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	Place of Sitting and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1	Milton	Wm. Panton	29	26	28	9	24	26	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	6	3	5	7	11	3	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	R. Grant	12	16	11	7	17	9	9.30 a.m
4	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. 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.

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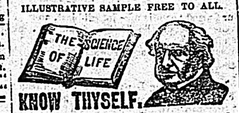

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A SEQUEL TO EAST LYNNE.

The Cathedral bells were chiming as my lord drove up to the vestry door; all the tenantry clustered about the red edifice gave him a rousing cheer as he sprung down, and a pompous person in blue velvet and gold lace touched the door for him to enter, and bowing good-humoredly as he ran up the steps, he sprung across the threshold and into the presence of his bride. She met him with a lovely blush, but my lord draw back and held his breath. "Do you shrink from me, Lionel?" she asked, sweetly. "Does your bachelor freedom take an added glory as it fades?"

"No" he answered, in a dreamy way. "Oh, sweet, the world were well lost for such an hour as this. But—but I cannot seem to realize that you live, dear, and that henceforth, you belong to me. Ah, love! do not move out of the sunlight—you seem so like an angel, standing there."

She stood beneath the vestry arch, a great colored window making a background to her wondrous loveliness, and the sunlight, pouring in through the stained glass, seemed to circle her with shattered rainbows.

A trailing robe of white Ottoman silk formed a court train over an overdress of creamy satin that was literally crusted with pearls; the underskirt and train were finished in white ostrich tips and trailing sprays of orange-blossoms heading six small ruffles of priceless old point lace; the low corsage was bound by ostrich tips and filled in with point lace and orange-blossoms; pearls linked their milky globes about her ivory throat and glimmered like frosty stars about her perfect arms; pearls and orange-flowers crowned the queenly dark head, and over all, like netted moonlight, fell the sweeping veil of silk tulle edged with point lace embroidered in pearls. The little white-gloved hands were overflowing with orange-blossoms tied with trailing ribbons of creamy satin, the little feet were incased in dainty slippers of white Ottoman silk embroidered in pearls, and from head to foot she was one glimmering flash of frosty white.

The eight bridemaids wore white satin, with over-dresses of creamy Spanish lace festooned with blood-red roses, and carried little fairy horns of plenty overflowing with smilax and ruby Jacqueminots, and surely a lovelier vision never shone under the vasty dome than those nine beauties into whose presence my lord had walked, the hero of the hour.

Eleven o'clock struck, and a flutter went through the bridal party, the chimes began to peal in a delirium of joy, the organ music thundered out on the gemmed and flower-scented scene, the vestry door swung back to the touch of unseen hands, the white bridemaids floated down the isle, before and behind the bride and groom, and twenty little elfins in pink and white scattered roses before them to the altar's foot.

The bishop rises as the bridal party appears, the bells cease to tinkle, the organ ceases to peal, and the vast multitude wedged within the garlanded walls of the Ravenswood Cathedral settles itself with a buzz and a flutter to see the ceremony performed.

It begins. A dead hush fills the air, bride and groom are kneeling on the silken cushions before the altar, the holy commands are received and responded to; Mr. Carlyle comes forward and gives away the bride; my lord receives her with wondrous peace written on his handsome Saxon face, the last word is uttered, the ring is on; the ceremony is over, and Isabel Lucy Carlyle is Lady Isabel Beresford for life.

The chimes clash and clatter and peal anew, the organ thunders "Ever Be Happy" as though a delirium of joy leaps from note to note; the vast multitude rises with a buzz and a hum; bride and groom go back to the vestry to write their names on the pages of the register, where a hundred Lords and Ladies Beresford have written theirs before them; then they are out of the church, into the carriage, and on their way to the wedding-breakfast, and Lionel, Earl of Beresford, is "Benedick, the married Man."

He holds his bride in his arms as the carriage rattles back to the Towers, holds her in perfect trust, and blesses her, and owns himself the happiest of men—and in that instance of "peace that passeth all understanding" there comes to him no vision of the dreadful hour when he will call to mind a curse.

The guests quit the cathedral, crowd into carriages and rattle off after bride and groom; they reach Arleigh Towers where her grace the duchess, gorgeous in peach-blossom plush embroidered in dead gold, does the honors of the house; they shower congratulations on the young earl and his countess, who receive them under a bower of orange-blossoms with a bridal-bell of red-roses swaying overhead, and then the wedding-banquet is served.

