## A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

CHAPTER VI.-Continued. So Bertie Clayton, as many another; man, be-fore him had done, shut, up his love in the silence and secrecy of his own heart. He avoided seeing Barbara as much as possible; 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

one day passed windout bringing Detect Carlyon to Grosvenor Square.

"I hear wondera of a young lady, who is to be presented at the next Dr. wing-room," said Bertie Carlyon one day to the countess.

"Who is it?" asked, Lady Bayneham.

"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 tresh and fair, so innocent and graceful about her. Even the br.lliant 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's 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 dalicate beauty and rare (race of Lady Hutton's ward.

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

The young earl had not paid much attention to what his friend was saying; all beauties were indifferent alike to him. They went through the long suite of brilliantly crowded rooms. At the furthest 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 unruffled 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,

Lord Bayneham made no reply. His face became white, and his dark eyes graw 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 "I have seen her before," replied Lord Rayne-ham, in a low, constrained voice; she is very beautiful."

Bertie Carlyon looked wonderingly at his riend'e face I must have an introduction to her," said

Claude. Just at that moment they say the Conn tess of Bayneham conversing with Lady Hut-an. The young earl hastened toward them. Ais mother introduced him to Lady Hut-son, who was more gracious than usual to the

handsome young man who saluted her so rever-What he had longed for came at last. While

he was talking to Lady Hutton, Mr. Seaton, the artist, returned with the fair young girl, and Lady Hutton introduced Claude to her. He had no need to sale it he were forgotter

for a deep, burning flush covered the beautiful face, and the sweet eyes drooped, lest he should see the love light in them. Lady Hutton turned away with Mr Seaton, and they were left together. 'I never dreamt of seeing you again," said

Lord Baynebam; "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 gently: "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 ever find it dull at Brynmar?" he

"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

Bayneliam; he forgot everything except that he had found her again; that he was looking at her radiant face, listening to her voice watching the blushes that came and went with lmost every word. He offered her his arm almost mechanically, she took it and they wandered through the rooms, forgetful of everything in the wide world except each other.

Miss Hutton had promised Captain Massey

the next dance, but she never remembered it until it was ended, and the gallant Captain, looking very much hurs and annoyed, stood be-fore her. Then a sense of her broken promise came over her.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, Miss Hutten," said the captain. "You had

promised me this dance."

She apologized so sweetly and gracefully that Captain Massey could not be angry, and Lord Bayneham felt something like a thrill of guilty faction that she had forgetten some one else to talk to him.

They passed on quickly, but on entering the room that seemed to be reserved for conversation and flirtation, they met Barbara Earle and Lady Bayneham.

Claude never looked at his cousin's face, or he would have seen upon it first an expression of unqualified surprise, then a wistful look of something like despair. In the excitement of his happiness he forgot that B srbara had seen the treasured picture, and would recognize his

the ressured picture, and would recognize his companion's beautiful face. Lady Bayneham spoke to Miss Hutton, and then introduced Barbara Earle to her. Barbara said some few courteons words, but the very tone of her voice seemed changed as

she did so.

Ah, this was his secret. He had seen Miss'
Hutton before, and her face had charmed him so much that he had painted it. How every feature must have dwelt in his memory How every Where, and how could be have men't ber? She was very lovely, and a sharp pang shot through Barbara's heart as she noted the grace and perfection of that delicate beauty; but a still sharper pain struck her as she saw her cousin's changed face; it had never lighted up so for her. He had never looked at her as he did at Miss Hutton, and she was his promised wife.

Just then another gentleman came to claim

Miss Hutton's hand, and Barbara Earle was left with Lord Bayneham. He seemed to awake from a bewildering dream. His eyes followed every movement of her figure. He watched her until she had passed from his eight, then he turned with a prefound sigh to Barbara. His short, bright dream was ended. The plain, not describe the plain, to describe the plain, to describe the plain, to describe the plain, the plain of the plain of the plain of the plain. what avair, it netise found her squin! What ould it matter? What if she had given him

if she had remembered him as vividly and as truly as he had thought of her? It was all of no avail. He belonged to another. His promised wife stood there before him, looking with sad, wistful eyes in his face.

"Claude," she said gently, "you have met Miss Hutton before to night, have you not?"

