Davis, Lawrence & Co

The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 26. MILTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1887. NO. 52.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton: For the Year 1887

Place of Sittings and P. O. Addresses 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	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		9	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.

Judge in 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.

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Canvassers Wanted!
IMMEDIATELY IN THIS COUNTY
TO SELL
"OUR NORTH LAND,"
A PURELY CANADIAN BOOK,
Telling 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 extracts, but an original copyright work, richly and profusely illustrated.
To energetic men who will promise to canvass at least one township, we will offer the most liberal inducements. As we manufacture the book ourselves, upon our own premises, we can afford to pay the hands of canvassers at a very low rate, while the retail prices place the work within reach of all classes. Applications for Territory secured at once. We want at least one man in each county in Canada.
Also, the "New Home Parallel Bibles," and Photograph Albums in over 300 varieties.
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
Publisher
Jordan St., TORONTO.

ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine this paper or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago will find it on file at 55 to 41 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

F. A. NORTH & CO., 130 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., keep Everything in the Musical Line, Sheet Music, Music Books. All the Foreign and American Editions. Pianos and Organs by the best known makers, sold on liberal terms. Catalogues sent on application. Mention this paper.

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION. We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 per evening. Boys and girls earn as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PEEL FARMERS' MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Co.
JOHN COONEY
AUTHORIZED GENERAL AGENT FOR SAID COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE, - BRAMPTON.
THOS. HOLTBY, Pres. L. CHEYNE, Sec.

$22.00 worth of CHOICE MUSIC FOR $1.00
Send us $100 and we will mail you NORTH'S PHILA. MUSICAL JOURNAL for one year. We give every Subscriber $2.00 worth of Sheet Music selected from of catalogue as a premium, and publish in the Journal, during the year, music which could cost in sheet form, $22.00, possibly more; thus every subscriber receives $22.00 worth of music for $1.00. The Journal is published monthly and contains instructive articles for the guidance of teachers and pupils; entertaining musical stories, an extensive record of musical events from all over the world, and Sixteen Pages of New Music in each issue, making it the most valuable publication of the kind in existence. Do not fail to subscribe at once.
Address, F. A. NORTH & CO.,
No. 130 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION
EACH PLUG OF THE
Myrtle Navy
IS MARKED
T. & B.
IN BRONZED ETTERS
NONE OTHER GENUINE.
Bank of Hamilton
Capital $2,000,000 | Reserve Fund $300,000
MILTON AGENCY.
Deposits received and interest allowed at best current rate. No notice of withdrawal required. Office hours—From 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturdays—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.
J. BUTTERFIELD, AGENT.
Milton, Nov. 18, 1886.

MILTON
PLANING MILL
SOMERVILLE & MITCHEL,
PROPRIETORS.
We are prepared to fill all orders for all kinds of
HOUSE FURNISHINGS
—SUCH AS—
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Case &c
—DEALER IN—
Lumber, Lath and Shingles.
ALL KINDS OF LUMBER MATCHED AND DRESSED TO ORDER.
Also GENERAL BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.
We are prepared to furnish estimates for all kinds of Buildings and Contracts for erection of same, either in part or whole.
PRICES MODERATE.
Factory near H. & N. W. station.

Medicinal and Family
LIQUORS,
In cases of one dozen bottles, and in wood, five gallons and upwards.
Agents for Corby's celebrated
I. X. L.
RYE WHISKY,
Guaranteed seven yrs. old.
Orders by mail promptly executed.
Reid, Birely & Co.
Direct Importers, 140 King St. E., Hamilton. 22-1y

DORA THORNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER MOTHER'S SIN."

Slowly but surely the sweet poison worked its way; the day came when that graceful, subtle flattery was necessary to the very existence of Beatrice Earle. There was much to excuse her; the clever, artful man into whose hands she had fallen was her first admirer—the first who seemed to remember she was no longer a child, and to treat her with deferential attention. Had she been, as other girls are, surrounded by friends, accustomed to society, properly trained, prepared by the tender wisdom of a loving mother, she would never have cast her proud eyes upon Hugh Fernely; she would never have courted the danger or run the risk.

