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1	Milton	Wm. Panton	29	26	28	9	24	26	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	15	8	16	11	10 a.m.
	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	11	8	10	0	9	8	9 30 "
	Burlington	W. J. Bartedo	5	3	4	2	8	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.

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A SEQUEL TO EAST LYNNE.

My lord's face fell.

"No," he answered, with a sigh; "I saw no more, for the song ended when she looked up and beheld me watching her, and when the moon reappeared the boat had vanished. She must have landed somewhere close by, and on the morrow I went ashore in quest of her. I could find no trace, and, disappointed by that, I gave orders to change the vessel's course and return to Devonshire. You have asked me fifty times, mother, why I have grown so reserved and melancholy since that voyage, and now you know. I can stand it no longer, I tell you, and to-morrow I shall sail back to the Kentish coast in the hope of again seeing that beautiful stranger."

Lady Beresford tossed her head pettishly.

"Even your own valet—who smiles but little, by the way—would laugh at this absurdity, my lord;" she said, fixing her proud, dark eyes upon him. "Pray, may I ask if you will spring down into her boat and begin a love declaration on sight, Lord Beresford? It will be a fit ending for the ridiculous farce. This—this floating creature *may* be a huckster's daughter. She may be low and vile for all *you* know to the contrary. Or she may insist in bringing a troupe of bone-boilers and costermongers to witness her nuptials with a daft nobleman. Truly, my lord, Ravenswood Court will have a brilliant future with this night-sailing, soap-boiling Aphrodite for a mistress!"

An angry flush mounted Lord Beresford's brow.

"For Heaven's sake don't be sarcastic, mother!" he said, springing to his feet and pacing back and forth across the room. "I'll stake my life on the lady's purity and worth. Give me credit for *some* judgment, and I tell you such a face as that could belong only to a lady of gentle birth. Behind such a glorious beauty there could lurk no shadow of vice!"

Lady Beresford made a frigid bow.

"I perceive that the Earl of Beresford has forgotten that such women as Cleopatra and Lucretia Borgia ever existed, and that beauty was the mask of their infamy," she said, cuttingly. "But let that pass. Let us presume that there really is some dark spot in this mysterious creature's life, let us say that she has a shameful past. Answer me, my lord, what then?"

"What then? Why, I shall remember *that!*" he responded, proudly, swinging round and pointing to the carven motto over the window. "That is my loadstar in life, mother mine. I may love this woman to distraction, I may feel that life is empty without her, but if I find her past a shameful one, I shall remember the motto of my race, 'Honor above life!' and we two must be irrevocably sundered! In all things, I recollect that my honor is more to me than all the world beside. I am the Earl of Beresford, and I would walk to the block sooner than sully my name!"

The frigid look left Lady Beresford's face suddenly, her pride took the added glory of mother-love, and, bending abruptly, she pressed her lips to my lord's patrician brow.

"You are still a Beresford, and you will do nothing rash!" she said, sweetly. "Your pride will save you from shame, Lionel."

But could Lady Beresford have read the future, she never had spoken those words. A terrible future—a wild, dark, tragical future it was too, where the pride of family wrecked Lionel Beresford's life.

Just now, they could not know it: for who was to tell that proud old mother that this glorious August day "the cloud no bigger than a man's hand" had floated across the horizon of life, and the first act of a tragedy had begun.

"There! the dressing-bell has rung, Lionel," she said, smilingly. "Tell Pierre to make you look your finest. Some of the highest ladies in the land will honor her Grace of Arleigh's drawing-room to-night, and we may see one who will eclipse this floating beauty!"

Lord Beresford walked to the door.

"Never that, *ma mere!*" he said, gravely. "I know it now, as surely as I ever shall. The world holds but that one face for me, and if I cannot make *her* my bride, you will be Countess of Beresford to the last!"

He walked out of the room as he ceased speaking, and went quietly up the stairs.

For several seconds the countess stood and watched the place where she had seen him last, then slowly she her gratified look his words had called up faded out of her patrician face and a hard, dark shadow clouded her fair features.

"He shall never wed her—never!" she said resolutely. "The bride for my boy must be of noble lineage, not an obscure girl, though she were as pure as lilies. I will stop it. I will mar this woman's image. I will strike him through his pride until he banishes her from his thoughts. If he finds her, I will drive her from him. Some way—no matter how, I shall know when it is time—but some way, I will sunder them and prevent this cruise to-morrow!"

