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VOLUME 44. MILTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1887. NO. 8.

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

For the Year 1887.

Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour 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 5th 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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DORA THORNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HER MOTHER'S SIN"

"And was dreadfully shocked, no doubt," supplemented Beatrice. "Well, never mind, darling. I am very sorry it happened, but it will not matter. I am so near freedom and happiness, I cannot grieve over it. He will not surely tell? He is too honourable for that."

"No," said Lillian, dreamily "he will not tell."

"Then do not look so scared, Lilly; nothing else matters."

"You forget what he must think of me," said Lillian. "Knowing his upright, truthful character, what must he think of me?"

That view of the question had not struck Beatrice. She looked grave and anxious. It was not right for her sister to be misjudged.

"I am so sorry," she began, but Lillian interrupted her; she came close to her, and lowered her pale face over her sister's arm.

"Beatrice," she said, slowly, "you must let me tell him. He cares for me. he loves me. I promised to be his wife; and I love him—just as you do Lord Airlie."

Under the shock of these words Beatrice Earle sat silent and motionless.

"I love him," continued Lillian. "I did not tell you. He said it was not to be mentioned until you were married. I love him so dearly, Beatrice—and, when he asked me who it was I had been to meet, I could not answer him. He was very angry; he said sharp, cruel words to me, and I could not tell him how false they were. He will leave Earlescourt; he will never look upon my face again—unless I tell him all. He has said so, and he will keep his word. Beatrice, must I lose my love?"

"It would be only for a time," she replied. "I hate myself for being so selfish, but I dare not trust Lionel Dacre. He is so impetuous, so hasty, he would betray me without intending to do so; but he would betray me, as surely as he knew it. Do you not remember his saying the other day that it was well for him he had no secrets, for he could not manage to keep them?"

"He would keep this," pleaded Lillian "for your sake and mine."

"He would not," said Beatrice; "and I am so near freedom, so near happiness. Oh, Lilly, you have saved me once—save me again! My darling, keep my secret until I am married; then I swear to you I will tell Lionel every word honorably myself, and he will love you doubly. Could you do this for me?"

"It is not fair to him—he has a right to my confidence—it is not fair to myself, Beatrice."

"One of us must be sacrificed," returned her sister. "If myself, the sacrifice will last my life, will cause my death; if you, it will last, only three or four weeks. I will write to Lionel on my wedding-day."

"Why trust him then and not now?" asked Lillian.

"Because, once married to Lord Airlie, I shall have no fear. Three or four weeks of happiness are not so much to give up for your own sister, Lilly. I will say no more. I leave it for you to decide."

"Nay, do not do that," said Lillian, in great distress. "I could not clear myself at your expense"—a fact which Beatrice understood perfectly well.

"Then let the matter rest," said her sister; "some day I shall be able to thank you for all you have done for me—I cannot now. On my wedding-day I will tell Lionel Dacre that the girl he loves is the truest, the noblest, the dearest in the world."

"It is against my better judgment," returned Lillian.

"It is against my conscience, judgment, love, everything," added Beatrice, "but it will save me from cruel ruin and sorrow; and it shall not hurt you, Lilly—it shall bring you good, not harm. Now try to forget it. Lionel is easily made angry; he will soon relent. He will not know how to atone to you for this. Think of your happiness when he returns."

She drew the golden head down upon her shoulder, and, with the charm that never failed, she talked and caressed her sister until she had overcome all objections.

But during the long hours of that night a fair head tossed wearily to and fro on its pillow, a fair face was stained with bitter tears. Lionel Dacre lingered, half hoping that even at the last she would come and bid him stay because she wished to tell him all.

But the last moment came, and no messenger from Lillian brought the longed-for words. He passed out from the hall. He could not refrain from looking once at the window of her room, but the blind was closely drawn. He little knew how or why he would return.

Thursday morning dawned bright and beautiful, as though autumn wished to surpass the glories of summer. Beatrice had not told Lillian when she was going to meet Hugh, partly because she dreaded her sister's anxiety, partly because she did not wish any one to know how long she might be with him; for Beatrice anticipated a painful interview, although she felt sure of triumph in the end.

Lillian was ill and unable to rise; unused to emotion, the strain upon her mind had been too great. When Lady Helena listened to her maid's remarks and went up to see her granddaughter, she forbade her to get up, and Lillian, suffering intensely, was only too pleased to obey.

