FARMERS!

For Reapers and Mowers, use

LARDINE MACHINE OIL

It is guaranteed not to gum and will out wear all other Machine Oils.. For Binders it has no equal.

Sold in Milton only at

Johnson & Zealand's New Hardware Store.

Sole Manufacturers, McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto.

Established in 1874

MARSHALL BROS.

—IMPORTERS OF—

TEAS AND COFFEES.

No. 67 Dundas Street, LONDON, ONT.

A. Pilkey, Hamilton, Agent for the County of Halton. 28-8m.

Roper the Baker to the Front.

Gems fresh to Roper's and get some cakes,
Some buns and shortbread and some bakes,
For anything in the kind he makes,
And set our table cheery O.

Plain and Ornamental Cakes of every description for the Holidays.

Bespeak and in your favors early. Orders from the country, to receive prompt attention, should be in not later than December 15th.

DONALD McNAIR

Begs to intimate that he is prepared to fill all orders for

Wagons, Buggies, Democrats, &c.

Repairing done at short notice and best of material, also a full supply of all kinds of Wagon Materials, Spokes, Felloes, Hubs, Shafts, Self-Binder, Horse-Rakes, Drills, &c. Shop—Connection, Milton. 41-yr

WM. BEWS,

UNDERTAKER,

—MILTON,

has a splendid assortment of Canadian and Imported Tweeds, Worsteds, Melons, &c., &c., and can supply his patrons with clothing inferior in material and finish to none. His prices are low, all be found remarkably low considering the quality of the cloth.

Wm. BEWS.

BOOTS & SHOES

—AT—

WELSON.

(Late of the firm of Wilson & Nichols)

Is now receiving daily a splendid stock of Men, Women & Children's Boots and Shoes, for Spring and Summer wear.

Boots and Shoes made to order. A perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Send in your repairs.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL ON

Thos. Wilson.

C. S. RACEY,

—MILTON,

—Dealer in all kinds of—

FRUIT, & ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES, GRAFTS, &c. 35-1yr

HARDWARE.

200 kegs best Montreal Steel and Iron Nails, Canadian and American pattern.

IMPORTED STYLES IN

Barn Door Hangers and Latches.

Best brands in READY MIXED PAINTS, WHITE LEAD, LINSEED, CYLINDER and LUBRICATING OILS.

HAY FORK PULLEY AND ROPE

Pure Manillia Binder Twine.

AGENT FOR WALTER'S METALLIC SHINGLES.

Globe Hand-grenade Fire Extinguishers.

COCKSHUTT'S PLOWS, etc.

W. H. MACNAB, - MILTON.

Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1886. NO. 3.

Travellers' Guide.

NORTHERN & NORTH-WESTERN.
GOING NORTH. GOING SOUTH.
7-55 A.M. 4-50 P.M. 10-42 A.M. 8-33 P.M.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
9-34 A.M. 2-27 P.M. 7-50 A.M. 3-51 P.M.
5-52 P.M.

Stage leaves for Hornby, Drumquin, Osage, Boyne &c. at 9 o'clock a m

Sunday Train C.P.R., go. East 7.50 a.m. West 2 27p.m

Northern & North-West'n Rail'ys

Through tickets to all points East and West and Manitoba. For tickets, rates, &c., apply to

ROBERT QUINN, Gen. Pas. Agent, Toronto. MR. LAWRENCE, Agent N. & N. W. Ry., Milton

The Canadian Champion.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

Thursday Morning

—AT—

MILTON, CO. OF HALTON, ONT.

CAMPBELL & PANTON, Props.

OFFICE:—On Main Street, opposite the Thompson House.

TERMS:—$1 a year in advance or within one month from the date of subscribing if not so paid $2 will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 Column	1 year	$75 00
do	6 months	45 00
do	3 "	30 00
do	1 year	40 00
do	6 months	25 00
do	3 "	15 00
do	1 year	15 00
do	6 months	10 00
do	3 "	6 00
do	1 year	10 00
do	6 months	6 00

Business Cards of ten lines or less $5.00 per annum.

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

Advertisements without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing; otherwise the publishers will not be responsible.

Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company, institution, or fund, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

No special notice of any kind admitted among the local news at less than 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Notices of births, deaths, and marriages, 25 cents each.

Transient advertisements ten cents per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen, and wants, which will be inserted at 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Cash must accompany order in every case to insure insertion.

Terms for job work strictly cash.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—No paper will be stopped until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the proprietors. A post-office notice to discontinue is not sufficient.

D. DEWAR, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Office—Town Hall, Milton. Also agent for Sun Life, and City of London Fire Insurance Companies. 41

JOHN DEWAR, Barrister, County Crown Attorney, Notary Public, etc., Town Hall, Mainstreet Milton.

D. McGIBBON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, etc. Office—Beath's Block, Milton. 50

M. E. MITCHELL,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.

OFFICE—First door west of the CHAMPION Office, Main St., Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

CHISHOLM & ELLIOTT.

Barristers, &c.

OFFICE.—First door east of Bank Hamilton, Milton, Ont.

VICTOR CHISHOLM. J.W.ELLIOTT, B.A.

PARKES & MACADAMS,

Barristers and Solicitors in the Supreme Court

NOTARIES & CONVEYANCERS.

Offices: Hamilton Provident and Loan Society Chambers, Hamilton.

"$20,000 to Loan at lowest rates of interest."

JAS PARKES 1-yr A. H. MACADAMS

R. A. PRINGLE,

Barrister and Solicitor of the Supreme Court

BURLINGTON - ONT.

OFFICE—Water St., opposite Wray' Hotel, open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Money to loan at lowest rates of intcrest. 9-6ms.

BAIN, LAIDLAW & Co.

Barristers & Solicitors.

OFFICE—over Imperial Bank, 34 Wellington Street, East. Entrance, Exchange Alley, Toronto.

JOHN BAIN, Q.C. WILLIAM LAIDLAW.
C. A. MASTEN. GEORGE KAPPELE.

G. S. THOMAS, L. D. S., Dentist Licentiate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario, will be in Milton on the last Tuesday of every month. Office in the Thompson House, where he may be consulted by persons wishing his professional services.

DR. S. ZIMMERMAN,

DENTIST,

HAMILTON, ONT.

Corner King & McNab Streets. 18-

KNITTING.

MRS. W. HOBBS is prepared to furnish all kinds of Yarn and Knit Socks and Stockings—all sizes. Parties can furnish their own Yarn and have Knitting done. All orders promptly filled. 24-tf

A Gift Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you FREE a royal, valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 26-1 yr.

Farms for Sale.

A choice list of Fruit, Grain, Stock, and Dairy Farms, Wild Lands, Suburban Residences, Mills, and other properties, with thirty provincial and county maps, comprised in "CANADIAN LAND ADVERTISER," sent free on receipt of 3c. stamp for postage.

W. J. FENTON & CO., Real Estate Agents, 50 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

WHAT IS IT?

By a special arrangement with the publishers of Farm and Fireside, we can for a short time offer a gift in connection with our paper. It is a MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING entitled "HAMLET and OPHELIA." Our offer is as follows:

The price of Peck's Sun one year is $2.00
The price of Farm & Fireside one year is 50
The value of the Engraving is fully 2.50
5.00

We give all the above, worth $5.00 for only $2.00
Subscribe for Peck's Sun at once and secure them all.
Address, PECK'S SUN, Milwaukee, Wis.

$500,000

TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.

Straight loans. Terms of repayment of principal made to suit loan owners. First and second Mortgages bought. Advances made on second Mortgages and to purchase farms. No costs incurred in making applications for money. Call at once for particulars.

E. R. REYNOLDS,
20 Adelaide St. East,
Toronto.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton

For the Year 1886.

	Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1	Milton	Wm. Panton	23	26	28	9	24	25	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	6	3	5	3	11	3	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	12	16	11	7	17	9	9.30 a.m
	Acton	J. Matthews	13	11	13	8	16	11	10 a.m.
c	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	11	8	10	0	9	8	9 30 "
	Burlington	W. J. Bastedo	5	2	4	2	10	2	11. "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 8th June, 14th December, at 1 p m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 6th April, and 5th October, at 10 a m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July, and 4th October at 10 a.m., each day.

