## A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

CHAPTER III, -Continued.

Sorrow and illness had so completely changed Ludy Hutton that her foster-sister hardly knew her again. There was but little greeting between them until Lady Hutton's eyes fell upon the chili; then her pale face grew whiter and her hands trembled. To that your child, Magdalen?" she asked.

Is that Stephen Hurst's daughter ?". When Magdalen replied that it was, Lady Hutton led her to her own room, where hung a portrait of a lovely little girl, not unlike the one who gazed upon it.

"See," said she, "your child is like mine, Magdalen; you must give her to me; look at the violet eyes and the golden hair." There was indeed some faint resembance

between the two fair little faces. "You want money, Magdalen," said Lady Hutton-"money to take you to your has band-you shall have it—as much as you like to ask me for—if you will give me your child. Let her be mine."

At first Magdalen Hurst was deaf to all entreaties; she would not hear of it; tuen the master passion of her life began to play. He whom she loved had sent for her, and child. It was a hard struggle; how hard none new but herselt.

It was arrange lat last to give little Hilda a trial; she was to visit Lady Hutton; if she appeared happy and contented her mother agreed to leave her there; if not, she would forego the great wish of her heart. But Hilda was quite contented; she liked her new and pretty dresses, the grand house, and above all the stately lady, who was so cold to every one else, and so kind to her; for Lady Hutton loved the child with a love beyond all words, and when that little golden head rested on her heart it seemed as though her own Maud was there again. Better, a man who presents himself. She will be thousand times, the pattering of little feet something different from the general run of than the hushed calm of a house young ladies. I shall have no troublesome where no shild lives; better musical prattle of a stranger's voice than the unbroken silence; better the clasp of those little arms, the kisses of the sweet childish lips, than the haunting memories that were never still.

So for three weeks Magdalen Hurst lived alone in her little cottage, and then consented to part with her child. The conditions Lady Hutton made were hard ones, but she would not alter them. Hilda was to be as child; never, let what would happen.

Lady Hutton was liberal in her own way She did not spare gold, and Magdalen flurat left England amply provided for, and never saw the face of her foster-sister again.

CHAPTER IV.

Ten years passed away, and brought with them great changes to Brynmar. Sir Ralph and Lady Erskine slept with their ancestors in the family vault; Lady Hutton was sole mistress of the Hall, and of the large fortune left by her father. She heard once from Magdalen Hurst; and then a silence, deep and unbroken as the silence of death, hid the mother of Lady Hutton's ward from all who had ever known her. The letter was a brief one, stating that she bad found her busband, and in accordance with her promise never told him to whom she had confided her child. Hilda had been adopted, she said, by a lady who did not wish her name to be known; he seemed quite indifferent about it, and asked

Lady Hutton read correctly enough that a broken heart was revealed in every sad word of that letter. Magdalen Hurst sent no address; she asked no questions, and Lady Hutton never heard from her again.

Day by day Lady Hutton grew fonder of I will take y her adopted daughter. Hilda was taught to another world. call her mamma, and in every way she was treated as her own child. No expense or trouble was spared in her education; the most accomplished governess was provided and prose that enchanted her. Such reading for her. The child spoke French and was the one thing wanted to complete and German fluently; she was a good musi-perfect her. cian and a skilful artist, but she excelled The beaut did their utmost for it.

Once in a way nature is thus kind: she that matches the face. She had been thus day reach her. pro ligal to Hilda Huttor.

Brynmar was situated in one of the most

picture que and beautiful parts of the Scotch Highlands. Hill and mountain, river and lake, woods and dells, glens and valleys, were there in their highest perfection. Broad wolds were covered with the purple heather and golden broom; but the finest portion of Brynmar was its bonny green woods. The Hall was built near them, and one or two cottages were scattered around, and but for them the large, rambling gray house would have been iso-lat d. No other habitation was near; for long miles the woods extended; and when they ended the chain of lakes be gan. No home in Scotland was more picturesque or more lonely than Brynmar. Its quiet and solitude suited the widowed Lady Hutton; she was not one who could parade her grief. It was very rarely that the name of her dead husband or child passed her lips, but her heart lay burled with them. She was still young when Lord Hutton died, but from that time she bade adieu to the world. Her only source of happiness was her warm and deep affection

No one knew the girl's history; and even among the servants, only a small number knew that she was Lady Hutton's adopted of will walk home through daughter-most people believed her to be the ludy's own child. She was called Miss Hutton of Brynmar; and it was generally known that she would inherit Lady Hutton's forloving eyes the wild flowers that grew around line.

