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1 Milton	Wm. Panton	29	26	28	9	24	26	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Balmer	6	3	5	3	11	3	10 a.m.
3 Georgetown	L. Grant	12	16	11	7	17	9	9.30 a.m
Acton	J. Matthews	13	11	13	8	15	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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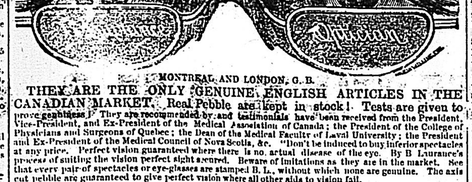

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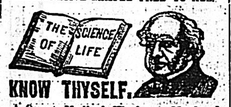

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LADY ISABEL'S ATONEMENT.

A SEQUEL TO EAST LYNNE.

"Off where? Why, off to the moor—to the foot of the Oak Walk," she whispered swiftly. "Pierre is to be there at five to report to me about Afy Hallijohn—don't you remember?"

"Yes, but——"

"But nothing. We must stem the rising tide," responded my lady, nervously. "If fate sees fit to lend Pierre unto Archibald Carlyle's path, I shall be a corpse in a week. When he comes to meet me I must tell him the scheme is upset—Afy Hallijohn has betrayed us, and Lord Beresford has offered five hundred pounds for his arrest. That will terrify him. I shall give him money to leave England at once, and we have nothing more to fear."

She had reached the great doors by this, and, swinging them noiselessly back, glided like a shadow down the broad stone steps and out into the cool, dark gardens.

Moon and stars had passed away. It was the dark hour before dawn, and over there in the eastern sky the first ragged glimmer of day shone like a corpse-light through the spectral outlines of the motionless trees.

My lady groped her way across the lawn to the yawning gulf of darkness that marked the entrance to the great Oak Walk, and reaching it, wound the dark cloak yet more tightly about her ere she glided in.

A death stillness reigned over the solemn place; the dense trees shut out even the fitful glimmer of the watery dawn—the nightingale's are still, not an insect breaks the awful silence with so much as the flurry of a wing, and the swift pit-pat of my lady's hasty footsteps sounds awfully clear and solemn in the unbroken stillness as she hurries onward to her doom.

The very density of darkness can almost be felt, but she knows her path well, and she flits onward in silence until the bend is turned.

It is lighter here—much lighter. The feeble dawn looks down on the still bosom of the mere, all matted with floating lilies, and the reflection fills the Oak Walk with a spectral bluish dusk.

My lady drops her mother's arm and quickens her pace. For a moment the awful silence seems to intensity itself—her footsteps cease to echo; she hurries on—down between the tall, guarded oaks, past the blossoming vase, over the strip of grass to the bank of the mere, and then something springs up before her with a brute-like snarl, a pair of sinewy hands reach out and clutch her soft white throat, a pair of strong arms whirl her round, and so, in the gray light that struggles down from the glimmering east, she looks up into Pierre Blonshar's lurid eyeballs.

"Pierre!" She gasps just that one word—no more—his tightening fingers clinch like iron and choke the sentence in her throat.

"You hell-hound, you insatiate fiend!" he cries out, in an awful voice. "Down on your knees and pray—the hour of retribution has come. Wretch! I know all. I was beneath the window when you revealed it, and I have come for my revenge."

A woman's shriek rings out and drowns the last word. It is not my lady who utters it. All stark and still she kneels and looks with lurid eyes into the face above her, but she has heard that shriek, and her last earthly hope has gone out with it. There is no one now to give an alarm and save her. Her mother lies on the sward beside her, white and still in a deep swoon and looking up into the eyes of the man she has betrayed, my lady thinks of the words Archibald Carlyle spoke in the library, and knows that her sins have found her out—realizes that she is face to face with death, and all the powers that be cannot avert her coming doom.

"Mercy!" it breaks from her white lips in a faint, palpitating cry that is half a gasp and half a moan. "Mercy, Pierre! Would you murder a defenseless woman?"

He drags her to her feet, and draws her so close that she can feel his hot breath, hear his heart-beat.

"Mercy!" he answers, through his shut teeth. "Did you give it to her? Did you show a trace of it to your helpless victim? As ye sow, ye shall reap! They are the words of that God whom you laughed to scorn to-night. Mercy, and you—must—take the consequences of the act! My sister! Oh, merciful Heaven! my sister! and you would have led me on to murder her, without a word to stay the hellish deed. My lady, pray. It is your last chance. In twenty minutes you will be a corpse."

