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Gang down to Roper's and get some cakes,
Some buns and shortbread and some bakes,
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AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

MILTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1886. NO. 17.

VOLUME 26.

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For the Year 1886.

	Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1	Milton	Wm. Panton	29	26	28	9	24	25	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	5	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.

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Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention Champion. Milton, Ont. 33-1y.

LADY ISABEL'S ATONEMENT.

A SEQUEL TO EAST LYNNE.

"It is all over, all done for, and my life will be over soon, also," she says, in a faint, sick voice as she drags herself to her feet and reels blindly back up the dark Oak Walk. "I have wrecked my darling's honor, and I do not care to live. I want to die—oh, please, most merciful Father, answer the prayer: Let morning find me dead."

If the agonizing appeal will be answered, she sees no sign in those dark purple heavens as she issues from the Oak Walk. The moon is shining brightly, and it looks down upon her as she walks out of the shadow of the trees, her white velvet robe crushed, and mud-stained, and utterly ruined, the black cloak fallen back, the dark veil removed, and the terrible look on her sweet, young face fully revealed.

She stands a moment looking up at the moonlight d sky, and in the numbness of her brain, she hears not the faintest sound.

"I must keep it from Lionel—I must keep it from my husband—he would drive me forth in horror if he knew," she says hollowly. "My past must be a sealed book to Lionel for——"

She never completes the sentence. Even that benumbed brain must hear that cry of mortal anguish, and my lady drops her eyes with a smothered shriek as it floats to her now—drops them on the moonlight, a letter in his hand, an awful look frozen on his handsome, blonde face.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"WE FELL OUT, MY WIFE AND I."

My lady never spoke—somehow, all strength seemed to forsake her when she looked up and found him standing there, and recoiling with one shudder-ing breath of terror, she leaned against the gnarled bole of a mighty oak and closed her eyes.

It was a striking tableau, that white-robed figure clinging spiritlessly to the great tree, with the black Oak Walk yawning behind it like a great hungry maw; my lord confronting her, his face hard and white as marble, his blue eyes glittering, his proud lips set; and, over all, the moon sifting its impalpable mist like powdered diamonds, while the great dark outlines of the grand old court loomed sonberly up against the silvery brightness of the star-studded, moonlighted sky, and filled the background with gleams of light and blotches of spectral shade. An awful tableau, that my lady never forgot.

For a full minute Lord Beresford stood and looked at her, his eyelids never twitching, the muscles of his mouth never relaxing from that hard, icy, pitiless compression; then, with a cold bow, he stepped out of the path.

"Pray do not be disturbed at *my* intrusion, Lady Beresford," he said, with frigid *hauteur*. "So small a matter as a husband need not disturb the equilibrium of Madame la Comtesse's nerves. The path is quite clear—you may proceed if you choose. Doubtless, being too ill to honor society with your presence, or to grant your husband the favor of a private word, you are in haste to return to your couch and let the sleeping draught continue its beneficial work. I congratulate you, Lady Beresford, on the skill of your medical adviser. Half England owes a debt of gratitude to the discoverer of the marvelous potion which lays my lady in a slumber that will last until daybreak, and in the next moment allows her to masquerade through the gardens until two o'clock in the morning. Pray publish the alchemist's name in to-morrow's *Times*, your ladyship—it will be a genuine boon to other women of your class: an added glory to the name of Beresford!"

The cold, calm voice never raised—it kept that tone of pitiless contempt, that quiet limit of frosty sarcasm, to the very end—and my lady, leaning there in all the spiritlessness of utter despair, opened her great dark eyes and looked at him in solemn horror, but never spoke, never moved—only crouched there, a little white speck in the sifting moonshine, and drew her breath in flutters and spasmodic gasps.

"Will your ladyship proceed?" my lord went on in that quiet tone of contempt. "It is quite unnecessary, this meeting, *ma chère*, at two o'clock in the morning. Let it be dispensed with now and—I trust you are listening, my lady—and forever after. If it is repeated I warn you there will be trouble. Pass on, madame, and take *that* with you."

"That" was a crumpled ball of paper. Pierre Blonshar's letter, thrown contemptuously at her feet.

"Take it and be more careful of that one ready trickster you are, you tell me man's *billet-doux* in the future, Lady Beresford, or the name whose first blot has come from your hands may achieve the added infamy of murder, from mine! You understand me, I believe? As this is the first, to my knowledge, so let it be the last. I know you for what you are, and I tell you I will not have your name coupled with this shameless wretch until it is everlastingly uncoupled with mine."

"Lionel!" It was the first word my lady had spoken, and she spoke it now as though life went out in its utterance.

"Lionel, you are killing me! Oh, if you only knew——"

He tossed his head with a short, bitter laugh.