Judges Chambers.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during vacation, at 11 a.m.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts.—Monday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October, at 2 p.m.

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

W. H. MACNAB, Hardware Merchant,

Has now taken the Agency for

B. LAURANCE'S SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES.

MONTREAL AND LONDON, G. B.

THEY ARE THE ONLY GENUINE ENGLISH ARTICLES IN THE CANADIAN MARKET. Real Pebble are kept in stock! Tests are given to prove genuiness! They are recommended by and testimonials have been received from the President, Vice-Presidents, and Ex-President of the Medical Association of Canada; the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec; the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Laval University; the President and Ex-President of the Medical Council of Nova Scotia, &c. Don't be induced to buy inferior spectacles at any price. Perfect vision guaranteed where there is no actual disease of the eye. By B Laurance's process of suiting the vision perfect sight assured. Beware of imitations as they are in the market. None genuine unless every pair of spectacles or eye-glasses are stamped B. L., without which none are genuine. The axis of cut pebble are guaranteed to give perfect vision where all other aids to vision fail.

For sale only at MACNAB'S Hardware Store, Milton.

MRS. HAMMOND,

FASHIONABLE DRESS AND MANTLE MAKER

Begs to inform the Ladies living at a distance that she has opened a PURCHASING AGENCY and is prepared to do shopping of every description. All orders will receive prompt and careful attention. INFANTS' OUTFITS WEDDING and TROUSSEAUX a SPECIALTY.

Send for circulars with full particulars. 104 King street west, Toronto. 42-3m

WALLACE HOUSE,

MAIN ST., MILTON,

THE LEADING HOTEL IN TOWN

J. Wallace, Prop.

ADVERTISERS

Before you place a dollar's worth of Newspaper advertising, get our prices. The exact cost of any paper, or list of papers cheerfully furnished, free upon application.

Send for New Catalogue.

J. C. HOUGH, Advertising Agent,
HOUGH BLOCK. Detroit, Mich.

THE

Canada Landed Credit Co.,

TORONTO.

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, Esq., President. JOHN MACDONALD, Esq. Vice President.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Improved Farm and Substantial City Property, at Lowest Current Rates and on most favourable terms. No fines, charges moderate.

For particulars, apply to 16-1yr.

THE SECRETARY, Toronto,

Or to D. STEELE, Barrister, Hamilton.

Scientific American Established 1846.

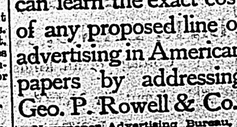
The most popular WEEKLY newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number contains from sixteen to twenty engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The spirit of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price $3, $4 a year. Discount to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N.Y.

PATENTS. Munn & Co. have also had Thirty-Seven Years' practice before the Patent Office, and have prepared more than Five Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms.

Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantage of such a notice is well understood by all persons who intend to dispose of their patents.

Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 361 Broadway, New York.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration, caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over exertion of the Brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. One box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00 sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES.

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send our purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by J. H. McColl, druggist. Sole agent for Milton.

ADVERTISERS

can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,

Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.

Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK

For Young & Middle-Aged Men

ONLY $1 BY MAIL, POSPAID.

ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE TO ALL.

KNOW THYSELF.

A Great Medical Work on Manhood

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excess. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense than any other work sold in this country for $2.25, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail, post. Illustrative sample free to any body. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the President of which, the Hon. P. A. Bissell, and associate officers of the Board the reader is respectfully referred.

The Science of Life is worth more to the young and middle-aged men of this generation than all the gold mines of California and the silver mines of Nevada combined.—S. F Chronicle.

The Science of Life points out the rocks and quicksands on which the constitution and hopes of many a young man have been fatally wrecked.—Manchester Mirror.

The Science of Life is of greater value than all the medical works published in this country for the past 50 years.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Science of Life is a superb and masterly treatise on nervous and physical debility.—Detroit Free Press.

There is no member of society to whom The Science of Life will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—Argonaut.

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention Champion, Milton, Ont. 36-1y

LADY ISABEL'S ATONEMENT,

A SEQUEL TO EAST LYNNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE LADY OF LEITH ABBEY.