The breakfast party was a very small one. Lord Earle was absent; he had gone to Holte. Lady Helena hurried away to sit with Lillian. Lord Airlie had been smiling very happily over a mysterious little packet that had come by post. He asked Beatrice if she would go out with him—he had something to show her. They went out into the park, intending to return in time for luncheon.

The morning was bright and calm. Something of the warmth and beauty of summer lingered still, although the ground was strewn with falling leaves.

Lord Airlie and Beatrice sat at the foot of the grand old cedar tree, whence they could see the distant glimmer of the deep, still lake. The birds sang around them, and the sun shone brightly. On the beautiful face of Beatrice Earle her lover read nothing but happiness and love.

"I have something here for you, Beatrice," said Lord Airlie, showing her a little packet—"a surprise. You must thank me by saying that what it contains will be more precious to you than anything else on earth."

She opened the pretty case; within it there lay a fine gold chain of exquisite fashion and a locket of marvellous beauty.

She uttered a little cry of surprise, and raised the present in her hands.

"Now thank me," said Lord Airlie, "in the way I asked."

"What it contains is more precious to me than anything on earth," she said. "You know that, Hubert; why do you make me repeat it?"

"Because I like to hear it," he answered. "I like to see my proud love looking humble for a few minutes; I like to know that I have caged a bright, wild bird that no one else could tame."

"I am not caged yet," she objected.

"Beatrice," said Lord Airlie, "make me a promise—let me fasten this locket round your neck, and tell me that you will not part with it night or day for one moment until our wedding-day."

"I can easily promise that," she said. She bent her beautiful head, and Lord Airlie fastened the chain round her throat.

He little knew what he had done. When Lord Airlie fastened that chain around the neck of the girl he loved, he bound her to him in life and in death.

"It looks charming," he said. "How everything beautiful becomes you, Beatrice! You were born to be a queen—who am I that I should have won you? Tell me over again—I never grow tired of hearing it—do you love me?"

She told him again, her face glowing with happiness. He bent over, and kissed the sweet face; he kissed the little white hands, and the rings of dark hair the wind blew carelessly near him.

"When the leaves are green, and this fair spring is come," he said, "you will be my wife, Beatrice—Lady Airlie, of Lynnton. I love my name and title, when I remember that you will share them. And you shall be the happiest Lady Airlie that ever lived—the happiest bride, the happiest wife the sun ever shone upon. You will never part with my locket, Beatrice?"

"No," she replied—"never. I will keep it always."

They sat through the long bright hours under the shade of the old cedar tree, while Lillian lay with head and heart aching, wondering in her gentle way why this sorrow should have fallen upon her.

She did not know, as she lay there like a pale broken lily, that years ago her father, in the reckless heyday of youth, had wilfully deceived his father, and married against his wish and commands; she did not know how that unhappy marriage had ended in pride, passion, and sullen jealous temper—while those who should have borne and forborne went each their own road—the proud irritated husband abroad, away from every tie of home or duty, the jealous, angry wife secluding herself in the bitterness of her heart—both neglecting the children intrusted to them. She knew how one of those children had gone wrong; she knew the deceit, the misery, the sorrow that wrong had entailed. She was the chief victim, yet the sin had not been hers.

There were no fierce rebellious thoughts in her gentle heart, no angry warring with the mighty Hand that sends crosses and blessings alike. The flower bent by the wind is not more pliant. Where her sorrow and love had cast her, she lay, silently enduring her suffering; while Lionel travelled without intermission, wishing only to find himself far away from the young girl he declared he had ceased to love, yet could not forget.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Thursday evening, and the hand of the ormolu clock pointed to a quarter to ten. Lord Earle sat reading. Lady Helena had left Lillian asleep, and had taken up a book near him. Lord Airlie had been sketching for Beatrice a plan of the new wing at Lynnton. Looking up suddenly, she saw the timepiece. At ten Hugh Fernely would be at the shrubbery gate. She had not a moment to lose. Saying she was feeling tired, she rose and went to bid Lord Earle good-night. He remembered afterward how he had raised the beautiful face in his hands and gazed at it in loving admiration, whispering something the while about "Lady Airlie of Lynnton." He remembered how she, so little given to caressing, had laid her head upon his shoulder, clasping her arms round his neck, kissing his face, and calling him "her own dear papa." He remembered the soft, wistful light in her beautiful eyes, the sweet voice that lingered in his ears. Yet no warning came to him, nothing told him the fair child he loved so dearly stood in the shadow of deadly peril.

