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C. H. Brown
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The Heir of Bayneham

—AND—
Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The last time he left home, a beautiful young face, glowing with happiness and love, smiled by his side; now he must go on his journey alone, his heart cold and dead to hope, love and happiness.

One fine morning there stood on the pier of Dover a group that attracted some attention—a tall, stately lady, with the look of one who had once been beautiful, and by her side a noble girl, whose face made one the better for seeing it; both were devoted to what seemed at first sight the wreck of a young and handsome man. Passers-by stopped to gaze again at that white, worn face, with its sad, despairing eyes. Lady Bayneham and Barbara would fain have gone with Claude, but he would not hear of it. "Stay behind, mother," he said of himself, "and do what you can. My lost darling may come home; do not let her find it desolate."

They went to Dover and watched the boat disappear with eyes that were wet with tears. In the mother's heart there was but little hope of ever seeing her son again.

"Ah, Barbara," said Lady Bayneham, as in the far distance the steamer sailed out of sight. "I wish my son had married you. This trouble will kill him. Brynmar woods have been fatal to us."

But Barbara would not agree with her ladyship; she saw much to admire and pity in Lady Hilda, and she would hear no word that was not uttered either in love or praise.

Bertie Carlyon had been unremitting in his endeavors to assist Lord Bayneham. He had been with him up to the eve of his departure, when a telegram from London obliged him to return there. Lady Bayneham asked him to visit her at Bayneham when his business was ended, and he did so, longing to be once more with Barbara, and to know if he had any more reason to hope. He was warmly welcomed by the two desolate, sorrowing ladies. It seemed difficult to believe that this silent house, over which care and trouble hung in such dark clouds, was the brilliant castle of Bayneham, where lately gaily and beauty had reigned supreme.

Bertie Carlyon and Barbara Earle were standing at the same window from which they had once watched Lord Bayneham and his fair young wife set forth on their bridal tour, when Barbara said musingly: "Who could have foreseen this ending to so fair a love story?"

"Does it frighten you?" asked Bertie. "Ah, Barbara, if you could only try to love me—no such fate would ever overtake us."

"Why?" asked Barbara. "Because I should have all faith in you," replied Bertie. "Mind, I am not blaming Claude—the circumstances were strange ones. If—but, ah! Barbara, the words are presumptuous—if you were my wife, and I saw that you were keeping any secret from me, I should respect your silence, because I believed in you."

"It seems easy for you to say so now," replied Barbara, with a smile; "it is impossible to tell what course one would take under similar circumstances."

"Barbara," said Bertie Carlyon, his handsome face all eagerness and love, "it is long since I first dared to whisper to you of my love. You did not reject me; you said brave and noble words to me that have incited me to take a true man's part in the world. Under your banner, Barbara, I have fought well; dare I ask for my reward?"

There was no affection of coquetry in the expression of Barbara Earle's beautiful, soul-lit face.

"I am not given to flattery, she said quietly, "but you I must praise, Bertie; you have done well, and I am proud of you. Ask what reward you will, and if it is in my power to grant it, it shall soon be yours."

Bertie Carlyon's face paled as he listened to these words, as full of hope and promise. Something like a mist of tears came before his eyes, and his voice trembled as he spoke. Laying one hand on the white, jeweled fingers of Barbara Earle, he said, "Be my wife, Barbara. Earth holds no higher reward than your love."

He read her consent in the drooping, blushing face and the eloquent eyes. "I am not worthy of such happiness," he said quietly. "You are the noblest woman in the world, Barbara; teach me to be worthy of you."

"Do not set me on so high a pedestal, Bertie," said Barbara, "or I may fall from it. I have something more to say; you know I speak very plainly. I do love you; but I could not bear to think much of our happiness while so dark a cloud hangs over Bayneham. Help us to drive that away, and then we will speak of this again."

So they agreed that the love which was to last through life should not be mentioned while care and sorrow lay heavily upon their dearest friends. How could they speak of love and marriage when both had ended so fatally at Bayneham?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Three years passed away, and brought but little change to Bayneham. The countess watched and waited in silence; she had renounced all active efforts for the discovery of her son's wife. At stated intervals advertisements were inserted in the papers, but Lady Bayneham had ceased to hope. She never breathed her suspicions even to Barbara Earle, but in her own mind she believed that Hilda was dead, no other fact could account for her long-continued silence. Her son said nothing of returning to England. He seemed to have forgotten the claims upon him at home. She spent long hours in pacing up and down the picture-gallery at Bayneham Castle. Her son, the brave, handsome boy, whose future she had mapped out with pride and hope, was the last earl; his portrait hung there. Whose would take the vacant place next to his? There was no one to inherit the title—it would die out—the grand old race must come to an end. Claude would never remarry while there was the least doubt as to his wife's fate. Even if intelligence came of her death Lady Bayneham did not believe he would ever care for another woman, he had loved his lost wife so well. The grand old race must end, and that conviction brought deep and lasting sorrow to the proud lady; she had hoped before she died to clasp the young heir of Bayneham in her arms, to see, and love, and bless the young boy who was to succeed her son.