You came upon it suddenly as you left the road from St. Bynos and walked through bulging hedges of sweet scented hawthorn that led you down from a slowly declining lawn and thence to the sunlit sea—a great gray building with windy turrets and mullioned windows, surrounded on three sides by a well-kept lawn, and the fourth looking somberly down on the grand picture of beetling bluffs with the sea waves crashing below them, where screaming gulls soared and dived or flashed rapidly by through the never ceasing spray.

A majestic structure, perched there on the Kentish bluffs and walled in by that abundant hedge, a romantic place, where parterres of roses shadowed the graveled walks with a faint, greenish dusk, and statues and flashing fountains intermingled with beds of gorgeous bloom—Leith Abbey, if you asked its name of the Kentish country folk—a grand place that has been the seat of Raymond Vane, Earl of Mount Severn, and the scene of many a brilliant *fete* in the days when Emma, Lady Mount Severn, had been toasted in every fashionable club-room as *la belle dame* of the hour and played fast and loose with every male heart from Leith Abbey to St. James'.

I say "had been" advisedly, for her ladyship's star had long since been in the descendent, and her ladyship's brilliant gatherings were a dim memory of a very dim and distant past.

Lord Mount Severn had never cast an approving eye upon his wife's frivolous existence, never inclined to the vast and frequent gathering of *bon vivants* and dashing young sprigs of nobility who paid homage at my lady's shrine. It may have been because of that, it may have been for some private reason of his own—none knew, none questioned—but certain it was that my lord had suddenly taken it into his head to abandon the place, that my lady and her young daughter were whisked away to the Continent and remained from all shadow of the world fashionable, and *le beau monde* awoke to the startling intelligence that her ladyship had retired into strictly private life and Leith Abbey was deserted.

It stood deserted for many years—fourteen, to be exact—gradually going into decay and gradually being forgotten, when all Kent was electrified by the sudden appearance of gardeners and carpenters and upholsterers, and the intelligence flew broadcast that Leith Abbey was again to be tenanted.

"By whom?" one half the county side asked, and, "By Lady Mount Severn, most assuredly," the other half responded in a matter-of-fact sort of way. "It was plain enough.

Private life did not suit my lady—a butterfly couldn't remain in a chrysalis, you know—and, in a short time there would be the old string of Thursdays, the old *fetes* and garden parties and private theatricals, and my lady would be there as of yore, the belle and queen, with her retinue of young adorers!"

But just there, the "other half" was entirely wrong; for Leith Abbey was put in perfect repair, the grounds were replanned and redecorated, the workmen finished and departed, and while all Kent stood on tiptoe and waited with breathless expectancy for my lady to appear, a very plain carriage rolled up to the gates of the abbey, a very plain, middle-aged and quiet domestic descended, assisted a veiled female to alight, led her into the house, and all eager and breathless Kent was politely left in the lurch!

No gay parties filled the grounds, no "Thursday" cards went out, no visitors were invited—Leith Abbey might as well have been left as it was for all the change the new tenants made in its social position—and Kent, standing on open mouthed with wonder, collected its scattered senses and began to talk.

First they said the new tenant was an actress, then they had her a maniac, and they had just started off to have her a social outcast or a fleeing murderess, when a second carriage appeared, an elderly gentleman with a frank, manly face alighted, and the next morning Kent knew the truth at last, and all its blood-curdling mysteries were abruptly quashed.

The elderly gentleman had wandered through the outlying village, met an acquaintance, and casually solved the absorbing riddle.

"The mysterious tenant was neither an actress nor a maniac, nor a fleeing murderess. She was simply a daughter of a Mr. Archibald Carlyle, a well-to-do solicitor of East Lynne, by a union with his first wife, the Lady Isabel Vane, a blood relative of Raymond Vane, Earl of Mount Severn. East Lynne had possessed no charms for her, she didn't "get on" very well with her stepmamma; had desired a home where she could live apart from the world; Lord Mount Severn had tendered Leigh Abbey, and, accompanied by her late mother's maid, one Joyce Hallijohn; the young lady had taken up her abode there, and steadfastly refused all efforts to enter society or any attempt to be visited.

This was the story Mr. Carlyle casually told his acquaintance; this was the story that acquaintance told everybody else the day following, and the county took the gentle hint, made no further attempt to visit the lady of Leith Abbey, and, in a very short time, ceased to speak, and then to think of her.