Few visitors ever came to Brynmar, so the beautiful graceful girl grew up like a rare flower in deep shade. She loved her adopted mother; she was happy with her books and birds and flowers. Of the great world outside Brynmar she knew little and cared less. fast had long passed. While looking at the those of her own age; she had never talked pretty girlish tales about love and lovers. Dimly and vaguely she knew that there was a great and mighty gitt given to most, and it was called "love." She never wondered if it would come to her. She wove bright fancies and fair visions; but the heart of a slearly words to put on a butterflu's line and to the company of the put on a butterflu's line and fair visions; but the heart of a slearly state of the company of the put on a butterflu's line and the company of the blue bells, what words to put on a butterflu's line and the company of the She was in many respects unlike other girls. child was not more innocent than hers. If she ever thought about the future it clear morning air until one could have fancied was but to see a bright continuation of the the trees and flowers and wind listened in What could be more fair than her hushed silence. present. What could be more fair than her home at Brynman? Who could ever be dearer to her than the calm, gentle, stately as she gathered the pretty blue bells; but "I thought lady who loved her so well? She had no cown the broad wood-path there came a next year?" longing for the great world. The beautiful face that smiled amid the blooming flowers few minutes silently watching the beautiful, was contented and happy; there was no rest- golden-haired girl, doubting whether the less eagerness in it, no vague hopes, no great | figure before him was real. Turning sudless eagerness in it, no vague hopes, no great with. The course of her life was calm and | denly Hilda saw him, and a rush of color serene, unruffiel by love—its depths unmoved dyed her fair face crimson. He advanced by human passion. All that had to come. In toward her, helding his hat in his hand and by human passion." All that had to come. In the sleeping breast there lay a wondrous bowing reverentially as though she were a power of love and endurance—powers that in | princess.

fter years were well tried.

No question ever came to Hilda as to what you, he said, "I have lost my way in the after years were well tried.

she would do with her life. Its calm, simple pleasures sufficed; she never looked beyond them; but Lady Hutton was ambitious for her. Day by day she watched the growth of that wondrous loveliness, and built her hopes upon it. The world she had given up and ceased to care for should smile upon her ward. She spared no pains over her education, and rarely allowed her to be long out of her presence.

There were times when Lady Hutton asked herself if she had done quite right. She had taken this young girl from her own natural sphere of life; she had taken her from her parents and brought her up in the midst of luxury and wealth as her own child. Had she done well in trying to alter and shape a human destiny to suit her own purposes? Should she not have been contented and resigned when her great bereavement came? These questions haunted her at incoming; and instead of leaving in the said; "I have now to git her over three weeks," continued the young nobleman; "then I, longing to see more of the beautiful Scotch scenery, went on a pedestrian to the Brynmar estate, I suppose?"

Hilds bowed. She had not recovered her power of sperch. Who was this handsome stranger? Where had he come from 1 the power of sperch. Who was this handsome power of sperch. Who was this handsome tranger? Where had he come from 1 the power of sperch. Who was this handsome power of sperch. Who was this handsome tranger? Where had he come from 1 to gallantly. He stooped, and gathering them lost the path, and was getting bewildered, when all at once the richest and most musical voice I ever heard, rose clear and bell-like on the moral orgether again, offered them to her. "Those were pretty words I heard you singing," he continued; "they are quite new to me. May be printed on my heart. I went on and saw—ah, tervals; but even had she been wrong it was I task whose they are?"

Hilds bowed. She had not recovered her her to use the stranger? Where had he come from 1 lost the path, and was getting bewildered, when all at once the richest and most musical voice I ever heard, rose clear and bell-like on the moral tranger? I he stooped, and gathering them.

You are losing your blue-bell," he said all at once the richest and most musical voice I ever heard or seed of the power of sperch. The beautiful Scotch scenery, went on a beautiful Scotch scenery, went on a beautiful Scotch scenery, went on a clear that one the Torsach Cashing the beautiful Scot too late now to undo what was done. The cottage from which she had taken her could never again be a home for the graceful, accomplished girl, whose every word and action were full of refinement. The beautiful young reasant-mother could never now take her right place as superior to her child.

It is a serious thing to undertake to shape sent again. She yielded at length, and consented that Lady Hutton should adopt her left it. But her plans were all arranged; she hoped that Hilds would preserve her beautitul childlike simplicity; nothing like it was ever seen in the great world. As soon as she reached her seventeenth year Lady Hutton intended taking her to London. With her beauty and prospects, lovers in plenty would surround her, and from them Lady Hutton decided she would choose the noblest and best; but not one word of these plans did she ever mention to Hilds.

"Her heart will be untouched," thought Lady Hutton; "her fancy will be free. If I use my influence she will marry whom I please, and that will be the most eligible man who presents himself. She will be love affairs with her."

With her talents and wealth Lady Hutton could do much, but she could not control fate. Once, and once only, had the girl

asked any questions about her parents.
"Mamma," she said one day to the stately mistress of Brynmar, "I am not your very own daughter, am 1?"

