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The Heir of Bayneham

—AND—
Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER V.

"Nothing seems to satisfy you, to content or please you," said Bertie Carlyon to his friend and companion, the young Earl of Bayneham. "Here you are, young, 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. I am over head and ears in debt; everything goes wrong with me; fate, love, and fortune frown alike. Yet I look happier than you do."

"Do not tease me, Bertie; I am not in the humor for it," said Lord Bayneham moodily.

"Neither for that nor anything else," retorted 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 Bertie, in utter amazement.

Lord Bayneham made no reply, 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 silence."

"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 forgive you." Not even the shadow of a smile crossed Bertie Carlyon's face; on the contrary, he looked half sorry, half vexed.

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

The two gentlemen were quite alone in what appeared to be the smoking-room of Lord Bayneham's London house. It was a large and lofty apartment, well furnished with divans, easy-chairs, lounges and sofas, where on the lords of creation could smoke at their ease.

Bertie Carlyon lounged upon a couch drawn near to the window. He was smoking industriously. Lord Bayneham had tried a meerschaum 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 mantel-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 music," suggested Mr. Carlyon.

"I am tired," said Lord Bayneham wearily.

Then his friend reproached him for not being happy and contented.

"I can respect true sorrow," continued Bertie, "but not fancied woes. 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 dissatisfied?"

"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 answer, he indulged in a low, prolonged whistle.

"This is a serious business," he said at last. "I thought you were to marry Barbara Earle next year?"

"So it was arranged," replied Lord Bayneham. "If it be right to marry one woman while the face of another happens—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 Bayneham with a sigh—"a myth, a fairy, a nameless, beautiful vision."

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

"You promised to be serious, Bertie," replied his friend reproachfully. "I will 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 Troasach Castle, and remained there 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 that one delicious morning I wandered into the very heart of the bonny woods of Brynmar. I 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 morning air. I listened to the words; they were pretty and fantastic, and they are firmly imprinted on my heart. I went on and saw—ah, Bertie! I can never paint the picture for you. Imagine a young, girlish, graceful figure standing in the midst of soft, mellow, golden light—imagine the loveliest face that poet ever dreamed of, a smile parting the sweet lips as she bent over her flowers, a wealth of bright golden hair falling in beautiful confusion over shoulders that no sculptor could imitate—imagine little white hands holding half lovingly a bouquet of blue-bells."

"It would be a pretty picture," interrupted Bertie. "You should paint it."

"There is no need," said Lord Bayneham. "I give you my word of honor, Bertie, I did think it was a vision. You never saw anything so delicately 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 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 parted I asked her for one of the flowers she held. She gave it to me, Bertie, and I would not part with it for anything you could offer me."

"Did you never discover who she was?" 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 forty, and has no daughter. I went back to the same place last week, but could neither see nor hear anything of her."

"What shall you do?" asked Bertie.

"What can I do?" said Lord Bayneham impatiently—"I free 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 or none."

"You are right," replied Lord Bayneham; "I esteem Barbara highly; but I love the girl I saw in Brynmar woods."

"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 Baynehams are doomed to love unhappily."

"Nonsense again," said practical Bertie. "I do not believe in dooms, visions, poetry, or unhappiness. I am quite sure, no matter how dark the cloud may be just now, it has a silver lining."

(To be continued.)

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