"How lightly fall the feet of time
That only tread orangeflowers."

How the day slips away, no one knows; the sun goes down before anybody dreams an hour has passed; twilight, soft and warm as a May eve, falls over the "white world of snow;" carriages are ordered, the music ceases, and men, bride and groom and wedding guests rattle away to Ravenswood Court to open the tenantry ball.

There has not been a cloud in the sky all day, there is none now as the carriages rattle into the brilliant park where bands are crashing and lanterns gleam. Overhead the moon swings its broad luminous face through the twinkling millions of frosty stars, the purple arch bends its spangled canopy over the revelry below, and the very ice on the mere is transformed to a sheet of silver.

In the great oak grove a temporary dancing hall has been erected, and the earl and his countess drive up and enter it amid a roar of cheers and a shower of waving handkerchiefs and up-cast hats.

The band crashes out suddenly, and the floor is cleared for the cotillon.

My lord and his bride open the ball; free rein is given to everybody, and for once in their lifetime the tenants mingle with lords and ladies, and forget, for the hour, that to-morrow a social wall will stand between them again.

The night slips by just as the day did before it, and ten rolls out from the stable-clock in the midst of "babble, and revel, and song."

The groom slips away and gets back to his room, where his valet awaits him; the bride is whisked off to a dazzling *boudoir* where Joyce is laying out her travelling costume and trying not to cry, and then white satin splendor gives place to seal-brown plush and sable furs, and there is bustle and hurry from one end of the house to the other.

The tour is to last until May. Lady Rosamond and Mr. Carlyle are to get everything in readiness to welcome the earl and his countess with a magnificent reception on the tenth of the month—and then, for a whole year, my lady is to live with Isabel and share her new honors with her.

They cling to each other and sob and cry over this parting, just as though my lady feels it as intensely as the beautiful, innocent bride she is betraying; and so my lord finds them when he comes to bear his darling away, and he presses my lady's hand and likes her, because she is so fond of Isabel, and his parting words tell her how glad he will be to greet her on his return.

In the midst of it all, the carriage which is to bear them to the railway spot is announced, the guests come looking out on the broad, moonlight terrace, and gather about the bride, until my lord swoops down like an eagle and bears her away in the midst of kisses and sobs, and *bon voyages*; then the happy flight their way down the steps through showers of rice and storms of old slippers—the carriage door bangs suddenly, the horses swing round and rush off as though the music and the cheers terrify them, and to the crashing of the band and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the honeymoon begins.

How it will end, this bright new year which has opened so gloriously, my lord and his fair young countess never ask, for the glory of to-day makes a gorgeous vista through which to see the future, and there is "neither storm nor shadow in the sky of hope."

The ball breaks up at daylight, with a grand "hands-all-round," a farewell bumper is drunk to bride and groom—rushing away to France as fast as steam can carry them—the gay assembly scatters; carriages rattle off through the ragged daylight with tired beauties, faded and washed out, and yawning at the rising sun, a great calm takes the place of the whilom revelry, and the long expected is over and done for—a thing of the irrevocable past.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle and Lady Rosamond Mount Severn finish the week at Arleigh Towers, and then depart—the solicitor to East Lynne, my lady to No. 10 Belgravia Square, where Monsieur Pierre Blonshar and Mademoiselle La Sylphine are frequent visitors—and so the days drag out into weeks, the weeks slip away and link themselves into months; the winter fades and passes, spring begins to thaw the ice and melt the snow, and the sky lays aside its "hodden gray," and comes out azure and gold, to darken again with April showers.

My lady hears often from the young earl and his countess. They are in Rome now, where Lady Isabel's dark Southern beauty has been the crowning feature of the season in the Eternal City, as it has been the *furor* in France and Germany and Spain. Artists and sculptors have raved over and immortalized her on canvas and in Cararra marble, poets have written of her and actresses aped her style and dress, and of all the famous Countesses Beresford whose ashes lie under the chancel of the Ravenswood Cathedral, not one has won the laurels that have been showered on the country solicitor's dark-eyed, dark-haired daughter, who carries the Continent by storm, and is queen and belle, go where she may.

Much of this my lady learns through the newspapers (more from Lord Beresford himself, who writes of every triumph scored), and each letter brings a wicked smile to her beautiful face, for

"Oh! the pride the more terrible
Of one, she thinks, and shame there
—bitter shame and bitter suffer-
ing surely as the world goes round.