As it was, while Dora preferred solitude, and nourished a keen dislike to her husband in her heart—while Ronald yielded to obstinate pride, and neglected every duty—while both preferred the indulgence of their own tempers, and neglected the children the Almighty intrusted to them, Beatrice went on to her fate.

It was so sad a story, the details so simple yet so pitiful. Every element of that impulsive, idealistic nature helped on the tragedy. Hugh Fernely understood Beatrice as perhaps no one else ever did. He idealized himself. To her at length he became a hero, who had met with numberless adventures—a hero who had travelled and fought, brave and generous. After a time he spoke to her of love, at first never appearing to suppose that she could care for him, but telling her of his own passionate worship—how her face haunted him, filled his dreams at night, and shone before him all day—how the very ground she stood upon was sacred to him—how he envied the flowers she touched—how he would give up everything to be the rose that died in her hands. It was all very pretty and poetical, and he knew how to find pretty picturesque spots in the woods, where the birds and the flowers helped him to tell his story.

Beatrice found it very pleasant to be worshipped like a queen; there was no more monotony for her. Every morning she looked forward to seeing Hugh—to learning more of those words that seemed to her like sweetest music. She knew that at some time or other during the day she would see him; he never tired of admiring her beauty. Blameworthy was the sad mother with her stern doctrines, blameworthy the proud, neglectful father, that she knew not how wrong all this was. He loved her; in a thousand eloquent ways he told her so. She was his load-star, beautiful and peerless. It was far more pleasant to sit on the sea-shore, or under the green wood trees, listening to such words than to pass long, dreary hours in-doors. And none of those intrusted with the care of the young girl ever dreamed of her danger.

So this was the love her mother dreaded so much. This was the love poets sang of and novelists wrote about. It was very pleasant; but in after days, when Beatrice herself came to love, she knew that this had been but child's play.

It was the romance of the stolen meetings that charmed Beatrice. If Hugh had been admitted to the Elms, she would have wearied of him in a week; but the concealment gave her something to think of. There was something to occupy her mind; every day she must arrange for a long ramble, so that she might meet Hugh. So, while the corn grew ripe in the fields, and the apple-blossoms died away—while warm, luxurious summer ruled with his golden wand—Ronald Earle's daughter went on to her fate.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At length there came an interruption to Hugh Fernely's love-dream. The time drew near when he must leave Seabay. The vessel he commanded was bound for China, and was to sail in a few days. The thought that he must leave the beautiful girl he loved so dearly and so deeply struck him with unendurable pain; he seemed only to have lived since he had met her, and he knew that life without her would be a burden too great for him to bear. He asked himself a hundred times over, "Does she love me?" He could not tell. He resolved to try. He dared not look the future in the face which should take her from him.

The time drew near; the day was settled on which the "Seagull" was to set sail, and yet Hugh Fernely had won no promise from Beatrice Earle.

One morning Hugh met her at the stile leading into the Meadow Lane—the prettiest spot in Knutsford. The ground was a beautiful carpet of flowers—wild hyacinths, purple foxgloves, pretty, pale strawberry blossoms all grew there. The hedges were one mass of wild roses and woodbines; the tall elm trees that ran along the lane met shadily overhead; the banks on either side were radiant in different coloured masses; huge ferns surrounded the roots of the trees.

Beatrice liked the quiet of pretty, green Meadow Lane. She often walked there, and on this eventful morning Hugh saw her sitting in the midst of the fern-leaves. He was by her side in a minute, and his dark, handsome face lighted up with joy.

"How the sun shines!" he said; "I wonder the birds begin to sing and the flowers to bloom before you come out, Miss Earle."

"I am not their sun," replied Beatrice, with a smile.

"But you are mine," cried Hugh; and before she could reply he was kneeling at her feet, her hands clasped in his, while he told her of the love that was wearing his life away.

No one could listen to such words unmoved; they were true and eloquent, full of strange pathos. He told her how dark without her the future would be to him, how sad and weary his life; whereas, if she would only love him and let him claim her, when he returned he would make her happy as a queen. He would take her to bright sunny lands—would show her all the beauties and wonders she longed to see—would buy her jewels and dresses such as her beauty deserved—would be her humble, devoted slave, if she would only love him.

