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THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER XLVII.

He gave a cry—a short, despairing cry; for the moment he was beside himself with fear and pain; then he grasped his wife's wrist and held it, while with the other hand he pointed to the youth.

"In the name of Heaven, Vivien, tell me who is that boy?"

He saw that she tried to speak, but the words died on her lips.

"Who is that boy?" he repeated, in a stern, angry voice.

Still she made no answer, and the boy stepped forward in eager defence of his kind friend.

"Sir," he said, "I can tell you myself who I am; my name is Henry Dorman."

"I do not believe it," cried Lord St. Just.

"I am Henry Dorman, and this lady comes to see me sometimes. She knew my mother, sir, and she is very kind to me. She is the only friend I have had in the world since my uncle died. Are you angry that she comes to see me?"

"Who is that boy?" repeated Lord St. Just, looking sternly at his wife.

"I have told you, sir, who I am; if you do not believe me, let me fetch Mr. Hardman. Do not, pray, be angry with my friend."

"Vivien, I wait your answer," said Lord St. Just. "Who is this boy, and what brings you here to him?"

She had recovered herself by then; a faint color returned to her beautiful face.

"Ask him yourself, Adrian," she replied, proudly; "I am not accustomed to such a tone."

"I have told you, sir," repeated the boy, impatiently. "I do not know much about myself, but I am Henry Dorman, nephew of Mr. Dorman, who died not long since, and who brought me from America and placed me here."

"From America?" repeated Lord St. Just. "Did you come from America?"

"Yes, with my uncle; and this lady, who was my mother's friend, comes to see me. Why should you be angry with her, sir?"

Lord St. Just looked puzzled, bewildered; he glanced from one to the other—the resemblance between the two faces was most marvellous.

"What is the name of this lady—your mother's friend?" he asked.

And the boy answered fearlessly—"Mrs. Smith."

"Can you explain this, Vivien?" said her husband.

"I have no explanation to offer," she replied, proudly. "Question the boy, not me."

Lord St. Just turned his pale, puzzled face to the boy.

"You are the nephew of Mr. Dorman, who was once secretary to Sir Arthur Neslie, of Lancewood?" he said.

A curious change came over the stripling's handsome face.

"What name was that you used, sir?"

"Lancewood," repeated the peer.

"Lancewood!" said the boy eagerly. "Why I believe that I have dreamed of such a name—I believe I have—or I have heard it somewhere? Lancewood—Lancewood—how familiar it sounds!"

"Are you the nephew of that same Mr. Dorman?" asked Lord St. Just.

"Will you wait, sir, one moment? If here are bells of memory, you have sent mine all chiming, and their sound is like 'Lancewood.' Why, sir, do you know the very word brings a picture to me."

"What picture?" he asked, wonderingly.

"A picture of a broad stone terrace, with roses and passion-flowers climbing the balustrades, and a dark wood in the far distance. I have dreamed it—I have such strange dreams. I cannot tell you if my uncle ever lived at Lancewood—I never heard him speak of England at all."

Lord St. Just, his wife, and "Harry Dorman" stood looking at each other. The boy's description of the terrace and wood at Lancewood had astounded his listeners. An interruption came in the shape of a loud peal at the door-bell.

"That is the doctor," said the boy. "It is his ring. Shall I fetch him in here? He will tell you directly who I am."

"No," replied Lord St. Just, quickly. Let the mystery—the secret—be what it might; he would have no exposure; he would shield his wife with his latest breath even. "No, it is not needful," he continued. "I called to see the doctor and to take this lady home. I will come again—it is growing late."

"Will you come again?" said the boy appealingly to Vivien.

"Yes," she replied, faintly, "I will always be your friend. I shall come again."

Lord St. Just saw the boy hold up his face, as though Vivien were in the habit of embracing him. He could not tell why, but something in the action made the blood in his veins boil. Then he said:

"Are you ready to go, Vivien? Our carriage is at the door—we can dismiss the cab."

"Did you follow me here?" she asked—and he had never heard her voice so pitilessly stern.

"Yes—and I would follow you anywhere, Vivien—ever to the ends of the earth, if I could be of use to you."

"He placed her in the carriage, the beloved wife of whom he had been so proud; he looked at her with unspeakable anguish in his face. Then he thought—"There is something wrong—not with Lancewood, as I fancied, but with her." He must shield her. Even this little scene might cause remarks—he must save her from them.

"I came to the doctor on a matter of business, Vivien," he said. "I will just return for a few minutes, if you do not mind waiting."

"You will not discuss what has just passed?" she said, in a low, hoarse voice that he hardly recognized as hers.

"I will not," he replied—and she trusted him.