If Mr. Carlyle's daughter was content to live walled in there until the crack of doom, that was *her* affair, and they grew to believe that she was a very plain, very sober, and altogether commonplace young person that society could very well spare.

But was the lady of Leith Abbey as happy in this seclusion as popular fancy averred? We shall see.

It is afternoon — soft, balmy and sunny; the time, mid-June. The terraces of Leith Abbey are all aflame with crimson roses, and in a cool nook that looks out on the sunlit sea a young lady is standing. Tall, slender, graceful—a perfect brunette, with lustrous dark eyes, a wealth of ebon hair, a beautiful dusk face that is perfect in outline and faultless in expression, she seems the last being on earth to choose a life of seclusion and avoid that society where her peerless loveliness must have made her belle and queen.

She is not reading, although there is a book in her hand. She stands pensively looking out on the broad expanse of water and the flocks of screaming gulls, with a wistful expression in her soft eyes, and a plaintive expression about her winning mouth.

She has been standing like that for ten minutes past, and Joyce, who has been studiously following the outlines of some delicate embroidery, suddenly becomes aware of it, and looks up with a motherly smile.

"Do you find your book so dull, Lady Lucy?" she says, gently, "or are you counting the hours before your father arrives?"

Lady Lucy turns quietly, a vexed look clouds her face, and she tosses the book from her with a petulant exclamation.

"It is stupid—very!" she apostrophizes the fallen volume. "The story of a woman of vast wealth, who loves a man beneath her and renounces the world because they cannot marry. A silly, witless tale, Joyce! As though any woman in her senses would abandon society and voluntarily seclude herself like a nun! A man wrote the book, you may be sure. A woman would know her sex better and I was just telling thinking that, had I wings like those gulls, I would fly so far away from this stupid place that even the name of Leith Abbey would not reach me. It is a senseless farce, this cooping one up here like a prisoned bird. I am eighteen years of age, and papa ought to realize that! I'm not a baby, Joyce. I am old enough to see a little of the bright side of life, and it is cruel of papa to pen me up here when other girls are mingling in society and learning the meaning of life."

Joyce's face paled a little, and she resumed her embroidery to hide it.

"Your father has different views on the matter, Lady Lucy," she replied, gravely. "He is your natural guardian, and you ought to submit to his wishes if you cannot reverence his wisdom."

"I neither reverence his wisdom nor relish the title you give me!" responded the maiden, with some show of dignity, "and both for the one cause. I do not comprehend the application. This is the second time within five minutes, Joyce, that you have seen fit to address me as 'Lady Lucy.' It is not my name, and I should be pleased if you would see fit to address me properly. I was christened Isabel Lucy. Carlyle, and I tell you again—as I told papa the day he sent me to this wretched place—I will be called 'Isabel' or nothing. It was my poor mamma's name, and because another has taken her place in his heart it is no reason that he should banish every memory of her. You must address me as I wish, Joyce, or I shall refuse to answer."

The pallor on Joyce's face had intensified. She bent lower over her work and her lips twitched nervously when she spoke again.

"I shall respect your wishes, Lady Isabel," she said huskily. "But when I call you by that name, and see you standing there, her exact counterpart, it takes me back to sad and sorrowful times, my lady."

Lady Isabel's face flushed, a smile lighted her beautiful face, and, sinking down on her knees, she laid her locked hands in Joyce's lap.

"Am I so like mamma, Joyce?" she said, eagerly. "Am I really like poor dead mamma?"

"You are her living image, my lady," answered Joyce, in a choking tone. "I could almost believe she stood before me, sometimes. My dear lady! My beautiful dead and gone mistress! God protect you from such a fate as hers, my beautiful darling! But there—let me change the subject, Lady Isabel. Your mother's tragical fate is another. I never can to speak of."

A cloud crossed Lady Isabel's beautiful face, and her sensitive lips quivered.

"You always put me off," she sa petulantly, "and I never can speak papa of poor mamma but what he changes the subject. I cannot see anything to be mysterious over. Poor mamma was killed in a railroad accident when I was a tiny mite of a child, and if papa can overcome his grief sufficiently to give her place to another, I cannot see why he should be too much pained to speak of her."