"Who has been talking such nonsense to you, Hilda ?" was the impatient question. "Elpsic, your old housekeeper," replied ilda. "She says I am your adopted daugh-Hilda. her own daughter; never again was Mag. Hilda. "She says I am your adopted daugh-dalen Hurst to claim her, or call Hilda her ter, and that I have another mother living

away from here." "Elpeie will leave Brynmar if I hear any more gossiping," said Lady Hutton haughtily. "Listen to me, Hilds. You are my dear adopted child; no one else in this world has any claim upon you. I had a little daughter all my own once, and when she was taken from me you supplied her place. You have no friend but myself."

"Lady Button," said the young girlearnestly, "who was my mother? Tell me some thing of her."

The fair young face was pale and wistful, "There is nothing to tell you, my dear," replied Lady Hutton, "she was my friendwe were children together-I adopted you; and surely, Hilda, you want no one else save

Seeing that the very mention of the matter agitated and annoyed Lady Hutton, Hilds never alluded to it again; and as years passed on and she grew older the fact that she was only the adopted daughter of her stately benefactress grew more vague and indistinct.
It was a pleasant life when Hilda reached

her sixteenth year, for then Lady Hutton dismissed her governess and masters. "You must give yoursell up to reading now," she said, "fer a few months, and then

I will take you into what you will think

The large library was thrown open and Lady Hutton selected the books, and Hilda read for the first time master pieces of poetry

The beautiful young face which bent over most in singing. Nature gifted her with a the volumes was a poem in itself. It changed magnificent contralto voice, rich, passionate with every thought, sometimes glowing and full of melody; cultivation and science bright and radiant, again sorrowful and half sad. From the fairy world of poetry and romance she learned something of the mysteries will give a face such as one imagines an of life, the mystery of human love and huangel to wear, and with it she gives a voice man suffering-never dreaming it would one

> One beautiful moraling in May Hilda rose earlier than usual. Elpsie had told her on the previous evening that any lady who for nine mornings together bathed her face in May dew would be beautiful forever. Hilda resolved to try it, and on this particular day rose almost with the sun while the dew still lay upon the flowers, little dreaming that on that day the tragical story of her life would

> begin. A golden glow seemed to have fallen over the earth when Hilds stood on the hill near Brynmar woods; the air was full of an indescribable melody and fragrance; the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the hawthorn shone white upon the hedges; all was fresh, fair and beautiful: Heaven seemed smiling upon the bright face of the earth.

> There was plenty of dew upon the heather; it glistened on the long blades of grass and shone upon the green leaves, and before long the fair young face was bathed in it. An artist meeting Hilds then would have

> sketched her and called his picture "The May Morning." She looked just as fair and bright; the violet eyes were clear and lustrous, the beautiful face tinged with the love-liest color, and the golden hair waving over

"I will walk home through the woods." thought Hilds.

the tall tross; watching the bees, which could never decide whether cowslips, bluefast had long passed. While looking at the

sing them. The sweet voice rose high in the

Hilds thought she was quite alone, singing cung and handsome man. He stood for a

road. Will you have the kindness to point it out to me?"

"The one to the right," replied Hills, raising her eyes to the handromest and nobiest face she had ever seen.

Then he should have bowed and left her and she should have walked away, never once looking behind; but the sun shone and the birds sang. They were both young, she beautiful and fair as the morning; and instead of leaving her he snoke again.

Hilda forgot her shyness then, and told him that she had read them the day before and could not forget them. His eyes were riveted upon her beautiful face, his ears were charmed by the her beautiful face, his ears were charmed by the sound of her voice; he could have stood there, he thought, forever. Was ever picture so fair? In the soft light that fell through the green folisge her fair face and golden hair shone brightly. He never forgot her as she stood there, with sliy, drooping eyes, and the bluebells in her pretty white hands. He lingered

until he knew he ought to go.
"Will you give me one of those flowers?" he said, touching the blue-bills; "just as a little memento of the most pleasant morning I ever

memento or the most pleasant morning I ever spent and the most beautiful picture I over saw —only one; I beg you will not refuse."

Half smiling, half coyly, she drew out a single flower and off rad it to him. His face flushed as he took it from her. Other words trembled upon his lips. He longed to tell her how beautiful, how tair and modest she was, and that he never could forget her; he lenged to ask her name, where she dwelt, and why she was alone in the shades of Brynna: woods. But he did none of these things—he bowed as he would have done to a queen and left her.

