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VOLUME 28. MILTON, THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 27, 1888. NO. 1.

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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	15	13	9.30 a.m
4	Acton	J. Matthews	19	15	17	"	20	15	10 a.m.
5	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	5	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.
County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 2nd January, 2nd April, 2nd July, and 1st October at 10 a.m.
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"If anything has happened to Dolores, it will be a death blow to her," says Bruno, rising from his seat in some agitation. "I implore you to be gentle with her."

Lady Bouverie shuts up her fan with a vicious little click, and lets a curious smile widen her lips for a moment.

"And now too," goes on Bouverie servously—"now—when Dick must be in such sore grief, if my surmise prove correct—will he the time to regain his affection. A little kindly word, a word of sympathy dropped when the heart is wounded, does more good than——"

"Is it a prescription?" asks his mother, with a little cruel laugh. "My dear Bruno, you should have been an open-air preacher. But, even if you do mean to coach for that lofty position, I must beg that at least you will be good enough not to practise your maiden efforts at goody-goody eloquence upon me. Spare me at least that.

"I was only suggesting to you a proper line of conduct," says Bruno coldly. He speaks now without an attempt at the conciliatory manner of a moment since. A vague affection for her, mingled with a sense of duty, has held him true to her up to this. There has been no dependence upon her, as he became heir to a considerable property on the death of a distant cousin almost as he entered upon his twenty-second year.

"Do you imagine I want to win back Richard?" demands his mother angrily. "Understand me now once for all. I have done with him. I no longer regard him as a son. From his earliest infancy he was antagonistic to me—now he is insufferable!" says she, with a sudden change of tone that is full of a concentrated and most bitter dislike.

"Still he is your son—your child."

"And blood is thicker than water," interrupts she contemptuously—"that is what you would quote to me. So it is! It is capable of holding more hatred, more accumulated contempt than any such weak thing as water. Cease your support of Richard; it carries no weight with it. Let him cling to the woman who, with the aid of a pretty base-born face, enticed him from his allegiance to his mother!" She makes a movement towards the bell, and then checks herself. "Order the carriage!" she says peremptorily, as though longing to drive him from her presence on any pretext.

"Bless my stars, what a volcano she is!" mutters Bruno, with a deep breath of relief as he quits the room.

As Lady Bouverie enters the morning-room at Greylands, Miss Maturin rises to receive her. In doing so she happens to pull one of the lace curtains of the upper window a little aside, so that Lady Bouverie's sharp eyes suddenly became aware of the presence of a man who is walking, with solemn tread and slow, up and down upon the balcony outside. The curtain has fallen back into its usual folds before she has gained sufficient knowledge of the figure to know if it be friend or foe. But of one thing she assures herself—it is not Richard.

"You wish to speak to me?" she says to Miss Maturin, when she has made her the slightest and most distant salutation.

"Yes—about my niece—about Dolores."

"Ah!" says Lady Bouverie.

By an insolent uplifting of her brows she gives Miss Maturin to understand that the proposing such a subject to her is almost an insult.

"There have been many and great changes since last I saw you. We have discovered her father," goes on Miss Maturin, with a painful effort. She would have liked to say more, but words fail her. She grows almost dumb in the presence of this cold haughty woman, as she thinks on what the disclosure of her secret will mean to her.

"I really fail to see why I should be expected to take an interest in the discovery of that very disreputable person," says Lady Bouverie, with icy distinctness.

"It makes a difference," begins Miss Maturin.

"A sorry one," interrupts Lady Bouverie. "So far as I can judge about such an unpleasant affair, I should say that the appearance on the scene of so disgraceful a parent would be but another shame to hang round the neck of that unfortunate girl your niece."

"He will not shame her," says Miss Maturin, in a low voice, her eyes on the ground.

"I merely," says Lady Bouverie, "gave my opinion"—indifferently shrugging her shoulders. "I did not expect You to think with me. Of course it is disagreeable mixing oneself up with a low affair of this kind, even in the most delicate way; but, when you seemed in such want of advice, I felt it my duty to waive a point or two and let you have it." She half rises from her seat. "Anything else?" she asks, in a tone of ineffable impertinence.

"One moment," says Miss Maturin. "I have said there will be no shame attached to her through her father. I repeat it now. Many things have come to light—beyond and above everything the fact that my sister was married to the man who loved her. Dolores is honourably born."

"Yes?" says Lady Bouverie, in a polite tone of one who is inexpressably bored. She is still standing, as though eager to grasp a decent chance of taking her departure.

