The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1887. NO. 38.

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Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.

For the Year 1887.

No.	Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1	Milton	Wm. Panton.	28	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	12	9	4	14	7	2	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	13	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	8	"	8	4	9 30 "
6	Burlington	G C. Bastedo	11	8	5	"	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.

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.—Tuesday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October.

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BALUSTERS and NEWELLS,

Also all kinds of

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J. BUTTERFIELD, AGENT.

Milton, Nov. 18, 1885.

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WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES.

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send our purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if a treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by us. Sold by all druggists or promptly sent by mail by DR. E. C. WEST & CO., 162 Queen st., east Toronto. Jyo. C. West & Co., 162 Queen st., east Toronto.

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3, 5 & 7 YEARS OLD.

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TO SELL

"OUR NORTH LAND,"

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describing the wonders of our own country, with thrilling incidents of travel and adventure. This is by far the most saleable subscription book ever published in Canada. Not a book of scraps and clippings, but an original copyright work, richly and profusely illustrated.

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Newspaper Advertising Bureau,

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Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

HER MARTYRDOM.

"Never mind, Angel. I repent most bitterly of the step I took. Oh, my darling, if I had but listened to you! My life is one long martyrdom. Angel, I have never confessed it before; but, oh, how I long to be free! I am tired of suffering, and the time has come when I desire to be free, to be away from him, to cease to suffer at his hands. I want to be where every day will not bring me fresh torture. I long for peace and rest!"

With kindly words Angela soothed her unhappy mother.

"The time for rest will come," she said. "All sorrows end, mamma, just as all darkness ends, and the dawn comes at last."

"Alas, for me, Angel, the dawn will never come!" sighed Lady Laura. "It is my whole life that is wrecked. I have loved him so deeply—nay, I love him still; yet he tortures me so terribly that I long to be free."

"Mamma," said Angela, "you will keep your promise to me—you will send for Mr. Sansome as soon as you can, and have that unfortunate will cancelled?"

"I will; I shall not forget. I am anxious to do it. If he had been kind to me, there would have been some justice in your father's money coming to him; but, as he has been most cruel, rained my life and broken my heart, it does not seem just."

"It is not just, mamma. Promise me that you will not trust to letters; but that on the first day you find yourself free you will send for Mr. Sansome, and tell him you want that will destroyed."

"The captain would be very angry if he knew," sighed Lady Laura.

"He need not know, mamma darling. He persuaded you in an underhand manner, and wished you to keep the matter secret; you too can have your secret. The money is yours to do with as you will."

"I wish we had never had any money, Angel!" sighed her ladyship.

"So do I, mamma."

And mother and child, both so helpless and troubled, kissed each other.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Friday morning broke calm and beautiful: April was drawing to a close; there was a faint gleam of gold from the laburnum; a faint glimmer of purple from the lilac, and the hedges gave promise of a profusion of fragrant may.

Captain Wynyard came down early, and seemed very impatient for the arrival of the letter-bag. His face was sullen, his eyes were troubled, and at times he was so engrossed in his own thoughts that he saw or heard nothing of what was passing around him. He looked miserable. It happened that no visitors were staying that then in the house, and the captain had to breakfast alone, which annoyed him, for he abhorred solitude, his thoughts, when he was by himself, being not at all pleasant ones. Lady Laura never came down to breakfast unless visitors required her presence.

"There is Miss Rooden?" the captain asked angrily.

"Miss Rooden is still in her room," was the answer.

The captain seated himself at the table; dark thoughts darkened his face, even as they shadowed his soul. They were cruel, terrible thoughts that could not be put into words, and were all of Angela. When he had finished his breakfast, he opened the postbag which had meanwhile arrived, and took out his letters and papers; and the reading of them whiled away an hour. Just as he was going round to the stables to decide what horses should be taken out, he heard quick footsteps approaching. The next moment the door was opened hastily, and Lady Laura entered the room, pale, frightened, with terror in her eyes, and her hands trembling so that she could hardly hold the letter she carried.

"Now what is the matter?" he said to himself. "There is going to be a scene."