Hilda Hutton went home, but life had all changed for her. Something new and beautiful came in her thoughts by day and in her dieams by night. She did not know why the face she had seen in Brynwar woods haunted her, why the sound of that voice never left her ears, or why each word he had spoken lingered in her heart.
In all her life she had seen nothing like this
stranger. Few gentlemen ever came to the
Hall. Lady Hutton's lawyer was one, a little old man who wore a black wig; Dr. Greyling was another, and the good minister was a third. They were all old, and said but little to ber. This handsome stranger looked at her with a strange light in his dark eyes. He had stood before her, the wind lifting the masses of dark hair from his brow, and he had bowed lowly and reverently as though she were a queen and he her knight. Dr. Greyling and the minister never did that. Why was the morning so pleasant to him? What was the picture to thought a beautiful. picture he thought so beautiful? In her dreams and funcies he took the principal part, and she could better understand now what had puzzled her before. If ever in years to come some one was to care for her, she hoped he would have the same face and the same voice as the stran-

Hilda did not know that on this May morning, while she sung over the blue-bells and laughed at the butterfly, the first link was forged in a chain that was to bind her for life; for the bonny woods of Brynnar were fatal to her, as they had been to her beautiful young mother, who years, years ago, had learned there her first and only lesson in love.

## CHAPTER V.

"Nothing seems to satisfy you, to content or please you," said Bertie Carlyon to his friend and companion, the young Earl of Baynebam. "Here you are, yourg tolerably good-looking, a magnificent income all clear—no debts. You possess two Edens in the country and a palace in town; no matter what you want, you can have it. Now, look at me, a poor, unfortunate younger son. My whole income would not keep me in cigars alone. am over head and ears in debt; everything gies wrong with me; fate, love, and for une frown alike. Yet I look happier than you do."

"Do not tease me, Bertie; I am not in the humor for it," said Lord Baynsham, moodily. "Neither for that nor anything else," ictorted Bertie. "What do you want that you cannot have? There is even a young and beautiful wife provided for you when you have time for the

wooing."
The gloomy look deepened on Lord Bayneham's face.
"All you say is true, Bertie," he replied; yet

in all sober truth, I declare to you I would give my rank, title, 'magnificent income,' and all else I possess in the world, to be at this moment a free man." 'Free from what?' cried Bertic, in utter amazement.

Lord Bayneham made no raply, and a look of deeper gravity stole over his companion's

face.
"You must trust me in all or none," said Mr. Carlyon. "I see you are changed; and all jesting aside, you are unhappy If I can help you, let me; if not, I can but sympathize in " If you would but be serious," remonstrated

Lord Bayneham.
"I am," said Bertie; "laughing, with me, is second nature; but did I ever fail you?"

"No," said Lord Bayneham, "you never did; but you are so fond of joking over everything. What I have to say lies deep in my heart; if you were to smile I should never firgive

Not even the shadow of a smile crossed Bertie

easy-chairs, lounges and sofas, whereon the lords of creation could smoke at their ease.

Bertie Carlyon lounged upon a coach drawn near to the window. He was smoking industriously. Lord Bayneham had tried a meers-

chaum that failed to please him, and he took up a cigar with no better result. He laid both down with a sigh; going up to the manteldown with a sigh; going up to the maniel-piece he leaned dejectedly upon it, then sighed

again.

Have a game of billiards?" said Bertie. "It is too warm," replied the young earl.
"Let us join the ladies, and have some

"Let us join che ladies, and have some music," surgested Mr. Carlyon.
"I am tired," said Lord Bayneham wearily. Then his triend reproached him for not being happy and contented.
"I can respect true corrow," continued Bertie, "but not faunded woss. I have seen something of a darker side of life. What is your trouble, Claude? It is not poverty, debt, or ill health—what else can make a man unhappy and dispatisfied?"

what else can make a man unnappy and dis-satisfied?"

"I will tell you," replied Lord Bayneham.

"I know you will guard my secret as you
would your own life. I am engaged to marry
one woman—good, amiable, noble and true,
while I am passionately in love with another."

It must be recorded to Bertie's disgrace that,
for all asserter he included in a low predenged. for all answer, he indulged in a low, prolonged

whistle.
That is a serious business," he said at last.
"I thought you were to marry Barbara Earle

"So it was arranged," replied Lord Bayneham. "If it be right to marry one woman while the face of another haunts you—comes before you in dreams by night, looks at you all day, stands between you and the face you ought to love, fills your heart with a love that defies despair—if that be right, then next year

I shall marry Barbara Earle."

"But who in the world have you fallen so deeply in love with?" asked Bertie, aghast at his friend's earnest, impassioned manner.

If I could but tell you," said Lord Bayne-

But that is nonsense," said his practical friend. "Visions are all very well—I like something more substantial. Where did it appear to you?"

appear to you?"
"You promised to be serious, Bertie." leplied his friend reproachfully. "I wil tell you where I saw it. Do you remember in May I went to Scotland with Trevors and Higham?"
"I remember," said Bertie.
"We went to Trosach Castle, and remained there over three weeks," continued the young nobleman; "then I, longing to see more of the beautiful Scotch scenery, went on a pedestrian tour. To shorten my story. I need only tell you Imag ne a young, girlish, graceful figure standing in the midst of soft, melltw, golden lighting in the loveliest face that put ever dreamed of, a smile parting the sweet lips as she bent over her flowers, a wealth of bright golden hair fa'ling in benatiful confusion over shoulders that no sculptor could imitate—imagine little white hands holding half-lovingly a bouquet of blue-bells."

