

## Her Hidden Destiny

Matters were at this stage when Lord Keith, tired of his restless wanderings, came home to Fribolme on a fair May day, and rode over to Eldale on the next morning; and half an hour later Barbara, sitting alone, listless and idle, in her own room, was startled by a request from Lord Hutton that she would go to him in his study.

"Tell his lordship that I will come at once," the girl replied; but it was fully ten minutes before she could muster courage enough to go down the corridors and the winding stone steps leading to the room which Lord Hutton had taken once more for his own special use.

When she entered, he was standing by the fire, apparently in deep thought, and the girl stood for a moment unobserved, trembling very much and pale even to the lips.

It was a small room, lighted by one wall lamp, through which the spring sunshine poured out in a golden stream, a carved oak writing table strewn with papers, occupied a prominent position in the center of the room, an elbow-chair stood beside it, a likeness of his mother in crayons hung over the mantel, and among the litter of books and deeds and papers on the writing-table, so placed that the eyes of anyone sitting at the table must rest upon it, was the photograph, in a chased silver frame, of a pretty, dark-eyed girl, Barbara's heart leaped as she saw it, with a sudden great joy. He thought of her kindly still!

As she stood, a slender trembling figure, he turned and saw her, and with an exclamation, went forward, holding out his hand to her. She put her own little fingers into it without a word.

"I hope I have not disturbed you," he began gently, looking down at the girl's lovely face.

"Oh, no, I was doing nothing."

"This is the first time you have honored my den with a visit, is it not?" he asked, as he pushed a great arm-chair to the fire, and put her gently into it.

"Yes, I think so."

"That is not very sociable, is it? Goody comes every morning, with some fresh flowers to brighten it a little."

Barbara's pale lips quivered slightly, but she said nothing.

"And this morning I had another visitor, whom I was very glad to see—one who used to be a constant visitor in the old days when we boys were together."

She knew what he meant, and he saw by the sudden flush which rose in her pale face that she did; but she still kept silence.

"But his visit was hardly so much to me as to you, Barbara," the young man continued, resolved that the girl should not guess at the pain he suffered just then.

"To me?" she cried with a little start, and Newell Hutton saw that she clasped her hands tightly together in her lap.

"There was a slight pause; then Newell bent forward and took her hands in his, as he sat opposite to her on the hearth."

"I do not wish to distress you, Barbara," he went on; "nor does he, I am sure. But I must ask you to give him a patient hearing. I think there is no anger toward him in your heart, my child. You said, when I spoke of this to you before, that he was right in acting as he did. He thinks otherwise now, and he has repented deeply and sincerely. You have forgiven, Barbara?"

"Yes—oh, yes."

"Then," he released her hands and sat erect again, "will you tell him so, my child?"

"Is he here?"

"He started, looking wildly at him, that there is no anger against him in your heart, to tell you himself, what you will see plainly enough, how he has suffered in this separation from you, and to ask for the forgiveness which I think you will freely give him."

Barbara rose unsteadily, her eyes wild and troubled, fixed upon him.

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I cannot! I am not angry—I have no right to be—but I cannot see him—indeed I cannot."

"Why?" asked Newell simply.

"There cannot be anything that he need say to me," she went on, shivering as she pressed her hands together in her intense agitation. "There is no need that we should meet. Oh, I have suffered enough—surely I have suffered enough! Ask him to spare me."

The dreadful scene in the winter drawing-room rose before her. She remembered how she had clung to this man, imploring his pity, his compassion, his love; she remembered how he had put her from him and left her in her anguish. She caught that in that moment the love she had felt for him—love mingled with pride and gratified triumph—had died out of her heart.

She had loved him, but not with such love as she had thought; she loved him, but not with the love she had given to the proud grave man who now stood opposite to her in the sunshine—the love which would never fade while life lasted; the love which was hopeless, unrequited, full of misery, but which must be the guiding-star of her future life.

Lord Hutton sighed slightly. How was he to influence this unhappy girl who seemed bent upon wrecking her own life and Keith's? Was her pride so great that her love sunk into insignificance beside it? Would she reject him now because he had failed her once? He was very penitent; but, having accepted the onslaught, when all might be right between them, she raised this barrier of pride.

It had cost him a strong effort to yield to Lord Keith's request that he should plead his cause with Barbara; but, having accepted the onslaught, he would be an honorable ambassador; and the trembling girl never guessed how his own heart bled as he pleaded for the gift to another of what he himself would have given years of life to possess.

"He has no wish to add to your suffering, my child," he urged. "His only wish, and mine also, are for your happiness. He is true and noble, and he loves you sincerely. Forget that he failed you for a moment, and let things be as they were between you."

She shuddered at the bare idea of it; death itself would be easier to her, she thought wildly.

Once more the young man took her hands in his. They were burning now, when he had held them a few minutes before their touch had been like ice.

"Dear," he pleaded, "speak to me frankly—speak to me as you would have spoken to the Mark of those very happy days which seem so far away from us now. You had no secret from me then, Barbara; have none now. If my name is changed, dear child, I am the same man whom you trusted then, and you are as dear to me as—nay, dearer, Barbara, than you were then."

Oh, how the girl's tortured heart bled as she listened! How she loved him! How true and good he was! Had he been in Everard Keith's place in the past, would he have given her up because of her shame, would he have left her desolate? No, no—ten thousand times, no!

"What do you want me to do?" she asked faintly.

"To see him," he answered, "to let him plead his cause with you, to listen to him patiently, to answer him as your heart, and not your pride, dictates."

She stood silent for a few minutes, her head drooping upon her breast, the freight touching her gray gown. How true and good he was! Had he been in Everard Keith's place in the past, would he have given her up because of her shame, would he have left her desolate? No, no—ten thousand times, no!

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## Loss of Appetite

Is common when the blood needs purifying and enriching, for then the blood fails to give the digestive organs the stimulus necessary for the proper performance of their functions.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is pre-eminently the medicine to take. It makes the blood pure and rich, and strengthens all the digestive organs.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine and find it excellent. My brothers-in-law used it for blotches on his face and was perfectly cured. He has not been troubled since." HAROLD PARKER, Peterborough, Ont.

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