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VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1886. NO. 25.

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For the Year 1887

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1	Milton	Wm. Panton	28	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	12	9	4	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	12	13	8	9.30 a.m
4	Acton	J. Matthews	20	17	12	"	15	10	10 a.m.
5	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	14	11	6	"	8	4	9 30 "
6	Burlington	G. C. Bastedo	11	8	3	"	6	1	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury. Tuesday 14th June, and 13th December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 4th April, and 3rd October, at 10 a. m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 3rd January, 4th April, 4th July, and 3rd October at 10 a.m.

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THE WAR SERIES,
which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Col. Rice, Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E M Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D H Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals Q A Gillmore, Wm F Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., etc., will appear.
NOVELS AND STORIES.
'The Hundredth Man,' a novel by Frank R Stockton, author of 'The Lady, or the Tiger?' etc., begins in November. Two novelettes by George W Cable, stories by Mary Hallock Foote, 'Uncle Remus,' Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.
SPECIAL FEATURES
(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of 'Tent Life in Siberia,' who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals, Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign... by Mrs Oliphant; Chlorophyll, or Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev J M Buckley, D. D., editor of the Christian Advocate; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.
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HER MARTYRDOM.

Angela did not hear his "Good night" to herself—the shock she had just received had been too great. Her mother's hands were sacred in her eyes; her father had kissed and caressed them. He too had held them sacred; and now this man, whom she disliked and mistrusted by instinct, had dared to kiss them!

Her face burned with indignation, and her eyes flashed with anger. That he should dare to treat her own mother so, her dead father's wife, to her mind all the more sacred, because he was dead! That any man should dare to approach this beautiful mother of hers, who was enshrined in her heart with her father, never to be separated from him—with whispered words and kisses seemed horrible to her.

"My mother—my mother!" she cried to herself. "How dare he?"

But she spoke no word of what filled her heart until they reached home; then she went into her mother's room. Her ladyship had taken off her superb dress of amber velvet, she had laid aside her jewels, and she sat, the very picture of comfort and luxury, with her golden hair falling like a shimmering veil over her white shoulders. Angela hastened to her. She flung herself upon her knees at her mother's feet, and raised her lovely face to hers.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "I saw him, and it has almost broken my heart!"

"Saw what, Angel?" asked Lady Rooden, looking up in wonder, and with a little laugh.

"I saw him—Captain Wynyard—kiss your hand, mamma! I saw him! Never let him do that again. How dare he? It was my father's privilege. No man but he had the right to kiss them. Now, that he can kiss them no more, do not permit any one else. Oh, mamma, when I saw him—saw what he was doing—I felt so jealous for my dead father's sake! I felt that in some way his memory was outraged. Oh, mamma, mamma, promise me that you will never let him do that again!" She caught her mother's shapely white hands and kissed them passionately. "It is right for me," she cried, "I am my father's child. But they are not for him, mamma, these sweet white hands that I love."

Then Lady Rooden seemed to recover from the shock of the passionate loving words.

"My dear Angel," said she, you cannot possibly know what you are saying."

"I do—I do indeed, mamma! But promise me—say that Captain Wynyard shall never kiss your hands again!"

"I could not make such an absurd promise," laughed Lady Rooden. "Why, Angel, what a jealous child you are!"

As Angela Rooden left her mother's room that night, the terrible shadow that was to make her life so wretched began to fall over her.

CHAPTER VII.

The garden-party at Lady Avon's lovely villa at Richmond, the grounds of which sloped down to the river Thames, was one of the most successful of the season. The guests were the *creme de la creme* of London society, and the weather was most propitious.

Lady Rooden and Angela were admittedly the belles of the *fete*. Her ladyship looked more beautiful than ever in a dress of palest blue velvet elegantly trimmed with white lilac; a bonnet of blue velvet and a plume of white lilac crowned her golden hair. Her gloves matched her dress; so did the pretty Parisian shoes. Angela wore a dress that suited her slender girlish beauty well—white, with a profusion of rich carnations—a most effective costume.