"It would be a pratty picture" interrupted

"It would be a pretty picture," interrupted Bertie. "You should paint it."
"There is no need," said Lord Lancham. "I give you my word of honor, Bertie, I did think it was a vision. You never saw anything so desicately lovely. I spoke to her; I asked the right path, and she showed it to me; I said something about the beauty of the woods. I cannot tell how it happened, but I remained with her for some minutes, and at the end of that time I loved her as it takes a lifetime to teach some men to love. I could have knelt at her feet and offered her my life. I longed to tell her how fair she was, and how I admired her; but although we were alone in the woods, a queen upon her throne was not more sacred to me than this young girl, whose shy, sweet eyes rarely met my own. When we patted I asked her for one of the flowers the held. She gave it to me, Bertie, and I would offer the pattern with it for southing you could offer not pert with it for anything you could offer

"Did you never discover who she was?" asked Bertie.

asked Bertie.

"No," replied Lord Bayneham; "not exactly. It was a lonely neighborhood. I asked at some of the cottages. One woman told me I must have seen Lady Hutton, as she lived at Brynmar. I looked in the "Peerage;" Lady Hutton is over ferty, and has no daughter. I went buck to the same place last week, but could neither see nor hear anything of her."
"What shall you do?" asked Bertie.

"What shall you do?" asked Derrie.
"What can I do?" said Lord Bayneham impatiently—"'dree my weird, as the Scotch say; try to forget her, I suppose, and marry Barbara Earle next year."

"It would not be fair to Barbara," said Bertie Carlyon; "she deserves a whole heart "You are right," replied Lord Bayneham

"You are right," replied Lor's Bayneham;
"I esteem Barbara highly; but I love the girl
I saw in Brynmar wood."
"Try to discover her," suggested Bertie.
"Even if I did," said the young earl," what
am I to do with Barbara? There must be
misery one way or another. Now I have told
you my secret, Bertie, do not torture me by

reverting to it; bear with me patiently for a time. We Bayneham's are doomed to love un-

happily"
"Nonsense again," said practical Bertie. Nonsense again," said practical Bertie.

do not believe in dooms, vision', poetry, or unhappiness. I am quite sure, no matter how dark the cloud may be just now, it has a silver limited again. Barbara Earle waited until every trace of

CHAPTER VI.

The Banchame, of Castle Bancham, were a noble and ancient family. The earldom dated as far back as the reign of the "Merry Mon-Hulbert Baneham had been one of his arch. chief favorite, and he delighted to honor him. He created him Earl of Bayneham and Boron of Hulsmeer.

Hulbert, the first earl, built B.ynebam Castle, and the state apartment is still shown where the king slept when he visited his friend. From Hultert the line of succession was unb oken son succeeded father, and each one added some new lus're to the name. Hildebrand, the third earl, was one of England's greatest warriors. Stephen, his grandson, was an eminent states-man; his influence was great, and he used it we l. The father of the present earl was re-markable for nothing save having married one of the most beautiful and imperious women in England-Ludy Blanche Delamare. She was descended from an illustrious but somewhat decayed family. They had title, rank, position and influence, but very little money, and when Land Blyneham proposed to the daughter of the heuse, every one considered it an excellent match. No one ever asked what Lady Blanche thought herself. She had beauty and dignity, and her union with Lord Bayneham gave everything else; and for many years the beau-tiful and imperious Countess of Baynsham was one of the most courted and popular women of

the day. She had a brilliant sister, who, unlike the brilliant countess, married for live; she united here fate with that of an almost united here tate with that of an almost penniles: captain, Gerald Earle. Fortune, however, favored them, for before Gerald and his young wife began to feel the evils of poverty, a large fortune was bequeathed to him by a distant relative. Gerald Earle died abroad, and his delicate wife did not long survivahim. She haddlets has an arrestid. Description vive him. She had left her only child, Barbara, to the care of the Countess of Bayneham. Her trust was nobly fulfilled; Barbara Earle treased in every wey like one of Lady Bayne-ham's own children. Her large fortune accumu-

Not even the shadow of a smile crossed Bertie Carlyon's face; on the contrary, he looked half lated, and wren she reached her eighteenth sorry, half vexed.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound," said Bertie. "Despite my love of langhing, I have suffered as keenly as most men. I can respect real sorrow when I see it, Claute, as you know well."