Joyce did not answer. She was nervously stitching away at her pattern, and her eyes were swimming with unshed tears.

Lady Isabel contemplated the sea for some moments, and her dark brows knit.

"Joyce," she said, suddenly, "Joyce, I don't believe all they say at East Lynne."

"About what, my lady?"

"About mamma, and how she died!"

Joyce gasped for breath and looked up sharply.

"Oh, my lady!" she said, chokingly. "You mustn't say that. You must believe, because it is all true. Your mamma was killed in France in a railroad collision. Indeed, she was, my lady."

"Then why all this mystery?" pursued Lady Isabel. "Why the sudden change in my name? And why is there no picture of mamma at East Lynne? As far back as I can remember, everybody called me Lucy, and I never dreamed it was not my name. Two years ago even remember the morning, don't you?—I came across the old family Bible hidden away in the storerooms, and I carried it downstairs thinking I had found a prize. It contained the date of my mamma and papa's marriage, the registry of the birth of all children, and then, for the first time, I learned that I had been christened Isabel Lucy, and not the name by which you all called me. I went to papa, and asked the reason of the change. Joyce, he almost swooned, and his face grew white as snow. He snatched the Bible from me, forbade me ever to enter the storerooms again, and told me that my name was Lucy and I must be content to ask no more. I protested that my name was Isabel,—after poor mamma—and Isabel I would be called. I expected soon to go into society, I told him, and when my *debut* was made it should be as Lady Isabel Carlyle, and I would be proud of it because it was my mamma's.

"Joyce, as I said that, both he and stepmamma Barbara looked at each other and turned deadly pale, and that night, as I passed by the library, I heard my stepmother say to papa:

"'Archibald, for her sake, if not for your own, avert the catastrophe. Keep Lucy from society until she is old enough for you to unburden your heart to her. Remember how perilous the world is to one whose mind is not settled by the wisdom that comes with advancing years. She is young, proud, impulsive, beautiful! Oh, Archibald, will you risk so much? She was like Lucy. But did it save her? Be cautious, Archibald. Her life may be made or marred, and, if you would spare her a miserable end, reflect before you countenance her entrance to society!'

"I heard this as I passed up the stairs to my own room, Joyce, and on the morrow, papa electrified me with the intelligence that I was not to enter society until the completion of my twenty-third year. I rebelled at this tyranny, but an injustice more bitter was yet to be done me. A month later I was told that I was to be removed from East Lynne, and even the poor complement of visitors who honored us by their presence. You know what followed. I was carried here, forbidden to penetrate the world that lies beyond the boundary of Leith Abbey, and cooped up like the captive princess. Once a mohth papa runs down from East Lynne with a new supply of books. But beyond that there is no break in the long round of monotony. It is cruel, unjust, tyrannical. And all this because I wish to adopt my mother's name; all this because the Lady Isabel Carlyle died through an accident abroad! Joyce, I tell you again, I do not fully credit this story. There is—there must be—some reason for this mystery and secrecy, and if both papa and you refuse to explain it I will find those who will!"

The trembling hands that had been nervously following their pattern, opened suddenly, the embroidery dropped, and Joyce looked up with a white and startled face.

"My lady, what do you—what can you mean?" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"I mean that papa has unjustly debarred me from the world," responded Lady Isabel, with some spirit, "and he must not blame me if I seek it for myself! I shall tell him when he comes to-day that all mystery must be cleared up, that I must know *why* it is more dangerous for me to enter the world of society than it is for other girls, or, failing that, I shall accept the first opportunity of delivering myself from this unjust thralldom!"

Joyce, very pale and very much shocked at this announcement, had just broken out into a tearful protestation with her wilful young charge when the sound of approaching footsteps was heard.

"For your own sake abandon such a thought, Lady Isabel!" she exclaimed, in profound agitation. "It is your mother's spirit that warns you through me. Oh, my child! try to feel that her warning voice is appealing to you; try to think that she looks down and approves your father's action. Oh, my lady, my lady! try to realize that her miserable fate——"

"Mr. Carlyle has arrived and is asking for your ladyship!" interrupted a servant, appearing on the scene.

