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1	Milton	Wm. Panton	27	29	25	13	28	30	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	11	7	9	11	12	7	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	17	13	15	4	18	13	9.30 a.m
4	Acton	J. Matthews	19	15	17	"	20	15	10 a.m.
5	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	6	2	4	"	7	2	9 30 "
6	Burlington	Jas. Robinson	10	6	8	10	11	6	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 12th June, and 11th December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 3rd April, and 2nd October, at 10 a. m.

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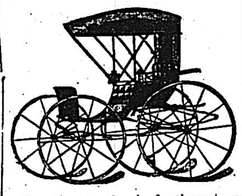

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DICK'S SWEETHEART.

By the Author of "MILDRED TREVANION," "LOVE, LORD BERESFORD," "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," ETC.

"It was a strange fancy of auntie's to keep me from my native land until I was quite grown up. Perhaps she thought with some people that travelling gives the most liberal education of all."

"I dare say. And she is right, I think."

"She is always right—yes. And indeed I loved our wanderings. The skating in Vienna; the Alpine climbing —oh, how auntie hated that!—the Venice sunsets; and the pretty cooing pigeons on the Piazza of St. Mark! I used to feed them every day, and they —do you know—they came to know me quite, and would strut after me tail downwards whenever I appeared. Ah, the yellow sunshine and the wonderful gray shadows, they all return to me—they do not permit me to forget! To me Italy is a very dream! Dick"—laying her hand beneath his chin—"will you take me there when we are married? Your—our England is of course the dearest place to me, but yet I do want to see my Italy again."

"When shall we start?" asks Bouverie, with eager animation.

"For the house?" asks she demurely. "Indeed you remind me, Mr. Bouverie, that we have already outstayed our time, and that our absence will cause comment. Come then!"

"'At a touch sweet pleasure melteth,' quotes Dick ruefully. "I had forgotten there was a world indoors. What a pity to leave this glorious light for the more glaring one within. Don't let us go in yet."

"I am afraid we must."

"Are you in haste to leave me?" asks he, with foolish reproach in his tone.

"Are you never to be convinced?" whispers she.

She is leaning against him, gazing up at him, looking pale as the petals of a lily in the soft fading moonlight—such an exquisite face, warm with love's light and pensive with sweet thoughts born more of heaven than earth.

With a heart that throbs with thankful joy, he holds her to him. It seems so strange that this sweet thing should be his own, her life at least half his, and she willing that he should dedicate all his to her. There is a humbleness about his devotion that perhaps, unconsciously to herself, renders him even dearer to her. His life has been purified, rounded, completed, since this little saint-like girl, with the happy childish eyes, has crept into his heart.

Still and more silent grows the hour. Over the hills comes the slow dawn with dainty tread.

"A sense of heavy harmonies
Grows on the growth of patient night
More sweet than shapen music is."

Bouverie, turning up her face, looks at her long and earnestly. Were ever eyes and soul so sweetly matched? How good, how pure!

"A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,
They said a light came from her when she
moved!"

"You love me?" he says presently, in a voice so low that the nervous passion in it almost hides the words. But she hears him.

"With all my soul, sweetheart!" she answers back, raising her head till all the shadowed sweetness of her eyes is bare to him.

"I envy no man on earth," he says, after a long pause, lifting her soft palms and laying them one after another against his lips.

"And I no woman," returns she gravely.

* * * * *

Still with the happy lamps of love lit within her beauteous eyes, Dolores regains one of the reception-rooms, and, finding Miss Maturin there, seated on a cushioned lounge near an open window, she goes to her, and, leaning over her, whispers some merry nonsense in her ear.

As she does so, she attracts the attention of a spare, elderly, hungry-looking little man at the farther end of the room, the same man whose presence in the early part of the evening so unnerved Miss Maturin.

He is sitting beside Lady Bouverie—whose guest and cousin he is—and has been, up to this time, engrossed with old family topics. But now his mind wanders; his eyes concentrate themselves upon the tableau in the distance —the pretty girl bending with laughing lips above the woman who was so well known to him in the olden days. There is something about the fresh innocent sweetness of Dolores that draws the minds of most to her. Unfortunately now it compels the admiration of Colonel Oswald. Who is this girl, so like, yet so unlike—

"See that girl over there?" he says suddenly to Lady Bouverie. "She reminds me so strongly of some one. Pretty girl who posed as 'Adversity,' I mean—just now talking to Miss Maturin."

"Ah, that is Miss Lorne! Very pretty, as you say, and charming as well." Lady Bouverie's tone is complacent. She smiles her one smile, which at its best is wintry, and looks calmly important. "She is Miss Maturin's niece, and her heiress. Very good fortune—indeed better than good—almost colossal."