The two pentlemen were quite alone in that you know well."

The two gentlemen were quite alone in what appeared to be the smoking-room of Lord brought up to be the smoking-room of Lord brought up with the same idea, but lofty apartment, well furnished with divans, easy-chairs, lounges and sofas. wherear the local brought up the same idea, but lofty apartment, well furnished with divans, easy-chairs, lounges and sofas. wherear the local brought up the local brought up and to then. Lady leasy-chairs, lounges and sofas. wife. Every day, in fifty different way, it was brought before them. Claude took it as a matter of course. Barbara loved her cousin; she had no thought, no happiness, no wish away from him. When Claude went to college he never returned without a present for his intended little wife. One speech of his was most characteristic. Talking one day at school in

midst of a group of boys who were discussing their future he said,

"I shall never have to trouble myself with love-making; I am going to marry my Causin Barbara, you know."

He certainly never did trouble himself with

love-making. He was always kind and gentle to Barbara, but the men of his race had ever been chivalrous. He paid her every attention; never neglected her double claim of cousin and financée. He sought to anticipate her wishes, to consult her tastes, and obey her least word; but there the matter ended. If she were going away for six months he did not miss her; his way for a morning and the high to her. He knew nothing of the height of love or the depth of sorrow; he knew nothing save a quiet, calm affection that had grown with him from his childhood. He had yet to learn what it was to

love. His father died, and Claude became the Earl of Bayneham. Perhaps no one ever began life under fairer auspices; he was young, handsome, clever, and highly accomplished. Nature and fortune had both been kind to him. He owned one of the proudest names and the finest estates in England. The long and illustrious line of ancestors had each added a laurel to the crown of the Baynehams. Everything and everyone smiled upon him. He was one of the happiest of men until that May morning came and brought him to the woods of Brynmar. When Claude had been two years Lord of Bayneham Castle, his mother told him, in very plain words, she thought it time he should

woods and cannot find the path to the high. ham with a sigh—" a myth, a fairy, a nameless, never fully established until he is married. need not tell you how much depends upon the choice of a wife. Fortunately you have made a good choice. You must remember, Claude, you have not mixed much in society since your father's death. I wish you to go to London next season, but I prefer that you should take Lady Bayneham with you."
"Why!" asked the young earl.

more suitable expression."
"I fear I am not clever at fielding 'suitable expressions," said Lord Bayneham with a smile; "they come naturally enough to you, mother."
"You had better see Barbara this morning,"

said Lady Bayneham, "and ask her if she will consent to the marriage being arranged for next

"Would it not be better for you to speak to her yourself?" said the earl hastily. "Ladies manage these things so much better than we A decided frown darkened the proud, beautiful face.

"Are the men of your race contented to allow others to woo for them?" she asked contemptuously.
Lord Bayneham's face flushed.

his estate. In after years Claude Baynekam remembered that scene. He found Barbara Earle in the morning room; she was painting a group of flowers with no ordinary skill. When she heard his footsteps a deep, warm flush covered her face, and the hand that held the brush trem-

"Barbara," said Lord Bayneham, "if you ar: not busy, I should be glad if you could spare me five minutes."

"Longer, if you like," replied Miss Earle.
"My picture can be finished to morrow. Do
you like the grouping of those roses, Claude?"
"Yes," he said; "there seems to be a natural affinity between ladies and flowers. You paint them better than anything else."

"That is a pretty c mpliment," said Barbara; "but how about Rosa Bonheur and the

bares; out how about looss conneur and the horses?"

"You are always hard upon my little attempts at flattery," said Lord Bayneham.

"Barbara, I want to talk seriously to you." "I am ready to listen," said Miss Earle.
"What is it? Are we to have a "general election?" I read something of the kind."
"It is a very different matter I was thinking

of," said the young Earl, almost at a loss how to introduce the question of marriage, the lady be-fore him looked so very calm and unsuspicious. Barbara," he continued, making a desp-rate effort, "my mother thinks that we had better be married next spring."

For some moments there was a pround silence.

emotion passed before she poke.
"And are you of Lady Bayneham's opinion?"

she asked. He remembered his mother's contempt at his

awkward method at wooing.

"I fear I am very stupid," he said, penitently; "but you are so sensible, Barbara, you know what I mean without my talking non-sense. I love you. Will you be my wife next

She rose from her seat and stood before him; her dark, beautiful eyes tilled with tears; her lips quivered, her whole soul shone in her

face.
"Claude," she said, earnestly, "do you love me?"
She held out to him her white, jewelled hand,

and he clasped it in his own.
"Of course I love you, Barbara," he replied his calm, clear voice never faltering. "I have loved you ever since we were children. Are you willing to be my wife next spring?"

He looked kind, anxious, and affectionate;

but if love be what Barbara Earle imagined it to be, he had none of it.