But Lady Laura was not hysterical. A great sorrow had fallen upon her, which in its very magnitude seemed to swallow up her own. She was hastening to him, when she paused suddenly and wrung her hands with a gesture of despair.

"I was running to you in my trouble," she cried; "but why should I? You care for neither my troubles nor joys. You do not love me; I am less than nothing to you. Why have I come to you?"

"Are you in trouble, Laura?" he asked. "What is the matter? Keep clear of sentiment and reproach, and tell me."

"Angela has gone!" she moaned.

"Angela has what?" cried the captain.

"She has gone! I know not why—I know not where. I only know that she has gone."

"Gone!" repeated the captain. "It is impossible!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, Captain Wynyard could not have been more astonished; and, had his wife been more shrewd and keen, she must have discerned guilt in his face and manner. His face grew livid, and the lines deepened on it.

"Gone?" he questioned, in a low hoarse voice. "This must be some stupid jest, Laura. What does it mean?"

"Read that," said her ladyship, placing upon letter in his hands.

The contents ran—

"My darling Mamma,—Only heaven knows how full my heart is of desperate, bitter pain as I write this to you. I am going away from home for a time; I cannot tell you why or whither. I have a very strong and urgent reason for the step I am taking, but it is one I cannot explain to you. Do not grieve for me; I shall be safe and well. I shall be happy in every respect, except in leaving you. It will seem to you that I am acting strangely, but I have no other resource.

"Beloved mamma, believe me, I shall be well taken care of—I shall be under safe shelter; but all the time I am absent my thoughts, my heart, and my love will be with you. Mamma, when you know why I left home, you will understand, and say that I acted wisely. You must forgive me, darling, because I do not say more at present. You can trust me because I have never until now kept one thought from you and I grieve with my whole heart that I cannot tell you the whole truth now. Good-bye, mamma, my darling! My heart will be with you until I see your dear face again. I said good-bye to you in my heart last night when I kissed you. I say it again, praying heaven it may not be long before I return to you."

The captain's face grew even more ghastly as he read the letter. He laid it down on the table, and, looking at his wife, asked—

"What does it mean?"

"I do not know," she answered. "That is what I have come to ask you. What does it mean? Where is my daughter gone? Have you quarrelled with her? Have you grieved or struck her? I hope heaven will pardon me if I misjudge you, Vance; but I feel sure that you have something to do with her going away."

"You were never more mistaken in your life," he cried angrily. "I know no more about the cause of her departure than you do. I have heard nothing to lead me to suspect that she contemplated such a thing; and you cannot be more surprised than I am, or more astonished. What in the world has she done it for? What does it mean? Laura," he concluded, "you must know something about it."

"I do not indeed," she declared emphatically; "that is the reason I sought you. I thought you must know. I feared that there had been some words, some misunderstanding between you."

"And I know less about it than yourself! It is incredible to me that a girl of her age, who has been all her life under guardianship, should dare to leave home alone. Whither can she have gone? She knows no one. I am completely puzzled."

"The one great mystery to me is why she went, what drove her away from home."

She looked at the captain as she uttered the words "what drove her away from home." She noted his livid face, the great fear in his eyes, the trembling of his hands.

"Vance," she cried suddenly, "you are in a state of fear!"

"How ridiculous, Laura!" he returned quickly. "But I confess I am startled. I never dreamed of such a thing happening. She has surely not gone alone?"

"She has indeed," said her ladyship, the conviction growing upon her that her husband was in some way to blame for the occurrence.

After a brief pause, the captain began to rally. A faint show of colour crept into his lips and cheeks; the deadly terror had passed. He had had time to ask himself whether Angela had gone in consequence of something she had discovered concerning him. He decided that it could not be so, for in that case she would have left some written record against him.

"There is one thing quite certain," he said at last. "She has acted foolishly, absurdly, and ridiculously. If there was anything unpleasant, why did she not complain to you or to me? Why has she gone amongst strangers? You have pleased yourself in the matter of training her, Laura. I can only say that, if she were my daughter, I would make her come back, and confine her to her room with bread and water for a week!"