It was very pleasant—the bright morning, the picturesque glade, the warmth and brightness of summer all around. Beatrice looked at the handsome face pale with emotion, she felt Hugh's warm lips pressed to her hand, she felt hot tears rain upon her fingers, and wondered at such love. Yes, this was the love she had read of and thought about.

"Beatrice," cried Hugh, "do not undo me with one word. Say you will love me, my darling—say I may return and claim you as my own. Your whole life shall be like one long, bright summer's day."

She was carried away by the burning torrent of passionate words. With all her spirit and pride she felt powerless before the mighty love of this strong man. Almost unconscious of what she did Beatrice laid her white hands upon the dark, handsome head of her lover.

"Hush, Hugh!" she said, "you frighten me. I do love you; see, your tears wet my hand."

It was not a very enthusiastic response, but it satisfied him. He clasped the young girl in his arms, and she did not resist; he kissed the proud lips and the flushed cheek. Beatrice Earle said no word; she was half frightened, half touched, and wholly subdued.

"Now you are mine," cried Hugh—"mine, my own peerless one; nothing shall part us but death!"

"Hush!" cried Beatrice, again shuddering as with cold fear. "That is a word I dislike and dread so much, Hugh,—do not use it."

"I will not," he replied; and then Beatrice forgot her fears. He was so happy—he loved her so dearly—he was so proud of winning her. She listened through the long hours of that sunny morning. It was the fifteenth of July—he made her note the day—and in two years he would return, to take her for ever from the quiet home where her beauty and grace were alike buried.

That was the view of the matter that had seized upon the girl's imagination. It was not so much love for Hugh—she liked him. His flattery—the excitement of meeting him—his love had become necessary to her; but, had any other means of escape from the monotony she hated presented itself, she would have availed herself of it quite as eagerly. Hugh was not so much a lover to her as the medium of escape from a life that daily became more and more unendurable.

She listened with bright smiles when he told her that in two years he should return to fetch her; and she, thinking much of the romance, and little of the dishonour of concealment, told him how her cold, unyielding mother hated and dreaded all mention of love and lovers.

"Then you must never tell her," he said—"leave that for me until I return. I shall have money then, and perhaps have the command of a fine vessel. She will not refuse me when she knows how dearly I love you; and even should your father—the father you tell me of—come home, you will be true to me, Beatrice, will you not?"

"Yes, I will be true," she replied—and to her justice, she meant it at the time. Her father's return seemed vague and uncertain; it might take place in ten or twenty years—it might never be. Hugh offered her freedom and liberty in two years.

"If others should seek your love," he said, "you should praise your beauty, and offer you rank or wealth, you will say to yourself that you will be true to Hugh?"

"Yes," she said, firmly, "I will do so."

"Two years will soon pass away," said he. "Ah, Beatrice," he continued, "I shall leave you next Thursday; give me all the hours you can. Once away from you all time will seem to me long, dark night."

It so happened that the farmer and his men were at work in a field quite on the other side of Knutsford. Dora and Lillian were intent, the one upon a box of books newly arrived, the other upon a picture; so that Beatrice had every day many hours at her disposal. She spent them all with Hugh, whose love seemed to increase with every moment.

Hugh was to leave Seabay on Thursday, and on the Wednesday evening he lingered by her side as though he could not part with her. To do Hugh Fernely justice, he loved Beatrice for herself. Had she been a penniless beggar he would have loved her just the same. The only dark cloud in his sky was the knowledge that she was far above him. Still, he argued to himself, the story she told of her father was an impossible one. He did not believe that Ronald Earle would ever take his daughters home—he did not quite know what to think, but he had no fear on that score.

On the Wednesday evening they wandered down the cliff, and sat upon the shore, watching the sunset over the waters. Hugh took from his pocket a little morocco case, and placed it in Beatrice's hand. She opened it, and cried out with admiration; there lay the most exquisite ring she had ever seen, of pure pale gold, delicately and elaborately chased, and set with three gleaming opals of rare beauty.

"Look at the motto inside," said Hugh.

She held the ring in her dainty white fingers, and read: "Until death part us."

"Oh, Hugh," she cried, "that word again! I dread it, why is it always coming before me?"

He smiled at her fears, and asked her to let him place the ring upon her finger.

"In two years," he said, "I shall place a plain gold ring on this beautiful hand. Until then wear this, Beatrice, for my sake; it is our betrothal ring."