"Only once," he replied; then there flashed across him the remembrance of that picture which Barbara Fasle had seen and admired.

which Barbara Earle had seen and admired. He grew confused and embarrassed; she looked on quietly and calmly. "I saw her under such peculiar circumstances," he added, feeling that some explanation was due," in such a pictures-que spot, and with such beautiful surroundings, that I made a little sketch of the scene. You saw it. Birbara?

saw it, Birbara?"
"Yee, I saw it," she replied; and it was a good painting. How well you remembered the face, Claude, if you only saw it once!"
Birbara could not help that little bit of

malice.
"It is one not easily forgotten," he replied coldly. "Are you engaged, Barbara, for this next waltz—may I have the pleasure?" Not one word more did the cousins exchange

on the subject. Later on that evening Barbara Earle sought Miss Hutton. She wanted to see more of her, to know what was hidden under that lovely face, and she found her by Lady Hut-

"Have you seen those rare japonicas, Miss Huston?" she asked; they are 10 the long drawing room; Lady Morton is very proud of them. If you are fond of flowers they will please von "I like flowers almost better than anything

else in the world," replied Hilda; "they have been my companions at Brynmar, I shall be so glad to see them."
You are not unlike one yourself," thought

Barbara Earle. "I wonder what it is you like better. The two girls walked down the ball-room

together. They reached the stand on which the japonicas were placed, and Hilda bent her beautiful fac over them. The room was nearly empty: Culicain Massey and Mr. Seaton were at the other end. They stood watching the young girls bending over the flowers. There could not have been a greater contrast—Hida, so fair and bright and radiant, her shining golden hair and rich white dress; Barbara E.r.; dark and stately, a noble soul shining through her eloquent face, giving it beauty all its o vn.

"That wou i not make a bad picture," said

"That wou I now make a Dau product, said Captain Mass y to that artist; "what title should you giv. it?"
"I hardly! "ow," said the artist musingly.
"Miss Earle is my highest ideal of a beautiful, noble woman. Miss Hutton is the truest type of a lovely gir. I could not say to which I could not choose become described according to the palm. I could not choose becould accord the palm. I could not choose be tween them."

Lord Baynel am joined ther and overheard the last few word felt that they were true. He saw the woman he loved, and the woman who loved him; but for him there was no choice. Fate, honor and truth bound him to one, while his heart and love lay

at the feet of the other.

Lord Bayneham inherited the courage of his ancestors: he said to himself that his love was a danger he must fly from, and cost him what it might, he kept his resolution. Whenever he heard that Lady Hutton and her beautiful ward were to be present at a ball, party, or fete, there he refused to go. He would not again voludtarily meet the young girl who was never for a moment out of his mind. He could not help his love; but he would not in... alge it weakly, at the price of his honor.

Larbara was his promised wife, and he would be true to her, trying his best to forget the fair young pil whom he loved better far than life it-What matter if his life was cold and dreary? Others had to suffer—why not he?
Better any suffering than to fail in honor; better death itself than to be untrue.
His love tortured him; he could never forget it; that face was ever before him; the low,

sweet voice never ceased sounding in his ears. But Claude Bayneham was a brave man; he could die, but never yield. The sharper the pain, the greater the struggle, the more firm were his resolves. He became an altered man. He failed in no duty or kindness, but he looked like one whose life had lost its charm. He was not sad or melancholy, never li-tless or moody, but there was that in his face which told the whole story.

Barbara Earle saw it, and Lady Bayneham thought all was not well with her son. Barbara watched him silently for days and weeks, until she became puzzled herself. The name of Lady Hutton's ward never once crossed his lips Once or twice she purposely mentioned a party or ball which Miss Hutton was to attend, but he showed no anxiety to be there. Several times the new beauty had been discussed in

his presence, but he made no sign.

Barbara Earle was puzzled, and half thought there was nothing in it but a collection of her own jealous whims and fancies.

So a month of the briliant London season

passed, and never once did Lord Bayneham allow himself even to look upon the fair young face he loved so well. Hilds could not understand it. She knew nothing of the engagement between the earl and his cousin. It had never been mentioned in ber presence, and she wondered, until wonder became pain, why he did not call upon her to try to see her. She had never forgotten him; that one morning had colored her life; she had rem moered him, thought or him, dreamed of him, and loved him, but she had never hoped to meet him again. When he suddenly stood before her that night at Lady Morton's ball her heart almost stood still. The he had sprken to her, and gazed so long and earneably upon her, and seemed so utterly and entirely happy, that she thought he cared a great And now it was four week's since and he had never once saught her. Hilda could not understand.