"Pardon me, Lady Beresford, but I *do* know," he returned, calmly. "The mask is quite off. I know and realize what you are—where you have been. Just Heaven! and you can stand there and look me in the eyes, you can face me with this outward show of affectionate regard when I tell you I *know* you." The ice melted here—a hot wave of passion, of wounded pride, of trampled honor, surged over his heart and swept all before it. "You can face your blinded dupe and have no fear," he went on, stormily. "You can hold your course without remorse, and look unflinchingly into the eyes of the man whose honor you have wrecked, whose name you have tarnished. My God, have you no fear that Heaven may strike you down in all your insolent strength. You traitress, you *liar*, whose sins have found you out, if you have no fear for yourself, do you not tremble for the safety of your *lover!*"

My lord had been prepared for almost any demonstration, but not for the one shrill, agonizing shriek of horror that rang in his ears when he pronounced that last dreadful word, not for the sudden slipping downward of that spiritless figure, not for the sight of her crouched there in the dust before him, with death looking out of her glazed and sightless eyes. She went down like a reed cut by a sudden blow from the sickle, and lay there in a white, still heap, as utterly motionless as a stone.

There was a moment's pause—solemn, impressive, awful—and after it:

"Let me die, Heaven—my life has nothing left. It is ended—ended," broke out my lady, in a hoarse whisper. "A *lover*—oh, God, and he can think *that*, he can believe me so utterly degraded and debased."

"Even that, Lady Beresford, when the proof of it lies in the letter at your side," responded my lord, with a catch in his voice. "The letter of one guilty wretch to another. I found it at your door, madam, twisted and dropped in your hasty haste at the rendezvous—will you blame me that I credit the evidence of my senses. Will you brazen the wretched farce out when I tell you that you are lost to every sense of honor—*and I know it!* Pray, my lady, the next time you seek to gull me with the shallow pretense of a sleeping draught, be sure I do not hear your voice when your maid comes to deliver the pretty lie. It is my right to know where you spent the charming evening, madam—a husband's right to protect his honor from the wiles of a shameless woman—and I assert it now. Who is the wretch you have been to meet? Do you hear me, Lady Beresford. Who and what is this man for whose sake my wife can play the *role* of Guinevere—this Lancelot, for whom my honor is sacrificed without a qualm of conscience or a shadow of remorse. Do you hear me, madam. Who is he, and what is he to you?"

My lady let her dark head droop, and locked her hands in a spasm of unutterable woe.

"He is nothing to me—less than nothing. I hate him," she said, in a low, suppressed whisper. "More than that I cannot tell you. Lionel—though you strike me dead at your feet this instant, I—I should be silent for—for your sake. Call him my lover if you will—God knows I am innocent of the charge. I never saw him before this dreadful night, and—and I wish I had died before I knew of his existence. I have been a true and faithful wife to you, my husband; I have held your honor far above rubies, and by the sacrifice of my wretched life, so shall I hold it to the last. Be content, Lionel—bear with me a little—this dreadful thing is killing me, dear. Don't send me to my grave with your love dimmed. You promised once, that come what would, you would never doubt me. Oh, my husband, I call on you to remember that promise now. The stars were never more true to Heaven than I to you, dear. Don't doubt me, Lionel. Be content to know that I am bearing the cross to keep its burden from crushing out your dear life, and if you ever loved me——"

My lord swung round suddenly, and threw out both hands with a frantic gesture.

"*If* I ever loved you," he broke out in a voice that rang the passionate changes of a proud heart's pain. "*If* I ever loved you, Lady Beresford—just Heaven, *how* I have loved you, and this, *this* is my reward. If ever loved you, do you say. For what did I break my mother's heart? For what did I drive her from the home of her ancestors and hound her into living death? For what did I peril my name? For what have I torn myself from every tie? thrust from me every friend? deafened my ears to the warnings of those who loved me, deadened my heart to those who would have saved me, and counted all the world a thing well lost, so that I gained the love for which I am cursed to-night? All this was for love of *you*, Lady Isabel Beresford, all this was for the evanescent fancy of a country solicitor's daughter—a woman who has betrayed me, a wretch who has flown to a lover's arms and laughed in secret over my besotted folly. It was a fine thing to hook a romantic young earl with a princely fortune at his back, and a name that was the "Open Sesame" to every exclusive door; a pretty plot for a country solicitor's smirched and sullied daughter to throw over her light-o'-love for a few brief weeks and gull the idiot who was fool enough to think of *marrying* her. But the light-o'-love wouldn't burn under a bushel while his *belle madame* glittered in jewels and rolled in luxury. He wanted *his* share of the gildod fish you had hooked, he wanted *his* portion of the blood-money which was bought at the sacrifice of a noble name, won at the cost of a dazzled husband's honor. My God! did you paid it. Nay! do not open your lips to pollute your soul with another lie. You *paid* this wretch to keep his peace while he basked in the sunshine of your smiles, and now, like, do you not? You go to Lord Lionel Beresford and tell him of his wife's infamy, and I publish your mother's infamy to the world, and hound you from every respectable drawing-room in England!"

