

Fate and Marriage

B. Clara Mulholland

"I would like you to know what my two great ambitions are," he said in a voice that was almost a whisper.

"Do not say anything now," he said, gently, "I neither seek nor expect a reply. Just lay your hand in mine for an instant, and bid me God-speed and good luck in my new life."

"Thank you, God bless and keep you," he cried, and, pressing her hand convulsively within his own, murmured, "Good-bye. Till my first ambition is accomplished you will see me no more."

CHAPTER XXX.

Beryl wondered at Gerald's frequent absence from home, and his coldness and silence when he did upon one of two occasions join the family circle.

"He's a capricious man and a flirt," she decided, with a toss of her head. The day of Enid's marriage was fast approaching, and life at Queen's Gate Gardens was one whirl of excitement.

"A good ten minutes. But Miss Enid is with her fiancée. There is no need to hurry."

"How—how stupid!" she cried, flushing. "I—I didn't do it on purpose, Mr. Fairfax, indeed I did not."

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shall be enjoying myself thoroughly. Good night. It's a pity you are not a dancing man. You miss so much."

"Well, dear," she said, rising from the sofa, where she had been sitting beside Sir Henry Dunstable, "I am glad you are ready at last."

"Am I late? Oh, I am so sorry," Beryl cried, "Are you angry, Enid, dear?"

"Not at all. I have been pleasantly occupied. And you and Felice have not been wasting your time. You look charming, perfectly radiant. Doesn't she, Henry?"

Miss Fane always does that. But, indeed, to-night she surpasses herself.

And Sir Henry spoke the truth. There was an unusual stir of excitement as Beryl entered the ball-room that evening, and many were the glances of admiration turned upon the lovely girl, many the questions as to who she was, and where she came from, asked and answered more or less truthfully upon all sides.

"Fane, Fane," remarked an old lady, wearing diamonds worth a king's ransom upon her neck and dress. "Any relation to Lord Linton's family?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," answered her companion, a tall, spare man, with a high nose and an unpleasant drawl. "But my friend Allen here knows everything and everybody in London. His uncle, Sir Peter Goldsmid, is hand and glove with Lord Linton. I say, Allen, come and give Lady Hampton some information about that beautiful girl with the glorious hair whom her ladyship's grandson is leading off to dance. Who and what are her people?"

"That's a mystery, Langton, at present," answered Allen. "Though it is believed—he bent down and whispered a few words in Lady Hampton's ear. She threw up her hands in horror."

"Good gracious! I never expected to meet anyone of uncertain parentage here. And Hampton is so impressionable. It is quite disgraceful. The girl should be ashamed to come to dances and impose on people."

"Pardon me. Miss Fane is doing nothing of the kind, and, if this story should be untrue, she is most desirable in every way."

"Sir!" with an angry glance. "I did not ask your opinion upon the matter. The story is sure to be true. I remember all about it now."

"I dare say. But, for all that, it may not be true." Allen bowed and disappeared in the crowd.

"Dear me, Hubert Langton, if only Hampton were a little boy again, my ladyship resumed, "that I could call him to me, and order him to go home, how happy I'd be!"

"I trust so. But he's only a boy, and easily won and imposed upon by a pretty face. He thinks more of beauty than money or family."

"He's young."

"And extravagant. I am always telling him he must marry money. Are there many American heiresses here to-night?"

"I don't know. Shall I ask Allen?"

"Certainly not. I do not wish to see any more of Mr. Allen. But when the dance is over follow Hampton, and see where he goes to. If he is content to walk about and sit amongst people leave him alone, but, if he goes to a quiet part of the conservatory with the girl, say that I have violent neuralgia, and wish him to take me home."

quite ready to dance from the beginning of a ball to the end without stopping to waste time in talk. But to-night he was less energetic, and, after a round or two seemed anxious to draw his partner into conversation.

"Our steps suit each other so well. Let us go on," Beryl cried, with laughing eyes and her cheeks as delicately pink as the inside of a shell.

"Then you'll give me another dance?"

"Oh, yes," recklessly, "As many as you like."

"Thank you." He looked into her face and sought to meet her eyes, but she was not thinking of him, and gave him no responsive glance.

"Tired? Oh, no," with a nervous little laugh. "Why the evening has only begun. I mean to dance the whole night through."

"How thoughtful! If I want any you certainly may. But I don't care—"

"Here is a pleasant spot and a comfortable chair," he said, leading her to a secluded corner of the conservatory. "It will do you good to rest here a while."

"Good? Do I look ill? Do you think me so tired that I want to rest?"

"No. But you are excited—and oh! Beryl, I want you all to myself for five minutes."

"At the sound of her name the girl started and rose up quickly from her chair."

"Lord Hampton, I—"

"Miss Fane," he laid his hand upon her arm, "do pray sit down."