Every morning she awoke, hoping she should see him during the day; and every day krought

its own bitter disappointment.

In the meantime, as Lady Hutton had foreseen, lovers in pleaty surrounded the beautiful seen, lovers in pleary 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 Bayne-

There was a grand fete at the Botanical Gardens, and Miss Earle wished to attend. It 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 Hilds. They were surrounded by quite a little court

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

knew how, by Hilda's side. His neart peat 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 remain together. half impatiently, "We cannot 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 the eminutes after her ladyship's little speech, Barbara Earle found herself with Causin Massey. The two elder ladies enjoyed a half confidential chat over the roses, and Lord Bayneham and Hilda were left behind with the geran'ums. She bent over them, but he made no pretence of even 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 Hilds, looking up into his still face.
"Yes," he replied, "I am quite well."

Then a dreaty silence fell upon them; all kinds of wild thoughts rushed through Hilda's mind. She tried to think if it were possible she sould have offended him Was this stern, allent man the same who had lingered by her

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 beauti-

ful flowers," said Lord Bayneham, feeling that he must break the silence, which had grown Hilds looked up at him; their eyes met, and he saw tears shining in hers. Then he saw too 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."

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," con timed the wome civil in her low visition words.

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.

"To 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 never seek you becauze I am pledged to marry Bartar 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 the ""
She tried to say she wished him all happiness.

but her trembling lips could utter no words. He saw Lady Hutton and B roara Earle coming Lady Hutton was utterly unobservant, but Barbara Earle's dark eyes saw a strange paller upon the beautiful young face—saw that some keen, sharp pain had taken all brightness and happiness away. She saw, and her noble, womenly heart pitied the fair girl, and wonder-

ed what her serrow 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

Hilds 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 lies Hutton," she said; "the periume and Miss Hutton," she said; "the pewarmth have been too much for you. Lord Bayneham looked gratefully at his cousin. "I will see about the carriage at once if you

"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, frightued look vanished from the sweet, tender eyes.—"I am glad you are going to dine with ur," 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 sha I be very glad to do anything you will 'I shal be very glad to do anything you will e," said Hilda. 'You are very kind." like.

"Have you enjoyed the afternoon?" asked irbara. "Do you like the gardens!" Barbara. "Do "I would "No," said Hilds decisively. "I would sooner have Bryamar 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. Lord Bayneli m's dinner party was a very pleasant one. Bertie Carlyon was there and no one could be dull or listless in his presence. He had the happy faculty of brightening and amusing every one. He talked gay and agreeable nonsense. The Countess of Baynebam was in one of her most gracious moods. Barbara Earle had her own reasons for trying to make the had her own reasons for trying to make the party a pleasant one, and Lady Hutton never failed in being both agreeable and entertaining. No one noticed Hilda's silence and Claude's de pression, except Barbara; nothing ever escaped

ber.
"Mr. Seaton wants Hilda to sit for her por trait," said Lady Hutton to her hostess. "I am quite willing, but I cannot decide as to her costume.

"The more simple the better," said Lady ayneham, in a low voice. "Miss Hutton Bayneham, in a low voice. "Miss Hutton needs nothing in the way of ornament."
"But," persisted Lady Hutton, "I should like her to represent one of my favorite characters. I prefer fancy pictures to simple portraits. I am only puzzled upon which to decide.

'Take my advice," said the countess, "and let Miss Hutton appear as her own simple, charming self. She will make a picture then; do not spoil it by disguising her as some one else. We are going to Mr. Seaton's to-morrow to see Lady Diana Foreclero's portrait, will you join us?

Lord Bayneham, who had overheard this conversation, loved the countess better in that moment than he had ever done before. He could see that she admired Hilds, and she had given him another opportunity of meeting

her.
"Yet I must go away," he said to himself. "If I linger here I am lost. I may talk to her this evening, and to morrow I will look upon her face for the last time for many years.'