Wherever between the trees the blue velvet and white lilac gleamed, there was to be seen also a small gathering of ardent worshippers; but Angela's happiness was unclouded until she saw Captain Wynyard, with a smile on his handsome face, take his place by her mother's side, when a feeling of uneasiness possessed her that she could not shake off.

Angela had as many admirers as her mother, but at present they did not interest her. She liked dancing for dancing's sake; the sweet strains of the music and the gliding movement were a delight to her. Consequently, if one of her partners danced better than another, she preferred him. Such matters as birth and fortune did not interest her. She admired any one who sang well, spoke well, danced well, rode well; but, so far as admiration for herself was concerned, it did not interest her or make the slightest impression upon her.

She was essentially one of those who are born and destined to love once, and once only, with a love worth a thousand smaller affections. She could not have wasted her love in meaningless flirtations. Hence her partners gave her no concern so long as they danced well. She hardly remembered their names, so little interest did she otherwise take in them. She knew the same faces crowded round her nightly, but she was not sufficiently interested in them to welcome one more than another.

She was perfectly indifferent to the fact that the young Duke of Horton needed but a smile to encourage him; and that he was ready to lay his title and fortune at her feet. She knew and cared less that Lord Parbury, the great match of the season, was bent upon winning her. They were all shadows to her—these handsome gallant young noblemen who gathered round. At present she was far more interested in her mother's admirers than her own.

As Lady Avon and her young guest were strolling through the grounds, Angela's eyes were riveted on the face—darkly beautiful, yet with a shadow on it—of a young girl coming towards them.

"Who is that?" she asked, in a quick low voice, of Lady Avon.

"That is Gladys Rane," was the reply.

Was it fancy? She could not tell, but it seemed to Angela that a curious expression passed over Lady Avon's face. It must have been 'fancy, for, when she looked again, the strange expression was gone.

In a few well-chosen words Lady Avon introduced the two who were to cross each other's lives so strangely. When the dark eyes of Gladys Rane rested on Angela, something flashed in their depths, something that was like hate and despair. Miss Rooden asked herself if this was fancy also. It must have been fancy, for the next time she looked Gladys Rane was regarding her with smiling eyes and lips.

Angela admired the dark beauty of her face, the lustrous depths of the splendid eyes, the charm of the well-cut mouth, and wondered what was the shadow that lay over the lovely passionate face. If any one had told her that the attention of all fashionable London was drawn just then to her beloved mother and this beautiful woman, she would not have believed it; but such was the case. That Captain Wynyard was deeply in love with Gladys Rane, yet unable to marry her because she would have no fortune as his wife, was common talk. It was equally well known in society that he was going to marry Lady Rooden for her large fortune, that Gladys Rane was still deeply attached to the handsome captain, and that she resented the transfer of his affections. All this was commonly discussed and generally known, except to Miss Rooden.

The dark eyes of Gladys Rane were fixed on her face, but Angela met her gaze quite unconsciously. She had heard no rumours respecting Gladys Rane. She had no idea that she was a rival of her mother's rival, or probably she would not have sought her society. As it was, she was attracted by the fair face and pleasant manner of the girl. It was characteristic of Angela that she preferred the society of a beautiful and gifted woman to that of a young and handsome man. She was therefore only too pleased to remain talking for a time to Miss Rane.

"It must be fancy," she said over and over again to herself; for it seemed to her that the expression of the dark eyes changed continually.

Presently they moved on and came to an opening in the trees, and at a little distance they beheld Lady Rooden leaning back in a garden-seat, and Captain Wynyard by her side.

A faint low cry broke from the lips of Gladys Rane; but it was instantly suppressed; and again Angela wondered if her fancy had led her astray, for the dark face for a moment grew pale.

"That is Lady Rooden, your mother, is it not?" asked Gladys Rane suddenly.

"Yes; that is my mother," answered Angela; and her voice was musical with happiness as she said the words.