"Well?"

"This word is a question. The manner repudiates the word altogether, and gives Miss Maturin to understand that she is not prepared, for insolence when I look hopes sincerely she will not answer it. But Miss Maturin declines to notice her manner.

"Well," she repeats firmly, "as things are now so altered, as Dolores is proved to be of birth honest as your own, I have asked you to come here, to know if you will not take pity upon her and your son, and sanction an engagement between them."

"Why should I sanction it?"

"Because of their love," says Miss Maturin, in a trembling tone.

"You must be mad," declares Lady Bouverie, in a low measured tone. "even to dream of such a successful ending to your scandal! To give consent to the marriage of my son with a girl whose name has been a by-word in the neighbourhood, who has indeed been held up to contempt by the entire country, whose father doubtless is a man of such obscure origin that you shrank from associating her with him and shrank him aloof until circumstances compelled you to produce him, if only to save a deeper disgrace! No! Rather first would I see my son within his grave!"

"Listen madam——"

"I will not! You may cajole him into marrying her—that I cannot prevent. You have been, so far, so successful in rendering him undutiful to his parents that I can well believe your genius for intrigue will enable you to carry him that step farther; but my consent to this most iniquitous match you shall never have!"

"You distinctly decline, then, to befriend your son in this matter?" asks Miss Maturin calmly, who has given no acknowledgment of the insult offered her save the growth of a sudden pallor that has spread from cheek to brow.

"Think, madam, before it is too late! Clemency, even at the last moment, would be accepted, would restore the former relations existing between you."

As though a shadow has fallen upon her, Lady Bouverie becomes aware that the silent figure outside upon the balcony has here come to a stand-still near the open window. Is he listening? Can it be Richard, after all? The evil spirit within rises high at the thought. If he is there, let him take her answer.

"I think you mistake this affair," she says, with a slight smile full of contemptuous scorn. "I am surely not the one to take the initiative in it. A rebellious son—such as you have made Richard—should be taught to crawl to my knees"—pointing to her feet with fingers tremulous with passion—"before I would grant him pardon! And, as to the clemency you speak of, why should I do wrong him as to show it? I consider a marriage with the girl you call your niece would be the ruin of any man. I hope I have made myself quite clear?"

"Quite clear," says Miss Maturin.

"Do you know what the world is saying of your niece," goes on Lady Bouverie, turning upon her adversary with the first touch of open anger and triumph she has as yet shown—"of a girl who was bold enough to quit the shelter of her home and wander alone unguarded through the streets of London? Have you heard? Truly her bad blood is betraying itself."

"There is no bad blood," begins Miss Maturin faintly, but the proud woman will not listen to her.

"Find consolation in nothing if you will!" she says, with a short laugh. "But, pray tell me, has she satisfied you as to where and how she spent her time from the hour she left you until she chose to be discovered again? A month is a long time. A month in London, with no possible means of support—decent means—is an inconveniently lengthy period to spend *incognito*."

"May Heaven forgive you!" says Miss Maturin very slowly and very solemnly. "As yet I cannot. In the evening of the day my poor child left my home—driven into exile by your taunts—she found a resting-place beneath her father's roof."

"Ah, so! Then she knew of his existence, in spite of all we have been so carefully taught to the contrary? I must compliment her upon her diplomatic powers. To be so young, yet so skilled in the art of deception deserves a public recognition."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaims Miss Maturin, putting up her hands as though to ward off from herself the odious suspicions of the other. "She knew nothing. We all believed him dead. It was the care of a most merciful Providence—who never fails us in our need—that drove her into his arms. I entreat you not to wrong her so! She is a very angel of goodness; deception is unknown to her. The discovery of her father was almost a miracle."

"Miracles nowadays are somewhat out of fashion," says Lady Bouverie, with a cold smile.

"That may be; but I beg you to listen to what I have now to tell you about Dolores."

"Ah, spare me!" exclaims she languidly, raising her head and drawing back a little, as though imploring Miss Maturin not to subject her to a certain boredom. "I have already listened to so many details of the—or—remarkable history of your niece's life that I must really beg you to keep anything further from me. You must not think me rude. I assure you I feel myself quite unequal to the comprehending of any more horrors. I am far from strong. Such coarse allusions to the vices of the lower classes are very distressing."

"I fear you will have to listen to me whether you will or no," says Miss Maturin coldly. "Her father wish to see me here to-day."