So she baits the trap and watches and waits for May to come, and in the middle of April starts back to Ravenswood to prepare for the home-coming of Beresford and his bride.

CHAPTER XXV.

"ADIEU, OH PLEASANT PATHS OF PEACE!"

May steals in at last, everything is in readiness for the return of the earl and his countess, and the tenth day slips round in a whirl of expectancy.

My lady has carried out Lord Beresford's orders to the letter; five hundred invitations have been dispatched, bands have been engaged, green-houses have been sacked, caterers have been crazed with preparations for the "banquet after the dance," and everybody within fifty miles is eager and ready for the home-coming of the young countess whose brows are burdened with their laurels.

It is a glorious morning, this never-to-be forgotten tenth of May, the azure sky full of drifting fleece-white clouds, the warm sun shining down on the tender new grass and gilding the beautiful mere, the garden-beds all glowing with radiant color, the lawn close-clipped, the fountains tinkling, the vases aflame, and the statues all agleam through the green dusk of spring leaves and the tangles of early roses.

Ravenswood Court has never looked fairer—to my lord, wearied with foreign travel, never so fair—as the carriage rolls round the bend of the road, and "home" bursts in upon him in all its brilliant beauty, the belling deer flocking down from the woods, the peacock strutting on the velvet lawn, the doves flashing through the sunlight, and the roses flaming down the terrace rail.

The carriage rolls up to the steps with bells ringing and honest voices breaking out in welcoming cheers; my lord springs down and hands his bride out, and the long line of servants, headed by Mrs. Fleck in stiff black satin with a scrap of thread lace on her silver hair, sent up another rousing cheer that she acknowledges with a smile and a bend of her queenly head.

She seems to have received a new baptism of beauty, so glorious she is, so radiantly happy, as she glides down the great marble corridor, leaning on my lord's arm, and moving like an etherealized sylph, her velvet carriage dress trailing after her, her soft white shawl thrown back from her delicate shoulders, the white plumes of her hat sweeping back from her beautiful dusk face, her dark eyes glittering, her lips smiling, and the color coming and going through her soft cheeks.

At the door of the grand reception chamber she breaks from him suddenly and flies forward with both hands extended.

"Papa, darling—Rosa, dear! Oh I am so happy, so happy!"

And then there is general embracing, the sound of much kissing and many happy words, until my lord strides forward with hand extended and claims his share of welcome.

Luncheon is announced in the midst of it all, and the travelers, tired out with journeying, and recollecting what is to be to-night, forego the labor of dressing, and after ridding off their wraps and refreshing themselves a trifle, join Lady Rosamond and Mr. Carlyle over the crystal and silver of the luncheon-table.

It is a cozy home meal with all the restraint of formality dispensed with, and the tinsel of society laid aside. Laughter and light words mingle over truffles and cold pheasant; my lord, with a bright proud face, reviews the hundred triumphs of his bride, and looks at her with his heart shining out of his eyes as he runs the gamut of her successes; and Lady Rosamond with a queer smile hovering about her rose-leaf lips, listens and learns, and feels how deadly her vengeance will be.

She rises when the meal is over and goes out of the room with her arm about Lady Isabel's waist; my lord and his proud papa in-law linger at the table to discuss politics over the walnuts and the wine, while my lady and her cousin retire to the seclusion of a wonderful rose-satin *boudoir* to rest before the labors of the reception, and indulge in a feminine confidence.

The day wears away lovely, a mystical twilight lifts the veil with ambrosia, Joyce comes in to dress my lady for the reception, the quiet-*a-tête-a-tête* ended and the last day of perfect peace has gone forever out of the life of Beresford's life.

Lady Rosamond rises languidly and walks to the door. On the threshold she pauses and takes her cousin's beautiful face between her soft, treacherous hands.

"Thrice-blessed Isabel," she murmurs, with a rapturous coo,—"thrice-blessed Isabel, to love and be loved, and feel peace in this wicked world. Dear coz, always remember that I prayed for you to know the rapture of love like this, and the proudest Lord Beresford has felt of you, the happier you have been in his perfect love, the better I have delighted in it, the more exultant my heart has been. Ah! I have won the noblest, proudest, most upright man in all England, and I always prayed you might."

