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VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1886. NO. 15.

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Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton For the Year 1886

No.	Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1	Milton	Wm. Paxton	29	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.
	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.

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LADY ISABEL'S ATONEMENT.

A SEQUEL TO EAST LYNNE.

"I bow to your ladyship's request," she sneered, as she gathered up her glittering train. "I shall not care to share much that belongs to one so *honorable*, and this pride—"

"Not pride, madam, but self-respect," dropped in Isabel, coldly. "Whatever my miserable mother has done, whatever the shame she has brought into my life, never let it be forgotten that I am Lord Lionel Beresford's wife—the Lady of Ravenswood, and always *your* superior! Look about you, madam, and remember that when you have crossed the threshold of these rooms to-night, it is for the last time in life. I have fallen from the highest heaven to the depths of shame and misery, but not yet to your level—not yet so low but I can blush to stand by *you!* There is the door. Lady Rosamond Mount Severn—leave me!"

My lady made no reply. All stark with wicked hate, all white with passion, and quivering with rage, she passed out of the bodichamber, went through the little turquois parlor, and, like a scotched serpent, crawled silently away. She had wreaked her vengeance at last. She had reaped her terrible harvest, but the grain had blunted the sickle.

"Ruined but not humbled—murdered, but no cry," she muttered, as she went out into the sparkling corridor. "It is the poet's words realized:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still!"

So be it then! It is an added pang to the venom of my hatred, and I shall have ample payment for the blow."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

There is silence in the little pearl and silver bodichamber after my lady's going—bodichamber and daughter stand face to face in the shining lights, but no word passes between them until the last silken rustle of my lady's robe has ceased to sound, and the outer door has closed upon her beautiful, willowy form and shut it from their view.

The Lady Isabel turns suddenly and walks to the little lace-draped couch.

"I am tired, papa—I want to rest awhile," she murmurs, in a faint, sick voice. "Won't you leave me, please?—and—and don't let any one come to disturb me, least of all—Lionel. I have an hour yet before I must go to meet Sir—Sir Francis Levison's son and—and her! They will be at the end of the Oak Walk at one o'clock, and—and I should like to rest awhile until then."

Her voice has never risen once from that sick, tired, apathetic strain, but he sees that she suffers, sees that the blow is killing her, and he crosses the room with a little gulp of horror.

"Isabel—oh, my child!" he groans. "Rouse yourself from this state of apathy; speak to me, my darling; can I do nothing for you?"

"Nothing!"—brokenly, spiritlessly, huskily—"I ask for nothing, want for nothing but—death! It will come to me soon, papa—the seeds of dissolution were planted in my heart to-night, and I began to die from the hour I read that shameful life history. No! do not try to comfort me—the net has closed about me and I am utterly lost now. There is no mistake, no falsehood in Lady Rosamond Mount Severn's plot; her hate has been too deadly to allow me a loophole of escape—all is true, those wretched people are here—here, in the shadow of my darling's ancestral home, and my shame has already crossed his threshold. Oh, papa! if I could only die now and pass away while his love was yet undimmed—if I could only be certain that, for his own dear sake, he would never know the terrible shame I have brought him, I think I should feel happy in my last hour. But I cannot, I cannot—my retribution is to live. I smiled when you told me once that hearts withered and died by inches, but never broke—God help me, God pity me, I shall never smile at it again. I have known all the suffering, and shame, and sorrow a proud heart can ever feel; there is but one agony left (and, oh God, suffer that I die before I realize that!) the loss of his love, the end of my husband's faith."

The little hands locked in a spasm of pain as she spoke those words, and the sweet young face was drawn, and white, and anguished.

"Pray with me, papa, that Lionel may never learn our shame," she went on, huskily. "Pray with me that I may drop dead before his love goes out and leaves me in the blackness alone. Better the tortures of the rack than the misery of that, but it will come to me—he will curse me, shrink from me, loathe me, if he knows the thing I am, and the shame which has been my wedding dower. I have only you to turn to, papa, in this dark hour. Oh, save me from the loss of Lionel's love, keep him from learning of my mother's shame, and—and let me die in peace."