"No use! Oh! Beryl, it is happiness—bliss to me. For I love you, and—Oh! don't turn from me. Since the first day I met you my one wish, my one desire, has been to win you as my wife."

"I am sorry—deeply pained—that you should have such feelings—such desires—for I—they can never be realized—"

"I have spoken too soon—started you. But your manner, your looks, your words gave me hope. I thought you liked me, Beryl. So I dared—"

"I like you, but I—I do not love you, Lord Hampton. I—could never make you happy."

"You could—indeed you could, my beautiful love. Oh, Beryl, to be near you—to see and hear you—is all the happiness I wish."

"Hush!" she whispered, "You will not think so to-morrow. I look nice at a dance. But that's nothing. See, there's that solemn Mr. Langton coming towards us. He wants you, I'm sure."

"I dare say. But, for all that, it may not be true." Allen bowed and disappeared in the crowd.

ing-room most anxious to see you." Margaret drew herself up, and looked at her aunt with tightened lips.

"I will not see him again. It is quite useless."

"Again, my dear Margaret? He has only just arrived."

"At the house. But I met him near the wood."

"He did not mention it. Did he know you?"

"Margaret stared, and her mouth twitched."

"Auntie dear, are you dreaming? He talked to me for a long time on a most unpleasant subject. I was hoping that he would be gone, and lingered about on purpose that he might have time to say his say and get off before I came in. But since he is still here I shall go straight up to my room till he is gone. Nothing would induce me to meet and talk to Sir Peter Goldsmid again to-day. If I could I'd cut him—wipe him out of my acquaintance for ever."

"My dear child, I was not talking of Sir Peter Goldsmid. He has not been here to-day."

"Margaret's silvery laugh rang over the garden."

"How amusing! He did not go in to see you? Well, so much the better. But who, then, is your visitor?"

"Mr. Fairfax, the artist. He seems a gloomy person. Hugo will never take to him."

"Hugo is a creature of curious fancies. 'Tis hard to say."

"I have asked him to stay for lunch, and he has consented. Will you come in and help to entertain him?"

"With pleasure. But I'm sorry to hear he's gloomy. I wonder what is wrong. Do you think he is in love, auntie—hopelessly in love?"

Mrs. Danvers looked at her niece in surprise. Her flippant words and restless, excited manner struck her as unusual.

"For his sake, I trust not," she answered gravely. "But I would not talk quite so much nonsense, dear. It is unlike you."

"Quite," Margaret threw her arms round her aunt and kissed her. "But I am out of sorts a little. Perhaps you would be, too, if you had been obliged to refuse the hand of our burly, wealthy friend, Sir Peter Goldsmid, for the second time."

"My dear child!"

"My dear aunt! But it is over, and I hope—believe he will return no more. Now I am at your service. I will entertain Mr. Fairfax, and make Hugo like him. So don't be downhearted. And drawing her aunt's arm within her own, she led her back into the house."

Gerald Fairfax walked over to the window as Mrs. Danvers went to look for her niece, and stood there, absorbed in thought. He saw in a vague, uncertain way the beautiful flower garden, the distant river, and the clear, blue sky. All nature was smiling and radiant round Riversdale, and so quiet and peaceful seemed the old place in the sunlight that it was impossible to think of anyone, man or woman, being other than happy and content in the midst of such tranquility and beauty.

do you think of me? Shall I make a decent picture?"

Gerald gazed at the boy, and for a moment he found it impossible to speak. The golden hair, like a halo of light round the small, fair face, the blue eyes, the dainty coloring, and sensitive, well-shaped mouth, made, indeed, a charming picture. But what startled and bewildered him was the child's extraordinary likeness to Beryl.

"To forget her anywhere would be a task almost beyond me," he murmured under his breath; "but to do so here—looking at—talking to—painting this boy—O God!—will be impossible."

"You look displeased," cried Hugo, putting, "Am I, then, so objectionable?"

Gerald pulled himself together, and laid his hand softly on the beautiful hair.

"My dear child, you are like an angel—a vision."

"Oh, I say, draw it mild. Just you wait till you know me. Why even John says I'm a trial."

"Who's John?"

"John Fane. He's no relation; but he's an awfully nice fellow—I simply love him. He has just gone to London to become a lawyer, and I am determined to follow him."

Gerald raised his eyebrows. "Oh, are you? That will be convenient for me."

"So I thought. And the, I want to get back to London. I have been vegetating here long enough."

Gerald laughed and sat down by the boy's side. "It's a charming place. If I were you I'd vegetate here a little longer."

(To be Continued.)

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Mistranslations in Common Use Among Protestants pointed Out By a Student.

(From The New York Sun.)

To the Editor of The Sun:—Two journals come to me with Christmas honorific headlines across the tops of the pages. One is a prominent religious journal. The lines in large display read: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest, And on earth peace, good will among men."

The other is a prominent daily paper. Its lines read: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest, And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

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