My lady's beautiful dark eyes glowed. "It was very kind of you, Rosamond," she said, sweetly. "I ought to feel then that I owe all my happiness to you. And I *am* happy, Rosamond—so happy that my heart aches with its fulness of perfect bliss. Lionel was right when he said, 'All for love, and the world well lost.' What would the world be to me were I deprived of him. Ah! Rosamond, the love of the wife is deeper and stronger than all earthly ties. I used to think it would kill me if anything came to rob me of Lionel's love and faith, but the thought has grown into conviction—I *know* it now. If I lost him, if anything deprived me of my darling's love, I never should survive the blow."

My lady made a smiling reply, stooped abruptly, kissed her on her smooth dark brow, and walked quietly out of the room, humming as she went, the little fragment Isabel had sung in the summer of the old year:

"More pangs corrode and consume—
Dead when life dies at the brain—
In the infinite spirit is room
For the pulse of an infinite pain!"

Half way down the corridor, a little page came forward to meet her with a sealed note on a silver salver.

"For you, my lady," he explained, as he extended it. "A messenger just left it at the lodge gate and rode off, saying there was no reply."

Lady Rosamond took the note, dismissed the page, and snapped the seal of the envelope, her azure eyes glittering, and that wicked, triumphant smile dickering about her pretty pink lips.

The note was very brief. Written in a man's hand, and saying just this:

"MY LADY,—Yours, containing remittance, received. I am here, enraptured to know that the long wedding-tour is over at last, and the meeting my heart has been set on need no longer be deferred. I fly to execute your commands, and you may be thoroughly certain that I shall be at the place you designate on the very stroke of eleven. Of course you will take measures to see that Lord Beresford is too much engaged to notice when the time comes for the rendezvous. It would be an end to our pretty little scheme if he noticed and followed. I should be shot dead, doubtless, and life offers too many sweets to lose it yet awhile.

There it ended. There was no signature, and no need of one. My lady had seen quite enough of Pierre Blonshar's chirography to know it at sight, and names were dangerous in such a game as hers.

She twisted the note up and thrust it into the folds of her dress—into her pocket, as she thoroughly believed, for, to do my lady one act of justice, she never intended to make use of Pierre Blonshar's communication, other than to read and burn it, and she was quite in ignorance of the fact, when the twisted paper, dropped noiselessly to the floor, was whisked along by her train until it lodged in a crevice near Lady Isabel's door, and was left there, crumpled, and twisted, and quite unseen.

Fate had been responsible for this *contretemps*, and when my lady knew it she blessed it for the work.

Smiling and happy, she passed into her own splendid suite of apartments, and gave herself into the hands of Annette Varnelli, and two hours later she issued from them a shining vision, whose beautiful marble mask seemed too delicate and innocent to own a crafty heart.

Twilight deepened into night, a faint May moon lifted its silvery crescent over the tree-tops and glittered in a field of twinkling stars, the carriages began to roll up and deposit their sparkling loads, the band in the gilded gallery began to crash Weber and Chopin and Strauss, the glittering tide poured in and swelled to a perfect crush, and so the home-coming reception was opened.

Lady Isabel received them with queenly dignity, standing by my lord's side, proud and happy in the glowing lights, her perfect figure shown to its full advantage through the folds of a masterpiece designed by Worth—a trailing robe of white velvet embossed in silver lilies; white lilies with silver leaves encircled the low-cut corsage; white leaves with silver lilies lifted a delicate web of misty lace, and left her beautiful arms bare to the exquisite shoulders; lilies of silver and white festooned the ample drapery, and trailed round to the end of the flowing train; the great Beresford diamonds crowned her queenly, dark head with a blazing tiara, clasped her perfect arms, sparkled on her fingers, twinkled in her ears, glittered on her bosom, and ran like rivers of light about her delicate ivory throat.

My lord's eyes followed her where'er she moved—this nameless nobody who had risen queen over all his glorious race and ruled her kingdom with a regal dignity that carried the world by storm.

"Ah, sweet! how glorious you are!" he murmured once, when they stood apart from the throng. "There is no other in the room—nay, in the world—to compare with you, my countess."

"Always thinks so, Lionel," she responded, sweetly. "It is love that dazzles your eyes—never let its golden glamour depart."

"It never will—it never can!" he answered, ardently. "It is my life that goes into this love, and they will end together. But where are you going, dear? See! the dance is at its height—surely you will not quit the rooms now?"

She held up her dainty fan of white ostrich tips and showed him the silver sticks, snapped.

"I broke it in the last waltz with Lord Dynnolly," she said, smilingly. "The rooms are too crowded to send for a servant. It is but a step. Give me your arm as far as the staircase, Lionel, and I will get another fan."