My lady straightened with an awful shriek, her little clinched hands flew out suddenly, and dashed themselves upon his face. The gleaming jewels gashed and tore it, he uttered a cry of pain, and staggered back.

"Help!" This time the shriek was from my lady's lips, and swinging round suddenly, she made a wild bound to escape him. "Help! murder! help——"

He caught the fluttering cloak and dragged her backward to the edge of the mere.

How it happened will never be known. Whether the earth gave way beneath them, whether he lost his balance in that frantic effort to regain her, or the action was deliberate on Pierre Blonshar's part, must ever remain a ghastly mystery, for, as his powerful arms closed about her again, my lady's last earthly cry went up on the stillness, there was a sudden splash in the deep waters of the mere, a sudden rending of the matted lilies, and so, clasped in each other's arms, the two struggling figures went straight down, the two white faces gleamed for a moment in the gray dawnlight, and then—the lilies floated back and matted over the spot, the rings of foam widened and spent themselves in limitless space, and a great calm fell.

* * * * *

On the morrow, Eric, going by chance to the bottom of the Oak Walk, came suddenly upon a ghastly picture. Crouched on the bank of the mere, a woman knelt, looking straight down at the water and raving in wild delirium. It was Emma, Dowager Countess of Mount Severn. She was quite mad—hopelessly mad, the doctors said, when they came to examine her. She seemed to know nothing of her surroundings, seemed to realize nothing of what passed about her; but on the day when they led her, for life, into a maniac's cell, she looked up at the barred door, and putting her hands to her head, shrieked:

"Realized! realized! the vision realized."

More than a week later, while my lord yet tossed in the scorching fires of fever, and Vivienne, Lady Beresford, lay sleeping the sleep of the just, a farmer making a short cut across the grounds of Ravenswood, came upon a ghastly spectacle at the bottom of the Oak Walk.

Wound in the lilies, where the cross shone down on the day of my lord's bridal, the dead bodies of a man and woman lay locked in a close embrace—hideous bodies, already disfigured by the fishes, but recognizable for all, and buried far out of sight in the loneliest corner of the Devon graveyard.

It was a nine-days' wonder that terrible tragedy; but as the weeks linked themselves into months and the months slipped away into years, it died a natural death and was forgotten.

By all save none—the country solicitor in his lonely home at East Lynne, and my lord, a wanderer now on the face of the earth; these two could never forget, for it was linked to something that had passed out of their lives and left an aching void behind.

CHAPTER XL.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

Yes, it had come to that; Ravenswood Court was closed up and left to the tender mercies of rats and spiders, and my lord was wandering on the face of the earth, having nowhere he could call his home.

"What was the use of a home? What was the use of anything in this world?" he asked himself, when, after six weeks of raging fever he awoke to reason in the dreary old Court where the very silence left him no alternative but to think of her whose sweet voice had filled it in the days of the dead past, and so he took up the cross of life, bearing not when he laid it down and found peace, and setting his back on the world that gave him birth, went out to scour the world for that undiscovered and "where memory comes not and the past is all forgot."

He had never heard of Lady Isabel from the hour she left Ravenswood Court, and, in the days when the wound was yet fresh, he felt that he never cared to. Through her had come the first blemish to his honor, and in the bitterness of his heart he could not forget that.

He had lived and loved, but that was of the past; he wanted nothing now but death. His life had been spoiled, his name had been tarnished, but it would be tarnished no more—he was the last of his race. There would be no more Beresfords to inherit the title and estates—it would go to the next of kin, a third cousin of his mother's, down in Lincolnshire. At the thought he was glad of that, but after a while there came to him a light regret that grew in time to be a secret sorrow. It would have been well, after all, if Heaven had given him a son to inherit the estates, and clear the dear old name of the stain he had put upon it—much better than the hurt cousin down in Lincolnshire, a gruff old major with a whole troop of noisy boys.

Sometimes there came to him a picture of the old home, with Isabel again as queen, and a toddling heir whose laughter echoed through the silent halls, but he put it from him at first. Isabel could never be queen there again, for all she had ruled it so royally.

And it was a royal rule after all, he thought. And how he had loved her, how proud she was, how tender, how beautiful. Nobody could ever glorify Ravenswood as Isabel did, and—and even though he knew she had died that night when she left him, she should ever rule in her place, come what would.

And so the memory came back to him, and once harbored, it came again and again, and out of the ashes the old sweetness began to glow anew—a tender spark purified by the ways of pain.