"Nevertheless the truth must be told to you," says Miss Maturin, unmoved. "Hear it now, I advise you ——"

She would have said more, but that at this instant the door is thrown open, and Dick, with Dolores, enters the room.

"I have told your mother all—all but the very last, Dick," cries Miss Maturin, with vehement emotion. "But she will not hear me. Speak to her, you."

"Mother," exclaims Bouverie, advancing towards her, "for the last time I entreat you to receive Dolores as your daughter."

"And for the last time, as I hope," returns she bitterly, "I refuse!"

"I tell you—I warn you you will repent it for ever if you now persist in your decision," says Bouverie sternly. "I give you one more chance; I again ask you to listen to her pleading and mine."

"Ah, madam!" murmurs Dolores, drawing near to her, her soft eyes, suffused with tears, fixed longingly upon the remorseless features before her. Her appeal is almost a sigh—it is so low, so timid; but her glance is eloquence itself.

"I still refuse!" says Lady Bouverie, disdainfully waving the girl back from her, as though fearing contamination from her gentle touch. "Nay, more," she exclaims, suddenly facing Dick—"I refuse to acknowledge you any longer as my son. I discard you!" She pauses to look at him with flashing eyes. "Go," she continues, in a stilled tone, "and connect yourself with these people who are without shame as they are without merit!"

The young man, turning white with anger, steps back from her and involuntarily places his arm round the shrinking form of Dolores. Indignation renders him dumb. He appeals to Miss Maturin with his eyes. By an adroit movement she intercepts Lady Bouverie's advance to the door.

"Since all entreaty has failed," she says, in a low tone, "hear the worst—Dolores's father is——"

She hesitates—some sudden emotion checks her utterance—and, before she can recover herself the man who has been walking up and down upon the balcony outside enters the room. He parts the lace curtains with both hands and stands motionless, looking fixedly upon Lady Bouverie.

"Richard!" A sharp cry comes from lips. "Richard Bouverie!" The words die from her, a ghastly pallor overspreads her face, she clings to the nearest chair as if for support. It is she who has concluded Miss Maturin's speech and declared aloud Dolores's parentage.

"Yes, it is I," says Richard Bouverie.

"That story about Switzerland, then, was feigned—it was a mere *canard!*" It is with difficulty she forces these words from between her white lips.

"Yes," returns he again. She looks so haggard, so utterly discomfited that he finds it impossible to add to her dismay, to reproach her in any way.

Something in the silence, in the lowered faces around her, touches her arrogant spirit and rouses it to fury. Throwing up her head with a haughty gestate, she turns her gaze full upon her son.

"So," she says, with a low insulting laugh, "you have secured yourself, I see. The ruin of your family will not touch you. The world will deem you clever!"

"My world is here!" returns the young man, in a tone as haughty as her own, taking Dolores's hand in his. "I do not fear its verdict. And, as for that other world of which you speak, from it too I fear nothing. It knows how I loved and sought Dolores when sorrow was her only portion as dearly as I love and seek her now, when no cloud rests upon her life!"

"Still I congratulate you!" says his mother, with a bitter smile. She looks steadily round upon them all until her glance falls upon Miss Maturin; there it rests. "You have, I presume, no other dramatic points to make?" she says, with a supercilious smile. "I have perhaps your kind permission to retire?"

"Lady Bouverie, do not leave us like this!" exclaims Dolores, starting forward with hands tightly clasped and soft eyes full of tears. "Consider, I beseech you. Ah, can nothing be done? If I could only think of something that would have power to make you love me!"

"As for you, Richard," says Lady Bouverie, turning to her brother-in-law and speaking as calmly as though the girl's impassioned appeal had been unheard by her, "I suppose you will let your brother hear from yourself of your strange resuscitation?"

"My daughter spoke to you," says Sir Richard sternly.

"Did she? I did not hear her," returns she stonily.

Dolores has fallen back sobbing into Miss Maturin's arms. All her innocent efforts have been repulsed—most cruelly slighted! Lady Bouverie moves towards the door, gains it, and passes through it to the ante-room outside. Already she must have nearly traversed the long halls, must now be near the open door, will soon have crossed the threshold.

"Oh, father, follow her!" cries Dolores frantically. "Do not let her go alone! Assure her that we are all her friends, if she will have it so, and not her enemies! Tell her you will divide everything with her! Ah, it is horrible to think that she should lose all!—Go—go to her!" she entreats, sobbing wildly.

Sir Richard leaves the room.