"Please do not speak of Angela in that manner," said her ladyship. "She is quite different from other girls. I she has fled deliberately and of her own free will, she has had some very strong reason for it. That is quite clear to my mind. If she were wild, light of thought, given to flirtation, I might waver in my opinion. But she is not frivolous; she is full of sweet wisdom and gravity. You know that."

"I should not have thought running away from home was a course that Miss Rooden would take," he admitted. "But there is no accounting for surprises of this description. Has she left no address, no clue whatever? Is there no means by which she can be traced?"

"None whatever," replied Lady Laura.

"Because, if there is," he said, "I will soon find her."

"There is no clue whatever."

"You do not know why she left home, whither she has gone, how long she will remain away, or when she will return?"

Lady Laura was quite within the bounds of truth when she answered "No."

"Then I do not see how anything can be done," he declared. "For her own sake it will be advisable to keep this absurd freak of hers as quite as possible. It will never do for it to be known in society that this has happened. Do the servants know, Laura?"

"Only the two maids Doris and Jane. I told them to be silent until I had seen you."

"You feel sure that they have said nothing?" he asked anxiously.

"I am quite sure," replied Lady Laura. "They are both most trustworthy; they will never say one word about it. But," she added, looking up helplessly at him, "what must I do?"

"Leave the matter to me," he answered. "I will do the best I can. I shall say in an off-hand manner before the servants that Miss Rooden has gone on a visit, and that she need not be expected back here, as she will meet us in town. It is an extraordinary freak; but no one can account for a girl's actions."

The captain was not very sympathetic—nor did Lady Laura expect sympathy; but he was not unkind; and she left him, wondering whether this great sorrow which was so terrible to her would soften his heart.

"What can it mean?" she cried to herself in the seclusion of her own room. It is also mysterious to me.

"What can it mean?" exclaimed the captain, as he paced up and down the library. "Great heaven, what can it mean?"

CHAPTER XLIV.

Lady Laura Wynyard had shown her husband one letter. There was another and more explicit one which she carefully hid from him. It ran thus—

"Dearest mamma,—I know that my leaving you in this manner will be a great sorrow and a great surprise. I cannot tell you why I am going; but you know that you may most safely trust me. Remember this, that my return depends entirely on yourself. When that unfortunate will which the captain persuaded you to make is destroyed, I will come back at once, but not until then. I have thought of many plans by which you could let me know when this takes place, and the best, the safest, is by advertisement. I shall contrive to see the *Times* every day. When the will is destroyed, send the following words for insertion in the advertisement sheet of the *Times*—'Return without fear; I have done what you wished.' The hour in which I read those words I shall begin my journey home. Do not let any one see this letter; and, above all things, do not let the captain learn that I know about the will. I shall soon see you again, my beloved mother, and then I will explain all that now must seem like a cruel mystery to you.

"From your loving child,

"ANGELA."

Lady Laura wondered even more when she read that note. What could it mean? What connection could there be between the will she had made and Angela's leaving home? Fortunately for her, not the faintest suspicion of the truth occurred to her. She was one of those dreamy creatures who seldom realise a thing unless it is put before them in startling colours or in emphatic words. Lady Laura Wynyard thought of the wills she had made and of Angela's flight from home, but could not see how they bore upon each other. If any one had pointed out to her that the will she had made gave her husband the greatest interest in her daughter's death, and that her own death would make him a rich man, she would have been roused at once to a sense of danger, to a perception of what might be passing around, to the knowledge of a terrible tragedy that was being played before her eyes, while she herself was quite unconscious of it. Fortunately she did even ever so faintly dream of it. Brilliant, graceful, and beautiful as she was, Lady Laura was not a clever woman. She was sweet, gentle, and amiable, refined and sensitive; but no one would describe her as clever. She was accomplished and well read, but she had little of that valuable quality people call cleverness. She lidd the most implicit trust in Angela, and in some vague way that she could never explain even to herself, she had long had a feeling that Angela was older, stronger, and wiser than herself: and she felt how much her daughter would not have done what she had without some urgent reason.

