The Heir of Bayneham

—AND—

Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER IX.

In the meantime, as Lady Hutton had foreseen, lovers in plenty surrounded the beautiful young heiress. There was no one more popular, or more admired. "The beautiful Miss Hutton" was declared to be the belle of the season; but flattery, homage and admiration brought no pleasure to her. She would have exchanged all for one word from Lord Bayneham.

There was a grand fete at the Botanical Gardens, and Miss Earle wished to attend. It was arranged that Lord Bayneham should escort both ladies. It was a beautiful day in the beginning of July. The sky was cloudless, the air soft and balmy. The gardens were magnificent, the flowers in full perfection, the show of roses was superb, and crowds of splendidly-dressed ladies surrounded them.

As Lord Bayneham walked slowly down one of the more retired paths, following Barbara and the countess at a little distance, the whole party suddenly met Lady Hutton and Hilda. They were surrounded by quite a little court of admirers. Captain Massey, hopelessly in love, and Mr. Seaton, who never neglected an opportunity of studying Hilda's face. There was a murmur of polite greeting, a dispersion of the group of admirers; then Lord Bayneham found himself, he hardly knew how, by Hilda's side. His heart beat almost painfully; he spoke a few confused words, and those without looking at her.

The path was narrow, and the countess said, half impatiently, "we cannot all remain together. I am going to see the roses. Claude, you wanted to look at the geraniums, they are over there. Perhaps Miss Hutton would like to see them."

In less than three minutes after her ladyship's little speech, Barbara Earle found herself with Captain Massey. The two elder ladies enjoyed a half confidential chat over the roses, and Lord Bayneham and Hilda were left behind with the geraniums. She bent over them, but he made no pretence of ever looking at a flower. His lips grew white, and he would have flown from the danger, but could not.

"Are you not well, Lord Bayneham?" asked Hilda, looking up into his still face.

"Yes," he replied, "I am quite well."

Then a dreary silence fell upon them; all kinds of wild thoughts rushed through Hilda's mind. She tried to think if it were possible she could have offended him. Was this stern, silent man the same who had lingered by her side in Brynmar woods, and seemed to live in her smiles on the night of the ball? What could have brought about so great a change?

"Shall we follow Lady Hutton?" she said at length.

He bowed assent; but as good or bad fortune would have it, they took the wrong turning, and instead of rejoining their companions, found themselves quite alone in a broad, shady path.

"You will be pleased to see so many beautiful flowers," said Lord Bayneham, feeling that he must break the silence, which had grown painful.

Hilda looked up at him; their eyes met, and he saw tears shining in hers. Then he saw too that her beautiful face had lost some of its bloom, and that she looked sad and sorrowful.

"You have never been to see us, Lord Bayneham," she said, in answer to his look, for he said no more. "I half expected you, for you seemed like an old friend."

There was a tone of reproach in her words. He could not withstand the lovely, innocent face and quivering lips. He dared not ask himself if she had missed him, and why.

"London is unlike every other place,' continued the young girl in her low, plaintive voice; "every one talks alike; it is all flattery and compliment; very few seem really to care for each other."

She little dreamed, poor child, how much of her own heart she was revealing.

"How do people talk at Brynmar?" he asked with a smile.

"It is different there," said Hilda earnestly. "People are simple and true. Here all seems to me artificial and unreal; it is like one long play that never comes to an end."

They came to the end of the path, and before them they saw the wonderful roses, round which their companions stood admiringly.

"Even you, Lord Bayneham," said Hilda, "were different at Brynmar. There you talked to me, but in London you have forgotten me."

She never forgot the startled look he bent upon her.

"Hush, Miss Hutton," he said, "you torture me. You ask me why I do not visit you. I will tell you. I've never seen you because I am pledged to marry Barbara Earle."

He saw the lovely face grow pale and death-like, the dark, violet eyes become shaded and dim, the sweet lips quiver and then grow strangely still. He saw all this and would have given his whole life for power to have uttered one word; but honor bade him be silent.

"Hilda," he said gently, "in years to come you will perhaps realize what it has cost me to tell you this. I never thought much of my future or my fate until I met you in the woods of Brynmar. It was all settled then."