My lady drew her laces about her with an insolent smile.

"Do you think I shall take such a risk with the world just opening its arms to me, *mon ami?*" she smiled, insolently. "It is a game of quite—point for point—and I succumb to the inevitable. No! I shall tell Lord Lionel Beresford nothing. If he ever learns, he assured it shall be from other lips than mine. There! that's enough, isn't it? I can't make a melodramatic pledge of secrecy—it isn't my *forte*. I simply give you my word, my dear, I shall never tell his lordship the miserable story, and now—adieu!"

She blew him a kiss from the tips of her dainty jeweled fingers as she spoke, made a sweeping bow, and gathered up her turquois robe, rippled out a silvery, malicious little laugh, and so glided away.

Not to the ballroom, however—back to the house, but not in there where my servants' staircase, a fitful glimmer is to be seen stealing softly in and penciling gray lines on the floor scrolls and silvery lances on the floor and the opposite wall.

"Daylight, and my lady not yet returned," gasps Joyce in a dull, suffocating voice. "Merciful Heavens! what can have happened? what can have detained her so terribly? Light is breaking fast, and if she is seen—Ah! I dare not think of it: that way madness lies. My lady, my dear, dear lady. What has become of you, my treasure?" She staggers feebly to the door and thrusts it open, the faint light of dawn looks down on the under-world through a haze of opal and silver, a delicate breeze floats up from the mere, sweet with the breath of flowers, in a thicket a nightingale is trilling his good-bye to the sleeping roses, but sight of my lady there is not.

She steps out into the faint, silvery light and looks about her with a nervous shiver. No one is in sight and it emboldens her to press onward.

She glides down between the two walls of roses that screen the graveled path, and passes out on the dowy lawn near the entrance to the great Oak Walk.

"My lady," she calls softly; "my lady—are you there?"

There is no reply—even the nightingale is silent now—and she hastens forward with a shiver of nervous dread.

"My lady," she calls again, leaning, breathless and white, against a great shaggy oak. "My lady, I say, are you—"

The sentence is never finished. Looking down the black Oak Walk, she catches sight of something white lying prone on its face in the dust and dirt, and darts to it with a piercing shriek.

It is my lady. The black cloak has fallen away and the dew lies thick on the crushed robe of white velvet and silver lilies; the brown hair has broken its fastenings and streams loose on her cold white shoulders, her face is buried, her arms are extended, and those little hands my lord has kissed so often in the days that have gone forever are rigidly clinched in the pitiless earth, like the hands of one who has fallen and died hard.

In an instant, almost, Joyce is down on her knees beside her. The fallen head is reverently raised, and the face, with its frozen look of unutterable horror, the open eyes with their terrible sightless glare, and the set white lips with their flecks of congealed blood are upturned to the light of dawn.

There is no sign of life in that rigid, corpse-like figure, no movement as Joyce gathers it up and staggers to her feet; but she holds it close (knowing, this faithful Joyce, that to summon aid is to excite inquiry), and so hurries back to the house and bears her lifeless burden into the little rose-and-gold *boudoir*.

Ten minutes later the household is aroused, and the alarming intelligence that my lady is ill unto death electrifies good Mrs. Fleck and paralyzes her numberless colleagues.

Confusion reigns through all the grand old court. The doctor is sent for in post-haste. He rides back through the bleak daybreak and is ushered into my lady's bedchamber, where white faces and anxious eyes meet him in the twinkling lights; but even he remarks one thing (as the servants have remarked before him). Through all the dreadful danger and the shadow of death, my lord never appears—never asks for his wife, never issues from the library, where his restless footsteps echo as they have been echoing for hours: from wall to window, from window to door—back and forward, to and fro, like a tiger pacing his cage, and chafing at the restraint of the bars.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ON A FOUNDATION OF SAND.

For a minute after Lord Beresford passed away with her Grace of Arleigh and Lady Fanny Gabble's select coterie, Archibald Carlyle and the Lady Rosamond Mount Severn remained speechless before the screened doors of the forcing-house, where my lord had overheard that luckless speech, and the solicitor's face wore a look of untold horror.

He watched those retreating forms until the screening shrubbery hid them from view, and then, swinging about suddenly, cronfonted my lady.

"Just Heaven! do you think he heard?" he breathed, in a dull, labored voice. "Do you think he heard, and—and *understood?*"

Heard? of course he had. My lady had seen through that polite sham of suddenly perceiving them—in the very manner he walked away she knew that he fully comprehended her words, and a smile of terrible malice fluttered over her lips and then passed away.