The best complexion was put upon Angela's absence, so as to avoid scandal. The captain, in speaking of Miss Rooden's departure as very sudden and unforeseen, was careful to add that she would join them when they went to town. The secret of her mysterious flight did not get known in the neighbourhood at all. All friends were told the same story—Miss Rooden had gone on a visit, and would join the captain and Lady Laura Wynyard in town. But, if the secret lay lightly on the household, it was a weighty burden on the minds of Lady Laura and her husband. The captain could not understand the occurence: Angela had been so reticent with him.

"It is no love-affair," he said to himself—"I should not care so much if it were; she is not like other girls—she has never cared about lovers. For what can she have gone away? The matter has nothing to do with her mother; yet how the girl could have a secret from her I cannot imagine—they were so devoted to each other."

It was curious to see how this strongly unusually careless man was affected by his stepdaughter's disappearance. He did not sleep well; he did not eat well. His usual high spirits deserted him and he became moody and silent. He was always asking himself how much did she know, had she any suspicions concerning him, had she found him out.

To him it seemed impossible that she could have discovered anything. He had surrounded himself with precautions, he had made himself secure behind a whole rampart of explanations. He had made it impossible that he should be taken by surprise. She could never have the faintest suspicion of him, though he was bound to confess to himself that he had not liked the look of her face on that morning when she declined to ride or to drive. Had she known the secret of the will, he could have understood her conduct; but she did not know it.

"I am weak and foolish to trouble myself about the fancies of a girl—she has a thousand unknown to me."

But, when he was alone with his thoughts, the same agitation, the same uneasy apprehension tortured him. Had she found him out, and had she gone away to seek advice and strengthen her case? The fear haunted him.

The captain was so unlike himself that he had no inclination to go up to town. It was of little use, he told himself, now that all his schemes were upset. In the depths of his dark and desperate heart he had made his villainous plans. The first and foremost was the compassing of the death of Angela. She was the one great barrier in his path. Lady Laura was a fragile delicate woman, whose long martyrdom, he saw, must soon end; her health and strength were failing daily. Now, with Angela escaped from his power, he realized that he was in an awkward position. If anything happened to this delicate wife of his, the property would go to Angela; and the almost certain probability was that she would never either see him or share it with him in any way. Then he would be a poor man. The will about which he had taken so much trouble would be absolutely valueless.

"I have mismanaged the whole matter most fearfully," he said to himself, with darkening brows; "I should have been more prompt in action. There is no one to blame but myself."

If Angela did not return, if she never fell into his power again, even the loss of his wife would not bring him one step nearer to Gladys Rane; the insurmountable barrier of poverty would still be between them. It was such a complete downfall, such a complete crushing of all his plans, that he could not recover himself.

Notwithstanding all that had happened, he would have gone up to town but that Lady Laura fell ill of a low fever, one of those subtle fevers that seem to wear the very life away, but yet cause very little outward show of illness. He was careless enough of the opinion of the world in general, still even he did not like to leave his wife ill at Rood while he went up to town for a round of gaiety.

He was not the most pleasant of companions during those days, and the few ignorant people who talked of the captain's devotion to his wife little dreamed how she trembled at the very sound of his footsteps, how she shuddered at the sound of his voice. Outwardly his manner was negligently kind; but he knew how to make her heart ache with a veiled sarcasm, how, with a few careless words, to give her unutterable pain.

"If I am to suffer," he said to himself, "let her suffer too;" and he was base enough, mean enough to feel some relief when he could inflict pain on her. He had forgotten, or rather he chose to forget, that he owed everything to her—money, luxury, magnificence—that all the ease he enjoyed, the splendour that surrounded him, came from her hands. In the earlier days of their married life he had at times said a few grateful words to her, had alluded to the money as hers, had asked for her approval and advice. Now he took entire possession of the estate, as though it had always been his own, managing everything after a lordly fashion and consulting only his own interest.

When the fever had somewhat abated, and Lady Laura was able to come down stairs, it was a dark and lowering face that met hers. No one would have called him the "handsome captain" who saw him then.

"I wish," said her ladyship to him one evening, when he had been particularly unamiable and disagreeable, "you would go up to town, Vance. It is useless for you to remain with me; your heart is not here."