She tried to say she wished him all happiness, but her trembling lips could utter no words. He saw Lady Hutton and Barbara Earle coming toward them.

Lady Hutton was utterly unobservant, but Barbara Earle's dark eyes saw a strange pallor upon the beautiful young face—saw that some keen, sharp pain had taken all brightness and happiness away. She saw, and her noble, womanly heart pitied the fair girl, and wondered what her sorrow could be.

"Hilda," said Lady Hutton, "are you tired —if not, Lady Bayneham has asked us to dine with them. She is going to the opera, and we can form one party. What do you say, my dear?"

Hilda said something, but the words were so faint and indistinct that Lady Hutton did not hear them. Just then she caught sight of the girl's white face, and uttered a cry of surprise.

"What is the matter, Hilda?" she asked hurriedly; "you look quite ill."

Barbara Earle, whose keen instinct told her there was something wrong, interposed.

"You have been stooping over the flowers, Miss Hutton," she said; "the perfume and warmth together have been too much for you."

"Lord Bayneham looked gratefully at his cousin.

"I will see about the carriage at once if you like," he said to Lady Hutton. "I am sure my mother will be quite ready to return."

Barbara Earle walked by Hilda's side, and talked gayly to her until the faint color came again into the fair face, and the startled, frightened look vanished from the sweet, tender eyes.

"I am glad you are going to dine with us," she said. "Lady Hutton has been telling us how beautifully you sing. If you feel better, will you give us the pleasure of hearing your voice?"

"I shall be very glad to do anything you will like," said Hilda. "You are very kind."

"Have you enjoyed the afternoon?" asked Barbara. "Do you like the gardens?"

"No," said Hilda decisively. "I would sooner have Brynmar woods than all the grand gardens and parks in England put together."

Barbara Earle could have smiled at the girl's simplicity had she not guessed why she loved Brynmar so well.

(To be continued.)

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Considerate of Them.

A young girl was going to make her first visit to a cousin in the country. At the station she was met by the cousin, and after an half hour's drive he told her they were approaching his farm.

In one of the broad fields that met the young lady's attentive eye stood a windmill, and gathered around it were several pigs.

"Well, that beats anything I ever heard of!" exclaimed the fair one. "I didn't know that you farmers were so considerate."

"What does?" queried the country cousin.

"That over yonder," replied the girl, pointing a pretty finger. "Just think of having a fan out in the field to keep those pigs cool!"

"HAD A NARROW ESCAPE"

"I never realized until a few months ago how risky it is to neglect a cold in the chest. I have always had such good health, that a cold either in the head or chest, while unpleasant, never gave me any worry. Outside an occasional cold, I had never known what it was to be laid up even for a day in all my life, until last December. One afternoon I got a chill and no matter how close I got to the stove, I couldn't seem to get warm. This chill was followed by a cold in my chest. As usual I neglected it and it kept getting worse and worse. Finally I had to go to bed and send for the doctor. His examination showed that I had pneumonia and a bad case at that. By careful nursing on the part of my husband, my children and some friends, I managed to pull through, but the doctor told me I had a narrow shave. And here's where my troubles began. While I was now out of danger, I was anything but well. I was still very weak from the effects of the pneumonia. Although I had lots of life and energy before my sickness, I was now worn out and tired all the time. I slept fairly well, more because I was exhausted. But my sleep didn't refresh me because, while I appeared to be asleep, I was conscious most of the time of what went on around me. Although all kinds of tempting dishes were prepared for me, I had no relish for food. This sickness had already undermined my health to such an extent that I was a living skeleton. I was getting discouraged as nothing I took seemed to do me any good. 'I wonder if Carnol wouldn't build you up,' a friend said one day, 'it did me a world of good, I was completely run down and you can see for yourself how well I look today. Why don't you try it?' Thanks to this friend's advice I am in perfect health again, as healthy and as full of life and vitality as I have ever been."

Carnol is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money. 9-622

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50, 65, 75, 95c.

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Heavy Cape Kid, warm Wool lined, one dome fastener.
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Ladies' Gloves, heavy Aberdeen Knit Gauntlet Gloves, in Natural and Light Heather shades, ideal for Xmas gifts.
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Men's Black ribbed Wool Half Hose, English make.
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No Chance at All.