"It shall not leave my finger," she said. "Mamma will not notice it, and every one else will think she has given it to me herself."

"And now," said Hugh, "promise me once more, Beatrice you will be true to me—you will wait for me—that when I return you will let me claim you as my own."

"I do promise," she said, looking at the sun shining on the opals.

Beatrice never forgot the hour that followed. Proud, impetuous, and imperial as she was, the young man's love and sorrow touched her as nothing had ever done. The sunbeams died away in the west; the glorious mass of tinted clouds fell like a veil over the evening sky; the waves came in rapidly, breaking into sheets of white, creamy foam in the gathering darkness; but still he could not leave her.

"I must go, Hugh," said Beatrice, at length; "mamma will miss me."

She never forgot the wistful eyes looking upon her face.

"Once more, only once more," he said. "Beatrice, my own love, when I return you will be my wife?"

"Yes," she replied, startled alike by his grief and his love.

"Never be false to me," he continued.

"If you were——"

"What then?" she asked, with a smile as he paused.

"I should either kill myself or you," he replied; "perhaps both. Do not make me say such terrible things. It could not be. The sun may fall from the heavens, the sea rolling there may become dry land, Nature—everything beautiful, accomplished daughters.—Do—may prove false, but not you, the noblest, the truest of women. Say 'I love you, Hugh,' and let those be your last words to me. They will go with me over the wide ocean, and be my rest and stay."

"I love you Hugh," she said, as he wished her.

Something like a deep, bitter sob came from his white lips. Death itself would have seemed easier than leaving her. He raised her beautiful face to his—his tears and kisses seemed to burn it—and then he was gone.

Gone! The romance of the past few weeks, the engrossing interest, had all suddenly collapsed. To-morrow the old, monotonous life must begin again, without flattery, praise, or love. He was gone, the whole romance was ended; nothing of it remained save the memory of his love and the ring upon her finger.

At first there fell upon Beatrice a dreadful blank. The monotony, the quiet, the simple occupations were more unendurable than ever; but in a few days that feeling wore off, and then she began to wonder what she had done. The glamour fell from her eyes; seeing the novelty and excitement, the romance of the stolen meetings, the pleasant homage of love and worship, no longer blinded her. Ah, and before Hugh Fernely had been many days and nights upon the wide ocean, she ended by growing ashamed of the matter, and trying to think of it as little as she could! Once she had half tried to tell Lillian; but the look of horror on the sweet, pure face startled her, and she turned the subject by some merry jest.

Then there came a letter from Mrs. Vyvian, announcing her return. The girls were warmly attached to the lady, who had certainly devoted the ten best years of her life to them. She brought with her many novelties, new books, new music, amusing intelligence from the outer world. For some days there was no lack of excitement and amusement; then all fell again into the old routine.

Mrs. Vyvian saw a great change in Beatrice. Some of the old impetuosity had died away; she was brilliant as ever, full of life and gaiety; but in some way there was an indescribable change. At times a strange calm would come over the beautiful face, a far-off, dreamy expression steal into the dark, bright eyes. She had lost her old frankness. Time was when Mrs. Vyvian could read all her thoughts, and very rebellious thoughts they often were. But now there seemed to be a sealed chamber in the girl's heart. She never spoke of the future, and for the first time her watchful friend saw in her an nervous fear that distressed her. Carefully and cautiously the governess tried to ascertain the cause; she felt sure at last that, young as she was, carefully as she had been watched, Beatrice Earle had a secret in her life that she shared with no one else.

CHAPTER XIX.

There was confusion and dismay in the stately home of the Earles. One sultry morning in August Lord Earle went out into the garden, paying no heed to the excessive heat. As he did not return to luncheon, the butler went in search of him, and found his master lying as one dead on the ground. He was carried to his own room, doctors were summoned in hot haste from far and near, everything that science or love, skill or wisdom, could suggest was done for him, but all in vain. The hour had come when he must leave home, rank, wealth, position, whatever he valued most—when he must answer for his life and what he had done with it—when he must account for wealth, talent, for the son given to him—when human likings, human passions, would seem so indefinitely little.