For that one evening the young earl gave him-self up to the luxury of talk ng to Hilds. He sat by her while the heautiful music of "Trovawas sung, watching the changes that pass ed over her face.

ed over her lace.

"You love music very much, Miss Hutton,'
he said; for when the exquisite melody of "Ah
che la Morte" sounded he saw that Hilda's eyes were full of tears.
"Yes," she replied; "but I am not sure tha

I really like the opera. The first time I heard it I was carried away; now it seems to me un real. How can one sing in the depths of sor-row? If any one I loved dearly were in prison, I could not stand outside the walls and sing." What would you do?" asked Lord Bayne

what would you do? asked Lord Bayneham.

"I would make my way in or die in the attempt," she replied. "Perhaps my taste is not cultivated. We saw 'Norma' the last time. The music is superb, but I could hardly imagine Norma and Adelgisa singing those sweet, and reproaches. Speech comes naturally in ments of excitement; be they sorrowful or pleasant, speech comes naturally, not song."
"Which of all the operas do you like best?" asked Lord Bayneham, amused at her opinions

and ideas.
"'Norma,'" she replied. "If I were as un happy as she was I should like to die." In after years those words came back to him, and he knew they had been spoken trily.

While C ander talked to Hilds, drinking in the loveliness of her face and the music of her voice, two persons watched them. One was Barbara Earle; who read her fate that evening; the other was Captain Massey, who loved Lady Hutton's war I more deeply than words our

When the last song had died away and the curtain leil, they ruse to leave the house, and Barbara Earle heard Lord Bayncham say, in

On the night of the ball, when she first met Hilda, she guessed all that she now knew.

That evening long after every one had retired to rest, and a deen, unbroken silence had fallen upon the house, Barbara Farle stood pale and still by the window of her room. It, was a warm night, and she had opened the window. The breeze came in from the park and played with the thick coils of her hair, cooling the brow that seemed to burn with a dult, heavy pain. Barbara had wept until the fountain of tears was dry. Her sorrow was ex-hausted now, and the faint mornlight fell upon a face that was sublimely beautiful in its look setting of the diamonds. The Bayneham of calm resulve. A few stars gleamed in the diamonds are considered among the finest in quiet night sky; all nature was sieeping; the birds were hushed, the flowers were at rest, and the wind seemed keeping watch over them. The quiet, holy c.lm scothed Barbara. The storm had passed—one of wild, tempestuous sorrow—but the silence of nature, brought rest to her. tinued the young girl in her low, plaintive voice; but the silence of nature brought rest to her.
"every one talks alike; it is all flattery and

under the light of the solemn stars. While the stood there Barbara Earle held, as far as mortals can hold, the destiny of three lives. Had her decision on this evening been different, herlife and other lives would have been changed. She knew now that Claude Bayneham loved another better than herself. She knew too nev r seen there before came up in it. His eyes were full of silent, hopeless love. She had him turn pale and tremble when Hilda touched his hand. Barbara Earle bit her lips, and a rush of hot, angry pride filled her heart when she remembered how he had wooed her-

self.

Not so would be speak of love to the goldenhaired girl, whose face was like music. Even at the time she had felt it, but she had he understood how dearly and deeply she loved him. He had asked her to marry him as coolly and as calmly, he would have asked her to paint him a picture or sing a song. His whole soul seemed to tremble upon his lips when he said "Gool-evening" a few hours ago to Lady Hutton's ward. There could be no mistake about it—Lord Bayneham had learned to love at last, but it was not she who had taught him

the lesson. Barbara Earle's life lay wrecked before her. She had known no other love, or hope, or happiness. As long back as she could remember every thought of her good, noble heart had been given to Claude Bayneham. She had no wish, no plan, no hope that did not begin and end in him. His future career had been her study for many years. He had great talents, and she longed to see them usefully employed, not wasted is droamy, elegant idioness. Now from that fu ture which she had so proudly mapped out she was excluded. Her keen womanly instinct told her that, far from being the brighters hope in Lord Bayneham's life, she was the one cloud that darkened it. Better anything than that; better that she should suffer, that her life shou'd be blighted, than he should marry her from duty and not from love, while hi whole heart was given to another.

That morning when breakfast was over, Lady Baynetam said she had some shopping to do, so the carriage was ordered and Barbara invited to join her; but Miss Earle said she had another engagement, and the counters drove away alone. Barbara waited in the drawing room until he cousin came in. He looked careworn and tired,

cousin came in. He looked careworn and tired, as though no sleep had visited him.

