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**The heir of Bayneham**  
—AND—  
**Lady Hutton's Ward.**

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Bayneham went to his study. He took the picture from the drawer, and folding it in many papers, locked it safely away.

He was kinder than usual to Barbara that evening, as though he would make amends for some involuntary wrong.

The Countess of Bayneham changed her mind once more. She had decided upon dissuading her son from going to London for the season until after he was married; but she looked upon it in a different light now. His engagement to Barbara Earle was known publicly. Perhaps after all it would be better to make a brilliant appearance in London, and then at the end of the season have a brilliant marriage. She decided it was to be so, and early in May the young earl left Castle Bayneham for his town house, which was an almost palatial mansion in Grosvenor Square.

The season opened brilliantly. Miss Earle, the niece of the Countess of Bayneham, was much admired. But what puzzled both sides was that Claude took little or no interest in any of the gayeties that surrounded them.

Lord Bayneham was fortunate in one thing—he met in London his oldest and dearest college friend, Bertie Carlyon, the second son of Sir Hubert Carlyon, of Durham Park, one of the kindest and noblest of men, unfortunately, as he himself declared, in everything—love and finance above all other things; but so kind, so genial, so true, no one could help loving him.

Bertie had his secret too; for the first moment he saw Barbara Earle he loved her. He seemed almost by instinct to understand the woman's grand, noble soul. He never mentioned his love; of what avail could it have been, when the girl who had so unconsciously won his heart was the affianced wife of his best friend?

So Bertie Carlyon, as many another man before him had done, shut up his love in the silence and secrecy of his own heart. He avoided seeing Barbara as much as possible; but he was a great favorite with the stately countess. She admired him, and encouraged his visits to the house. So it happened that not one day passed without bringing Bertie Carlyon to Grosvenor Square.

"I hear wonders of a young lady

who is to be presented at the next Drawing-room," said Bertie Carlyon one day to the countess.

"Who is it?" asked Lady Bayneham.

"I can give your ladyship every information," replied Mr. Carlyon. "We younger sons are in a state of fervent rejoicing. She is to be presented by Lady Hutton, the daughter and heiress of the late Sir Ralph Erskine, of Brynmar. The young lady is very beautiful, and if rumor speaks truly, her adopted child. She is called Lady Hutton's ward."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Drawing-room was a brilliant one. Lady Hutton's ward was greatly admired. No such beautiful girl had been seen for some time; it was a new style, every one declared; there was something so fresh and fair, so innocent and graceful about her. Even the brilliant Countess of Bayneham was pleased.

"She is perfect in her way," said that lady to her niece, "but her face is not developed; and unless I am greatly mistaken, it will attain much rarer beauty yet."

Lady Morton, the wife of one of the leading ministers, gave a grand ball on the evening of the day on which the Drawing-room was held. Lord Bayneham, with his mother and cousin, was to be present. It was arranged for Bertie Carlyon to dine at Grosvenor Square and accompany them to Lady Morton's.

They were late, the rooms were full, and every one seemed to be talking about the same thing—the delicate beauty and rare grace of Lady Hutton's ward.

"Claude," said Bertie to Lord Bayneham, "you must procure an introduction to Miss Hutton, the new beauty. Let us go into the ball-room; she is dancing, I think, with Sir Harry Poyntz; I want you to see her."

The young girl had not paid much attention to what his friend was saying; all beauties were indifferent alike to him. They went thru the long suite of brilliantly lighted rooms. At the further end of one stood a young girl in earnest conversation with an elderly gentleman, the celebrated painter whose pictures had taken the world by storm. His eyes, expressive of deep admiration, were bent upon her. She was well worthy of the artist's praise. It is seldom that in a London ball-room a face so pure and lovely can be seen, a face on which the world did not seem to have breathed, calm and untrifled in its sweet innocence and childlike grace; violet eyes, so clear and pure and full of truth; bright shining golden hair, that fell in rich waves over shoulders white and shapely; a slender, graceful figure, full of dignity; round white arms, perfect in color and contour. She wore a dress of costly white lace, and a suite of pearls that a princess might envy.

"See," said Bertie Carlyon quietly, "that is Miss Hutton. What do you think of her, Claude?"

Lord Bayneham made no reply. His face became white, and his dark eyes grew darker still. The beautiful girl before him was the one who had haunted him day and night since he had met her on that May morning in the woods at Brynmar.

"What do you think of her?" asked Bertie impatiently.

"I have seen her before," replied Lord Bayneham, in a low, constrained voice; "she is very beautiful."

Bertie Carlyon looked wonderingly at his friend's face.

"I must have an introduction to her," said Claude.

Just at that moment they saw the Countess of Bayneham conversing with

Lady Hutton. The young earl hastened toward them. His mother introduced him to Lady Hutton, who was more gracious than usual to the handsome young man who saluted her so reverentially.

What he had longed for came at last. While he was talking to Lady Hutton, Mr. Seton, the artist, returned with the fair young girl, and Lady Hutton introduced Claude to her.

He had no need to ask if she were forgotten, for a deep, burning flush covered the beautiful face, and the sweet eyes dropped, lest he should see the love light in them. Lady Hutton turned away with Mr. Seton, and they were left together.

"I never dream of seeing you again," said Lord Bayneham; "I am bewildered."

"You had not forgotten me?" she asked; and a new light came upon the lovely face.

Claude dared not trust himself to speak. A whole torrent of burning words rose to his lips, but he would not utter them. After some minutes he said quietly: "I do not think it very possible for any one to forget you, Miss Hutton. Tell me how Brynmar woods are looking. Are they bonny as ever?"