But while Lord Earle lay upon the bed pale and unconscious, Lady Earle, who knelt by him and never left him, felt sure that his mind and heart were both active. He could not speak; he did not seem to understand. Who knows what passes in those dread moments of silence when the light of eternity shows so clearly all that we have done in the past? It may be that while he lay there, hovering as it were between two worlds, the remembrance of his son struck him like a two-edged sword—his son, his only child, given to him to train not only for earth but for heaven—the boy he had loved and idolized, then cast off, and allowed to become a wanderer on the face of the earth. It may be that his stern, sullen pride, his imperious self-will, his resolute trampling upon the voice of Nature and duty, confronted him, in the new light shining upon him. Perhaps his own words returned to him, that until he lay dead Ronald should never see Earlescourt again, for suddenly the voice they thought hushed for ever sounded strangely in the silence of that death-chamber.

"My son!" cried the dying man, clasping his hands—"my son!"

They who saw it never forgot the blank, awful terror that came upon the dying face as he uttered his last words.

They bore his weeping wife from the room. Lady Earle, strong and resolute though she was, could not drive that scene from her mind. She was ill for many days, and so it happened that the Lord of Earlescourt was laid in the family vault long ere the family at the Elms knew of the change awaiting them.

Ronald was summoned home all in haste, but months passed ere letters reached him, and many more before he returned to England.

Lord Earle's will was brief; there was no mention of his son's name. There was a handsome provision for Lady Earle, the pretty little estate of Roslyn was settled upon her, the servants received numerous legacies, Sir Harry Lawrence and Sir Hugh Charteris were each to receive a magnificent mourning ring; but there was no mention of the once-loved son and heir.

As heir-at-law everything was Ronald's—the large amount of money the late lord had saved, title, estates, everything reverted to him. But Ronald would have exchanged all for one line of forgiveness, one word of pardon from the father he had never ceased to love.

It was arranged that until Ronald's return his mother should continue to reside at Earlescourt, and the management of the estate was intrusted to Mr. Bert the family solicitor.

Lady Earle resolved to go to the Elms herself; great changes must be made there. Ronald's wife and children must take their place in the world; and she felt a proud satisfaction in thinking that, thanks to her sensible and judicious management, Dora would fill her future position with credit. She anticipated the delight when he should see his beautiful, accomplished daughters. Despite her great sorrow, the Lady of the Manor was not unhappy. Dora's husband's death, and announcing her own coming, then the little household understood that their quiet stay."

"I wish you to write to them—but they never know that, for their mother's sake, Lady Earle carefully concealed all knowledge of it from them.

Lady Earle reached the Elms one evening in the beginning of September. She asked first to see Dora alone.

During the long years Dora had grown to love the stately, gentle lady, who was mother of her husband. She could not resist her sweet, gracious dignity and winning manner. So, when Lady Earle, before Dora's room, wishing for a long consultation with her, Dora received her with gentle, reverential affection.

"I wish to see you first," said Lady Helena Earle, "so that we may arrange our plans before the children know anything of them. Ronald will return to England in a few months. Dora, what course shall you adopt?"

"None," she replied. "Your son's return has nothing whatever to do with me."

"But surely," said Lady Helena, "for the children's sake you will not refuse at least an outward show of reconciliation?"

"Mr. Earle has not asked it," said Dora—"he never will do so, Lady Helena. It is far from his thoughts as much astounded for speech.

"I never inquired the cause of your separation, Dora," she said, gently, "and I never wish to know it. My son told me you could live together no longer. I loved my own husband; I was a devoted and affectionate wife to him. I bore with his faults and loved his virtues, so that I cannot imagine what I should do were I in your place. I say to you what I shall say to Ronald—they are solemn words—'What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'—Now let me tell you my opinion. It is this—that nothing can justify such a separation as yours—nothing but the most outrageous offenses, or the most barbarous cruelty. Take the right course, Dora; submit to your husband. Believe me, woman's rights are all fancy and nonsense; loving, gentle submission is the fairest ornament of woman. Even should Ronald be in the wrong, trample upon all pride and temper, and make the first advances to him."

"I cannot," said Dora, gravely.

"Ronald was always generous and chivalrous," continued Lady Earle. "Oh, Dora, have you forgotten how my boy gave up all the world for you?"

"No," she replied, bitterly; "nor has he forgotten it, Lady Earle."

