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1 Milton	Wm. Paxton	29	25	28	9	24	25	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Balmer	5	1	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.
Campbellville	S. R. Lister	11	8	10	0	9	8	9 30 "
Burlington	W J. Bastedo	5	2	4	2	10	2	11 "

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Lady Rosamond did not accompany my lord and Isabel. It suited her best that they should be thrown together until the glamor of love had fallen over them, and then—well my lady's plans were well laid, and then it was her hour of triumph.

She pleaded headache as an excuse for not visiting the mere, and Lady Beresford, who could not be other than courteous (no matter how frigidly) to Isabel while she was hostess, was very glad of an excuse to withdraw from her presence and share an hour of rest with Lady Rosamond on the long, shaded, marble tiled terrace that skirted the lower story of the mansion.

"You will like the mere, Miss Carlyle," predicted Lord Beresford, as she strolled along through the long shadows of the low-hanging sun. "It is the chief glory of Ravenswood, and we Beresfords are very proud of it—there is not its match in all England to-day."

"You Beresfords are proud of everything, I think," murmured Isabel, with just the faintest shadow of bitterness in her voice. "You know what Claude Melnotte says, my lord: 'By pride even angels have fallen,' and I can imagine nothing sadder than a lofty pride falling suddenly to the dust."

"It would kill me, I think, were I forced to humble mine," admitted my lord, frankly. "My mother talks with olden chivalry of walking to the block sooner than know the taint of dishonor. I never say it, but I would sooner die, Miss Carlyle, than have one breath tarnish my honor, one arrow strike at my peace. I never did a dishonorable act in my life, and though my own brother—nay, my own child—brought a blemish to a name that has never known one, had I either of these ties, I would shut my heart and life against them, and never look on their faces again. Pride may be sinful, Miss Carlyle,—some call it so—but family pride is the essence of my life."

"Pride is not sinful, Lord Beresford, save where it is unjust," flashed Isabel, her soul rising in rebellion as she recollected the words of that proud old mother. "With me, pride takes a different shape, however. You would turn from your nearest relative in horror and shut your heart and life against him, if he tarnished your honor. I should not."

"No? What then, Miss Carlyle?"

They were strolling down the Oak Walk, and a lance of sunlight, piercing the leaves, struck down on her face as she answered him, and that picture Lionel, Lord Beresford, always liked to recollect.

"It would simply kill me, my lord," answered Isabel, gravely. "I think—nay, I am quite sure—that any shame fell on my race, if any shadow darkened my life so that I could not feel my honor as spotless as the highest in the land, in that moment I should drop down dead. I could not survive dishonor—shame would kill me."

And in the days to come when life was all but worthless, how often did that grave speech take the form of a passionate prayer.

Just now, the wish to die was the furthest from her heart; just now she was feeling that her pride was as just as my Lord Beresford's own, and once again that dark thought came back to her.

She paused abruptly and laid her soft hand on my lord's arm.

"There is a jointure house attached to Ravenswood, is there not, Lord Beresford?" she asked, with a strange sort of solemnity.

"Yes," he answered; "Crown Leighton—a pretty spot two miles from the Court."

"And if you married, my lord—no matter whom; a bone boiler's daughter, if you saw fit—your—your mother would be obliged to leave Ravenswood Court and retire to the seclusion of the jointure house, would she not?"

"Yes; even though I married my cook," his lordship answered, laughingly, "she would be Countess of Beresford, and my mother would be dethroned, Ravenswood Court will be my wife's home; my mother has a small income, and she would be obliged to live on this and retire to Crown Leighton."

"Poor dowager Ladies Beresford have to do so," she said, bitterly.

"And your mother loves Ravenswood, does she not, my lord?"

"My mother loves Ravenswood—oh, yes. She would scarcely be a Beresford if she did not."

Isabel spoke no more. Her wide, dark eyes studied the earth as they strolled along, and the terrible thought came back again.

"Avenge yourself!" it said to her. "Keep your promise and pay scorn for scorn. Humble this proud old mother. Lord her of her position, and reign the Lady of Ravenswood in her stead. It would be a noble revenge."

The temptation was a dark one, and darkly it was harvested.

"Here is the mere, Miss Carlyle," interrupted my lord, breaking in on this dangerous train of thought. "Look up and tell me if you do not think it grand."