"Isabel, if it was Isabel he wanted—Isabel, who had been more sinned against than sinning—Isabel, who had been true to him for all—Isabel, whose pride had fallen from as great a height as his and—and——

"God forgive me, but it has taken me five years to discover it," he groaned, when the knowledge came to him at last. "I told her all the world were well lost for love's sweet sake, and yet I let the shadow of pride come between us. Oh, Isabel, oh, my bright, beautiful love! Return to me—I cannot live without you!"

So it came to him at last, a strong new love, deeper and sweeter and purer after those five years of suffering, and the world he had traversed in the hope of finding rest, he now retraversed in the hope of finding *her*.

But the clews that might have been discovered five years ago were dead and buried and forgotten now, and if the Lady Isabel Beresford existed on the face of the earth, search how he would, the Lady Isabel Beresford's repentant husband could not find her.

It was June, and in Italy, when he first resolved to seek her—October and in London when he made up his mind to search one more place, and, failing there, bow to the ways of fate. October—in the sixth year—could he hope to learn aught of her after that?

"I'll go to East Lynne. She may have returned there or they may have heard something of her since last I wrote," he mused. "It is more than a year since my last letter. Maybe her father has learned something that will give me hope."

"No, he had learned nothing—the earth must have swallowed her, or she had died that terrible night." This was all the satisfaction my lord received, this was all he could receive at the hands of that heart-broken father. In those five years great changes had come. Both Joyce and Afy Hallijohn had passed away, the children Joyce had always looked to were grown and out of the way. And there was a deal of silver in the hair of Archibald Carlyle and Barbara.

They too had grown weary watching and waiting—my lord was not alone in that, but latterly there had come to them the sorrowful conviction that Isabel was dead.

So the last hope was gone. He had let the golden opportunity slip from him, and there was nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope for but the weary life of travel again.

"God help me! all that over again," he gulped, as he turned away. "Ah, it is bitter, but it is the work of my own hands. So I am fated to lead a Nomad's life after all, and the Court will never hear Isabel's dear voice again. The Court? Dear old home, I'll not leave England without a glimpse of it. It isn't noon yet. I can take a run down and get a last look at it before night, and then—anywhere, anywhere, out of the world."

And so, boarding the train that left at noon, my lord went down to Devonshire for a last look at the home where he was born.

"Nearly six years," he mused, as the train rushed into the station and deposited him on the platform. "Old Eric will scarcely know me, I dare say. A gloomy life for him, poor chap, living alone in the lodge and clanking his keys in the hope of my return."

The October day was going out in a red and wrathful sunset, the yellow leaves were showering on the withered grass, the flower-beds were all choked with weeds, the roses and the vines all withered, and cobwebs abounding everywhere.

This was the sight my lord saw as he walked under the lodge gate and paused with his hand on the pillar, and while he stood looking, a mist seemed to come before his eyes, his head drooped wearily, a faintness came over him, and staggering to a bench, he sank down and buried his face in his hands.

The last red glimmer of the sun quivered and went out, a faint amber twilight rained down over the still earth, he sat awhile wrapped in the mantle of his own misery—silence was in the air, calm and sweet and peaceful silence, and then—was he mad or was he dreaming?—out through those dusty, vine-wreathed windows a faint, sweet melody floated softly, a low, soft strain quivered through the dusty leaves and stole out to him where he sat.

He started and looked up, pale from very surprise, the wailing prelude rolled on, and then a voice—yes, a woman's voice—sweet and clear as a woodlark's, tender and pathetic as a sighing breeze, soared through the vast arches of the mullioned windows and seemed to hold him in a spell.

He had half started to rush into the house and assure himself that the place was not possessed of some wandering spirit, when pattering footsteps came around the stone terrace and down the broad steps, a little chap with big blue eyes and floating golden hair bounded into view, saw him, and came forward with:

"Please, won't you tarry me on your shoulders? Him's got tired and dorned away."

My lord looked down, and his whole face brightened.

"Who may 'him' mean, my little lad?" he said, tenderly.

"Why, him what lives in the teeny little stone house down by the dates," he said, lifting his beautiful blue eyes. "Him's been tarryin' me till him dot orful tired, an' then I wunned up here and——P'ease, I'd love to wide on our shoulders—tan't I?"

Lord Beresford stooped and gathered the little fellow up.

"Yes, you shall ride on my shoulders, my little man," he said, tenderly. "That is, if you will tell me who that is singing in there."

"Why, dat's mamma. Don't you know mamma? She's awful boutiful, an' Lionel's doin' to gwo a big man some time and make mamma stop cwying. Mamma cwys awful much. Do you cwy?"