The remembrance of what she thought her wrongs rose visibly before her. She saw again the magnificent face of Valentine Charteris, with its calm, high-bred wonder. She saw her husband's white, angry, indignant countenance—his gestures full of unutterable contempt. Ah, no, never again! Nothing could heal that quarrel.

"You must take your place in the world," continued Lady Helena. "You are no longer simply Mrs. Earle, of the Elms; you are Lady Earle, of Earlescourt, wife of its lord, the mother of his children. You have duties too numerous for me to mention, and you must not shrink from them."

"I refuse all," she replied, calmly; "I refuse to share your son's titles, his wealth, his position, his duties; I refuse to make any advances toward a reconciliation; I refuse to be reconciled."

"And why?" asked Lady Helena, gravely.

A proud flush rose to Dora's face—not anger stirred in her heart.

"Because your son said words to me that I never can and never will forget," she cried. "I did wrong—Lady Helena, I was mad, jealous, blind—I did wrong—I did what I now know to be disgraceful, unpardonable and degrading. I knew no better, and he might have pardoned me remembering that. But before the woman I believed to be my rival, he bitterly regretted having made me his wife."

"They were hard words," said Lady Earle.

"Very hard," replied Dora; "they broke my heart—they slew me in my youth; I have never lived since then."

"Can you never forgive and forget them, Dora?" asked Lady Helena.

"Never," she replied; "they are burned into my heart and on my brain. I shall never forget them; your son and I must be strangers, Lady Earle, while we live.

"I can say no more," sighed Lady Earle. "Perhaps a mightier voice will call to you, Dora, and then you will obey."

A deep silence fell upon them. Lady Helena was more grieved and disconcerted than she cared to own. She had thought of taking her son's wife and children home in triumph, but it was not to be.

"Shall we speak of the children now?" she asked at length. "Some arrangements must be made for them."

"Yes," said Dora, "their father has claims upon them. I am ready to yield to them.

I do not believe he will ever love or care for them, because they are mine. At the same time, I give them up to him and to you, Lady Earle. The sweetest and best years of their lives have been spent with me; I must therefore not repine. I have but one stipulation to make, and it is that my children shall never hear one word against me."

"You know little of me," said Lady Helena, "if you think such a thing is possible. You would rather part with your children than accompany them."

"Far rather," she replied. "I know you will allow them to visit me, Lady Earle. I have known for many years that such a time must come, and I am prepared for it."

"But, my dear Dora," said Lady Earle, warmly, "have you considered what parting with your children implies—the solitude, the desolation?"

"I know it all," replied Dora. "It will be hard, but not so hard nor so bitter as living under the same roof with their father."

Carefully and quietly Dora listened to Lady Earle's plans and arrangements—how her children were to go to Earlescourt, and take the position belonging to them. Mrs. Vyvian was to go with them, and remain until Lord Earle returned. Until then they were not to be introduced into society. It would take some time to accustom them to so great a change. When Lord Earle returned he could pursue what course he would.

"He will be so proud of them!" said Lady Earle. "I have never seen a girl so spirited and beautiful as Beatrice, nor one so fair and gentle as Lillian. Oh, Dora, I should be happy if you were going with us."

Never once during the few days of busy preparation did Dora's proud courage give way. The girls at first refused to leave her; they exhausted themselves in conjectures as to her continued residence at the Elms, and were forced to be satisfied with Lady Earle's off-hand declaration that their mother could not endure any but a quiet life.

"Mamma has a title now," said Beatrice wonderingly; "why will she not assume it?"

"Your mother's tastes are simple and plain," replied Lady Earle. "Her wishes must be treated with respect."

Dora did not give way until the two fair faces that had brightened her house vanished. When they were gone, and a strange, hushed silence fell upon the place, pride and courage gave way. In that hour the very bitterness of death seemed to be upon her.

CHAPTER XX.

It was a proud moment for Lady Earle when she led the two young girls through the long line of servants assembled to receive them. They were both silent from sheer wonder. They had left Florence at so early an age that they had not the faintest remembrance of the pretty villa on the banks of the Arno—all their ideas were centered in the Elms—they had never seen any other home.