"I am willing," the said gently.

"You are a dear, good, sensible girl," he replied, "and I will do all I can to make you happy."

He touched her furched habits with his line. He touched her forehead lightly with his lipe, and so the wooing of Lord Eayneham and Bar-

bara Earle ende i. "Come with me," he said, "and let us tell the counters it is all arranged. Mother," said the young earl as they entered the drawing-

the young earl as they enuered the orawingrom, "thank Barbara for ma; she has promise
ed to be my wife next spring."

"You cannot be more of a daughter to me
than you have been," said the stately lady,
clasping the young girl t-ndeily in her arms;

"but the dearest wish of my heart will be
gratified when I see you my son's wife. It is
now March," she continued; "if we arrange,
the wedding for next May, that will meet all
our wishes."

our wishes.' For once Lady Bayneham was too hasty. Bayneham C stle would require alterations many of the rooms were to be refurnished. There was much to be done. Lawyers, milli-ners, and a host of other people were consulted. Then it was agreed that the wedding should take place in the August of the year following. But for that postponement this story would never have been written. In May Lord Bayne ham went to Scotland; and there in the bonny ham went to Scotland; and there in the bonny green woods of Brynmar. he met his fate. He returned home an altered man. His previous life seemed to have been one long, calm, unbroken dream. He was awakened now, and the dream had ended. The realities of life had began for him. He had learned on that bright May morning a lesson that Barbara Earle had never taught him—how to love. He saw the preparations continued for his marriage, and mace no comment. Whatever he might think or suffer, he was a gentleman, a man of honor, who would scorn to break a promise, and die rather than fail when honor bade him perse-

## CHAPTER VII.

The world generally did not call Barbara Earle a beautiful girl. The great charm of her face was the soul that shone there. Her eyes face was the soul that shone there. Her eyes were magnificent, dark, dreamy, full of light and thought. She had sweet, sensitive lips, perfect in shape and color. People passed her by at first, considering her, almost plain; at a second interview they would like her better. Then, her, face, would grow upon them, unti they would end by declaring that no other girl was half so beautiful as Barbara Karle. It was the beautiful, noble soul that gave, the great charm to her eloquent, spiritual face. In repose it was dalm and serene, but lighted up, as noble words could light it—it was magnificent.

sent.
She gave one the impression of being what in Har tall, graceful commonly called "all soul." Her tall, graceful figure combiced ease and dignity. No one could be more kind and winning in one more dignified and reserved than Barbara Earle. She was not proud nor hang ity ; no mean wird or mean action ever eaca ped her. She was a true, noblewoman crowned with richer gifts than the merely outer one of color and prettiness—a woman to inspire a man with a love of noble deeds, to teach him the higher and helier lessons of life and withal, she had that nameless charm, that well-bred, refined, elegant manner that makes

every woman beautiful to whom it is given. Lovers in plenty sighed for Barbara Earle she had no thought save for Lord Bayneham marry. "It was characteristic of her that diff who byed "A man's position," said the countess, "is her were the better and more noble for it." No

sullen resentment, no moody silence and bitter dislike ever followed her rejection of an admirer; and she rejected many before her engagement to Lord Byneham was made public. Those who loved her best and taid all they had to offer at her feet, left her presence disapointed, it is true, but bearing with them good and noble resolves. The coances are that if Lord Bayneham had met Miss Earle in society he would have been dazzled and charmed. Lady Baynebam with you."

"Why!" asked the young earl.

"Because, unless you go as a married man you will have every manceuveing mother and chapron teasing you," said the countess. "I should like you to be married early next spring."

"I have no objection," he replied, "if Barbara is willing."

A shade of annoyance passed over the fair, proud face of the countess. Claude, "That is hardly the way to speak. Claude," she said gravely. "I presume already you have 'no objection,' you might surely find some more suitable expression."

"I fear I am not clever at finding 'suitable and constant nature, she

It was far different with Barbara; with all the strength of her noble and constant nature, she loved the handsome, clever young cousin whose wife she was to be. She idolized him—thought him perfect, thought him superior to any other man—loved him as only such women can, with a grand, noble love; but there were times when she felt that a start his feelings toward her. He noble love; but there were times when she felt half puzzled as to his feelings toward her. He was all kindness; but he said so little when he spoke of the future; it was in a quiet, matter of fact way, as of something that must be. Yet she knew that he cared for no one else; and Barbara Earle comforted herself by thinking that he was not of a demonstrative nature.

When he returned from Scotland she found him changed in every respect. He had lest the gay flow of spirits that once never failed him; he fell into dreamy reveries, from which nature could ever rouse him. He looked like a man whose aim and purpose in life were

Lord Bavneham's face flushed.

"It is different with Barbara," he said; "there is no nonsense about her; she has more sense than any girl I ever met."