There was a rustling among the vines below the window as my lady spoke, a dark figure lifted itself suddenly from amid the screening foliage, stepped over the lintel, entered the room, and, as my lady turned with a frigid look, the swarthy face of my lord's valet confronted her.

"A thousand pardons, my lady," he said, with a cringing bow. "I am so fortunate to have overheard, and I believe I can aid you."

The countess turned upon him imperiously.

"Pray, sir, are you paid to prowl and play eavesdropper upon your master?" she said, icily. "The drawing room of Ravenswood Court is not public property, sir. Servants are not admitted here. You may retire. Your master awaits you."

Pierre Blonshar bowed almost to the floor.

"Pardon—a million pardons, my lady," he whined, cringingly. "Indeed I did not mean to presume. I could not help but hear, for I was seated in the vines when you entered, and did not wish to disturb you. Nay, gentle lady, acquit me of presumption. I love you. I love my master, and it is my devotion who has led me to intrude. Ah, my lady, forgive—I can save him; I can prevent his going, and the name of Beresford will be saved from shame. Pray, hear me out. My lord's yacht lies on the coast below us. I am free to board it, when and where I may—nay, I am to take my lord's effects on board to-night. It would not be hard, my lady to remove a plank, to make the vessel unseaworthy, and it would take weeks to repair it."

My lady had been listening in apathetic silence, but as the last word was spoken, a flush mounted her brow and her jeweled hands shut spasmodically.

"How dare you propose such a thing to me?" she began, indignantly, but Pierre lifted his eyes and whined:

"It is to save him, gentle lady! Oh, pray let us think of that! It is for the noble earl's good, and who so devoted to my lord's interest as my lord's own mother? It is so simple. I could do it in a minute's time, and it cannot be dishonorable when it is for his good. He may be going to everlasting ruin, my lady, and it is your duty to save him."

In all her life, lady Beresford had never been guilty of a dishonorable act, but this was for her boy's sake, this was for the honor of her son, and she listened while the valet proceeded to urge her duty on her,—listened, and forgot the sin.

"And you say this could be done easily and disable the vessel for weeks?" she said, breathing hard with excitement. "And you will do it for—what? You mean to be paid, of course."

"My lady can suit herself," whined the valet. "She is so generous she will not forget that it saves my lord. I could slip away after his toilet is made and bring you word that it is done before the carriage starts."

Lady Beresford drew her breath in labored gasps. All the finer points of her character could her that the act was mean and unworthy of her, but all the subtile influence of mother-love gilded the dishonor and urged her on.

"You may do it!" she said, presently. "Bring me word that the yacht is disabled before the carriage starts; and you shall be fifty pounds richer. No! do not thank me, but go before I am forced to say how much I despise both you and myself. Remember! before the carriage starts."

"I shall not forget, noble lady," cringed the valet, and he kept his word well.

An hour later when my lady passed out of the hands of her maid, and sailed down stairs to the carriage, resplendent in black velvet with the great Beresford diamonds shining about her, she encountered Pierre Blonshar in the lower corridor.

There was no word spoken. My lord stood by the door waiting to hand his mother into the carriage, and no words could, therefore, be exchanged. My lady simply lifted her eyes, the valet nodded his head, and with a flush of shame—the first her face had ever known—the Countess of Beresford swept down the marble corridor, knowing the work was done. "It was for his sake, and I shall be pardoned!" she kept repeating to her conscience. "It has saved him, and the sin is not great!"

So, while the carriage rattled on, this proud woman battled with her conscience and fought the first step of sin that she might save her boy from a future of dishonor.

Arleigh Towers blazed with light when the carriage rolled into the courtyard, and my lord sprung down to assist his mother. Sweet strains of music floated on the perfumed air, a hundred noble ladies whirled down the gilded halls to the crashing of "Illusioni," fountains tinkled on the starry night, the conservatories blazed like castles of gold, and gorgeous toilets and flashing jewels filled her grace's drawing-room from end to end.

My lord took his mother's arm and passed up the marble steps, under bowers of roses and tinted lamps, but not even then the heart that had known its first dishonor would not be still.

"It was for his sake!" urged my lady, as the footman announced them, and the Duchess of Arleigh came gliding forward. "It was for my darling's sake, and I have saved him!"