He took the white, pinched face between his palms and, bending, kissed it tenderly.

"If mortal man can do it, I will," he answered, in a choking voice. "He is the soul of honor, and he must never learn."

"I thank you, papa," she murmured, in a tired, soul-sick voice. "You are tender and true to the child of the woman who wronged you so—I am a shadow of your painful past, and yet you are so good—so good. I have been wilful and proud, papa, dear. I have wounded your tender heart many a time, but I loved you through it all, papa—when I am dead, remember that I loved you as my misguided mother should."

"When you are dead, Isabel," he groaned, hollowly. "Oh, my child, my child! don't talk like that. There is never a sorrow the Lord sends us, but there is a glory afterward. *Some* day all this will have ended, dear, some day you will smile as you used to, and be happy in your husband's love."

She shook her head slowly, and her eyes grow wide and solemn.

"I shall never smile again, papa," she said, in a soft, prophetic voice. "As you say, *some* day all this will have passed and been forgotten. But, papa, that day I shall never see—when it dawns, it will be over my grave. You will remember that, papa, after it is all over. The day that brings me peace again, will toll with funeral bells. God—at least will not blame me for my mother's sin, but the atonement will be over, and I shall rest in peace with him."

The sweet sad voice quivered and broke down, the tired head drooped in the shining lights—a little still heap she sank down and clasped her hands in prayer, and looking at her, through a mist of tears, he groped his way out and left her there alone.

In the sparkling corridor, he paused a moment and leaned against the wall.

"God overtake and punish those who have wrought this misery," he gasped, in a suffocating voice, "and may her blighted life bring them a never-ceasing remorse."

There it ended, that breathless cry. He staggered suddenly from the wall, a white look came over his face and hardened it with resolution; he shut his lips with a resounding cry, swung around abruptly, and strode down the lamplit staircase to the scene of revelry below.

A waltz was in progress. He walked to the door of the drawing-room, and standing there, searched it from end to end.

My lady was not there.

He turned abruptly, strode out on the moonlit terrace and looked down the sparkling walks. He caught a glimpse of a trailing rose-pink robe, gemmed with starry diamonds, going down the avenue vista under the arches of shining lamps, and leaping down the steps, he rushed blindly to it.

"Stop!" he called out, "stop woman. I must speak with you."

It *was* my lady. She recognized his voice, and turned with a soft, malicious laugh.

"*Merci, cher gardien!* am I really so attractive that you rush to my company like a besotted lover, after what has happened?" she cooed, in a wicked, sugary voice. "*Fien!* how delightful. Shall we turn back and join the dancers, or—"

"We will proceed, Lady Rosamond Mount Severn," he gasped, in a dull, labored voice. "I am scarcely a fool to be gulled with any tale you may choose to tell me. You were turning toward the Oak Walk. If—if *they* are there, continue. I will accompany you and use the evidence of sight and speech."

My lady had anticipated this, and she met the demand with a shrug of her silken shoulders.

"*Ma foi!* how we assume the dictatorial, *mon gardien!*" she laughed, softly. "You will *see* and *speak* with the Lady Isabel Carlyle, oh? Pray recollect, *mon ami*, that the reins of government passed out of your hands forever when the decree of divorce was granted, and there is no law by which the lady is bound now to bend to your will. She has refused absolutely and entirely to see or speak with you. Of you she desires nothing—not even the sight of a face that resembles yours—and she will *not* be at Ravenswood Court to-night, so her interesting son has just told me. As for him—well, he has little care for a man he has never seen, and I opine he will have few scruples in showing you a face that bears the evidence of his parentage, and if you care to see him—"

"I *do* care to see him, and I will," interrupted Mr. Carlyle. "Here is the Oak Walk, Lady Mount Severn; lead me to the spot where this fellow is."

They walked into the shadow of the grand old oaks as he spoke, and my lady received his decision with a rapid little smile.

"Show me thy face, sweet seraph,
Show me that angel smile!"

she sang, as she glided on down the avenue of oaks, and humming the song as she walked she led the way to the first turn.