Lady Earle watched the different effect produced upon them by the first glimpse of Earlescourt. Lillian grew pale; she trembled; and her wondering eyes filled with tears. Beatrice, on the contrary, seemed instantly to take in the spirit of the place. Her face flushed; a proud light came into her glorious eyes; her haughty head was carried more regally than ever. There was no timidity, no shyly-expressed wonder, no sensitive shrinking from new and unaccustomed splendour.

They were deeply impressed with the magnificence of their new home. For many long days Lady Earle employed herself in showing them the numerous treasures of art and *virtu* the house contained. The picture-gallery pleased Beatrice most; she gloried in the portraits of the grand old ancestors, "each with a story to his name." One morning she stood before Lady Helena's portrait, admiring the striking likeness. Suddenly turning to the stately lady by her side, she said; "All the Ladies Earles are here; where is my own mamma? Her face is sweet and fair as any of these. Why is there no portrait of her?"

"There will be one some day," said Lady Helena. "When your father returns, all those things will be seen to."

"We have no brother," continued Beatrice. "Every baron here seems to have been succeeded by his son—who will succeed my father?"

"His next of kin," replied Lady Earle, sadly—"Lionel Dacre; he is a third cousin of Lord Earle's. He will have both title and estate."

She sighed deeply; it was a real trouble to Lady Helena that she should never see her son's son, never love and nurse, never bless the heir of Earlescourt.

Lillian delighted most in the magnificent gardens, the thickly wild-wooded park, where every dell was filled with flowers and ferns, every knoll crowned with noble trees. The lake with white lilies sleeping on its tranquil bosom, and weeping willows touching its clear surface, pleased her most of all. As they stood on its banks, Beatrice, looking into the transparent depths, shuddered, and turned quickly away.

"I am tired of water," she said; "nothing wearied me so much at Knutsford as the wide, restless sea. I must have been born with a natural antipathy to water."

Many days passed before they were familiar with Earlescourt. Every day brought its new wonders.

A pretty suite of rooms had been prepared for each sister; they were in the western wing, and communicated with each other. The Italian nurse who had come with them from Florence had preferred remaining with Dora. Lady Earle had engaged two fashionable ladies' maids, had also ordered for each a wardrobe suitable to the daughters of Lord Earle.

Mrs. Vyvian had two rooms near her charges. Knowing that some months might elapse before Ronald returned, Lady Helena settled upon a course of action. The young girls were to be kept in seclusion, and not be introduced to the gay world, seeing only a few old friends of the family; they were to continue to study for a few hours every morning, to drive or walk with Lady Earle after luncheon, to join her at the seven o'clock dinner, and to pass the evening in the drawing-room.

It was a new and delightful life. Beatrice reveled in the luxury and grandeur that surrounded her. She amused Lady Earle by her vivacious description of the quiet home of the Elms.

"I feel at home here," she said, "and I never did there. At times I wake up, half dreading to hear the rustling of the tall elm trees, and old Mrs. Thorne's voice asking about the cows. Poor mamma! I cannot understand her taste."

When they became more accustomed to the new life, the strange incongruity in their family struck them both. On one side a grand old race, intermarried with some of the noblest families in England—a stately house, title, wealth, rank, and position; on the other, a simple farmer and his homely wife, the plain old homestead, and complete isolation from all they now considered society.

How could it be? How came it that their father was lord of Earlescourt, and their mother the daughter of a plain country farmer? For the first time it struck them both that there was some mystery in the life of their parents. Both grew more shy of speaking of the Elms, feeling with the keen instinct peculiar to youth that there was something unnatural in their position.

Visitors came occasionally to Earlescourt. Sir Harry and Lady Lawrence, of Holtham often called; Lady Charteris came from Greenoke; and all warmly admired the lovely daughters of Lord Earle.

Beatrice, with her brilliant beauty, her magnificent voice, and gay, graceful manner, was certainly the favourite. Sir Harry declared that she was the finest rider in the county.

There was an unusual stir of preparation once when Lady Earle told them that the daughter of her devoted friend, Lady Charteris was coming to spend a few days at Earlescourt. Then, for the first time, they saw the beautiful and stately lady whose fate was so strangely interwoven with theirs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Under the head of "Temperance Notes," the Woodstock Sentinel-Review relates how a large number of people have been fined for selling whiskey in Scott act localities. Very odd temperance notes, these.—Spectator.