"Captain Wynyard is a great friend of hers," continued Gladys; and she noted how Angela's face fell.

"He trics to be on friendly terms with us," she said cautiously; whereupon Gladys remarked—

"You do not like him! I can tell by the expression of your face and the tone of your voice."

"He is not the kind of man I like," replied Angela slowly.

In spite of herself, a look of triumph came over the face of Gladys Rane. Surely, mother and daughter being so devoted to each other, if the daughter disliked him, the mother would not marry him! Her heart glowing with passionate love, she regarded him steadfastly as he stood by the side of Lady Rooden. Ah, who could see him and not love him? What manner of girl was this who had looked on his handsome face and noble bearing, and did not like him?

"Do you know Captain Wynyard well?" inquired Angela, with a strange instinctive consciousness that there was something unusual in her companion's manner.

"Yes; I have known him a long time," was the reply; but Gladys Rane did not mention that they had been attached for many months, and that during the whole of the proceding season they had been inseparable.

Later on that afternoon Angela found a cool quiet nook where she hoped she would be able to muse alone; it held a small wooden seat, and was hidden by a clump of alder-trees. She sat down to rest and enjoy the quiet her shady retreat offered. Not many minutes had passed before she became conscious that she was not alone—that some one was sobbing in deep distress, and some one else administering consolation.

"You know my heart is not in it," a man's voice said—"you know that I hate it; but what can we do? I cannot help myself."

"I cannot bear it!" replied a trembling voice. "She is so beautiful, I am sure that you will love her in time."

"I never shall. I love you, and you only; but in our case love and marriage cannot go together. Marriage would mean ruin to both of us."

Then Angela, unwilling to be even an accidental listener, rose from her seat and hastened away. She had no idea who the speakers were; but half an hour later she saw Gladys Rane with Captain Wynyard, and a sudden suspicion crossed through her mind that the conversation she had overheard had taken place between them.

It was but a suspicion; yet it was strange how deep a root it took at once in her mind. She saw them together again, and from the expression on Miss Rane's face she felt sure that, whatever the captain's sentiments might be, the whole love of the girl's heart was given to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Late that evening Lady Rooden and Angela were seated in her ladyship's cosy dressing-room, discussing the events of the day. They had donned their dressing-gowns, and their hair was flowing loosely over their shoulders. Angela's, in which there was a pretty natural ripple, was brushed out to its full length, and her mother was passing her hand admiringly over the glossy waves.

"You have beautiful hair, Angel," she said caressingly. "I admire its natural ripple very much; no art could imitate it."

"I saw a girl this afternoon with hair just like mine," Angela remarked.

"Did you?" questioned Lady Rooden.

Angela's face brightened suddenly.

"Mamma," she said, "you often say that I do not see much of what passes around me, but I did take notes this afternoon. The lady whose hair resembles mine is named Gladys Rane. She is a perfect brunette, surpassingly beautiful, and I found out something about her."

"Did you, Angel?" asked Lady Rooden, with a careless smile. "Pray what was it?"

"She loves Captain Wynyard, and he seems to be in love with her," replied Angela promptly. "And I found it out in this way, mamma. When they spoke to each other, their voices had quite a tender ring; and there was a something in both faces that betrayed their love. You see, mamma, I am improving in social note-taking. A month ago I should not have found that out."

There was no smile on Lady Rooden's face now; it had grown pale, and a shadow had crept into her blue eyes.

"I do not believe it," she said sharply. "Who is this Gladys Rane?"

"She is the niece and reputed heiress of Lady Kinloch," replied Angela; "and she is a fashionable beauty besides."

"You say that Captain Wynyard loves her," continued Lady Rooden, to whom the carelessly-spoken words had been a terrible shock.

"I am sure that he does. I never thought him handsome until I saw his face soften when he looked at Miss Rane."