If he had known, how those strong arms would have been raised to shield her—how the stout, brave heart would have sheltered her! As it was, she left him with jesting words on his lips, and he did not even gaze after her as she quitted the room. If he had only known where and how he should see that face again!

Beatrice went up to Lady Helena, who smiled, without raising her eyes from her book. Beatrice bent down and touched the kind, stately face with her lips.

"Good-night, grandmamma," she said. "How studious you are?"

"Good-night—bless you, my child," returned Lady Helena, and the fair face turned from her with a smile.

"You have left me until last," said Lord Airlie; "good-night, my Beatrice. Never mind papa—he is not looking at us; give me one kiss."

She raised her face to his, and he kissed the proud, sweet lips.

He touched the golden locket.

"You will never part with it," he said; and she smiled as she answered, "No, never!"

Then she passed out of his sight, and he would have laid down his life for her; saw her leave him without the faintest suspicion of the shadow that hung over her.

The smile still lingered on her lips as she stood in her own room. A few more hours—one more trial—she said to herself; then she would be free, and might enjoy her happiness to its full extent. How dearly Hubert loved her—how unotterably happy she would be when Hugh released her! And he would—she never doubted it.

"I shall not want you again," she said to her maid. "And do not call me in the morning. I am tired."

The door of Lillian's room was not closed; she went in. The night lamp was shaded, and the blinds closely drawn, so that the bright moonlight could not intrude. She went gently to the side of the bed where her sister lay. Poor, gentle, loving Lillian! The pale, sad face, with its wistful, wearied expression, was turned to the wall. There were some traces of tears, and even in sleep deep sighs passed the quivering lips. Sorrow and woe were impressed on the fair face. Yet, as Beatrice kissed the clear, calm brow, she would gladly have changed places with her.

"I will soon make it up to her," she said, gazing long and earnestly on the sleeping face. "In a few weeks she shall be happier than she has ever been. I will make Master Lionel go on his knees to her."

She left the room, and Lillian never knew who had bent so lovingly over her.

Beatrice took from her wardrobe a thick, warm shawl. She drew it over her head, and so half hid her face. Then she went noiselessly down the staircase that led from her suite of rooms to the garden.

How fair and beautiful the night was—not cold, although it was September, and the moon shining as she had rarely seen it shine before.

It seemed to sail triumphantly in the dark blue sky. It poured a flood of silvery light on the sleeping flowers and trees.

She had not lingered to look round the pretty dressing-room as she left it. Her eyes had not dwelt on the luxurious chamber, and the white bed, wherein she ought to have been sleeping; but now that she stood outside the hall, she looked up at the windows with a sense of loneliness and fear. There was a light in Lady Helena's room, and one in Lord Airlie's. She shrank back; what would he think if he saw her now?

Deeply she felt the humiliation of leaving her father's house at that hour of the night; she felt the whole shame of what she was going to do; but the thought of Lord Airlie nerved her. Let this one night pass, and a whole lifetime of happiness lay before her.

The night wind moaned fitfully amongst the trees; the branches of the tall lime trees swayed over her head; the fallen leaves whirled round her feet. She crossed the gardens; the moon cast strange shadows upon the broad patios. At length she saw the shrubbery gate, and, by it, erect and motionless, gazing on the bending trees in the park, was Hugh Fernely. He did not hear her light footstops—the wind among the lime trees drowned them. She went up to him and touched his arm gently.

"Hugh," she said, "I am here."

Before she could prevent him, he was kneeling at her feet, he had clasped her hands in his own, and was coving them with hot kisses and burning tears.

"My darling," he said, "my own Beatrice, I knew you would come!"

He rose then, and, before she could stop him, he took the shawl from her head and raised the beautiful face so that the moonlight fell clearly upon it.

"I have hungered and thirsted," he said, "for another look at that face. I shall see it always now—its light will never leave me more. Look at me, Beatrice," he cried; "let me see those dark eyes again."

But the glance she gave him had in it nothing but coldness and dread. In the excitement of his joy he did not notice it.

"Words are so weak," he said, "I cannot tell you how I have longed for this hour. I have gone over it in fancy a thousand times; yet no dream was ever so bright and sweet as this reality. No man in the wide world ever loved any one as I love you, Beatrice."

She could not resist the passionate torrent of words—they must have touched the heart of one less proud. She stood perfectly still, while the calm night wind seemed to thrill with the eloquent voice of the speaker.