But even as she murmured the words, my lord started suddenly, and his arm dropped from hers. His uttered one breathless cry of rapture, a wild bliss seemed to transfigure his face, he reeled backward, and as his mother looked up in alarm:

"At last! at last!" he broke out, huskily. "Look, mother. That glorious figure, that lovely face at the door of the conservatory. Mother, mother! 'tis she—'tis the mysterious stranger, and I have found her!"

Her grace, the duchess had reached his mother's side. He forgot his surroundings, he forgot his etiquette, and springing forward, spoke abruptly.

"In the name of Heaven, your grace, tell me who is that beautiful girl at the conservatory door?"

Her grace knew without turning, but replied:

"Oh, Mr. Carlyle, why was I exiled from my father's heart? Why was I allowed to grow up under the influence of that dreadful woman? I mean my own miserable mother!" she groaned, burying her crimson face between her jeweled hands. I mean the woman whose true character I learned but one short week ago—the woman who darkened your life."

"It was your own choice, Lady Rosamond," he answered coldly. "Your forfeit was your own choice between your mother and dishonored father told me that you chose between your mother and him, and what was part of her life could never enter again into his."

Lady Rosamond arose impulsively and lifted her eyes to his—beautiful azure eyes that seemed melting with purity and truth.

"I was but a child," she said, bitterly. "Was it just to condemn the woman for the child's action? What did I know of my mother save that she was my mother, and I should cling to her as I should cling to my life? Mr. Carlyle, the estates of Mount Severn are mine. My mother has her allowance, and will retire to her dower-house fit until I send Joyce to you. I am going now to meet the Countess of Mount Severn, and I expect to find you here on my return."

Isabel made no reply. Her beautiful lips quivered with wounded pride, her beautiful eyes flashed him one rebellious glance—she looked intently in his face, read its stern resolve, and without a word turned frigidly and walked away to the window. The last he saw of her, as he opened the door and went out, she was standing rigidly erect, her white face looking out on the majestic splendor of the sunset sky, her clinched hands rigid at her sides. A wilful lady, a proud lady, such as the world deals hard with.

"God pity her if that pride is ever crushed," he muttered, as he closed the door and strode away, "and God help her to live it down. Pride like that has been many a woman's curse, and it may be hers. No, no! She cannot know the miserable past until the world has softened her. Isabel, my lost wife, look down and guide her, for to tell her now the history of your wrecked and ruined life—Oh, no, no, no! Better I should thrust a dagger in her heart. The terrible story would kill her! She must not know—she must not dream. It were less barbarous to slay her in all her youth and beauty!"

He had reached the door of the reception-room by this time, and pausing a moment, he had laid his hand upon the knob. For the first time in more than twenty years he was about to look upon the woman who had spoiled Lady Isabel's life. Even then he could not but wonder how time had dealt with the laughter-loving woman whose beautiful, insolent face he had last seen at Castle Marling. Would he find a haggard wreck? Would he look on a worn and wasted figure, or—

He had opened the door, and he turned sad and sick like a fainting woman. A figure standing in the sunlit window had crossed the room with an order of patchouly and a *fragrance* of silks, a fresh young face, clear as a lily and fair as a star, had lifted to his, and then, before he could realize it, before he could recover from his surprise, she was on her knees before him, her face was buried in her palms, and she was sobbing brokenly:

"Oh, Mr. Carlyle, pity and forgive me! By the memory of the past, I appeal to you—save me, help me, forgive me! I am utterly alone in the world!"

He had closed the door, and reeling back against it now, he pasted like a hunted deer.

"Oh, forgive me—say you will try to forgive me!" broke in that passionate, tearful voice afresh. "Ah! do not shrink from me, I shall die of shame. Mr. Carlyle, if you withhold your pardon from a woman whose race has so shamed of the man who lies now in the Mount Severn vault, I beg, I implore you to pity and forgive!"

For the first time he found strength to reply.

"Madam—I—I—that is—I fear there has been some mistake," he stammered.

"The servant announced that the Countess of Mount Severn was here, and surely you—"

"I am the Countess of Mount Severn, Mr. Carlyle," broke in that sweet, sad voice. "The entail allows the title to descend to a woman in the absence of a male heir, and when poor papa—oh, Mr. Carlyle, why was I chose to think of the latter, and his fool's paradise was pleasant.

"Papa," broke in Isabel's voice, presently, "papa, come away from the window and tell me why you deceived me so. You said the Countess of Mount Severn knew my mother, and she could only have been a child when mamma died."

Archibald Carlyle laughed nervously and shot Lady Rosamond a stealthy glance.