A swift flood of jealousy seemed to course through Lady Rooden's heart. She gasped for breath, her lips trembled, and her face quivered with passionate pain. Could it be possible that Angela was right, and that, after all, Captain Wynyard loved Gladys Rane? She had believed most earnestly that it was herself whom he loved, and no other. He had not as yet told her so in so many words; but he had acted like a lover. She expected every time she met him that he would ask her to be his wife. She had never doubted his love for herself, and Angela's words now fell upon her with painful suddenness.

"What kind of woman is Gladys Rane?" she asked, after a few minutes' silence.

"Beautiful and proud; but I am inclined to think that a shadow overhangs her. What it is I do not know. We talked together for some little time, and I thought she seemed restless—looking for something, expecting some one who did not come."

"And you thought that she showed signs of preference for Captain Wynyard?"

"I am inexperienced in such matters," answered Angela, "but it certainly seemed so to me;" and she kissed her mother's fair face, which had grown pale so suddenly. "You are tired, mamma," she added. "Let me ring for Newsham. Oh, mamma," she cried suddenly, "I hope it is true! I do hope Captain Wynyard will marry Miss Rane; then he will not come here so often, and I shall have my darling mother to myself again. I have been jealous of him ever since he kissed your hands. I hope he will marry her, for I am sure he loves her, and she returns his love. Good night, mamma. I will send Newsham to you."

But Lady Rooden sat long after her daughter had left her, the words she had spoken rankling in her heart. "I hope he will marry her," was the wish she had expressed. "If he does," thought her ladyship, "the remainder of my life will be blighted."

When Doris Newsham, the maid, entered the room, she was dismissed almost immediately. Lady Rooden wanted to be alone, to have time to think. She had been so sure that Captain Wynyard loved her and would ask her to be his wife that not one doubt had assailed her. It was merely a matter of time, she had believed, and she attributed his not pressing her to the fact that he did not wish to hurry her into an engagement. Could it be possible that he cared for another woman, and had been trifling with her? Yet why should he? She was fair as Gladys Rane, perhaps even more beautiful, and she was wealthy. Why then need she fear the girl?

This fierce hot jealousy which she could not control and could not bear taught her how deeply she loved the handsome captain. She had not realised the depth and intensity of her love for him before. She had not looked into her own heart, her whole soul had not been awakened to the knowledge of her great love. Jealousy had now quickened it into sudden life, and she stood face to face with the fact that she loved this man with a deeper, greater love than she had ever given the dead husband who had been so indulgent to her, who had worshipped her with so true a worship. She had never felt jealous of her husband when he was alive. She had not known what the feeling of jealousy was; she had not understood it when others spoke of it. But now that the tormenting pain filled her heart, she realised it in all its bitterness.

The spoiled beauty who had been loved and worshipped all her life seemed to live hours in those few minutes, while the very depths of her heart and soul were revealed to her. She could not hide from herself the truth that she loved this handsome man who had pursued her with such winning words—loved him better than she had loved Sir Charles, even when he was a handsome and ardent young wooer. "It is strange," she said to herself, "that this should be the love of my life, and should come to me so late."

But with all the glow and happiness of her love there was an undercurrent of pain and regret that Angela did not like Captain Wynyard better. The girl's words rang in her ears—"I hope he will marry her"—marry Gladys Rane, her young and fascinating rival! "I shall ask him to-morrow," she decided, "if it be true about Gladys Rane;" and she owned to herself that, if it were true, life would hold nothing more for her.

Angela felt happier and lighter-hearted than usual when she retired to her room that night. If Captain Wynyard married Miss Rane, he would of necessity cease to visit them so frequently, and she would never again feel unhappy or jealous because he was always at her mother's side. And the girl found great comfort and consolation in the thought.

When Lady Rooden rose the next morning, she pondered what she should say to Captain Wynyard. She was determined to know the truth, and, if he loved Miss Rane, she would—But her thoughts never went beyond that. All happiness in life would end if that were the case.

It was noon when the ex-captain called; it was an early visit, but he wanted to persuade Lady Rooden to go to a flower-show. He made many apologies for his early call, but he could not help seeing that it was welcome enough to Lady Rooden.