"Miss Maturin's niece?" repeats Colonel Oswald very slowly, very much as though he disbelieves, for the first time, in the perfect hearing on which he prides himself.

"Her sister's child. Lovely creature, isn't she?"

"Ah, I had no idea there was a child!" says Colonel Oswald thoughtfully. "Dear me—bless me!"

He seems overcome with surprise. He puts his glass carefully in his left eye and examines Dolores minutely as she stands over there, calm and smiling, a world of rapturous content in her innocent face. That other face that he remembers through her—was it fairer, sweeter? The man caught and bound by age, gazing at this tender girl just entering upon the unknown sea of life, seems wafted backwards, as by an impetuous breezo, to the glad young years when love was all in all and hope meant certainty. But the love that even then was but half-wounded vanity is now without its sting, and is remembered only as a curious experience never to be forgotten.

"You knew the Maturins perhaps?" says Lady Bouverie, with unsympathetic manner. "Yes? Oh, there was a child, of course—Mrs. Lorne's baby—that pretty Dolores over there!"

"It must have complicated matters a good deal," says Colonel Oswald, still rather dreamily. "Yes, it was a sad affair altogether."

"Sad?" Lady Bouverie searches his face for a moment, and then arranges his thoughts for him. "About the poor child being left an orphan so young? Yes, of course. But then she has really missed so little; her aunt's care has been to her quite that of a mother."

"No doubt," says Colonel Oswald, with a little acquiescent bow. He seems singularly attracted by Dolores. "By Jove!" he says once under his breath, and then aloud—"Her name?" "Lorne. I think you said it was?"

"Dolores Lorne."

"Dolores! What a sad name! How significant! Poor girl, poor girl! But why 'Lorne,' I wonder?"

"Why, you ridiculous man, because it was her father's of course!" says Lady Bouverie, with a short laugh.

There is some offence in her laugh. It has dawned upon her that Colonel Oswald is hardly giving to her conversation the undivided attention to which she has grown accustomed.

"Well, I suppose it is as good as another," remarks he.

"It is a very good name indeed," rejoins Lady Bouverie, now distinctly affronted. "The Lornes have always been good people; they have ranked for generations with the very best of our county families. And Dolores, as you may see, is thoroughly well-bred."

"A beautiful face indeed!" says Oswald thoughtfully. "But to see her here—here! I used to tell myself I was too old to be surprised at anything; but this is just the little too much! Ant the Duchess, who is so very exclusive!" He has fallen into a muttering tone, and Lady Bouverie scarcely follows him. Then he rouses himself from his reverie. "How old is she?" he asks absently.

"You forget the flight of time," says Lady Bouverie; nodding her head. "If you knew her when a baby, no wonder you are surprised to see her now breaking into womanhood. The past seems but as yesterday to you and me until some little fact like this compels us to a knowledge of the truth. She will make a lovely woman. Her age? Seventeen or eighteen, I should say—not a day more."

"Ah, that would be about the time!" remarks Colonel Oswald. All his carefully-cultivated small-talk seems to have deserted him.

"I must tell you," says Lady Bouverie, turning to him suddenly and tapping him on the arm with her fan with an elephantine attempt at playfulness, "that I hope—I think—— Indeed—to let you into a secret—I feel sure there is something between her and Richard."

If she has complained of his want of appreciation of her communications before, there is certainly now no longer reason why she should do so. As though suddenly touched by an electric battery, Colonel Oswald springs into life at her words, and gazes at her in blank dismay.

"Yes," continues she, nodding emphatically, quite pleased by the sensation she has at last created; "some day I hope to call that sweet child my daughter-in-law. Only to such an old friend as you would I confide this hope, because as yet she has been very modestly reticent; but I have little doubt the affair has actually arranged itself."

Colonel Oswald, straightening himself from his lounging position, gazes at her with horrified eyes. An expression not permissible, and fortunately too low to be heard, passes his lips, it is the outcome of an agitation not to be suppressed. The pride of birth is strong with him, and this woman is his cousin.

"My dear madam, do you know what you are saying?" he says at last, with quite a wonderful politeness, considering the state of his mind.

"Why, yes, I hope so!" answers Lady Bouverie, laughing. "It may be rather precipitate to talk of it, as the young people themselves have not as yet chosen to make the engagement public; but I am positively certain there is something between my son Richard and the girl you have been"—archly—"so persistently admiring for the last half hour. I am sorry to blight your hopes, Arthur; but such I feel sure is the case."

"I hope so with all my soul!" says Colonel Oswald with extreme vehemence. "I hope there is so much between Miss Lorne and any son of yours as will prevent their coming together for all eternity."