They rounded it suddenly and took the curve that led down to the water's edge.

"Look there, *mon gardien*," laughed my lady, flinging out one starry hand and pointing down the Oak Walk. "Look and be satisfied. 'Dost thou like the picture.'"

He turned suddenly and followed the direction of her extended finger, and the sight he saw went with him to the grave.

The wide leafy avenue led on for a distance of fifty yards from the spot where they stood, and then, ended abruptly. Beyond lay the shining mere, all silvered with the mystical moonlight and matted with floating lilies; a great vase of trailing vines in splendor stood near the last giant tree, and leaning against this, his feet crossed, his face uplifted and a rose-scented cigarette between his lips, lounged the figure of Monsieur Pierre Blonahar.

Archibald Carlyle lifted his eyes, let them fall upon that dark, sinister face, and then reeled back with a smothered cry.

"God help me, I can doubt no longer!" he groaned in a smothered voice. "Come away, come away, or that face will maddenme....Powers of mercy! who shall dispute his parentage when he bears Francis Levison's face. Oh, my child, my child! God pity and help you. All is over. I can hope no longer—the ghastly story is true!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SEED OF DISCORD.

My lady watched the changes of his face with a wicked smile of triumph.

"An interesting sight, is it not, *madam!*" she sneered mockingly. "Would you like to speak with him? He is as thick-skinned as a rhinoceros, as vulgar as a Parisian gamin—he will not mind if you desire to speak to him of his worthy mamma. What say you, *cher gardien?* shall I call Monsieur Levison here?"

He shrank away with a cry of horror and averted his eyes from the figure lounging in the moonlight.

"Not for the world—not for the world!" he gasped, hollowly. "I had rather die than speak with his son—rather be slain in cold blood than exchange one word with the evidence of that terrible shame. Come away, Lady Mount Severn. I—I want to speak with you, but—but not here—oh, Heaven, not within sight of that man."

My lady stooped and gathered up her silken train.

"Nerves in a solicitor," she sneered. "This is a revelation I never looked for. Let us depart then, if you wish it, *mon oncle*. Won't you offer me your arm?"

"I will not touch your garments even," he answered with a look of disgust. "If I laid a hand on you now, Lady Rosamond Mount Severn, I should forget my manhood and—and strangle you."

My lady smiled and flirted her jeweled fan.

"*Dieu Merci*, how very melodramatic!" she purred. "There is plenty of bad blood in our race it seems, my tender uncle. Pray continue the interesting performance—strangle me if it suits you. It will be an added glory for the Countess of Beresford to boast of. A fallen mother and a bloodstained sire."

"Oh, if you were only a man."

"You would kill me here and now, would you not? Foolish fellow. My mother would survive me, all the same; and an injury done me would be a cue for her to unravel the mystery and tell my Lord Lionel Beresford the secret of his dainty wife's shame. The easiest way is the best, *mon ami*, and you will learn that before we are through with each other forever. Pray do not walk so fast—it tires me to keep pace with you. Come closer. About this interesting interview you desire with me—what is it?"

They were close to the end of the Oak Walk now, a screen of flowering plants shut out the bright lights beyond, and Mr. Carlyle paused abruptly.

"Let us not go forth where we may be seen," he groaned. "I want to ask you now, what are your intentions, Lady Rosamond Mount Severn. Stand there and look at me. Do you mean to pursue this to the end?"

My lady lifted her lapis-lazuli eyes.

"If 'to the end' means until suffering has driven Lady Isabel Beresford mad, then—yes," she answered, insolently. "I shall never rest content until I have made her name a jest and a by-word, and she is driven out of every drawing-room in England, and robbed of her glittering pre as her mother robbed mine of hers."

"You dare not do it."