"Speak to me," he said, at length. "How coldly you listen! Beatrice, there is no love, no joy in your face. Tell me you are pleased to see me—tell me you have remembered me. Say anything—let me hear your voice."

"Hugh," she answered, gently, drawing her hands from his strong grasp, "this is all a mistake. You have not given me time to speak. I am pleased to see you well and safe. I am pleased that you have escaped the dangers of the deep; but—I cannot say more. I—I do not love you as you love me."

His hands dropped nervously, and he turned his despairing face from her.

"You must be reasonable," she continued, in her musical, pitiless voice. "Hugh, I was only a dreaming, innocent, ignorant child when I first met you. It was not love I thought of. You talked to me as no one else ever had—I was like reading a strange, wonderful story; my head was filled with romance, my heart was not filled with love."

"But," he said hoarsely, "you promised to be my wife."

"I remember," she acknowledged. "I do not deny it; but, Hugh, I did not know what I was saying. I spoke without thought. I no more realized what the words meant than I understand now what the wind is saying."

A long, low moan came from his lips; the awful despair in his face startled her.

"So I have returned for this!" he cried. "I have braved untold perils. I have escaped the dangers of the seas, the death that lurks in heaving waters, to be slain by cruel words from the girl I loved and trusted."

He turned from her, unable to choke the bitter sob that rose to his lips.

"Hush, Hugh," she said gently, "you grieve me."

"Do you think of my grief?" he cried. "I came here to-night, my heart on fire with love, my brain dizzy with happiness. You have killed me, Beatrice Earle, as surely as ever man was slain."

Far off, from amongst the trees, she saw the glimmer of the light in Lord Airlie's room. It struck her with a sensation of fear, as though he were watching her.

"Let us walk on," she said, "I do not like standing here."

They went through the shrubbery, through the broad green glades of the park, where the dewdrops shone upon fern leaves and thick grass; past the long avenue of chesnut trees, where the wind moaned like a human being in deadly pain; on to the shore of the deep, calm lake, where the green reeds bent and swayed, and the moonlight shone in the rippling water. All this while Hugh had not spoken a word, but had walked in silence by her side. He turned to her at length, and she read the rising passion in his face.

"You promised me," he said, "and you must keep your promise. You said you would be my wife. No other man must dare to speak to you of love," he cried, grasping her arm. "In the sight of heaven you are mine, Beatrice Earle."

"I am not," she answered proudly, "and I never will be; no man would, or could, take advantage of a promise obtained from a willful, foolish child."

"I will appeal to Lord Earle," he said "I will lay my claim before him."

"You may do so," she replied; and, although he will never look upon me again, he will protect me from you."

She saw the angry light flame in his eyes, she heard his breath come in quick, short gasps, and the danger of quarreling with him struck her. She laid her hand upon his arm, and he trembled at the gentle touch.

"Hugh," she said, "do not be angry. You are a brave man; I know that in all your life you never shrank from danger or feared peril. The brave are always generous, always noble; think of what I am going to say. Suppose that by the exercise of any power you could really compel me to be your wife, what would it benefit you? I should not love you, I tell you candidly. I should detest you for spoiling my life—I would never see you. What would you gain by forcing me to keep my promise?"

He made no reply. The wind bent the reeds, and the water came up to the back with a long, low wash.

"I appeal to your generosity," she said—"your nobility of character. Release me from a promise I made in ignorance, I appeal to your very love for me—release me, that I may be happy."

"Those who love truly," she continued, receiving no reply, "never love selfishly. If I cared for any one as you do for me, I should consider my own happiness last of all. If you do love me, release me, Hugh. I can never be happy with you."

"Why not?" he asked, tightening his grasp upon her arm.

"Not from mercenary motives," she replied, earnestly; "not because my father is wealthy, my home magnificent, and you belong to another grade of society—not for that, but because I do not love you. I never did love you as a girl should love the man she means to marry."

"You are very candid," he said, bitterly; "pray, is there any one else you love in this way?"

"That is beside the question," she replied haughtily; "I am speaking of you and myself. Hugh, if you will give me my freedom—if you will agree to forget the foolish promise of a foolish child—I will respect and esteem you while I live. I shall bless you every day, your name will be a sacred one enshrined in my heart, your memory will be a source of pleasure to me. You shall be my friend, Hugh, and I will be a true friend to you."

"Beatrice!" he cried, "do not tempt me!"