They had passed down the Oak Walk and stood by the brink of the waters, and Isabel, lifting her eyes to view that pretty scene, felt a chill go through her and a vague sickness touch her throbbing heart.

"Are you ill?" breathlessly exclaimed my lord, seeing the chalky pallor that swept across her beautiful face and left it as colorless as snow. "Good heavens! how white you are. Isabel—Miss Carlyle, what is it?"

She tried to laugh but only a low gurgling sound escaped her dry lips.

"I—I'm afraid I don't like the mere, Lord Beresford," she said faintly. "It is very foolish, but I seem to see faces mocking me in the water. Please let us return, my lord. Were I superstitious, I should call this a presentiment."

"A presentiment? Of what?"

"I—I don't know—of evil—of wrong—of injury done to me on this very spot," she answered faintly. "Smile if you will, but I shall never want to look on the mere of Ravenswood again. If I ever do, will you recollect what I say to you, my lord?"

Would he recollect it? Would he ever forget it?—ever forget her as she stood there, her beautiful face uplifted, her beautiful eyes wide and solemn with the prescience of pain, and her sweet young voice faint and sick as she added:

"Lord Beresford, something will happen—I feel it. I know it—I shall not be happy if I ever look on the mere of Ravenswood again."

And when that sunset hour was a faint memory of a far-off painful past, Lionel, Lord Beresford, never liked to recall the prophecy she spoke when she stood by the Ravenswood mere.

CHAPTER XIII.

"LOVE TOOK UP THE GLASS OF TIME."

The brilliant August day that was to stand out forever in Isabel Carlyle's life came to a close at last, and in the faint glimmer of dying dusk, the Arleigh equipage rolled up to the broad terrace of Ravenswood Court to convey the young ladies back to the Towers.

Lady Rosamond had made fine progress with Madame la Comtesse, and the regal old lady condescended to escort her to the carriage door, while my lord lingered on the terrace in the faint light of the young moonrise and held Isabel's hand.

"I may hope to see you at the garden party to-morrow, then?" he asked, with his heart shining out of his eyes, and Isabel made a smiling reply.

"You may hope to see me there, and at the flower show the next day, and in London afterward, if you care to," she said, sweetly. "We are to be presented at Court early in September, and I should be pleased if you cared to call while we are in town."

"If I cared? Oh, Miss Carlyle—Isabel, I——"

"The carriage is waiting, my lord," interrupted Isabel, softly. "Adieu, and many thanks. I shall always like to remember this day."

And flashing him a sweet smile, she tripped down the steps and entered the carriage, leaving him standing there in the delirium of a wild, sweet, rapturous dream as the vehicle rolled away in the golden shower of starlight and went down the road to Arleigh Towers.

Mr. Carlyle had arrived—they had found that out when they reached their destination, and Isabel was childishly happy as she sprung into his arms.

"Well, puss, and what do we think of the 'world of society?'" he laughed, pinching her beautiful cheek. "Does it meet my little lassie's hopes?"

"Oh, papa, it excels them," flashed Isabel. "I never knew what it was to live until now, and—and I am so happy—so happy. I shall always love this day."

"For what, puss?"

"I—I don't know—only I feel so happy I could sing for joy, and—and—oh, papa, the world never seemed so lovely to me before. My very heart is throbbing and my nerves tingle with incense."

"And you have only known Lord Beresford for twenty-four hours! Take care, puss! I must see and know this young man. The symptoms are decidedly like love, my little sweetheart, and you must look into your heart before we go to London."

"And do you really think that is the way love begins? do you, papa? Please tell me, I—I never thought about loving Lord Beresford. I—I don't want to love him, papa, and I never thought—Oh, papa, I wish you hadn't put that thought in my mind. I only looked on him as a friend—a noble gentleman—who—who was handsomer and nicer than any one I ever knew, and—please don't talk of love, papa. I don't want to love Lord Beresford, I only want to—Never mind; when do we go to London?"

It was such a rambling, disjointed speech that Mr. Carlyle laughed.

"Upon my word, puss, you rush from subject to subject with room power," he answered lightly. "When do you go to London? Why, as previously arranged, in a fortnight. I leave at daybreak. I only came up to get Rosamond's signature to some papers I have relative to the purchase of a mansion in Belgravia; and I join you again in the city. But you love Lord Beresford—what of him, puss?"