"That is just the kind of opportunity a woman likes," he said sneeringly. "If I were to leave you and seek what heaven knows I want—a little change and recreation—you would consider yourself a martyr."

"I should not," she returned. "The time has arrived when the pain of your presence is far greater than the pain of your absence."

"I am glad to hear that, Laura," he said scoffingly. "It shows that you are coming to your senses, and there is a better chance for me. Nevertheless I shall not go up town and leave you here."

"It will not be for love of me that you stay," she retorted bitterly.

"No, my dear; I have plans of my own, and it suits me to remain here," he said carelessly.

Lady Laura was thinking that, if he would go, she would send for Mr. Sansome, and then she could soon have Angela home again.

CHAPTER XLV.

Brantome Hall was neither ancient nor even altogether modern; it was simply a large, pleasant, old-fashioned, rambling house, with great, well-lighted, lofty rooms. A broad river wound his way close by, and in the distance was the long line of the sea.

By the banks of the Rinn at Brantome the was Angela's favourite walk. She had been three weeks at the hall, and day after day she had scanned the *Times*, but the long-sought-for advertisement had not appeared. It had been agreed between Jane Felspar and Angela that they should not write to each other unless there was some great need. Jane, not wishing to alarm the young girl, did not inform her of Lady Laura's illness, which was tedious, but not dangerous; and Angela wondered much whether they had gone up to town, and, if so, why her mother had not sent for the lawyer. It seemed to her so all-important that the will should be destroyed that she could not understand an hour's delay.

The three weeks had not been unpleasant ones. There was the sense of freedom from a terrible danger, from an intolerable fear, from the hideous daily contact with a man whose soul was steeped in wickedness, from the hourly pain of seeing her mother's sufferings. Until she was at Brantome and in perfect safety, she did not fully realize how much she had suffered or how much she had feared. In the long hours that passed she had time to think and reflect, to remember with a shudder how near she had been to death, to remember with horror how for months past the dark shadow of danger had followed her. She was so young and so innocent; so completely inexperienced in the ways of the world, so unversed in its iniquities and crimes, that the horror of what she knew never left her. When she slept, it was to dream that she was falling through the treacherous ice, or that she was in the boat on the lake, and the water rising fast around her. At other times she saw the deadly poison dropped very slowly into the glass, and afterwards the captain's terrified face turned towards her. After a few days of rest, these dreams and fancies faded in some degree; but the change of scene did not entirely eradicate them.

Angela had been most kindly received by the housekeeper, Mrs. Bowen; as a friend of her cousin's who required rest and wished to be alone as much as possible. Mrs. Bowen's practised eye detected the fact that Angela was a lady, and, although she marvelled just a little how such a one could be the friend of Jane Felspar, she was a sensible woman, and did not allow her curiosity to interfere with her desire to please her cousin Jane. She saw there was some mystery, but, as it did not concern her in any way, she was well content to leave it alone. Her mistress had given her permission to have a friend to stay with her when she wished, and she was but taking advantage of her offer.

The old housekeeper set apart for Angela's use a charming little room overlooking the greensward that led down to the river—a room in which the shadows of green boughs made rich tracery on the floor and walls, a room filled with flowers and the hangings of which were of pale sea-green and gold. A few pictures in gilt frames, some books, a piano, a couple of easy-chairs, two large windows that opened on to the grass, helped to make the apartment, if not luxurious, at least most comfortable.

"This room, Miss Charles, is called the green room," the housekeeper explained. "Even when the family are at home it is seldom used; and I thought you would be more comfortable here than in the larger rooms. You can see it just as you will, and your sleeping room is the one above it. My cousin informed me that you wished to be alone as much as possible."

"You are very good to me," said Angela gratefully.

Angela took possession of the green room, and made herself as happy as possible. At her will she wandered over the great rooms of the house; but she took especial delight in the library, which contained many rare books. But for the books, her life would have been a lonely one. The servants never intruded upon her; Mrs. Bowen came at rare intervals, but never remained long. Angela had therefore plenty of time in which to think of all that had happened, and conjecture what the future was likely to bring. She had decided upon one thing—nothing could ever induce her, even if a new will were made, to live under the same roof with the captain. "Nor shall my mother either," she said to herself. But as to how she should manage this she could form no idea. "I am alone in the darkness," she said; "but light will come." She little dreamed how or in what way.

