when I shall have rested.'

The Marquis was dissatisfied, and his face showed it; but he would not press his inquiries while his wife was so fatigued.

'Very well,' he said, after a brief silence, speaking cheerfully. 'I cannot understand this mystery—for

that there is some mystery, in this matter, is plain to me. I cannot understand either, why you should have preserved from me a secret during all the nine years of our married life. I have had no secrets from you, and I supposed your heart was fully known to me. But I trust you, Ignatia; you will explain the matter to me in good time.'

'To-morrow night, after the dinner party, or the next day, she answered gratefully. 'Trust me Antony, until then. I have never willfully deceived you, and the only secret I have kept from you will be soon revealed to you.'

The Marquis forced himself to be content.

'Did the advertisement meet with success?' he asked. 'Did you find your daughter?'

'No. She may be dead as I formerly believed. I had a suspicion only that she lived; not an absolute certainty.'

The Marquis lapsed into silence. The mystery of the appearance of Holm at Thornhurst, as related to him by the gardener, came back to his mind. The mystery of Lady Thornhurst's singular agitation, illness, and late outdoor walk upon the same night, recurred to him. An atmosphere of mysteries seemed to surround him, and in spite of his resolve to trust his wife, he became gloomy, suspicious, and troubled.

The drive to Thornhurst seemed to both interminable. Both experienced a sense of relief as they bowled in between the open lodge gates, and went swiftly upon the long avenue towards the mansion. A rough wind was blowing in from the sea. The sky was dull, and the trees lining the avenue and arching overhead were stripped of their leaves. There was frost in the air and winter in its bleakest, dreariest aspect reigned dully over land and wild gray sea.

But on alighting at the great porch, and entering the house, a different atmosphere awaited them. In two great massive fireplaces along the side of the hall, fires were glowing brightly. The hall was spanned with green arches, whose spicy pine odor filled the air. The drawing room was undecorated, but the long parlors were festooned with wreaths and sprays of polished green, among which the red holly berries glistened like sparks of fire. The dining-room also, as the housekeeper, who was awaiting the return of her ladyship in the hall, informed Lady Thornhurst, was a miracle of beauty in its Christmas suit of feathery spicy green.

The noble little sons of the Marchioness were waiting for her just within the door. She embraced them both, complimented the housekeeper and butler on their taste in decorations, and went up to her own rooms. She appeared at dinner, but soon after retired to her rooms again for the night. The Marquis did not follow her, passing the evening alone in his library, and the husband and wife did not meet again until morning.

That both felt the coldness and estrangement that had arisen between them was very evident when they met, but neither alluded to it. The Marquis was proud and jealous, and Lady Thornhurst dared not confess her story to him until the dinner party should be over and the guests departed.

The marchioness spent the day in her own room, and in the nursery of her boys. Her husband took care not to intrude upon her. They met again at luncheon, when Lord Thornhurst coldly expressed his pleasure at the recovery of her ladyship, who was looking unusually well, excitement having brought a faint pink flush to her cheeks and a glorious lustre to her dusky eyes.

The dinner hour was eight o'clock. The guests were nearly all neighboring gentlemen with whom Lord Thornhurst had been more or less intimate in his long ago bachelor days, and included two or three gentlemen from town who were visiting in a neighborhood.

Lady Thornhurst came down to the grand drawing room some minutes before the arrival of the earliest of their guests. The Marquis was pacing the room impatiently, but halted and looked at her admiringly as she swept into his presence. Their estrangement was forgotten for the moment, as he gazed upon the full splendor of her tropical beauty. She had never looked more noble, more grand, more queenly, than upon this Christmas evening. She wore a dress of moire antique, with a sweeping train, and of a rare amber colour, by contrast with which her clear, dark skin, her blue-black hair shining like satin, and her magnificent eyes like midnight, appeared more superb and glowing. Diamonds sparkled in her hair, upon her round throat, and on her arms and hand.

Lord Thornhurst approached his wife, and the two were in conversation when the first carriage arrived, bringing Admiral Sir Henry Har-

court and Lady Harcourt, his wife an intimate friend of Lady Thornhurst, and a near neighbour. She was to be the only lady present besides the beautiful hostess.

The remaining guests came punctually, and at eight o'clock the company went out to the stately and beautiful decorated dining-room. The Christmas dinner was fairly inaugurated, and the long and lofty room soon resounded with jest and mirth, such as was appropriate to the season and the occasion. The several courses had been discussed, and the dessert of pines and forced fruits of various sorts, ices, and other appropriate delicacies were placed upon the table. The servants had been dismissed, and the guests lingered over the dessert, exchanging passages of wit, and relating anecdotes, discussing old times and old friends, and enjoying that "feast of reason and flow of soul" supposed to belong to a well-arranged dinner party.