He went back to the house, and asked to see the doctor. He was warmly welcomed. He mentioned first the business which had brought him there, and then, trying to speak in a careless, off-hand manner, he said—

"I find that you are quite right, doctor—Lady St. Just has a protegee here—young Henry Dorman. His uncle was a valued, trusted friend of her family, and she knew the boy's mother."

"Yes, I thought so," said the doctor.

Lord St. Just continued—

"Lady St. Just did not wish her name to be known—she did not want any fuss or ceremony—so she called herself Mrs. Smith. I have been laughing about it—Lady St. Just has such a dread of ceremony."

In all good faith the doctor appeared to accept the explanation; in reality he said to himself that it was a strange affair. Lord St. Just went on—

"As my wife was coming here this morning, I thought I would take the opportunity of seeing you about these telescopes—then I could drive her home."

The doctor's doubts and suspicions almost died before the matter-of-fact commonplace explanation. If her husband knew she was coming, knew she called herself Mrs. Smith, and was ready to drive her home, there could be no secret, no mystery.

"Lady St. Just is in the carriage, doctor. Would you like to see her?"

"Very much," said Dr. Lester; and, following Lord St. Just, he saw a beautiful woman, pale as a lily-leaf. Her husband introduced the doctor in few words. She bowed to him most graciously.

"Your name and fame are both known to me, Dr. Lester," she said, with the courteous grace that characterized her. "I shall be very pleased to welcome you at Harley House—you see I have been masquerading somewhat at yours."

Dr. Lester laughed, simply because he did not know what to say.

"I knew the mother of young Dorman very well," she continued; "and the uncle was a valued friend of my father's. I have been several times to see him—but he knows me only as Mrs. Smith. I did not tell him my name—I dislike all fuss and ceremony. I thought perhaps the boys might tease him."

Then, with well-bred grace that disguised all his anguish of heart, Lord St. Just joined in the conversation, and after a few minutes the doctor bowed his adieu, and the carriage rolled away.

All had been calm, well-bred, easy, graceful, as though no tragedy had lurked beneath.

"Now I wonder," said Dr. Lester to himself, as he sat in his studio, "if that is really all as right as it seems to be? Her ladyship laughed and his lordship jested; but she was very pale, and his hands shook. Thank Heaven, I never married! There can be no peace, no security, where there is a woman. Good Heaven!" he cried aloud, for it had suddenly occurred to him, "how much alike they are, her ladyship and young Dorman! Now I come to think of it, there is a wonderful likeness—the self-same curves about the lips, the same beautiful chin; and his uncle was secretary at her father's house. The boy has her face. Heaven keep me from thinking evil—I wish to be at peace with all men. I am glad nothing ever tempt-

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ed me to get married. I have an idea that this will end queerly."

So mused the doctor while Lord and Lady St. Just drove home together—drove through sunlit streets, while the soft summer air floated round them, seated side by side, but for the first time estranged.

He was thinking of the hour when he saw her first, weeping passionate tears in the ruins of the Rhine. He thought of her refusal to marry him while Lancewood was a prey to the spoilers—of her refusal afterward, even when Lancewood was her own—of her sudden relenting in his favor. It came home to him then—a certain strong conviction that there was a mystery in his wife's life which she had always kept from him; and now, cost what it would, he would know it.

He spoke no word to her during that homeward drive, while she occupied herself in resolving that she would suffer death rather than betray her secret—rather than yield up Lancewood.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Vivien," said Lord St. Just, when he and his wife had reached home, "I will come to your boudoir. I wish to speak to you."

"Not now," she replied quickly.

"Yes, now, if you please. I will follow you."

She went to her room—the pretty little room prepared for her with such lavish generosity. She threw off the dark cloak and the veil which had so little served her purpose. The mass of dark shining hair fell in picturesque disorder over her stately figure.

"What am I to do," she cried, with clinched hands and trembling lips—"what can I do? I will die rather than yield."

She drew her stately figure to its full height as her husband entered. But it was no proud, angry man she had to meet—his face was pale and sad.

He went up to her and took both her hands in his.

"Vivien, my beloved," he said, "this is the first cloud that has come between us—the first estrangement that has arisen. Darling, it must not continue—we must end it."

"I am quite willing," she said, touched by his tenderness.

"It would be easier for flowers to live without sunshine and dew than for me to live at variance with my wife," he remarked, gravely.

"Then we will not be at variance," she said.

"Yet, my darling, I must say what I think. Ah, Vivien, there has always been a sealed corner in your heart—a secret kept from me! I can trace it through your life. It was that secret that prevented you from marrying me after you had regained Lancewood—it is that secret which, preying on your mind, has lately changed your whole character—it is of that secret you whisper in your sleep, and over which you brood continually in your waking hours. Vivien, the time has come when I must know what it means—what it is?"

(To be Continued.)

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