"Yes, be tempted," she said—"let me urge you to be generous, to be noble! See, Hugh, I have never prayed to any man—I pray to you; I would kneel here at your feet and beseech you to release me from a promise I never meant to give."

Her words touched him. She saw the softened look upon his face, the flaming anger die out of his eyes.

"Hugh," she said, softly, "I, Beatrice Earle, pray you, by the love you bear me, to release me from all claim, and leave me in peace."

"Let me think," he replied—"give me a few minutes; no man can part with the dearest treasure he has so hastily. Let me think what I lose in giving you up."

CHAPTER XL.

They stood for some time in perfect silence; they had wandered down to the very edge of the lake. The water rippled in the moonlight, and, while Hugh Fernely thought, Beatrice looked into the clear depths. How near she was to her triumph! A few minutes more and he would tell her she was free. His face was growing calm and gentle. She would dismiss him with grateful thanks; she would hasten home. How calm would be that night's sleep! When she saw Lord Airlie in the morning all her sorrow and shame would have passed by. Her heart beat high as she thought of this.

"I think it must be so," said Hugh Fernely at last—"I think I must give you up, Beatrice. I could not bear to make you miserable. Look up, my darling; let me see your face once more before I say good-by."

She stood before him, and the thick dark shawl fell from her shoulders upon the grass; she did not miss it in the blinding joy that had fallen upon her. Hugh Fernely's gaze lingered upon the poerless features.

"I can give you up," he said, gently, "for your own happiness, but not to another, Beatrice. Tell me that you have not learned to love another since I left you."

"She made no reply—not to have saved her life a thousand times would she have denied her love for Lord Airlie. His kiss was still warm upon her lips—those same lips should never deny him.

"You do not speak," he added, gloomily. "By heaven, Beatrice, if I thought you had learned to love another man—if I thought you wanted to be free from me to marry another—I should go mad—mad with jealous rage! Is it so? Answer me."

She saw the lurid light in his eyes, and shrank from him. He tightened his grasp upon her arm.

"Answer me!" he cried hoarsely. "I will know."

Not far from her slept the lover who would have shielded her with his strong arm—the lover to whom every hair on her dear head was more precious than gold or jewels. Not far from her slept the kind, loving father, who was prouder and fonder of her than of any one in earth. Gasper Lawrence, too, who would have died for her, lay at that moment not far away, awake and thinking of her. Yet in the hour of her deadly peril, when she stood on the shore of the deep lake in the fierce grasp of a half-maddened man, there was no one near to help her or raise a hand in her defence. But she was no coward, and all the high spirit of her race rose within her.

"Loosen your grasp, Hugh," she said, calmly—"you pain me."

"Answer me!" he cried. "Where is the ring I gave you?"

He seized both hands, and looked at them: they were firm and cool—they did not tremble. As his fierce, angry eyes glanced over them, not a feature of her beautiful face quivered.

"Where is my ring?" he asked.

"Answer me, Beatrice."

"I have not worn it lately," she replied. "Hugh, you forget yourself. Gentlemen do not speak and act in this way."

"I believe I am going mad," he said, gloomily. "I could relinquish my claim to you, Beatrice, for your own sake, but I will never give you up to be the wife of any other man. Tell me is it not so. Tell me you have not been so doubly false as to love another, and I will try to do all you wish."

"Am I to live all my life unloved and unmarried," she answered, controlling her angry indignation by a strong effort—"because when I was a lonely and neglected girl, I fell into your power? I do not ask such a sacrifice from you. I hope you will love and marry, and be happy."

"I shall not care," he said, "what happens after I am gone—it will not hurt my jealous, angry heart then, Beatrice; but I should not like to think that while you were my promised wife, and I was giving you my every thought, you were loving some one else. I should like to believe you were true to me while you were my own."

She made no answer, fearing to irritate him if she told the truth, and scorning to deny the love that was the crowning blessing of her life. His anger grew in her silence. Again the dark flush rose in his face, and his eyes flamed with fierce light.

Suddenly he caught sight of the gold locket she wore round her neck, fastened by the slender chain.

"What is this thing you wear?" he asked, quickly. "You threw aside my ring. What is this? Whose portrait have you there? Let me see it."

"You forget yourself again," she said, drawing herself haughtily away. "I have no account to render to you of my friends."

"I will see who is there!" he cried, beside himself with angry rage. "Perhaps I shall know then why you wish to be freed from me. Whose face is lying near your heart? Let me see. If it is that of any one who has outwitted me, I will throw it into the depths of the lake."