Suddenly, in a little lull that fell in the general conversation, when a pin might have been heard drop, as the saying is, Mr. Hastings, a beardless young barrister from London, and nephew and heir apparent of Admiral Harcourt, said in his shrill, pleasant voice, leaning forward and looking down at the foot of the table:

'Sir Morgan Treathery has done well for himself, Lord Thornhurst. He was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, last Thursday. Lady Trethery will be the sensation of the season, I predict. The court papers were full of her beauty, dress, style and diamonds. As the beautiful Mrs. Falconer, she was the rage some years since before her divorce. And by the by her divorce made her more the rage than ever. I know three fellows in our club who actually proposed marriage to her, under the conviction that she was celebrated.'

The Marquis of Thornhurst's brows darkened.

'I am not on an exactly friendly terms with Lady Trethery,' he said, rather stiffly. 'I do not approve of divorces.'

A tall epergone of flowers screened Lord Thornhurst's face from Mr. Hastings, and the latter did not see that he had touched upon a tender subject. He laughed gaily as he said:

'And you do not approve of divorced women, I dare say?'

'I do not, sir,' said Lord Thornhurst coldly. Mr. Hastings laughed again, in utter ignorance that he was standing upon the brink of a volcano. The other guests were silent. The Admiral, who knew Lord Thornhurst intimately, motioned to his nephew to drop the subject, but Mr. Hastings, in utter innocence and heedlessness, took the fatal plunge.

'Ah, my lord,' he laughed, 'you are more chivalrous than you would have us believe. One cannot pay a higher compliment to a lady than to make her one's wife, and thus avow one's self to the world her champion forever. Am I not right believing Lady Thornhurst to be the noble and injured lady who was plaintiff in the suit of Holm versus Holm?'

A silence like that of the dead succeeded. Lady Thornhurst bowed her head, as if to the coming storm. The guests, knowing their host better than young Hastings, were speechless with awe and terror.

But suddenly the silence was broken. Lord Thornhurst leaped to his feet, his eyes aflame, his face aglow, his mien terrific. Young Hastings shrank back in his seat pale as a sheet.

'You say that my wife was a divorced woman?' cried the Marquis in a voice of ringing fury. 'You have maligning a most noble lady. Am I cast back the lie in your teeth?'

CHAPTER XXVII. A MUTUAL MISERY.

A hush, ominous as the calm that precedes the awful outbreak of the whirlwind tornado, succeeded the utterance of Lord Thornhurst's passionate retort to the thoughtless words of the young London barrister. Every face around that glittering dinner-table grew yet paler, with a terrible apprehension. Every gaze turned alternately with keen anxiety from the host to young Hastings, who sat bewildered, overwhelmed. The violent insult of the Marquis to the young man seemed for the moment utterly unpardonable, and one or two fiery spirits, friends of young Hastings mentally decided that it could only be wiped out with blood.

What the upshot of the scene might have been, had matters been left entirely to the two men chiefly concerned, may not be known. Admiral Sir Henry Harcourt, whose nephew and his young Hastings was, was an intimate friend of Lord Thornhurst, and knew his peculiarities and idiosyncrasies thoroughly. He loved the fiery Marquis tenderly, having been his guardian, and knowing his grand and sterling virtues. He now interposed, saying under his breath, to his nephew:

'Retract your words, sir. The young barrister colored, but frightened at the storm his innocent-

ly meant words had raised, and anxious to allay it, he arose also, and said, with a graceful courtesy:

'I beg your pardon, my lord, for a jest that must appear unseemly and uncalled for. I supposed that you were in a jesting mood like myself. I beg pardon of your noble lady also, and retract my words in toto.'

It certainly required more bravery to make this apology, after the insult of the Marquis, than to resort to the old time duello and young Hastings felt it so. He resumed his seat, his face flushed, his hands trembling.

The Marquis, who had been white with passion, began to flush also. The enormity of the insult he had hurled at his guest presented itself to him. Controlling himself by a stern commanding effort, he said:

'It is I who have to beg pardon, Mr. Hastings. Your careless words touched me upon a tender point, and I can only urge that would as an excuse for my unpardonable violence. My friends here who have known me for years, know how the experience of the Divorce Court, in the case of the Falconers, prejudiced me against the very name of divorce. Again I beg your pardon for an insult, to a guest, that would have shamed a savage.'

He left his place and came the length of the table to young Hastings' side, and offered his hand. The young barrister took it, and the two shook hands in silence. Then the host returned to his seat, and peace was restored. Admiral Harcourt made an attempt to divert the thoughts of the company telling a story of his sea life apropos of nothing, and although no one listened to it, in the tremor following the late excitement, yet his tones and forced jollity had the effect of calming the guests and restoring an air of pleasant serenity.