"Oh, tender heart!" murmurs Miss Maturin, bending over the little trembling figure in her arms.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Softly blows the sweet September wind, although the end of this fair month is nearly reached and chilly October lies crouching on the confines of it.

The decline and fall of Lady Bouverie, the ascent and rise of Dolores, have been received with widely different feelings by the many in Desdunarch and surrounding country. But Audrey Ponsonby at least is on the winning side.

She had gone up to Greylands the moment she heard of Dolores's return, knowing nothing of the happy change in her fortune, and had taken the girl into her arms and kissed her with a warmth that had something of solemnity in it. She had said little, but there was a light in her great sombre eyes that convinced Dolores for ever of the reality of the affection she had brought to life within her breast.

Dolores had kissed her back again, smiling through her tears, and then the great news was whispered to her. It was wonderful, romantic! So Lady Bouverie was not Lady Bouverie, after all! And Dolores—Dolores, the despised one—was to take her place! The poetical justice of it was complete! Miss Ponsonby hurried home to carry the astonishing intelligence to "dad," Dolores standing on the stone steps of the hall door to wave a last farewell to her as she went down the avenue. Never afterwards did she forget how Audrey had been the very first to come to her, while still believing in the cruel tale that had for a little time cast her young life into shadow.

"Did you ever hear anything more enchanting, dad?" cries Miss Ponsonby, when she tells the story in turn to her father. "It has all the sublime satisfaction of a fairy tale. To think that her crest should be lowered!"

"Hush, my dear! Remember, it is your aunt of whom you are speaking, over whom indeed you are, as I might say, exulting."

"Exulting is the word," Miss Ponsonby says, laughing. "To have her taken down a peg or two—it is delicious! No dinner for me to-day, I thank you, dad. I have, I consider, dined most luxuriously off her discomfiture."

"My dear, you should recollect. Is it hardly Christian—eh?"

"Therefore you are the more bound to admire it, if 'it' means my appreciation of madame's downfall. Anything Pagan, I know, enlists your sympathies at once. Witness all those musty old tomes over which you are perpetually poring. But the truth now, dad!"—seating herself on his knee and turning up his chin with her hand. "I challenge you! Is there not something soothing to the spirit in my news? Ah, say there is, or I shn't half enjoy it!"

"Well, she certainly was aggravating in many ways," confesses the indulgent "dad." But yet, my dear, we should not openly rejoice over——"

"Openly—no! But in the bosom of one's large family!" says Miss Ponsonby. Then she pats her chest lightly. "Hero it is," she says. "I'm glad, do you know, that I'm all the family. I should have been jealous of any companion in your love."

Mrs. Wemyss, too, is glad at the girl's return, though somewhat harassed by Bruno, who shows himself very low-spirited over his mother's changed prospects when first the discovery of Sir Richard's existence is made known.

But this soon ceases. Sir Richard and his brother meet. There is a very joyful recognition between them. In spite of all things; and then presently it becomes known that "the late" Sir George and his wife are to take possession of a house belonging to the estate in one of the Northern counties, with an income sufficient to maintain them in very good style, if not altogether in such as they have hitherto been accustomed to. But to the book-loving George Bouverie this change brings few regrets, while his wife, true to the haughty spirit that governs her, says little, and seems only passionately anxious to hasten her departure from amongst those who have witnessed her former glories.

Bruno remains behind in the pretty home left him by the will of an ancestor, paying his parents every now and then short visits, the shorter perhaps in that he finds a difficulty to tear himself away for any lengthened period from the presence of Mrs. Wemyss.

Of his mother Dick has seen nothing since their parting in the drawing-room at Greylands, but of his father he has taken an affectionate farewell. A sullen animosity that threatens to last for all time exists towards him in the mind of the *ci-devant* Lady Bouverie, an animosity closely copied by her son. But, in the little gentle soul beside him who is so soon to be his life's companion, it is only reasonable to suppose that an animosity of some sort—if only for his father's sake—will be patched up amongst them sooner or later.

With Mrs. Drummond and persons of that class dire is the dismay consequent on Dolores's triumph. A sense of utter failure prevades them. They had resolutely refused to make hay while the sun shone, and now the rain is descending upon them. Too late in their submission, too late the hurrying to and fro and the casting of the offerings at the idol's foot!

A ball is given at Greylands by Miss Maturin, a kind of informal introduction to the county of Sir Richard and his daughter, the young *fiancee*, at which the duchess and all the best people in the neighbourhood make a point of being present, but for which Miss Maturin forgets to send Mrs. Drummond an invitation.

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