"I shall soon take that look from his face," thought Barbara, "though I trample upon my own heart in doing so."

"Claude," she said gently, "if you have nothing better to do, will you spend half an hour in the library with me?"

Poor Barbara! She saw a shadow across his face, but he spoke kindly

face, but he spoke kindly.

They went into the library. There was silence for some minutes; then Miss Earle, turning to Lord Bayneham, said :-"I want to talk to you, Claude, that is why I

asked you to come here. He waited wond-ringly, for he saw her face was full of deep exotion.
"Auswer me truly," she said, "what do you love best in the world?—speak truly."

"I always do," said Lord Bayneham proudly; "juit you etartled me, Barbara."
"If you were to ask me whom I love hest in the world," continued Miss Earle, "I should say my betrothed husband, Claude Bayneham.

It is because I love you so well that I have asked you to come here."

Lord Bayneham did not know what reply to make. He was prepared to marry his cousin, about love. The vision of a sweet, young face, framed in bright golden har, came between him

trained in bright golden nair, came between him and the noble woman by his side.

"Clanke," continued Barbara," laying her hand gently upon his arm, "I tell you whom you love best in the world. It is that fair young eirl you met in Brynmar woods, Hilda Hutton You love her as you never have-never can love another."

"I should never have said so," replied Lord "I should never have said so," replied Lord Bayn-ham, so rowfully.

'I know it," said Burbara; "you would have married me and tried to torget her. I prefer making the sacrifice myself, Claude. It would be useles," she continued, "for me to affect that I do not love you. As long as I can remember you have been all the would to me. The strength and depth of my love will be best proved by what I am going to do. Your well own; therefore, I release you from your pro mise-from all the ties that bind you to me; give you your freedom. You are at full liberty to love and marry whom you will, and I do thi because I love you and wish to see you happy."

"But, Barbara, remonstrated Lord Bayne-im, "I would never have asked for this-I ham, "I would cannot consent." Even as he spoke Barbara saw a half flutter

of joy in his face, and her own grew paler.
"I know that," she said, "but do you think.
Claude, I could marry you, knowing full we'll that you love another? It would be impossible," she continued, for he made no reply; if you were to kneel and ask me to be your wife I would not. I do not blame you for loving her; she is a thousand times more fair than I; but loving her. could you be so unjust as to offer to marry

"I wish I were dead," cried Lord Bayneham "I wish I had died rather than have brought unhappiness to you, Barbara. I do love you, but in a different way."
"I shall be very unhappy for a little time,"

said Miss Earle sorrowfully; but then I am a brave woman, and brave women have to live down sorrow. All my happiness will come from eeing you happy." eeing you happy.

"You are a noble woman, Barbara," said
Lord Bayneham. "You are as noble as you are true."

He held both her honds in his, and for the

last time his lips touched her brow, and Barbara; grew deadly pale as he did so.
"Go now," she sai I gently, "and leave me to speak to Lady Bayneham." epak to Lady Bayneham."

Claude turned away; he could not have spoken another word. She watched him with eyes that grew dim with tears. How quietly he had taken his dismissal! He had nothing to

With joy and sorrow strangely mingled in his heart, Lord Bayne ham did not then know the value of what he on that morning lost.

CHAPTER XI.

ed a half feeling of regret for Barbara. Not that he loved hor; he had never carea more for her than he did a this present time. Her true nobility of character attuck him as it had not done pefore: . He could not quite forget her words so true, so free from all affectation, so full of love for him. While they lingered that day in his ears he did not seek Hilds.

Barbara Earle was hot one who did anything

Deep in Lord Bayneham's heart there linger-

her sweetest smiles and kindest words? What aide in Brynmar woods, and seemed to live in the she had remembered him as vividly and as her smiles on the night of the ball? What again. The memory of this night will suffice spent in her own room. What it cost no one truly as he had thought of her? It was all of no avail. He belonged to another. His pro
"Shall we follow Lady Hutton?" she said at The words told no new story to Barbara. Sorrow, and spoke not a word of it. The morns. sorrow, and spoke not a word of it. The mora-ing after, when she came down to breakfast. there was new beauty in her face, the beauty of calm, serene resolve; the atorm had passed over, and all outward trace of it had disap-

"We are going to Mr. Seaton's to-day, aunt," she said to Lady Bayneham. "You said two o'clock, I think Are we to call for Lady Hutton?"