"You mean?" interrogates Lady Bouverie turning very pale.

"That that poor child over there is the victim of a cruel wrong!"

"Go on!" says Lady Bouverie, with blanched lips, tightening her fingers upon her fan until the ivory pieces snap in twain.

"I mean that she—may Heaven pardon those who wronged her!—was never born in wedlock! She is nameless—illegitimate!"

Lady Bouverie rises to her feet.

"I cannot grasp it all so suddenly," she says hoarsely. "There must be some mistake. I must know more—all!"

"When and where you will," answers the Colonel, rising too.

"Follow me into one of these anterooms," says Lady Bouverie, in a choked tone—"and quickly. I feel as if this horrible doubt could never be soon enough allayed."

"Lead," returns Oswald briefly.

Unconsciously her hurried footsteps carry her past Dolores, who is still standing by her aunt, smiling as one at rest with all the world, a look of the most heavenly peace upon her lovely face.

CHAPTER XIX.

Gray sea, gray sky, and barren rock; above, a sullen heaven; below, a chilly mist that, creeping ever onwards, covers all the land as with a shroud. The sun is dead; with heavy wings the sea-gulls beat the air, and sail inland to tell of coming storms and storm just past.

There are glints of watery light upon the pale ocean now lying spent and wan from last night's passion. Near the shore great walls of foam are still dashing themselves over the small black rocks; there is even yet a furious anger in the waves as they rush inwards to waste away in yellow foam upon the beach. A weary, moaning, swishing sound comes from the caves, a sound of wrath and pain repressed.

Dolores, pacing up and down upon the desolate shore, looks out to sea, and marks how the sullen clouds hang upon the very verge of the horizon.

"More rain," she says, "and a coming storm."

She looked a little sad, a little dejected. All last night she lay awake listening to the howling of the wind and the distant roar from the ocean, mingled with other sounds nearer and sadder; they all combined to wrock her slumber. Sleepless she lay, troubled by the angry night and the sound of the wet leaves against a window-pane, and a wind sobbing through a rainy dawn.

Two morns have come and gone since that happy night when she and Dick stood together in the garden at the Castle, beneath the rays of the dying moon.

Presently she seats herself upon a smooth piece of rock, and with a stick begins to draw in idle fashion letters on the sand—letters, and then words, and then that dearest word of all—"Dick."

From this it is but a simple thing to come to herself—"Dolores Bouverie." How pretty it looks and sounds! She is still staring gravely at it when somebody, coming noiselessly up to her on the soft sand, places his hand beneath her chin and turns her face to his.

"Ah, Dick!" she says, with a little rapturous blush, holding out glad arms to him.

"Is it for your sins you wander here alone on such a dismal day, my ladye fair," asks he gaily, seating himself beside her, "and is all this writing"—gazing at the sand—"a penance? Why, what is this? 'Dolores Bouverie!' Oh, I say—how lovely it sounds!"

"Doesn't it?" says Dolores, flushing with genuine pleasure; then all at once she grows rather pale. "But it is unlucky the do it isn't it?" she asks nervously.

"Stuff!" says Mr. Bouverie, with undiminished spirit. "If you once begin to believe it omens, you will never again know a satisfactory moment. True, I assure you! My love, how cold your hands are! You shouldn't stay here so long on such a day; and your face—what a sad little face! Has anything vexed you, darling?"

"No, no, I am not vexed; it is only the effect of last night's storm I suppose. Yet there is a weight here"—laying her small chilly hands upon her breast—"that I cannot account for."

"Don't try to," counsels Dick comfortably, drawing her nearer to him and tucking both her hands inside his coat by way of warming them.

"But I wish I could!" says she miserably. "It is a horrible depression, that has seized upon me, and—and it frightens me. Oh, I wish I hadn't written my name so in the sand! Perhaps"—tears rising in her eyes—"I shall never marry you now."

"Won't you indeed?" cries Dick indignantly. "Don't try to get out of it in that way, my lady, because it's no good your trying. What a baby you are, Dolores! I believe you find a real luxury in making yourself wretched."

"Indeed you are wrong," says she earnestly. "I hate being wretched; but there is something within me to-day that forbids my being happy. What is it, Dick? A warning?"

"Digestion," says Dick prosaically. "What did you have for breakfast—eh?"

"An egg," answers his *fiancee* thoughtfully, "and after that some hot cake—just a little wee hot cake—no more."

"'Tis the hot cake," says Mr. Bouverie, with decision. "Hot cake is the very —— It is, I do assure you; I give you my word it is."