"Pardon me, I—"

"You dare not do it, I say," he reiterated, in a choking voice. "Beware, woman. If you attempt that you may die, like Samson, in the ruin you have made. Listen to me, Lady Rosamond Mount Severn, and be warned in time. There is a secret in my child's life, and you know it. By a word you can blast her forever, by a word you can load her with shame; but as there is a God above us, that word you shall never speak. If you utter it, beware! for on the hour you load my child with infamy, I will publish her mother's diary, and tell the world the story of Emma Mount Severn's shame. Do you understand me? It must be peace between us or war to the very death—there can be no half way. Your word can blast my child; mine can shut every door against your infamous mother and you, Lady Rosamond Mount Severn, will you force me to speak it?"

The smile had gone out of that insolent blonde face, the triumph had faded from her soft blue eyes. My lady stood rigid. The tables were fairly turned.

"Is it peace or war?" rejoined Mr. Carlyle. "There can be no half measures between us, my lady. Either you shall ruin and be ruined, or you shall drop the matter here. Answer me now—shall it be peace or war?"

My lady shut her teeth with a clicking sound and drew a long, sibilant breath.

"Peace then be it," she gasped. "I shall do no more, but I cannot answer for Monsieur Levison and his mother."

"Leave them to me," was the hoarse response. "They shall cease their persecutions—somehow, I shall find means to force it."

My lady shrugged her silken shoulders.

"Pardon me, but I scarcely see how," she replied. "Monsieur Levison may have no legal right to demand it, but he will demand that Isabel meet him when and where he chooses. It will be useless to battle that, or Lord Beresford will be informed of the truth. Mr. Levison feels himself wronged, and if Lady Isabel Beresford would keep the secret from her husband's ears, and hope to blind and deceive him to the last, she will be wise and keep friendly with this man, or—"

The sentence ended there and then, and a blaze of light streamed out from the wall of foliage before which they stood—a door had opened noiselessly, a half-dozen figures had issued, and as my lady breathed those fatal words, she lifted her eyes and looked straight into Lord Lionel Beresford's face.

The wall of foliage was but a screen to the forcing-house whither my lord had led her Grace of Arleigh and Lady Fanny Gable's coterie to view the night blooming cereus and walking out of it, he had heard and understood the import of my lady's words.

Not he alone, but all! The ladies glanced from one to another, and arched their dainty brows, my lord stood a moment like a man changed to stone—the color went out of lips and cheeks, a dull, suffocating feeling crept into heart and brain—he paused a moment, collected his senses, and then gallantly held out his arm.

"Let us return to the drawing-room, your grace," he said, with affected gaiety. "What a lovely night it is, and—what! Lady Mount Severn and Mr Carlyle? Mooning together, I see! Superb sky, isn't it? This way, ladies I hope we have not been missed."

He never looked back on the two figures standing stark and still in the greenish dusk of the Oak Walk. With her Grace of Arleigh leaning on his arm, and Lady Fanny Gabble and her coterie bringing up the rear, he went straight back to the glittering mansion—walking like a man in a dream.

What did it mean? What could it mean, the terrible thing he had heard?

To him there was nothing so sweet and pure in all this world as the bright young countess he had brought home to Ravenswood—to him there was nothing so dear, nothing so spotless as Isabel and yet—

Just Heaven! he had heard it. If she hoped to deceive him to the end, she must make peace with some other man who held her by the ties of a shameful secret.

"Ah, no, no, no! I have misunderstood!" he kept telling his heart, as he went back to the glittering ball-room "A secret in Isabel's life, there is not—could not be. If I doubted her I should want to die. It is some absurd mistake, and—and I won't distrust her—I—I couldn't if I would."

Ah! my lord, it is a vain task, this reasoning with a rebellious heart, for it has been written by the hand of fate that those words shall rankle and wound, and the calmness of a husband's perfect trust will never reign again!

At the doors of the glittering ball-room he resigned the ladies and went in search of Isabel.

"She is not here—she has not come down yet," he murmured, in a wavering voice. "I—I wonder what keeps her, and—and—Ugh! how the odor of the flowers sickens me, and I thought it so sweet one half hour ago. Godpity me! but those dreadful words have chilled my very heart. Where is Isabel? I must see her. If she is in her room she must receive me, and—and I will tell her of the dreadful thing I heard. I shall not feel the same until I have looked into her sweet eyes and their truth has set my heart at rest. Yes, yes. She'll tell me all. I'll go to her now and ask her to explain my lady's words, and we shall laugh together over the foolish pain that seems to rack my heart."