Hutton?

"No," replied the countess, "we are to meet her at the studio." I hope Miss Hutton's portrait will be a success; she has an exquisite face; and, Barbara, remind me that we have to call at Stort & Mortimer's to see about the re-England; you must wear them on your wed-

Barbara smiled, and had Lady Bayneham watched her attentively she would have seen the firm lips quiver as they smiled. Claude rose hastily his face flushed deeply. The countess, serenely unconscious, continued her remarks.

"I should like to have your portrait, Barbara. Mr. Seaton is one of the first of living artists; we will speak to him about it to-day. We shall be side by side then in the great

gallery."

Barbara made no reply. She was thinking that he was honor itself; he would never seek for release from his promise; he would keep it at any risk and so lose his life's happiness. There could be no doubt of this. His face changed when he looked upon Hilds; a light she had the room, longing to make an end of the painful scene, but not knowing how. At last, to his in-tense delight, Lady Bayneliam rose and quitted the room, still serenely unconscious of all

wrong.
"This is intolerable," he cried; "Barbara, I cannot forgive myself for allowing you to go through such a scene. My mother must be fold

Barbara raised her clear, dark eyes to his face and though the warm tears shone brightly in comforted herself by thinking that Lord them she smiled, and said bravely, "It could not be shelped. Do not be vexed, Claude, I was nature, and that he would love her better when he understood how dearly and deeply she loved him. He had asked her to marry him as coolly and as calmly, he would have asked her to Hutton to-day. We may still call at Storr & Mortimer's you know."
"But, Barbara," said Claude gently, "

think more of you than you do ot yourself. I cannot bear to think of love or happiness while you are-" He stopped abruptly, not knowing

you are—" He scopped abruptly, not knowing quite what to say.
"While I am unhappy, you mean, I suppose," said Barbara half haughtily, yet with a smile of amusement. "How candid you are, Claure Never fear for mc. The past is all dead; its ghost will never haunt me. With all my heart I intend to help you, and when you marry Miss Hutton I shall stand by her side for two reasons. One is that the sight of your happiness will more than reply me for any pain I may suffer; and the second is that no one shall say Barbara Earle fled like a love sick schoolgirl. No one shall ever know the truth of this affair but you and I

"The truth is," said her cousin with a smile, "that you have dismissed me. Your reasons for o doing concerns to one but yourself."
"I will speak to my aunt," said Brbara

"she will take it better from me than from you.
And now, Claude, go. I can see impatience in every line of your face. I venture to predict if you call you will find Miss Hutton at home."

For once Barbara was wrong. When Lord Bayneham reached Lady Hutton's he found both ladies absent, and was obliged to wait until two o'clock, when he intended to be at Mr. Seatou's. Nor was Barbara more fortunate. She made several efforts to obtain an interview with the countess, but on that particular morning her ladyship was unu-ually engaged, and when they left home Lady Bayneham was still in happy ignorance. Birbara knew her aunt to well to attempt any communication of that kind in an open carriage. She knew what the storm of anger would be."

"I should be better satisfied," said Mr. Seaton, as the group of ladies stood round his easel, "if Miss Hutton had the same bloom upon her face that she had when I first saw ber. She looks pale—something like a drooping flower. Late hours and much dancing do not improve

our fair and fashiouable ladies. Lady Hutton looked anxiously at her ward then for the first time she noted how changed was the fair young face. There could be no mistake about it. Hilds might laugh and what sould it be? Surely the child could not have fallen in love—she, so innocent, so fresh and pur; so untouched by the world, so utterly unconscions of all passion. Yet nothing but love could have stolen the bluom from that lovely face, and yet have left greater beauty in its place. When Mr. Seaton spoke a covered Hilda's face and her eyes fell. When Mr. Seaton spoke a deep flush

"The loss of a little color is easily remedied." said Barbara with a smile; "art can do anythiog where nature tails; there are plenty of blooming roses in that color-box, Mr. Seaton."