One morning Mrs. Bowen broke in upon her solitude.

"Miss Charles," said she, "I am going through the picture-gallery this morning. Would you like to see it? There are some very fine pictures in it; but most of the collection is modern. There are few works of the old masters."

"I should like very much to inspect it," replied Angela.

"Then come with me now, please."

"What a fine gallery!" exclaimed Angela, as she and Mrs. Bowen reached the long, lofty, well-lighted room.

"This was the late Lord Arleigh," said the housekeeper, drawing near to a large portrait; and Angela found herself looking at a kindly gentle face, not handsome, but with a touch of melancholy in its expression.

"I like that face," remarked Angela; "it is a good one."

"Yes, but melancholy," said Mrs. Bowen. "The shadow of an early death was always on the earl's face. This is Lady Arleigh," added the housekeeper, pointing to the portrait of a lady. "My lady is not beautiful," observed Mrs. Bowen; "but she is very distinguished-looking."

"It is certainly a striking face," agreed Angela; and then they passed on.

The housekeeper had to examine the hangings of the windows, and, while she did so, she left Angela to wander at her will. All the best modern artists were well represented—Millais and Orless, Alma Tadema, Leighton, Prinsepe, and others. Presently her attention was attracted by a large painting hanging in an alcove, and she stood before it, looking at it in silence. It was the portrait of a handsome young man; and why it impressed her so much was because the face resembled that of her own father. The proud princely head was covered with clusters of golden hair, and the slight moustache, hiding a mouth that was beautiful as a woman's, was of a dark hue. Angela stood looking at the picture with delight.

"Mrs. Bowen," she asked at last, "whose portrait is this?"

The housekeeper came up to her with a smile on her face, as though she were well pleased to answer the question.

"That is the present earl; he is away with my lady now in Italy."

"The present earl!" echoed Angela.

She was about to remark that he resembled her father very much; but she refrained. "What is his name?" she asked.

"Glenarvon Arleigh," was the reply; "but my lady and Lady Maud always call him Glen."

"I like the name," she said slowly. "And he is in Italy, Mrs. Bowen?"

"Yes, miss; they are all there; and I am afraid they will stay for some time yet."

Angela thought to herself that it was not all a misfortune, for, if the family remained abroad, she could not have been at home, she could not have sought refuge at Brantome Hall.

After that morning she went often to the picture gallery. The great attraction of the place was the portrait in which she saw some slight resemblance to her father. She liked to stand before it, to gaze at it and recall the beloved face. The resemblance was great in the laughing blue eyes and the contour of the brow. She never thought of the original; the picture had a fascination for her because it reminded her of her father; none the less the face of Glenarvon, Lord Arleigh, stole into Angela's heart, and made part of her dreams, though without any reference to the young lord himself.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The days passed on, and still no advertisement appeared. Day after day Angela scanned the columns of the *Times*; but there was nothing to tell her that her mother had destroyed the will. She grew uneasy, although she knew that, if any emergency arose, Jane Felspar would communicate with her; while, if all went on well, she had arranged not to write at all. Angela tried to banish her disquieting thoughts with books and music, yet she had nevertheless always a strange sensation as of one waiting for some tragical occurrence. There were days when she was too restless to read or to sing, when she wandered through the quiet alleys and by the river banks, thinking of the strange feeling which had so entirely taken possession of her.

There came a morning in June when everything was at its brightest, but the loveliness of the day had no charm for Angela. She was chafing under the delay, and her thoughts were of her mother, the captain, and of the will, while she asked herself how much longer she would have to remain at Brantome. She went to the library to search for a book to distract her unhappy thoughts, and while there she heard a carriage coming quickly up the drive. She did not pay much attention to the circumstance, although it was a very unusual one, and forgot all about it in a few minutes' time. She at last found a book that pleased her—George Eliot's *Romola*. She went to one of the bay windows, which was half open, and, half reclining on one of the great Turkish rugs, forgot all else in the charm of this story. Angela's whole heart was eng