He turned and ran up the glittering staircase, as he ceased speaking, and in the dark after days he always shuddered at thinking of that hour and the terrible doom that came down upon him then.

CHAPTER XXX.

"SPICED WAS HIS BANQUET WITH THE DUST OF DEATH."

Yes, my lord's doom had come home to him at last. He never dreamed it as he ran up the wide staircase with the lights shining down on his bonny Saxon face and the soft throbbing of the music floating up through the flower-scented air and ringing its melodious changes in his ears; for the strange heaviness about his heart was, as yet, nameless — Isabel's purity and truth were as certain to him as the fixed stars to heaven—and there came to him no warning voice to say that love's pleasant ways were over, and over to eternity.

We all like to treasure some bright picture of a fair past when it has gone from us forever. Take with you then, my reader,—and you, too, my Lord of Beresford,—the memory of that gorgeous *salon* where my lady stood one hour ago, belle and queen in all her regal beauty, and her bright young face—take it and treasure it as the very last, for a higher hand has written the decree, and never again, on this earth, would that picture be repeated, never would the look of perfect peace shine on my lady's face again, never would she stand by my lord's side, a proud and happy wife, an honored, beloved and respected woman, fit to wear the coronet of Beresford, and face the eyes of the world, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

It was all over—all forever gone—Lady Isabel would never add new lustre to the name of Beresford: her dower was sin and shame, and soon enough my lord would know it.

He went up the sparkling staircase to the wide, glittering corridor above, and walked straight to my lady's door.

That she would explain the meaning of the terrible words he had heard tonight, that she would look up into his face with those truthful dark eyes and smile at his fears, laugh at the foolish doubt that made a prey of his heart, he no never, for a moment, doubted; neither did he doubt that she possessed the power to do this. Was she not his wife? Was she not the truest woman ever the sun shone on? His love of a lifetime—his bonny, brown-eyed Isabel, fairer than all the Ladies Beresford whose beauty had been as noted as the name they bore.

"In mine eyes, she is the fairest lady I have seen!" he quoted as he paused before the door of the little rose and gold *boudoir*. "Surely Shakespeare must have dreamed of a face like Isabel's when he wrote those words. Yet Isabel is not a Katherine nor I a Petruchio. My beautiful, dark-eyed countess! it would kill me to find you other than what you have ever been—queen of beauty, empress of regal pride."

He tapped lightly on the panels of the door as he ceased speaking, and leaned against a carven pillar, waiting for a response.

The music had died away and left a dreamy stillness—the dance was over, the guests were promenading under the bowers of shining lights and odorous bloom—and in the sudden silence, he fancied he heard the sound of suppressed sobbing from behind my lady's door.

The knock was neither heard nor answered, but the sobbing continued, and the white look grew whitor and harder on his handsome face.

"Something is wrong!" he breathed, in a dull, unsteady voice. "I can hear some one weeping, and—Good Heaven, what was that!"

"That" was a cry of almost mortal anguish, a cry uttered by the lips that had smiled upon him so short a time before—and then a few swift words spoken in a heart-rending voice.

"Oh, Joyce, Joyce! pity me and pray I may die!" he heard my lady moan. "Life has no brightness left to offer me. The dreadful past has found me out, and I am lost—lost—lost!"

He did not mean to play the *role* of eavesdropper. Never in his life had Lord Lionel Beresford done a mean or a dishonorable thing, never had the temptation to do one even entered his mind—fate forced it on him to-night, and he must have been less than human had not my lady's bitter cry fallen on his ears.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A new street of tombs has been discovered at Pompeii near the eastern gate.

St. Nicholas for October, 1886,

is almost a series of climaxes, and its readers will be divided between joy at the happy endings of all the serials and regret that they are ended at all. This is the last number of the present volume, and contains the concluding chapters of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mrs. Burnett's delightful and most successful story; of "George Washington," Horace E. Scudder's entertaining story of the life of our country