Isabel colored vividly.

"Don't speak of him, papa," she said, as she turned to run up to her room. "I am only sorry that you put that thought in my mind. Lord Beresford and love I do not care to connect. I want to forget that, and I will."

Would she? She had waked to a knowledge of her own heart, and, henceforth, the happiness of my lord's presence would never go unnamed.

On the morrow she met him at the garden party, the next day at the flower show, and the next at the kettledrum; but fight as she might against it, she began to realize that life with Lord Lionel Beresford was a golden dream, and life without him—blank.

"I never wanted to love him. I only cared to strike his mother's pride," she stormed as she sat alone in her chamber after the kettledrum was over, and looked wistfully up at the August moon shining like a globe of frozen pearl in the purple, star-studded sky. "She wounded me, she scorned me, and I will *not* love her son. Still—I—I *could* repay her if I married him. She said it would be the death-blow to her pride if I became Countess of Beresford, and I could drive her from her home, I could humble her to the dust by one little word. But no! I—I'll stick to my first resolve; I'll reject him with scorn, and I—I won't love him I—won't! He is nothing to me—less than nothing—and when I meet him to-morrow, I will avoid him. I will accept the attentions of other gentlemen. I *won't* be conquered by Lady Vivienne Beresford's son."

Part of that wild resolve she kept only too well, and my lord's mother, drawing his attention to "Miss Carlyle's shameless flirting," shrugged her shoulders, and asked him "if *that* was his ideal of a Beresford's bride."

"It is nothing, mother, nothing," my lord asserted boldly. "You are making a mountain out of a mole-hill, and you shall see how different is the grace accorded me."

And his mother *did* see. Isabel, set on driving him from her heart (and as miserable all the time as she could possibly be) received him with a cool little bow, and then, to keep herself from breaking down, plunged into the maddest of mad gayety and laughed and sang and flirted until sick at heart she drove back to the Towers and spent the rest of the night in tears.

It was no use—she could not struggle against it. "Love took up the glass of time and turned it in his glowing hands," and she knew it then, as surely as she ever knew it in the days to come; life was nothing where Lord Lionel Beresford was not.

She must succumb to the inevitable—she could battle with love no longer; and my lord, alone basking in the sunshine of her smiles, forgot his jealousy, forgot his mother's hints, and drifted calmly down the golden tide, too happy to stay his fate.

The fortnight glided away and the time for the trip to London came round at last.

"I will speak to her there; I will tell her my heart-story in London, my beautiful darling," his lordship told himself. "I will tell her that life is empty without her and lay my heart and title at her feet. Isabel, Countess of Beresford. How sweet it sounds, and how regally she will wear it, my beautiful dark-eyed bride. I shall ask nothing of the future, save that Isabel shall be my wife—my beautiful proud-hearted countess."

Ah! these lovers! What he really *would* ask of the future, Lord Lionel Beresford never dreamed just then. The time was coming when he should know only too well, and in the knowing, find life a broken reed.

So the London journey was taken, and Isabel Carlyle's beauty dawned on the metropolis like a dazzling star. Titles were laid at her feet and they quietly rejected, sonnets were written to her beauty and flirted into the fire before half read; and so, fighting the one great love of her life, and battling against Lord Lionel Beresford's love and with all the strength of her proud, wilful, tropical nature, she went on rejecting one eligible *parti* after another with the coolness of a human icicle.

She would never give in—never! His mother had scorned her, taunted her, stung her, and she would neither forgive nor forget.

My Lady Rosamond watched this little farce with d eply growing interest. She loved Lord Lionel Beresford as she never would love any other in this lower world, but she would sacrifice love, she would immolate him on the altar of revenge, so that she repaid Isabel Carlyle an hundred fold for the suffering to the woman she hated.

"If Pierre would only write," she thought. "If he would only tell me that he has found *her*, I could feel that the game was safe. She was so vain and vain, and unselfish, she could easily win her to our side if we only knew where she is hidden. But we do not. Pierre's last letter tells me he can find no trace of her, but she must be found—ah, Heaven, she *must*, for she is the only one who would serve us as we wish. Surely Pierre would know her if he saw her. The picture was cut from an illustrated paper, but my mother says it was a good one, and we could recognize her by that. Oh, will Pierre never find her? I would give half my fortune to behold her at this moment!"