Lady Isabel arose with a determined look on her sweet young face.

"He shall tell me all this very hour, Joyce," she said, earnestly, "or, I pledge you my word, I will leave Leith Abbey clandestinely!"

Joyce started to her feet with a gasping cry.

"Never that—never that!" she exclaimed, hastily. "Oh, my lady, be warned, be guided—it is ruin you court."

But Lady Isabel did not even hear. She was already hurrying away to greet her father, and the turning point in her destiny had come.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

In the cheerless morning-room of a somewhat extensive villa on the Welsh downs, and about a mile removed from the outskirts of Carnarvon, two ladies sat in earnest conversation on a certain day toward the latter part of May. The younger, a dazzling blonde of four or five-and-twenty, was seated on a low stool in the deep massive window—for which the villas of Wales are famous—and listening intently to the earnest words of her companion. The elder, a faded, *passe* blonde, whose advancing years were thinly veiled beneath an elaborate garniture of rouge and *blanc de perle*, was costumed in a magnificent toilet that would better have suited a royal drawing-room, than this bleak Welsh township, and the bleaker surroundings that told yet fast enough the world at large was secluded, and the world within distasteful.

Mother and daughter. You recognized that despite the vast difference in the two faces—the one young, fresh, blooming; the other wrinkled, pinched, painted—its youthful beauty all gone, its delicate oval destroyed by sunken cheeks and shriveled skin, the blue eyes faded, the treacherous crow's-foot at the corners of her mouth and eyes. Beautiful once, as you knew by the daughter, whose lovely face was yet skin to hers, but faded, and old, and May sunlight—so faded, so changed!

lost that her most ardent admirer could never have traced a feature in that shrivelled wreck to tell him this was the once bright and beautiful belle, Emma, Countess of Mount Severn—the heartless coquette, the frivolous butterfly, the easy, touch-and-go, fast-and-loose, Lady Mount Severn of those wild orgies at Leith Abbey, when she was the toast of the mess-room, and the talk of the clubs! A Circe then, a Sycorax to-day—*sic transit gloria mundi!*

A crumpled letter, written in a cramped masculine hand, lay on the floor at her feet where she had cast it a few moments since, and touching it now with the toe of her embroidered slipper, she looked toward her daughter with a curl of her painted lips.

"You may cast that into the fire, Rosamond," she said, drawing her laces about her and looking pettishly out at the bleak Welsh landscape. "I shall not bother to finish it. Francois is very diffuse. I have learned all I care to know in the first line; your father lives still—may recover completely—and so ends another dream; so perishes another wild hope, and there is nothing before us but this miserable dungeon, this wild Welsh moor, and the sight of the Carnarvon peasants! Oh, I could tear my eyes out to shut the hateful sight from me forever. To think I should come to it—I, at whose feet princes have knelt, on whose words the very salt of the earth have hung—I, who loved life and queened it through every *salon* in England, I, Emma, Mount Severn, should be walled in here like a felon and barred from the world by *him!* Oh, when I think of it, Rosamond, it almost drives me mad. For seventeen years I have been praying for release—for seventeen years I have been chafing for the hour when I could go back to the old sweet life, and look once more on the faces of those I know, and now—*now*, when hope was dawning, when his death might have freed me, Francois strikes out the last spark. 'He is improving, the doctors think, and may soon recover.' Oh, the mockery! My curses ring in his ears, my wasted life weigh his soul down to perdition, and my a sleepless remorse make his last years such an earthly hell as he has made mine!"

Her painted face worked convulsively as my lady spat out those venomous words, and rising with a gesture of impotent rage, she paced back and forth in angry agitation.

"Dear mamma," murmured Rosamond, turning and facing her wrathful mother, "dear mamma, don't excite yourself over this. Francois only echoes the physicians' belief, but even physicians cannot predict the future. Lord Mount Severn *may* die after all. For your sake, for mine, I devotedly pray he may pass away quickly, and leave us to the world of which I know so little!"

My lady turned with an angry swing, and a wicked look flared over her working face.