"Not often, my little man. And so your name is Lionel, is it?"

"Yes, 'Lionel after papa,' mamma says. 'I've got a papa, too—a weal, live papa, and I don't know where he's dorned. When I gwo a man, I'm doin' to hunt for him and tell him to tum home and don't make mamma cwy some more. Mamma site up all night sewin' d'esses for folks, and I dess dat makes her cwy too. Lit me up weal high. Dat's nice. I wish I had a papa like you. Tan't you p'ease tum and be my papa, and make mamma stop cwyin' and singing songs what makes lumps tum in Lionel's froat? Dat's nice. Jump some more. Him didn't jump. I dess him's too old. Mamma dived him a whole big bright shilling to-day jess to let her tum in and play and sing. I wouldn't give a shilling to sing fings what makes folks cwy, would you? Hear dat. Mamma's always singing dat."

My lord did listen, and something in the words went straight to his heart. She had been singing the song of Mariana, and leaning forward, he caught the sweet sad fragment;

"And, rising, from her bosom drew
Old letters, breathing of her worth,
For 'love,' they said, 'must needs be true'
To what is loveliest upon earth!"
"Oh, cruel heart to change thy tone,
And scout love, whose end is scorn!
As the end—to be left alone
To live forgotten, and die forlorn!"

The last note ended in a faint, sweet trill. My lord put the little fellow down and stood with bended head.

"Mamma's stopped now — her's cwyin'," broke in little Lionel. "Let's us steal in tip-toe and dit wite behind her, and dive her a dood big tiss, 'fore she knows it—me and you. 'Tum on."

He seized Lord Beresford's hand as he spoke, and with his little face all beaming with joy, led him round to the terrace steps.

The door was open, the faint yellow twilight flooded the room, and looking, my lord saw a slender dark-haired figure seated before the open piano with its face bent over on the keys.

What was there in the figure, in the poise of that lovely head that sent the blood from his cheeks and lips. Her hand rested on the keyboard—a hoop of diamonds and emeralds caught his eye, he reeled dizzily, and leaned against the door, faint and sick with emotion.

"Dat's her. Her's cwyin' 'bout papa," whispered the child. "Go ahead orful twiet and stoop down and tiss her 'fore she hears."

The chubby little hands seized him and thrust him forward. He crossed the room swiftly, bent with a sudden flash, his arms closed about her and:

"Isabel, oh, my love, my love!" he cried, as he kissed her rapturously.

She started with a faint cry and sprung to her feet. Isabel beyond a doubt—pale and worn with five years' drudgery—the next moment she had looked upon his face and staggered back, gasping:

"Lionel!"

"Yes, Lionel, sweet, come back to you at last, and——Oh, love, can you forgive? will you forget?"

My lady made no reply. She stood there searching his face with those sweet dark eyes, and a light gradually breaking over her own—a deep, sweet light that spoke a world of hope and peace.

And while they stood thus, the child came between them and held out his little hands.

"Lionel bwinged you a papa, mamma," he said. "P'ease tan't I have him for a papa? P'ease, mamma, tan't I?"

My lord's arms were still open.

"Your boy—our boy, Isabel—is asking you a boon," he said, huskily. "Oh, Lilie and others will follow. Answer us, love, may the past be buried? My darling, will you speak the word forgiveness and let me teach you to forget?"

For a second it seemed as though my lady stood entranced, but for a second only. The next she was in his arms, his lips were on her brow, her head was on his bosom,

"Oh, Lionel!" she murmured. "I have prayed for this. May Heaven suffer I go not mad with joy."

What he answers none may hear, but when Eric comes to tell the stranger who has purchased admission, that the house must now be closed, he comes upon a solemn tableau.

Twilight has faded out, the moon streams in and fills the room with silvery haze, and with a bliss unutterable written on his handsome face, the thrice-happy husband and father stands under the roof-tree of his old ancestral home and clasps his darlings to his breast. And in the sacred silence which fills the lofty room there broods that sweet solemnity which cometh through perfect peace.

[THE END.]

The St. Nicholas for November.

This first number of the new volume is an early realization of the good things promised in the attractive prospectus.

Louis M. Alcott, for instance, contributes a charming and characteristic story, called 'The Blind Lark.' Then, some of wonderfully clever tales that Victor Hugo, the great French poet and novelist, used to tell his favorite grandchildren have been collected, and are here put into English for the first time by Brander Matthews, with capital illustrations by Reginald B Birch.