"Can you think it, *cher gardien?*" she purred, in a bantering tone, not wishing he should share her knowledge just yet. "No, he has heard nothing. These Beresfords are a proud race. Do you think my Lord Lionel one to coolly pocket his dishonor, and walk away should have been treated to a scene after the Othello type, despite the presence of the ladies. You see he goes straight back to the ballroom. *Allons, monsieur!* I follow him."

She turned with a silvery laugh, but Archibald Carlyle stepped forward and stayed her:

"You are not going without a perfect understanding between us, Lady Rosamond Mount Severn," he said, sternly. "You have heard my terms. Before we part, let me know if it is to be peace or war between us. You understand me, Lionel Beresford and tell him of his wife's infamy, and I publish your mother's infamy to the world, and hound you from every respectable drawing-room in England!"

My lady drew her laces about her with an insolent smile.

"Do you think I shall take such a risk with the world just opening its arms to me, *mon ami?*" she smiled, insolently. "It is a game of quite—point for point—and I succumb to the inevitable. No! I shall tell Lord Lionel Beresford nothing. If he ever learns, he assured it shall be from other lips than mine. There! that's enough, isn't it? I can't make a melodramatic pledge of secrecy—it isn't my *forte*. I simply give you my word, my dear, for my own sake, I shall never tell his lordship the miserable story, and now—adieu!"

"But the promise you gave her father, Rosamond," she said, in a faint, wavering voice. "He will betray us both and bring ruin on our heads if you tell the story of her mother's shame to Lady Isabel's husband, and—and our vengeance can never be completed until Lord Lionel Beresford knows the truth and hounds her from him, an outcast."

My lady threw back her head with a smile of awful triumph.

"So he *shall* hound her, so he *shall* know," she said, resolutely. "He shall hear his wife's secret, despite that promise, *ma mere*, and you shall betray it. I swore that I should not—I took no oath to prevent you. Lord Lionel Beresford shall learn all from you, but in such a way that not a suspicion shall point to—in such a way that Archibald Carlyle will be thoroughly certain I have had no hand in it, and refrain from publishing the story of your past. At one o'clock Isabel will go to meet Pierre Blonshar and Aly Hallijohn at the foot of the Oak Walk, and between now and then we can invent some means of arranging this secret betrayal. When I spoke of the empty grave to-night, Archibald Carlyle was for going at once and proving, by sight, that his divorced wife still lived, but I doubled on him and told him she had sworn never to look on his face again, and, more to the point, she wouldn't be present to-night at the rendezvous. All the same, she will, mother mine, and the plot will be put on a solid basis before daybreak. Pierre Blonshar's hatred for Lord Beresford takes a deadly turn. He knows that his lordship shall be so crazed with jealousy, that he will threaten Isabel's life. After that there will be a mysterious murder with every evidence against her husband, every suspicion pointing so clearly to him that he cannot escape the scaffold. When that is assured, Pierre means to convey intelligence to his lordship that this is his vengeance for the blow he struck him."

Donna Mount Severn shuddered.

"Is the wretch base enough to murder his own sister for the sake of avenging one blow," she murmured, in a faint, sick voice. "We can hound her down, but never sink to bloodshed, and—and a man who could murder his sister may not be trusted to deal fairly with us. Rosamond. Somehow, I have always felt a dread of Pierre Blonshar. Such a man may be false to us if he finds it to his purpose."

My lady shrugged her shoulders with a reckless laugh.

"Give me credit for a little foresight, *ma mere*," she said, lightly. "Pierre Blonshar knows no more of the real relationship between Lady Isabel and himself than Felice curled up on the cushion, there. I never betrayed to him that he really was her half-brother. He simply believes that he is acting the *role*. Even a French valet might have qualms of conscience if he knew he was hounding his own flesh and blood to everlasting ruin, and I could not take such a risk."

"But the woman—Aly Hallijohn—she always was a flighty, vapid creature, fond of flattery and eager for adulation," interrupted her mother. "Since she has fallen so much in the social scale, is it not possible she may fail us—over sell us to a higher bidder."

Lady Rosamond tossed her head.

"You are strangely fanciful to-night, mother," she said, with a curl of her pretty lip. "Nothing will fail us. The plot is built on a foundation of rock; and at two o'clock you may be assured of it. Pierre and Aly Hallijohn will have the interview with Lady Isabel at the foot of the Oak Walk, and an hour later you and I are to meet them at the Laurel Hedge by the eastern boundary to hear the result of that interview from their own precious lips. Don't give way to idle fancies, mother mine. Look on the issue of our scheme as a positive success and 'come, sit thee down, my bonny lass,' until the hour of departure."

TO BE CONTINUED.