"You shall not see it," she said, raising her hand, and clasping the little locket tightly. "I am not afraid, Hugh Fernely. You will never use violence to me."

But the hot anger leaped up in his heart; he was mad with cruel jealousy and rage, and tried to snatch the locket from her. She defended it, holding it tightly clasped in one hand, while with the other she tried to free herself from his grasp.

It will never be known how that fatal accident happened. Men will never know whether the hapless girl fell, or whether Hugh Fernely, in his mad rage, flung her into the lake. There was a startled scream that rang through the clear air, a heavy fall, a splash amidst the waters of the lake. There was one awful, despairing glance from a pale, horror-stricken face, and then the waters closed, the ripples spread over the broad surface, and the sleeping lilies trembled for a few minutes, and then lay still again. Once, and once only, a woman's white hand, thrown up as it were in agonizing supplication, cleft the dark water, and then all was over; the wind blew the ripples more strongly, they washed up on the grass, and the stir of the deep water subsided.

Hugh Fernely did not plunge into the lake after Beatrice—it was too late to save her; still, he might have tried. The cry that rang through the sleeping woods seemed to paralyze him—he stood like one bereft of reason, sense, and life. Perhaps the very suddenness of the event overpowered him. Heaven only knows what passed in his dull crazed mind while the girl he loved sank without help.

Was it that he would not save her for another—that, in his cruel love, he preferred to know her dead, beneath the cold waters, rather than the living, happy wife of another man? Or was it that in the sudden shock and terror he never thought of trying to save her?

He stood for hours—it seemed to him as years—watching the spot where the pale, agonized face had vanished—watching the eddying ripples and the green reeds. Yet he never sought to save her—never plunged into the deep waters, whence he might have rescued her had he wished. He never moved. He felt no fatigue. The first thing that roused him was a gleam of gray light in the eastern sky, and the sweet, faint song of a little bird.

Then he saw that the day had broken. He said to himself, with a wild, horrible laugh, that he had watched all night by her grave.

He turned and fled. One meeting him, with fierce, wild eyes full of the fire of madness, with pale, haggard face full of despair, would have shunned him. He fled through the green park, out on to the high road, away through the deep woods—he knew not whither—never looking back; crying out at times, with a hollow, awful voice, that he had been all night by her grave; falling at times on his face with wild, woeful weeping, praying the heavens to fall upon him, and hide him for ever from his fellow-men.

He crept into a field were the hedge-rows were bright with autumn tint. He threw himself down, and tried to close his hot, dazed eyes; but the sky above him looked blood-red, the air seemed filled with flames. Turn where he would the pale, despairing face that looked up to him as the waters opened was before him. He arose with a great cry, and wandered on. He came to a little cottage, where rosy children were at play, talking and laughing in the bright sunshine.

Great Heaven! How long was it since the dead girl, now sleeping under the deep waters, was happy and bright as they?

He fled again. This time the piercing cry filled his ears; it seemed to deaden his brain. He fell in the field near the cottage. Hours afterward the children out at play found him lying in the dank grass that fringed the pond under the elder-trees.

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The first faint flush of dawn, a rosy light broke in the eastern sky, a tremulous golden shimmer was on the lake as the sunbeams touched it. The forest birds awoke and began to sing; they flew from branch to branch; the flowers began to open their "dewy eyes;" the stately swans came out upon the lake, bending their arched necks, sailing round the water-lilies and the green sedges.

The sun shone out at length in his majesty, warming and brightening the fair face of Nature—it was full and perfect day. The gardeners came through the park to commence their work; the cows out in the pasture-land stood to be milked, the busy world began to rouse itself; but the fatal secret hidden beneath the cold, dark water remained still untold.

CHAPTER XLI.

The sun shone bright and warm in the breakfast-room at Earlescourt. The rays fell upon the calm, stately face of Lady Helena, upon the grave countenance of her son, upon the bright, handsome features of Lord Airlie. They sparkled on the delicate silver, and showed off the pretty china to perfection. The breakfast was upon the table, but the three occupants of the room had been waiting. Lady Helena took her seat.

"It seems strange," she said to Lord Earle, "to breakfast without either of the girls. I would not allow Lillian to rise; and from some caprice Beatrice forbade her maid to call her, saying she was tired."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thirty-eight French railroad employees, residing at Avricourt, near the frontier of Germany, have been expelled from the country.