She was looking her best, in an exquisite morning-dress of cream-coloured silk and white lace, a bloom of cream-coloured roses at her throat, and another in the gilt belt that was her sole ornament. Beautiful, stately, in the very prime of her loveliness, love shining in her blue eyes and softening her whole face and manner, her ladyship looked like a woman whom any man might be proud to woo and win.

So Vance Wynyard thought when his eyes rested on her. The pity of it was that he did not love her, that he never would love her, because his whole heart was given to another. With all her natural charms, in spite of the love that shone in her eyes, it was only for her money that he cared, it was only for her money that he wished to marry her.

No one would have guessed this who saw his handsome face, so full of admiration, or heard his pleasant words, so full of tenderness. As the two stood together in the drawing-room, with its pale rose blinds and rare flowers, they made a handsome pair.

"I heard some news about you last evening," said Lady Rooden, with a bright smile—a loveless smile she tried to make it, but he was clever enough to see beneath the surface.

"News of me?" he questioned. "I should hardly have thought there was any news left to be told. I should think more stories have been told of me than of any other man in London."

"The cost of popularity," she remarked. "The news I heard surprised me just a little."

"What was it, Lady Rooden?" he asked calmly. He was prepared to hear anything, and was much relieved when she answered—

"I heard last evening for the first time of your great admiration for a beautiful woman named Gladys Rane. Is it true?"

Now was his opportunity—here was the chance he had waited for. He must not lose it.

"It is perfectly true," he replied, "that I both admire and love the most beautiful woman in the world; but the lady I love is not named Gladys Rane."

Lady Rooden's face flushed, and her eyes drooped before his glance. She knew now what was coming; the very desire of her heart was attained.

"The lady I love is far above me. She is lovely beyond compare; she has every gift and every grace. In my eyes she is a queen, and I am her most loyal knight. The name of this most sweet and gracious lady is Laura Rooden."

Her ladyship dropped her face upon her hands; the victory was won.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Rooden sat that same evening in her boudoir alone, a brooding tender smile on her face, a love-light shining in her eyes. She had gained her heart's desire; she was going to marry the man she loved with such deep passionate love. Yet, in the midst of her present happiness, she could not keep her thoughts from reverting to the past, she could not curb the memories that swept over heart and brain.

It was not much more than eighteen years since she had passed through a similar scene with her dead husband. She remembered his passionate delight when she accepted him, and how he had loved her with the same deep, tender love until he died. But that love had been more the romantic fancy of a young girl; this was the earnest love of a woman. The past, that held the story of her first love and her marriage, seemed to fade away like a dream; the entrancing vivid present was the only reality.

"Strange that I should love him so well!" she said to herself. "But my heart went out to him when I first saw him, and it has never been my own since. I know it was not true that he loved Gladys Rane. As his wife I shall be the happiest woman in the world."

The only drawback to her happiness was the thought of what Angela would say. The woman who only a few weeks since had worshipped the girl and loved her above all and everything had now a vague feeling that her daughter stood between herself and happiness. For the first time she wished that Angela would soon marry, and yet in the same moment her heart repreached her for the wish.

Lady Rooden decided that it would be better to impart her news at once. Captain Wynyard had been very urgent about the marriage, and on her part she saw no reason for delaying it. He had urged her to let the ceremony take place before the end of the season, the fact being that he was heavily in debt and very short of money. Her ladyship was much flattered by his importunity, but would not hear of the wedding taking place before August. She would not be married from the old abbey, whither she had gone as a girl-bride eighteen years before, but would be married in town. She knew that in all probability the news of the engagement would be know and discussed in fashionable circles on the morrow; she concluded therefore that it would be better to tell Angela herself that evening than let her hear it from strangers. Yet Lady Rooden shrank from the task. Her heart beat faster and her face paled unwontedly when she sent for her unsuspecting daughter.