Lady Baynebam was busily engaged in criti-

Lady Bayneham was busily engaged in criticising Lady Diana Foreclere's portrait.

"I call that a perfect work of art, Mr. Seaton," said her ladyship graciously; "without flattering Lady Diana you have brought out the chief beauties of her face. I should like my niece, Miss Ear e, to have her portrait taken ex-

niece. Miss Ear e, to have her portrait taken exactly in this style—it would suit her."
"Miss Ear e's face is one of the few I should fear to undertake," said Mr. Seaton.
"Why?" asked Lady Bayneham in surprise. "Because," replied the artist, "its beauty lies in the soul that shipes through it. How can I reproduce that faithfully on canvas? It would

reproduce that faithfully on canvas? It would not be a more portrait, it would be what you have kindly called this, a work of art."

"Then a work of art let it be," said Lady Bayneham, looking up with wonder at the artist's enthusiasm. "We have some magnificent portraits at Bayneham Castle, and this one—" "My dear aunt," interrupted Barbara, fear-ing the coming alius on, "have you seen this peantiful sketch ?"

While the ladies examined a wondrously exesuted sketch of a contemplated picture Claude drew near to Hilda. Before he spoke to her he "Shall you have patience to set atill?" he asked with a "mile; "Mr. Seaton is very particular, I hear."

"I have plenty of patience," said Hilda. "If it pleases Lady Hutton to have my picture, I shall have a motive for my patience. One can do anything with a motive, you know."

She spoke hastily, as though anxious to say something not post fails.

something, yet not feeling sure that she was on safe ground. "I heard an amusing story of Miss Deverney, the Welsh heiress," continued Claude.
"She declared she had never learned the multiplication table at school, so she studied it while sitting to Mr. Seaton."

"I should not like that," said Hilds, "When I have nothing to do I dream of Brynmar; and you," she might have added, for he read it in her face. "So do I," he replied; and the new ring of

music in his voice made her look up quickly at music in his voice made her look up quickly he him.

"Hilda," he said gently, "may I call and see you now?" Then he lowered his voice, and in a passionate whisper added, "Say ye, my darling, for I am not to marry Barbara Earle."

With a heart beating high with triumph he noted the sudden and beautiful flush that light

noted the sudden and peautiful flush that lighted the young, tender face, the lightthat shone in the clear, pure eyes, the trembling lip that could find no answer for him. He could say no more. Hilda understood all those few words implied.
"May I call this evening?" he asked gently

but the "red, ripe lips" never moved in reply.
Mr. Seaton gazed at the changed face in wonder. The half sad look, the pallor, and the dim eyes had disappeared as it by magic. It was a beautiful, radiant girl upon whom he gazed, whose features glowed with happiness The artist knew something of the world and its ways; and he gave a shrewd, quick glance at Lord Baynebam; then, for him, the mystery was solved. When all detail; of time, costume, etc., were

arranged, Lady Hutton and Hilda drove away Lord Bayneham would not accept his mother's invitation to drive with her; he wanted to be

invitation to drive with ner; he wanted to be alone with his newly-found happiness.

Barbara Earle took her seat by Lady Bayne ham's side, knowing the time for the real strug. gle had come at last.
"We will go at once to Storr & Mertimer,"

said the countess to her niece; "it will take some time to choose the sittings." it will take some time to choose the sittings." do not go there. I might say I was too tired, or give other excutes—all would be equally false. Do not go there to day, all promise not to ask me the reason

until wereach home."

"What can you mean Babara?" asked her aunt haughtily. "Have you some plan, some design of your own for the diamonds? You should have mentioned it before, my dear."

"I have no plan of my own," she replied wearily. "I will explain when we reach home."

Although Lady Bayneham longed for an explanation, she was tou well bied to repeat her Although Lady baynenum longed for an explanation, she was too well bred to repeat her question. Barbara's face had grown strangely pale, and the countess gazed at her with surprise. They were not long in reaching Gross vernor Square.
"Come with me to my room, Barbera," said

her aunt. "Let me hear what this mystery means. Means."
Miss Earle followed Lady Bayneham quietly enough to her room. She closed the door with her own hands and stood before it.
"Few words are always best, aunt," she said,

with a seeble attempt at smiling. I did not go to choose a setting for the Bayneham dia. monds because I am not going to marry "Not marry Claude!" gasped the countess.