Lady Bayneham's face relaxed at this compliment to her beloved nices.

"You will find Barbara in the morning room," she said; go and ask her now."

Claude obediently enough quitted the room. It was all a matter of indifference to him. He was not vitally interested in it; it seemed to him a prearranged piece of business, that it was part and parcel of the responsibilities of his estate.

In after years Claude Bayneham remembered that scene. He found Barbara Earle in the fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing the fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be rever rouse him. He fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be rever rouse him. He fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be rever rouse him. He fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be rever rouse him. He fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be rever rouse him. He fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing the fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be rever rouse him. He fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be rever rouse him. He fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be rever rouse him. He fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be rever rouse him. He fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be rever rouse him. He fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be rever rouse him. He fell into dreamy reveries, from which nathing could be a man during the wide world. Nothing seemed to interest or amuse him. Even Chaude and wondered at the change that had come over her son.

One day Claude was unusually busy; his affairs were on the tapix. The ateward was waiting, and an important paper was mislaid, whose aim and purpose in life were ended. He was kind to her, but in different to everything in the wide world. Nothing

Esrle.

"Barbers," he said, " like most people who undertake to do three things at once, I am making a terrible mess of it, will you help me? I have lost a paper—the plan for those new houses at Greystoke. Will you go to my study and look for it? the keys lie upon my writingtable."

Barbara gladly bastened to comply with his wish. Lord Bayneham's study was a room sacred from all intrusion. It was very rarely that any one obtained admission there. It was a pretty little apartment, overlooking the park.

Miss Earle searched for the lost plan in every available place: she went to a bursely with the available place; she went to a bureau where her cousin kept many private papers; there was no trace of it. One drawer smaller than the reat drew her attention; she opened it, and several papers fell out. One was the lost and several papers sen out. One was the lost plan, another a picture that had been folded in paper. Barbara looked at it with surprise; she recognized his style, and his initials were underneath it. It was a simple but beautiful subject, and the artist had done full justice to it-a young girl standing beneath the shade of large, spreading trees, the sunbeams falling on her golden hair. Her face, so wonderously lovely, was bent over some blue-bells that she carried in her little white hands; anything so fresh, so fair, so delicately beautiful as that face. Barbara Farls had never seen

that face, Barbara Earle had never seen.

It was quite strange to Barbara, but who could it be? With a woman's keen eyes she noted the details of the dress. The original of the picture was evidently a lady; who could she be? and why had Claude locked up what she be? and why had Claude locked up what was certainly the best of his productions. He was too busy just then for her to mention it. He thanked her gratefully for the trouble she had taken, but Barbara Ear'e was ill at ease. That evening, when dinner was over and Claude rejoined the ladies, Barbara went to the table where he stood, looking over some heautiful engravings that had just arrayed.

beautiful engravings that had just arrived.
"Clande," she said gravely, "when I opened

the small drawer of your bureau this morning a picture fell out of it-one of your own painting, I believe. Whose face is it? I never saw one half so beautiful before. She was watching him keenly, and saw a slight pallor on his face.

"I cannot tell you whose face it is," he re'
plied; "it is a picture I saw on my travels and
thought it so beautiful that I could not refrain
from trying to reproduce it."
"You have succeded well," said Miss Earle.
He made some hilf-indifferent reply and

turned away. Bacbara Earle's eyes foll weed him with a ead, wistful look. What had changed Lord Bayneham went to his study. He took

the picture from the drawer, and folding it in many papers, locked it safely away. He was kinder than usual to Barbara that evening, as though he would make amends for

evening, as though he would also some involuntary wrong.

The Countess of Bayneham changed her mind once more. She had decided upon dissurding her sen from going to London the season until after he was married; His engagement to Ba bara Earle was known publicly. Perhaps after all it would be better to make a brilliant appearance in London, and then at the end of the season have a brilliant marriage. She decided it was to be so, and early in May the young earl left the Castle Bayneham for his own town house, which was an al Lost palatial mansion in Grossener Square.
The season opened brilliantly. Miss Earle, the niese of the Countees of Bayneham, was

much admired. But what puzzled both is es, was that Claude took little or no interest in any of the gayeties that arrounded them.

Lo d Bayneham was fortunate in one thing he met in London his oldest and desirest college friend, Bertie Carlyon, the second son of Sir Hubert Carlyon, of Durham Park, one of the kindlest and roblest of men, unfortunate, as he himself declared, ineverything—love and finance above all other things; but so kind, so genial, so true, no one could nelp loving him.

Bertie has his secret too; from the first moment he saw Batbaca Earle he loved her. He seemed almost by in tinot to understand the woman's grand, puble scul. He never men tioned his love: of what avail could it have been, when the gal who had so unconsciously won his heart was the affianced wife of his best friend? (To be continued.)



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