Until now the guests had delicately refrained from looking at their hostess. Among those present there were but two who were aware that the remarks of young Hastings had a foundation of truth—that Lady Thornhurst was indeed a divorced wife. They now cast an apparently casual glance in the direction of Lady Thornhurst, and were surprised at seeing not the faintest trace of emotion in her face. She was indeed pale, but so also was Lady Harcourt; but she was apparently not frightened, not apprehensive, not at all troubled for herself. Her gray dusky eyes, full of trembling shadows, were fixed in sympathy upon young Hastings, but her graceful head, glittering with diamonds, dropped gracefully toward Lady Harcourt, who was repeating, in a somewhat hurried fashion, some recent gossip concerning the nation's scrape-goat—the Prince of Wales.

Every person present seemed to feel it incumbent upon himself to efface the recollection of the recent unpleasantness. Even Lord Thornhurst and Mr. Hastings brought forth their stores of wit and humor for the occasion, and presently the contretemps was nearly or quite forgotten by all but two present, the host and hostess.

Lady Thornhurst and Lady Harcourt lingered long at the table, but arose at last and departed to the drawing-room. The gentlemen lingered over their wine in high good-humor, finally rejoined the ladies. The coffee was brought to the drawing room and served; some music was had; and soon after eleven o'clock Admiral Harcourt's carriage was announced, and the Admiral, Lady Harcourt and Mr. Hastings took their leave. Other carriages were announced in swift succession, and at half past eleven o'clock the last guest departed, and the last carriage whirled down the avenue.

As the sound of the wheels died out on the crisp wintry night air, Lady Thornhurst crossed the floor of the grand drawing-room, and placed one amber-satin covered foot upon the polished fender of one of three grate-fires that glowed in the room. Raising her dress lightly above her instep, she stood there apparently serene, proud and self-poised, but inwardly so sick at heart and trembling, that the veriest wretch must have pitied her, could he have seen beneath that unmovable exterior. The three great chandeliers, blazing with wax-lights, sent down a glow of mellow radiance upon her, as she stood there in her glorious beauty and queenly magnificence of attire. There were flowers crowded into the rare Pompeian vases on the marble shelves, and in various nooks and niches, flowers that breathed of summer and sunshine. There was warmth and fragrance in the air; luxurious glow and brightness on every side. One would scarcely have thought that in so gay a Paradise the trail of the serpent should be visible.

The Marquis entered the room from the hall by a door at the farther end, and came slowly up the length of the apartment. He had

dismissed the servants from the front part of the house for the night, and was now intent upon a private interview with his wife.

He approached with a countenance from which all the pleasant brightness had departed with the latest guest. There was a cloud on his brow; a moody look in his bright blue eyes; a pained and troubled expression on his fair and noble Saxon face. He had tossed back his waving yellow hair, bright as corn-silk, and looked the picture of a wild unrest and of gloomy discontent.

He wheeled a chair toward the Marchioness, and requested her to be seated.

'Thank you, Antony,' she answered, not stirring, 'but I prefer to stand.'

The Marquis bowed and stood opposite her, leaning upon the end of the low mantel-piece, and regarding her with gloomy, accusing eyes.

'The hour has come for a full understanding between you and me, Ignatia,' he said. 'In the first place, I desire some light to be thrown upon the affair of to-night. I have known Archy Hastings for many years, and have always believed him to be the soul of honour. What could have prompted him to utter that lie to-night—to insult his host and hostess at their own table? I believe, he added, his face darkening, 'I ought to retract my apology, and call him out!'

Lady Thornhurst did not reply. She could not. The story she had meant to tell her husband that night had been already hinted to him in the remark of Mr. Hastings, and her confession was to be forced from her, in a manner that galled her proud nature. She compelled herself to maintain an outward calmness, in spite of her inward terror.

'You said you had a confession to make to me to-night about your child,' continued the Marquis impatiently. 'After nine years of wedded life, you permit your husband to learn by accident that a child of your first marriage still exists, and that you are prosecuting a secret search for her. And when I question you upon the subject, without a suspicion that the girl is yours, I find myself on the brink of a mystery which has lain between us unsuspected by me all these years. After this discovery, I do not know that I should be surprised at any duplicity of which I might find you guilty. But I do not care to hear the story of your stolen child,' he said moodily. 'I have graver affairs to attend to. This matter with Hastings is not yet ended, I do not think that I shall rest satisfied with his apology for his wanton assault upon my wife and the mother of my sons.'

Lady Thornhurst twisted her hands together nervously. Her love for her husband, her fears of his displeasure, her wild apprehension that he would withdraw his love and confidence from her on hearing her story, made her tremble at the thought of telling him. Yet with a bravery that many a man marching to the field of battle would have envied, she gathered her energies for the task before her.

'Antony,' she said, in a low, fluttering voice, 'Mr. Hastings did not lie!'

The Marquis stared at her, uttering a discordant laugh.

'You mean that he but uttered foolish jest?' he said.

'No, Antony; I—I mean that he told the truth!'

The Marquis' eyes dilated; his face grew terrible in its haughty anger.