But, though he tries to laugh her out of her depression, he yet looks at her very keenly, and grows secretly anxious because of this change in her. It is so unlike his little bright love to talk in this dolorous way.

Then suddenly it occurs to him—in a most unlucky moment—that a little wholesome scolding will do her a world of good. The very thing! No doubt she has never had one in all her life before, so that it will have the virtue of novelty. It will rouse her, and—and perhaps frighten her a bit, and bring her to a healthier frame of mind.

"Look here!" he says, with quite an air. "I've been jesting up to this; but, do you know, I feel positively ashamed of you—I do indeed! One would think by your manner you were the most unhappy girl on earth, whereas you have everything your own way, as it seems to me; you have an aunt who positively adores you, a lover who——"

"A lover indeed!" interrupts Miss Lorne indignantly. "Do you call yourself a lover? Oh, dear, to think that you should so ill-treat me—you, whom I trusted!"

Quite a new light has come into her lucent eyes—an angry light. The result of Mr. Bouverie's late manœuvre is perhaps a tride more pronounced than he has counted upon, and just at this moment he is quite as "frightened" by his "scolding" as he had hoped she would have been.

"If you are going to be cruel to me," goes on Miss Lorne, with undiminished wrath, "you had better go away; I didn't come here to-day to be accused of all sorts of wicked things. To-day too—when I was so miserable! Oh, it is more than one can endure!"

"I really," begins he, trying fearfully to put in a word or two.

But it is of little use for him. She treats him as the atom he has been taught by certain writers to believe himself, and hurries on with her reproaches like a small tornado.

"What have I done to you?" she says. "No doubt you are tired of me!"

"Dolores!" exclaims poor Dick; but she repulses his warm hand-clasp and looks at him—to the increasing of his misery—with large eyes drowned in tears.

"Oh, go from me, forsake me if you will!" she sobs. "You are ashamed of me, you say! There—take back your ring! You are all my happiness; but I resign you, I return you to yourself, as you will have it so!"

She has taken the sacred ring from her finger and now tenders it to him with tremulous lips.

"Oh, fling it into the tide," says Dick—"good enough for it! If you don't want it, where is its use?"

Then, all in an instant, the little touch of temper that is so strange to her and has torn her soft heart vanishes.

"Oh, Dick, oh, Dick," she cries, holding out her gentle arms to him, and breaking into an agonised burst of tears, "I don't mean it! How could I be so bad to you, my own, own boy? I don't know what is the matter with me today."

She sobs unrestrainedly as he gathers her to his heart.

"It is all your headache," he says soothingly, "and this beastly day. I don't feel particularly lively myself, do you know. Nothing so depressing as the sea and murky clouds and so on!"

A sudden colour flames and sinks in her face, and her lips part.

"You are too good for me," she says, in a tone scarcely audible. "Even when first I saw you I knew that, yet my heart went out to you, not knowing.

"For it was love who came to me,
Who might not know his name."

"You know it now," says Dick gently.

"I have made bad use of my knowledge then. I have been unkind to my love. Oh, Dick, do you think you still love me?"

"Do you think I still live?" says Dick. "My death alone will end my devotion to you! Every tear you shed, Dolores, causes me a far keener anguish than it causes you."

"But you must think me so ill-tempered," remarks Miss Lorne miserably; "I have been so horribly unjust. Now do say you think I am the most ill-tempered person you ever met. I'm sure"—tearfully—"I deserve it."

"Indeed I shall do nothing of the kind," says Bouverie indignantly. "What a likely thing! I believe, if there is an angel upon earth, it is your own sweet self."

"Ah, but there isn't!" says she, slipping her hand into his. "So now what do you say?"

"Not another word will you get out of me to your disparagement," returns he, laughing.

She is silent for a little time after this, leaning against him and looking out to sea, to where the sullen clouds have dropped upon the horizon.

"I wish I could paint the scene," she says presently, "just as it is now, with you and me together, hand in hand. I should call it——"

"What?"

"I was going to say 'The Farewell,'" murmurs she, with a swift upward glance; "but that would not suit us, would it?" she sighs.

"No; there shall be no farewell between us two," says Bouverie steadily. "What ails this day, sweetheart, that it should fret you so? What is there about it——"

"Yes, what?" she asks eagerly. "It is in the air and all around me; I feel it. 'An odour as of love and of love's doom.' Oh, that I could tell what lies before me, that I could read my destiny!"

"I'll read it for you—a long and happy life with me. And now, to put an end to this fit of idle speculation, let us think of something rational—something that will really put an end to it for ever. Let us name our wedding-day."

He had expected some slight opposition; but to his surprise, she agrees eagerly to his proposition.

"Yes, yes," she says quickly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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