"You were determined to have a mystery, puss," he said, "and so I laid the plot, built up the flame that it might die at its brightest, and show you how intensely ludicrous it was. The countess is my ward; she has been in a convent for many years and you were simply confined here that you might make a *debut* together."

"And it was simply acting just now in the library?"

"It was simply acting. You may ask Lady Mount Severn of your mother if you wish."

Isabel did not ask. She merely lifted her dark eyes, but Lady Rosamond read their questioning glance and threw one arm about her.

"She died abroad in a railroad accident, did she not, Mr. Carlyle?" she said, sweetly. "I remember hearing of it in the convent, but I never knew there was any mystery."

"There never was, except in Lady Isabel's fancy," he replied. "You mustn't mind us calling her *Lady* Isabel, Rosamond. She was so proud and imperious as a child that when she knew her mother was an earl's daughter she demanded the title of my lady. It fitted her so well that we adopted it, and we have got up with her. She is simply Miss Carlyle, you know, but everybody calls her 'my lady.'"

"Surely the title fits her," murmured Lady Rosamond, sweetly; "and who knows but she may wear it yet by royal right? The peers of England are not what I take them to be if she is not a countess or a duchess before her first season ends. Shall I cast your horoscope, Isabel, dear?"

Lady Isabel blushed and lowered her eyes.

"You will make it far too bright to be true, I fear," she said, timidly. "Let us talk of other things. Tell me of the world, Lady Rosamond—tell me all you have seen since you left your convent."

Lady Rosamond smiled. She had noticed that vivid blush and that soft drooping of the eyelids, and inwardly she muttered:

"Even the walls of Leith Abbey have not shut you out from love, my dark-eyed, dark-skinned, imperious cousin. You have met your fate, and Heaven will it may be a man as proud as Lucifer, or—yourself."

"Tell me of your convent," pursued Isabel, winding her arms about Lady Rosamond. "Was it in France, or in Spain?"

"Neither, dear," responded my lady, sweetly. "It was in a cold, bleak spot where there is little to charm the eye of girlhood—in Wales!"

Isabel involuntarily shivered.

"Oh, I hate Wales!" she said, impulsively. "I never mean to go there—never!"

And, as she spoke those words, there came back to Archibald Carlyle a vision of the library they had lately quitted. He saw her as he saw her then, standing with the sunset crimsoning her beautiful face and soft white robe, and he seemed to hear her sweet voice say:

"If any harm should come to me, papa, I am sure it will come from Wales!"

And in the terrible after days he never liked to recall that picture.

The sun had long gone down and the moon hung over the sweeping channel. Isabel and Joyce were rambling through the gardens, while papa talked some horrid business affair with his lovely ward," and in the lamplit library of Leith Abbey Archibald Carlyle and the Countess of Mount Severn held solemn conclave behind drawn curtains and bolted doors.

It had all been arranged. My lady was quite friendless, and she was to be regarded as his ward. She should return to London to-night and arrange for her maid to bring all her effects to Leith Abbey, where both she and Isabel would spend the time until every preparation was made for their *debut* and a process of suitable rank could be found to "bring out" the young countess and her beautiful companion. But few would remember the former Countess of Mount Severn, and fewer still the Lady Isabel Vane, for she had seen very little of society, and the history of the past might easily be put behind them.

"It would kill Isabel to know it," he murmured Mr. Carlyle, as my lady went down the steps to her carriage, and my lady smiled an old smile.

Isabel, whose heart had gone out to her, clung to her and bemoaned their parting, short though she knew it was.

"I shall return within the week, dear," smiled Lady Rosamond, as she stooped and kissed her. "In a few days we shall be together again—almost sisters, and never to be parted. Try and love me, Isabel—I have no one in the world but you and your father. Try and love me, and trust me—I am so utterly alone!"

"I love you now—I always shall love you!" murmured Isabel, impulsively, and with these words they parted.

My lady had forged the first link in the chain, and could they have followed the carriage as it drove off through the starlight, they might have known how well.

Rattling down the St. Denis road, it rolled on into Craypack—still rolled on until the very hackney-coach of Heathcoat Downs was reached and the London depot left far enough behind.

Before a pretty stone lodge, embossed in trees and almost completely hidden from the main road a halt had been at once been a "shooting box" for his Grace of Everdham before his magnificent fortune "went to flinders" as they told it in Mayfair, the carriage came to a sudden halt, and my lady alighted.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his fellow Sufferers. Actuated by this motive and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.