But this mysterious "she" that my lady was bent on finding quite failed to appear in spite of the tempting offer, for the very good reason that she was entirely in ignorance of it, and Pierre, with all his shrewdness, was hunting in the wrong quarter.

CHAPTER XIV.

LA-SYLPHINE.

"A box at Her Majesty's, and Patti to sing! Oh, Rosamond! how kind of Lord Beresford, is it not? I merely mentioned the other day that I had never heard Patti, and he has gone to this trouble and expense. Of course you will go too, papa?"

"Of course I will do nothing of the sort," smiled Mr. Carlyle. "Had it been any night but this, I should have been delighted. But I have an engagement, puss, on a matter of vital importance—some evidence to collect for a trial which is to take place shortly after the time set for my return to East Lynne. All the same, it is very kind of Lord Beresford. He is a noble young man, Isabel, and I esteem him highly."

Isabel looked away, and frowned in the glass at the reflection of a tell-tale blush.

"You'll not miss me," her father rejoined. "Her Grace of Arleigh will chaperon you, and doubtless Lord Beresford's mother will accompany him. But here, I say, puss, have a little consideration for the good fellow and don't keep him waiting. It is after six now, and you had better be off to your dressing-rooms, both of you. But remember, not too much of this running around nights if you want any 'roses' left for the royal drawing-room!"

"I shall have plenty, papa," laughed Isabel, lightly. "Come, Rosamond, Let us be off to our dressing. You shall tell me what to wear to-night, and in return you shall have Joyce's assistance with your toilet. I should be so tired of having Annette take sick every time I needed her most, were I your fairy. But there, you have an angel's temper, dear, while I—Ah! I'm all fire and gunpowder, with 'danger' in every turn. Come along, Rosa, darling:

"My heart is beating for our meeting,
Robin dear! Robin dear!

Throw aside your book like a dear, good Rosamond, and help me select something to wear. I never was at the opera before, and I want to look my best."

They were in the pretty music-room of my lady's recent purchase, the mansion in Belgravia, and the lamps burning behind pearl shades threw a soft white light on both fresh young faces as Isabel tossed aside Lord Beresford's rose-scented invitation, and bent over Lady Rosamond's chair.

Lady Rosamond laid down her book and quietly arose.

"An opera and a ballet—it is something new in our existence, to be sure, puss," she said, sweetly. "We owe Lord Beresford a million thanks for this new view of life. You will not mind if we leave you now, guardy? It is too bad that you cannot accompany us, but we shall not want for a chaperon, with her grace the duchess and Lady Beresford present. Come, *belle cousine*, let us make the all-important selection at once. His lordship will drive round at eight, at the latest, and we must not keep him waiting."

She wound her arm about Isabel's waist as she spoke, and, trilling the fagend of a popular ballad, went up the stairs to dress for the opera.

The all-important costume was selected, her Grace of Arleigh was acquainted with the "order of the going," and my lady hence retired to choose her own dress, and to blaze upon them all an hour later in billows of sea-green crape, with emeralds on her throat and wrists and shining in the meshes of her golden hair.

Isabel at her toilet sang, in the perfect rapture of her heart, and resolved that she should outshine herself, this night of nights, when my lord's most noble mother must sit beside her in the public gaze and hear the comments spoken on the country solicitor's daughter.

And she did outshine herself. My lord (driving up at eight with my lady, his mother, and the Right Honorable the Viscount Dynnelly) thought he had never seen her look so radiantly beautiful as when she glided under the pearly lights to meet him and lifted her smiling eyes to his.

She wore a trailing robe of ecru satin embossed in ruby roses; opals and rubies circled her arms and throat and shone in her lustrous dark hair; the low-cut corsage revealed her perfect neck and beautiful ivory arms; an opera cloak of ecru plush with streamers of wine-red ribbon was folded lightly over her shoulders, and her little cream-gloved hand clasped a great bunch of ruby jacqueminots tied with trailing streamers of ecru and loops of wine-red ribbon.

My lord's patrician face flushed with pleasure as he saw her, and he would have felt no prouder of a princess royal than he did of this solicitor's daughter when she went down the steps on his arm and entered the carriage where his mother sat.

Lady Beresford started with surprise at the girl's brilliant beauty, but there was something more than beauty to Vivienne, Countess of Beresford, and she could not forget—would not forgive.