"I was sorry to leave them," she replied. "I would rather be there than in London; here it seems to me all gas-light."

"Did you never find it dull at Brynmar?" he asked, smiling at her naive simplicity.

"No," she replied, looking at him in sheer wonder, "never; sometimes I feel dull in London. It is like a new world to me."

It was also like a new world to Lord Bayneham; he forgot everything except that he had found her again; that he was looking at her radiant face, listening to her voice, watching the

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**WORLD WEARY.**

At times my jaded spirit pants for solitudes afar; I fain would flee from all my aunts, in my tin motor car. A cave in some sequestered clime is what I've long desired; my aunts are talking all the time of things that make me tired. They talk of pink and purple teas and games I most despise, of Mrs. Johnson's cottage cheese and Mrs. Twitter's pies. Sometimes I'd talk of vital things, of climbing hills on high, of Dempsey's scraps in many rings, of brands of whiskies, dye; and then my aunts begin to yawn and show that they are bored; they have no use for tales of brown, of sandbag, gun or sword. My conversation makes them sad, and theirs upsets my mind, and I would like to jump the grade and leave the dames behind. I often vow when I retire that in the morn I'll flee, and henceforth twang my noble lyre in some large hollow tree. But when I wake I have a pang, all kinds of pain that come to my aunts, a stately gait, with yards that soothe and heal. They put a poultice on my dome bind splits upon my arm, and make my poor old mortgaged home a place of light and charm. It is when dire affliction daunts the stricken mortal hulk that one appreciates his aunts, and blesses them in bulk.

**LIFE WAS MISERY!**

"I was reading the other day about Neurasthenia, about the large number of people who were troubled with this disease. It is just what my wife had. She felt miserable all the time and was constantly depressed. She would waken in the morning and tell me that something dreadful was going to happen that day. Life was nothing short of misery for her. She was so depressed that I expected she would lose her mind and have to go to a sanitarium and I kept wondering how I would get the money to pay for her. She could not eat and had no appetite for food. She was irritable and cranky most of the time. If she was crossed in any way, she would immediately work herself up into a violent temper. This worried me because she had always had a kind and gentle disposition and nothing which was said or done seemed to irritate her. I spoke to our family doctor about her and he said that her trouble was 'imagination' and that if she would try and forget about her depression and look on the bright side of life she would be all right. Of course I didn't dare tell her this because I knew she would get into one of her tempers. When she got over these fits of temper, she was always weak and ill and more depressed than ever. The doctor said a tonic might help her and gave me a prescription but this did not do her any good. She tried all kinds of other tonics with the same result. Carol was recommended to me and I wish to state that it is the leader of all tonics. Since taking it my wife has changed completely. Now she is always ready for her meals and work is no burden. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Carol to anyone who is in need of a tonic or a body builder. Excuse me for writing this letter but I want you to accept my thanks for that wonderful tonic known as Carol." — Mr. J. M., Toronto.

Carol 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. 7-622

**Prince Waited His Turn.**

The British House of Lords was treated to an interesting spectacle November 22 when the Prince of Wales, who outranks all of the Lords, smilingly disregarded precedence by waiting the rights to which he is entitled as heir to the Throne. When the Prince arrived to take the oath as member of the new Parliament, he found a queue of some 50 noble Lords lined up waiting to perform the ceremony. The Clerk of the House immediately hurried to the Prince to conduct him to the head of the line, but the scion of Royalty shook his head and retained his place at the end. There was near-consternation on the faces of some of the Lords and several offered the Prince their places in the line, but he statelyly declined them all and waited his turn, which was long in coming.

**Power of Flattery.**

It was a soft and balmy spring night. The moon was at its zenith, casting a mellow radiance upon the greensward, as the ardent swain passionately declared his love. "Darling," he cried in tones of vibrant adoration, "I will lay my fortune beside your feet!" "Oh, but your fortune is not a very large one!" cooed the damsel. "No," he replied, slipping his arm round her waist, "but it will look large beside your tiny feet!" He won her.—London Tit-Bits.

**Explosion Reveals a Smugglers' Cave.**

While two labourers were digging a piece of ground near the edge of the cliffs, at Penance, in Cornwall, on December 5, 1888, a terrific explosion suddenly rent the air, and the two men were precipitated into the sea. Both, however, were unhurt, and succeeded in reaching the shore. A number of persons soon collected, and investigations which were made to find out the cause of the explosion revealed a small hole, about a foot square, in the face of the cliff, which seemed to lead to a huge cavern within. The hole, however, was not large enough to admit of anyone crawling through, so it was widened, and several persons entered with a lighted torch, when an immense cave, nearly 50ft. long and 20ft. wide was discovered; large gaping holes appeared in the floor, and it was only with great caution that the cave was explored. Arranged along the sides of the cave were a large number of barrels, numbering in all thirty-two, many of which contained gun-powder, and it was one of these casks that had become ignited and caused the explosion. Several were found to contain rum and other spirits, and three large bales of silk were also revealed; but, owing to the damp, they had become rotten and worthless. In one of the corners lay two human skeletons, their bones gleaming ghastly white by the light of the torch. The bony fingers of one of the skeletons grasped an ancient blunderbuss, which suggested that he may have taken his own life, and perhaps that of his companion. The authorities, had the bones removed and interred in a cemetery close by. The casks of spirits were claimed by the authorities, but were afterwards sold by auction and fetched a good sum of money, which was given to a local charity fund. It was surmised, and no doubt correctly, to have been one of the many secret caves which about a century ago existed along the coast of Cornwall and were used by smugglers to store their goods preparatory to their disposal.

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