"Let me remember that also!" she cried out, in a choking voice; "let me remember that he has shut you from the world also—my beautiful daughter, in whose triumphs I should have lived again! Oh, the debt I owe him, and oh, the debt I owe *her* and hatred! Dead and in her grave, may my curses cling to Isabel Vane's memory, and my hatred blast all she loved and lost! *She* brought this misery on us, never let us forget that, Rosamond; the Lady Isabel Vane brought us to this living tomb, and we must remember that when we stand face to face with her flesh and blood. Oh, for the glorious world! Oh, for a chance to wring the hearts she loved and say to them: 'I am Emma Mount Severn, and this is my vengeance for all I suffered through her!'"

She paused abruptly in her agitated pacing, and striding to her daughter's chair, bent over with an angry fury and looked down into that calm, beautiful, unfeeling face.

"Rosamond," she said, in a smothered tone,—"Rosamond, I never told you all my miserable history, did I? I never told you that there is one woman in the world whose heart we must live to crush, whose life it must be our dearest task to blight? Learn it now. There is such a woman—nay, a *girl*, less than your own age—and to her we owe a debt of vengeance, a hatred, as remorseless as the decrees of fate!"

Rosamond looked calmly up into her mother's distorted face. There was no shadow of emotion on her own, it was calm, cold, imperturbable as a beautiful marble mask.

"No, you never told me this, mamma," she said, quietly. "I shall be glad to meet this girl, and I shall remember these seventeen years at Carnarvon when I see her. Who is she, mamma?"

"The Lady Isabel Lucy Carlyle!" responded the countess in a shrill voice; "the daughter of Lady Isabel Vane by a union with a low commoner—a man without birth or title—a miserable solicitor—Mr. Archibald Carlyle of East Lynne. It is a long, miserable story, Rosamond, and the memory of it scorches my heart with malice. May it scorch yours too when we stand face to face with the sole remaining link to the dreadful past.

"The Lady Isabel Vane was the daughter of your father's eldest brother, William Vane, Earl of Mount Severn, and a girl of more than ordinary beauty. He was a being of the earth earthy, this William Vane, a luxurious liver, a *bon vivant*—a man who quaffed the bubbles of life's champagne and never wasted a thought on the dregs. Isabel's mother had died young, leaving her infant daughter to the care of her husband; but this 'highly bred, highly wed, and highly fed' aristocrat thought more of his own luxurious ease than the future of his child, and while he loved her, he let her grow up without a mother's guidance, and, with no reins to check her, choose which path she would. So for years the girl grew in this semi-barbaric manner, and knew nothing of the world that lay beyond the confines of East Lynne. The crisis, which your father had long foreseen, came at last. The Earl of Mount Severn squandered his vast fortune, regardless of his daughter's future, and dying suddenly, left Isabel without a friend or a shilling. Your father, as next of kin, inherited the title.

"A short time previous to his demise, the Earl of Mount Severn, being in deep difficulty, was forced to part with East Lynne, and through a private sale—not made public until after the earl's death—this Mr. Archibald Carlyle became its owner, and meeting Isabel for the first time on the day the transfer was arranged, was vastly attracted by her beauty. When your father became the Earl of Mount Severn and from plain Mrs. Raymond Vane I

solicitor of East Lynne, by a union with his first wife, the Lady Isabel Vane, a blood relative of Raymond Vane, Earl of Mount Severn. East Lynne had possessed no charms for her, she didn't "get on" very well with her stepmamma; had desired a home where she could live apart from the world; Lord Mount Severn had tendered Leigh Abbey, and, accompanied by her late mother's maid, one Joyce Hallijohn; the young lady had taken up her abode there, and steadfastly refused all efforts to enter society or any attempt to be visited.

This was the story Mr. Carlyle casually told his acquaintance; this was the story that acquaintance told everybody else the day following, and the county took the gentle hint, made no further attempt to visit the lady of Leith Abbey, and, in a very short time, ceased to speak, and then to think of her.

If Mr. Carlyle's daughter was content to live walled in there until the crack of doom, that was *her* affair, and they grew to believe that she was a very plain, very sober, and altogether commonplace young person that society could very well spare.

But was the lady of Leith Abbey as happy in this seclusion as popular fancy averred? We shall see.

It is afternoon — soft, balmy and sunny; the time, mid-June.