Jimmy Johnson worked beside his father at a large ironworks in a certain town in Staffordshire. They were both accustomed to stopping in to dinner on a Friday, when mother used to bring their repast to the works. One Friday, after she had arrived with the dinners, a workman came across- Jimmy, nearly heartbroken.

"Whatever is the matter, Jimmy?" he asked.

"The matter!" Jimmy replied. "Look at father's dinner, and look at mine; mine's only half his!"

"Well, Jimmy," said the workman, consolingly, "you must remember your father is a lot bigger than you."

Jimmy burst out sobbing as he wailed: "Ay, and so he always will be at this rate!"

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Kaisers Wife Boss in Home.

VON MOLTKE DISCHARGED AND NEW REGIME INSTITUTED AT DOORN CASTLE.

Doorn, Holland, Dec. 1.—The first change in the Kaiser's household since Princess Hermine took over the reins is the departure of Count Von Moltke, the Court Marshal. The new empress has signified her intention of instituting a regime which will be directly opposed to the policies of Von Moltke.

The dispute between Princess Hermine and the retiring marshal is said to have arisen over the question of whether the Kaiser should confine himself to Doorn Castle.

The former Emperor's bride favored more freedom of movement for her husband, but this was contrary to the wishes of Von Moltke who is regarded as responsible for the virtual imprisonment of Wilhelm within the garden walls.

Princess Hermine and her youngest daughter take daily walks outside the castle grounds, and she has appeared several times in the town of Doorn. The Kaiser had been frequently seen with her in parts of the grounds and it is expected that he will soon prevail upon him to accompany her on trips to the village.

Cub Cigarettes are appreciated, not only by the smoker, but by those in his company.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR GARGET

Telegram Fashion Plate

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of current pattern issues. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

4166-4175 Brocaded canton crepe is here shown, with vest and facings of white georgette. This model is pretty for satin, crepe de chine or chiffon velvet.

The Waist Pattern 4166, may be developed without the sleeves or the bretelles. It is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt 4175 is cut in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, and 37 inches waist measure. The width at the foot is 2¼ yards. To make the dress with sleeves for a 38 inch size requires 6¾ yards of 40 inch material. For vest, girdle and panel facing of contrasting material, 1½ yard will be required. The dress requires ⅝ yard less without sleeves.

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A NEW STRAIGHT LINE FROCK.

3812. Charming simplicity is featured in this pleasing style. The panels add length and becoming fulness. The closing is invisible at the left side of the front panel. This is a good design for remodeling. Satin and serge and figured silk could be here used. As illustrated Canton crepe in new shade of brown was used, with decoration of novelty braid.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 18, and 20 years. An 18 years size requires 4¾ yards of 27 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

A CHARMING STYLE.

3973. Loose panels, long shoulders, a pretty sleeve effect, and straight lines, these are outstanding features of this attractive model. It will develop well in the new crepe wool or in linen, or combining tissues. In remodeling or combining two different materials it is also desirable.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. To make as illustrated requires 3⅜ yards of figured material, 36 inches wide and 2⅜ yards of plain material 40 inches wide. The width at the foot is about 2 yards.

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A BOY'S PLAY SUIT.

4142. This is a good model for galatea, drill, seersucker, gabardine and serge. The back is made with drop portions. The sleeve may be finished with the cuff or only the sleeveband.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2 year size requires 1¼ yard of 40 inch material. To trim as illustrated requires ⅝ yards of contrasting material 32 inches wide.

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BOYS' BLOUSE AND KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS.

Pattern 3436 furnishes these two practical styles. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size will require 1⅞ yard of 36 inch material for the Blouse and 1⅜ yard for the Knickerbockers.

Serge, cheviot, corduroy and khaki are good for the Knickerbockers and cambric, madras, linen, chambrey and flannel for the Blouse.

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A NATTY SUIT FOR THE LITTLE MAN.

4170. This is a comfortable suit with new and pleasing features. The inserted pockets in the smock will please the "little fellow." The "knickers" too boast of pockets that are large enough to hold the many things boys like to keep with them.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 6 years. To make the suit for a 3 year size, will require 2¼ yards of 32 inch material. For knickers alone 1⅜ yard is required.

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