"Not marry Claude! gasped the countess, "Have you lost your senses, Barbara?"
"No-I have merely found them," said the young girl sadly. "Do not be angry, aunt. If young girl sadly. "Do not be angry, aunt. If Claude knelt here asking me for a year and a Claude kneit here asking me for a year and a day, I should still ratuse."

"May I ask," said Lady Bayneham, haughtily, "why Miss Earle declines an alliance with my son!"

"No, aunt," replied Barbara proudly, "that

is one question you may not ask. I decline to

"Have you seen some one you like better!" interrupted Lady Bayneham. "Yet, I need not ask. You are not a weak, vain girl, who thinks little of her plighted word." Then Lady Baynebam's voice softend, and she threw one arm caressingly round her

niece.
"Do you fear Claude does not love you?" she asked. "Believe me, Barbara ""
"Aunt," interrupted her niece, "do not "Aunt," interrupted ner niece, do not seek to know my motives; our engagement was a great mistake. Let us be thankful for having discovered it in time. Believe me, dear aunt," she continued carnestly, "if I married your son now, we should be wretched

"But, Barbara," cried Lady Bayneham,
"Why did you not discover this before?"
"I am perhaps to blame for that," she replied gently, a sharp quiver of pain passing over her face. "I have found it out now."
"What will the world say?" cried the coun-

"Every arrangement made, even to the ordering of your jewels!" "They may even yet be worn," said Barbara with a smile.
"Barbara," suid Lady Baynenam, "are you

jeolous?", "Try to believe me, dear anot. I am thoroughly in enruest. Our engagement was a terrible mistake. I have found it out, and refuse to fulfil it. Your son is free. I have told him so, and nothing can charge or alter my decision; it is made for life.

My greatest grief is the forrow I know it will

For once, Lady Bayneham had nothing to ay; she was too angry for speech, too bewildered for remonstrance, too much annoyed to care for further conversation.

"You can leave me now, Barbara," said the You can reave me now, Darrars, said the countess haughtily. "I can have no respect for any one who deliberately breaks a promise and draws down ridicule upon those who love her best. Have you considered in what a cruel position your conduct places Claude?"

"He will be strong enough to bear it," replied Barbara, dryly. "I have not remarked any change in his looks or his spirits; have you, aunt ?

Considering that Lady Bayneham had said that morning, in Baroara's presence, that her son had never looked better, she could make no reply. Let us be friends, aunt," said Berbara

gently, and there was a wistful tone in her voice. "Let us be friends, dear aunt. I have no one in the world but you.' Lady Bayneham was, however, too argry for any reply. "I can but hope and pray, Miss Earle, that you will soon return to your senses," she said. "Will you be kind enough to leave me now; the dressing-bell has rung. I presume

you did not hear it."

That was all the consolation Barbara Earle received in the greatest trouble of her life.

CHAPTER XII.

That evening fate was kind to Hilda Hutton. The agent from Brynmar came over purposely to consult with Lady Hutton as to some alter-ations making at the Hall. So it happened that when Lord Bayneham called in Park Gardens, be was told that Lady Hutton was engaged, but that Miss Hutton was in the drawing-room.
"I will see her," he said, trying to look as though she were a substitute for Lady Hutton, and signally failing in the attempt.

When the drawing-room doors were opened

there was no ove to be seen, but Claude's quick eye discerned the floating of a white dress in the dim light of the conservatory, and instinct told him to seek his love thers. He walked so quietly that the did not hear him, and he stood quietly that the did not hear him, and he stood for a moment lost, as an artist might have been, in delighted admiration at so fair a picture. The golden head and fair young face thone brightly in the dim, mel ow light. There was a dramy smile on the sweet lips, as though pleasant dreams were with her. She was bending over some choice white lillies, and they were not so fair and pure as she, thought Claude. She did not look surprised when he uttered her name, and the smile deepend as though the pleasant. and the smile deepened as though the pleasant dream had come true.

"Mamma is engaged," she said. in reply to
Lord Bayneham's few words. "The agent is
here from Brynnar. See, Lord Bayneham, he
brought me these lilies himself all the way."

"It was very kind of him," said Claude am not sorry Lady Hutton is engaged, for I came purposely to see you."

> [TO BE CONTINUED.] For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

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