"Come and chat with me, Angela," she began. "I do not want the lamps lighted yet; this soft gloaming is the fairest light of all. How sweet the air is! Oh, Angel, I am so happy! I am so happy that words fail me;" and the bright tender smile deepened on her face while she sat silent for a few minutes.

The girl drew a footstool near her mother, and sat down at her feet.

"I am so happy, Angel," repeated her ladyship, "that words fail me."

Angela looked up, her face bright with smiles.

"I know why, mamma," she said. "This beautiful night has made you think of the abbey, and that has brought papa to your mind. I always think of him on these lovely summer nights."

If she had suddenly dashed cold water into her mother's face, her ladyship could not have started more violently. The words came to her like a staggering blow. She remained silent. Her task was rendered doubly hard now, and she moved uneasily. She laid her white gemmed hands on her daughter's hair.

"Your papa's memory is sacred to me always, Angel," said her ladyship; and the girl looked up in wonder, noting the constraint in her mother's voice. "But it was not of him I was thinking just then, but of some one whom I hope you will learn to love as much as you did him."

"That could never be, mamma," returned Angela. "You are jesting; for you know I could never love any one one-hundredth part as much as I love papa, in life or in death."

"I am quite serious, Angel," Lady Rooden assured her daughter; "the whole happiness of my life is at stake now. Listen to me patiently, dear; I have something to say to you."

Yes, in spite of her happiness and her conviction that she was in every way at liberty to please herself, in spite of the certainty she felt that she was doing no harm, her face blanched, her lips grew white and stiff. The words usually so fluent and ready would not come; the hand laid caressingly on the dark rippling hair trembled. Never had a task before seemed so hard.

"Angel," she went on gently, "I want you to try to love some one whom I already love very much. We have always had the same loves, the same tastes, the same habits; we have been one all our lives, darling; do not let anything divide us now."

"Nothing can, mamma, now or ever," she answered fervently. "You, papa, and I were always one. It is just the same now as though he were living."

And again Lady Rooden felt as though some one had suddenly thrown a cold water on her, and for some moments she was silent. She rallied her courage presently by reminding herself that she was doing no wrong; that she had been a loyal and loving wife to her husband while he lived, and that she had a perfect right to marry again if she chose to do so. Why, after all, need she fear anything her daughter could say? Yet she trembled with emotion as she continued—

"Nothing, I am sure, can ever come between us, Angel. We may differ in opinion, but we are always one in heart. I want you to please me; I want you to make me happier than I am by trying to like some one whom I have learned to love."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Hungarian Delegation has voted a credit for repeating rifles for the army.

A report presented to the German Reichstag describes the Socialist movement among workingmen as tending more and more in a radical and extreme direction which gives it a very provocative character.

The Earl of Aberdeen speaking at a meeting of Irishmen in Glasgow said he was convinced they would promote Home Rule by showing that their convictions did not hinder their being loyal to the Queen. He received an ovation.

Alex. Sullivan, ex-President of the Irish National League, gives it as his opinion that Lord Randolph Churchill is anxious for the failure of coercion so that he may jump over to the Home Rule side.

The English Government has accepted Mr. Stanley's proposal to lead an expedition to the King of Uganda, to induce him to relieve Emir Bey, who with 5 000 Egyptians is holding Wadyly, a hostile edict.

A company has been formed to construct a cable from New South Wales to British Columbia, at a cost of 810,000 000. An annual subsidy of $500,000 is expected from the Colonial and Imperial Governments.

The Missouri White Horse Company, or night raiders, have commenced work again in Miller County, that state. One of them was shot the other night, and serious trouble is expected. Negro settlers are the objects of their enmity.

The London Times says it is possible Parliament may be called upon to consider special legislation for the protection of life and property in Ireland.

At the conference of the Scotch Liberal Association at Hawick, Scotland, twenty-eight organizations were represented. The conference adopted resolutions of confidence in Mr. Gladstone and in favor of Home Rule in Ireland and Scotland.

Savannah News: It does run in families, they say. The Rev. Sam. Jones's brother Joe is preaching up in North Georgia in dialect