Her pride was sorely humbled. Her son was an unhappy exile, wandering in foreign lands, childless and solitary. She wished—and wished in vain—that she had been kinder to her son's

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4216. Here is a model ideal for business or home wear—showing simple lines, attractive and practical features. The collar is convertible. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length or to the elbow. The graceful becoming fullness of this model is held by belt sections over back and front. Frunella or twill for service and kasha, crepe or velvet for a more dressy dress in this style would be fine for its development. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3 3/4 yards of 54 inch material. To make the collar of contrasting material 33 inches wide requires 1/4 yard. The width of the dress at the foot is 2 3/4 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A VERY UNIQUE STYLE.



4211. Navy serge or twill with broad trimming would be attractive for this model. The collar may be omitted and the neck finished in round outline. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 1/4 yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 3/4 yards.

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School Master to Marry German Princess.

Bartenstein, Wurtemberg.—One of the signs of Germany's new democracy is the engagement of Herr Waldenmaier, a Bartenstein school teacher, to Princess Maria Rosa of Hohenlohe-Bartenstein. The bride-to-be is 19 years of age. Her mother, an Imperial Princess and Archduchess of Austria and Tuscany, escorted the affianced pair to Salzburg for the purpose of obtaining the consent of the grandmother, the Grandduchess of Tuscany.

Spool of Thread Pays Rent in Germany.

BERLIN—What to do when the rent came around puzzled the tenant of a seven roomed house at Colla, Westphalia, when he was short of money, until he happened to think of several spools of sewing machine thread left on hand from purchases made before the war. The tenant pays 900 marks annually for the house and the quarter's rent amounted to 225. His offer to pay the landlord with one spool of thread was accepted, the tenant receiving 10 marks in change since this thread now sells for 235 marks a spool. Before the war, the spools cost him 30 pennies each. A federal law limits the prices that may be charged for rent; thread follows the dollar rate of exchange. "A Town Without a Telephone" is the dubious title acquired by Mehrstedt, a place of 400 inhabitants situated in Thuringia. Up to recently, Mehrstedt boasted at least the usual central toll station, but one day the mail-carrier came along and officially carried off its sole apparatus. None of the residents feels that he can afford the luxury of a connection, so now all have to wait for the mails to let them know "he with the dollar stands."

THE RAIN.

When first the rain began to pour, refreshing dale and dell, I stood and watched it from my door, and blessed it as it fell; there'd been no rain for several weeks, no swollen cloud developed leaks; drouth stricken men had sent up shrieks for quite a little spell. It rained all day by starts and fits, it made the landscape wet; it made the greatest of all hits, it was the one best bet; but when again the morning broke, and rain was falling as I woke, I said, "This thing's beyond a joke;" it made me fume and fret. Next day the rain was falling still, as though to earn its pay, and torrents rolled adown the hill and washed my fence away; frogs chanted in the dripping dawn and ducks were swimming on the lawn and alligators and their spawn arrived, as though to stay. "This thing's," I said, "I cannot bear it, I make this heart of mine a written protest I'll prepare, and ask my friends to sign; we'll let the weather makers know they can't abuse their patrons so; they'll make the water cease its flow, and send us something fine." The rain still fell, still getting worse; I grumbled and byeked; if only this old universe were run as I direct! I'm not consulted as to rain, or snow or drouth or hurricane; I make my protests all in vain, so what can we expect?

Russia Orders Oil Drilling Machinery.

LONDON—The Russian Soviet government, in anticipation of increased activity in oil production, has placed a record order for drilling machinery with a British firm. Ten complete outfits of the Rotary-Rex machine, specially designed for deep and rapid drilling, are to be delivered early this year for use in the Baku fields. The Government of Persia is making large amounts annually out of royalties from oil producing areas, and this, in addition to many other benefits resulting from the activities of foreign oil companies in Persia. The royalties in 1921 amounted to \$2,750,000 on 2,827,221 tons of oil. The companies also spent about \$7,500,000 for material, labor and food, and they give employment to 20,000 Persians.

British Shipping Co.

SEEK SAFETY MEASURES. LONDON—Since the sinking of the steamship Egypt last May, with the loss of over 100 lives, British shipping companies have been endeavoring to work out a system which would prevent confusion in the event of passengers having to take to the boats, and British lines are keenly interested in the experiments in this direction made by the French Messageries Maritimes Company. As oil lamps do not give enough light during the confusion occasioned by a shipwreck, and as electric lights are apt to go out when the dynamos are flooded, it is planned to paint all safety arrangements with luminous paint of a new type which will resist climate and weather. The latest regulations for safety at sea which are generally followed by the leading companies, provide that a passenger liner should have an emergency electric lighting set on the upper deck, where the water cannot get at it until the ship actually goes down.

A good dinner deserves a good cigarette, a bad dinner needs one. Let your choice be CUB.

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