There is also the opening chapter of 'Juan and Juanita,' the new serial by Frances Courtenay Baylor, which treats an unusual phase of boy and girl life in an unusually vivid and attractive style. Out-of-door sports receive recognition in a spirited story of a Yale-Princeton foot-ball match, with the queer title of 'Richard Carr's Baby.' Pictures of Celia Thaxter's study and Edumu Clarence Stedman's summer home are among Harry Fenn's beautiful illustrations of Alice Wellington Rollins's 'A City of Old Homesteads.'

E. S. Brooks tells of another 'Historic Girl' and her brave boy champion—the heroine becoming that 'Good Queen Maud' of England who, was, in a way, the great-great-grandmother of the Declaration of Independence.

There is a capital descriptive paper, abundantly illustrated, on 'Boring for Oil'; C. F. Holder has some instructive and amusing 'yarns' to tell of that absurd bird, the flamingo; there are some more 'Dog Stories,' one of them adapted from the Spanish of Cervantes, the author of the famous 'Don Quixote,' and illustrated by F. H. Lungren; Palmer Cox has more poetry and pictures of Brownie life, this time 'The Brownies in the Gymnasium.'

Helen Grey Cone has a beautiful 'Dolly's Lullaby,' set to music by Karl Klauser, and to pictures by Laura C. Hills. Harlan H. Ballard describes the Second General Convention of the A. A. Children are represented by M. S. Lumstead, Ida Whipple Benham, and Edith M. Thomas; a frontispiece by Mary Hallock Foote, and other pictures by Sumner Stone, J. C. Beard, Rogers, Sandham, Drake, and others.

With the November number LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE increases in size to 200 pages, and starts on a new departure which gives it an unique place in periodical literature. A complete novel by John Habberton, entitled 'Brueton's Bayou,' is included in every successive number. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Fawcett, Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie and others will follow. As soon as 'A Bachelor's Blunder' has reached its conclusion (in December), the serial publication of fiction will be entirely discontinued. A large number of readers will greet this innovation with pleasure, for the signs of the time seem to show that the old methods of serial publication have been outworn.

As to 'Brueton's Bayou,' it is a remarkably clever study of life in an out-of-the-way corner of the Southwest. The plot is novel and ingenious, the characters are vigorously drawn, and in every respect it is the most careful and artistic piece of work that Mr. Habberton has done.

The miscellaneous contents of LIPPINCOTT'S are largely devoted to journalism in all its phases. Conde Benoist Pallen makes a truculent onslaught upon the whole system of what he calls 'Newspaperism.' Mr. Junius Henri Browne will answer this article in the December number. George Alfred Townsend contributes some 'Reflections and Recollections' suggested by his own career, which will be found not only interesting and valuable. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, editor and proprietor of the New York Critic, contributes 'My Journalistic Experiences.' J. H. Williams, of the Norristown Herald, tells 'How I became a Funny Man,' and Felix Oldboy, the well-known newspaper correspondent, chats about 'Some Editors and Others.' In addition, there is a humorous story of Journalistic life in the West, called 'A Newspaper Affair,' by Edwin Pugh Bishop. A timely article by Felix L. Oswald discusses, 'Our Earthquake' in a popular yet thoroughly scientific manner, and Lew Vanderpool contributes an article of exceptional interest,—'Ludwig of Bulgaria: a Personal Reminiscence,'—being some notes of an interview with the so called 'Mad Monarch,' in which the latter, among other curious autobiographical revelations, drew a parallel between himself and Edgar Allan Poe, his favorite poet. 'The Monthly Gossip' contains some pleasant chit-chat, and a new department, entitled 'Book Talk,' contributed by the editor, discusses books and other literary topics. The poetry is contributed by T. R. Sullivan, Marian Manille, and Frederick Nicholas.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for November contains:—"Russia and England; Batoum and Cyprus," Sir Samuel Baker and Armunus Vambery in Fortnightly Review; "Egyptian Divine Myths," Nineteenth Century; "Paul Louis Courier," Macmillan's Magazine; "Mr. Swinbourne's Poetry," Contemporary Review; "A Visit to Some Austrian Monastries," Nineteenth Century; "Revolution and Evolution," Contemporary Review; "Prospects of Home Rule," Fortnightly Review; "Evil Unselfishness," Spectator; "Rural Tuscany," National Review; "Coincidences," Blackwood's Magazine: "Some Aspects of Heine," Gentleman's Magazine; "Winds of Heaven," Chambers's Journal; "The Future Supremacy of