She slipped her sparkling fingers through his costsleeve as she spoke, and holding him captive for the last sweet hour of peace, walked with him into the wide corridor to the steps of the glittering staircase.

"Pray hasten," he said, as she slipped away and ran up the broad steps between the shining lights. "It will be dull enough when my sun has set—let it rise again quickly, dear."

She paused midway on the staircase and looked back with a light laugh.

"I ought to stay to teach you how necessary we are to each other's lives," she said, banteringly. "Foolish fellow! don't look so utterly desolate. I am all your own, Lionel—nothing on earth can ever take me from you."

How beautiful she was as she spoke those words, standing there with the hundred gas-jets shining down upon her and love looking out of her glorious eyes. My lord always lifted to remember her just as she looked at that moment, for, as he saw her then—radiantly happy in love and perfect peace, in this life at least—Lord Lionel Beresford never saw her again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TRAGEDY BEGINS.

She turned with that bright, sweet smile my lord was never more to see, and, flinging him back a silvery laugh, flitted up the staircase and so passed out of sight.

He could hear her trilling the quaint little love-song she sung the night they met on the moonlit waters of the Channel, and folding his arms on the carven newel, he bent forward and listened to her happy voice fading away down the expanse of the upper corridor—sweet and silvery to the last faint note—and he was quietly drifting off into a delicious reverie, when something floated up to him, all turquois satin and starry diamonds, and her Grace the Duchess of Arleigh tapped his shoulder with the jeweled sticks of her fan.

"What's this dull town to me? Robin's not here!" she quoted, laughingly. "Pray, my lord, have you lost your best friend that you stand here like patience on a monument? Do you know I have been looking the rooms through in search of you, *mon ami*?"

My lord glanced up with a bright smile.

"May I ask what I have done to merit the honor?" he asked, lightly. "Her Grace of Arleigh is more sought than seeking, I fancied."

"*Bien!* Who ever can get the better of you 'male creatures?'" laughingly responded her grace. "What is that Cowper says about 'Trust not the tongue whose honey's o'er ready?' Flatterer! I have come for deeds, not words. Lady Fanny Gabble tells me you have a night-blooming cereus in full flower in the forcing-house, and I am the envoy of at least fifty who would like you to tear yourself away from the 'twinkling lights and laughing faces' and unfold the wonder. Her ladyship learned of it from the gardener. *He* says you removed it from the conservatory for fear of accident in to-night's crush, and then, uncharitably, forbade it to be publicly exposed."

"The flower is choice," explained my lord, "and it bloomed to-night for the first time in all the years it has been at Ravenswood. I did not mean to conceal it—rather to save it, that it might be seen in all its wonder and beauty. The forcing-house is open to any and all, and, if you will accept my arm, your grace, I shall be pleased to display the flower."

Her grace flirted back her point-lace fan and slipped her sparkling hand through his arm.

"Lead on—I follow," she quoted, in a sepulchral voice, and then, breaking into a faint, silvery laugh, she glided down under the twinkling lamps, nodded to Lady Fanny Gabble (who arose, gorgeous in ruby plush and diamonds, and signaled her little coterie of admirers to follow her), and leaning on my lord's arm, the centre of the laughing, brilliant throng, went out on the terrace, down the steps and through the flashing lamps to the doors of the forcing-house.

Meanwhile, Lady Isabel, radiant with beauty, glorious with happiness, flitted down the dazzling corridor and hastened to her *boudoir*.

Joyce would know where to find her—another fan immediately, she thought—Joyce was always so systematic she could lay her hand on anything at the moment it was needed.

She pushed the door open and passed lightly in. The gas-jets, shining through globes of pearl, filled the rose-satin bower with softest light, the wind drifting over vases of violets and mignonette loaded it with incense, but—Joyce was not there.

My lady passed on into the little turquois parlor, lifted the *portiere* and entered the amber and gold bedchamber, still calling and still receiving no response.

"She must be below with the servants," she murmured. "How provoking! when Lionel is waiting, and——"

The sentence was never finished.

A rustling sound attracted her attention; she turned with mild surprise and beheld Lady Rosamond Mount Severn lifting the *portiere* and gliding towards her with a sealed packet in her jeweled hand.

"Oh, how opportune, Rosa, darling," she said, sweetly. "I cannot find Joyce and I have broken my fan. Have you one you could——"

She stopped ab