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Always have BOVRIL in the House

The Heir of Bayneham

—AND—
Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER VI.

He looked kind, anxious, and affectionate; but if love be what Barbara Earle imagined it to be, he had none of it.

"I am willing," she said gently.

"You are a dear, good, sensible girl," he replied, "and I will do all I can to make you happy."

He touched her forehead lightly with his lips, and so the wooing of Lord Bayneham and Barbara Earle ended.

"Come with me," he said, "and let us tell the countess it is all arranged. Mother," said the young earl, as they entered the drawing-room, "thank Barbara for me; she has promised to be my wife next spring."

"You cannot be more of a daughter to me than you have been," said the stately lady, clasping the young girl tenderly in her arms; "but the dearest wish of my heart will be gratified when I see you my son's wife. It is now March," she continued; "if we arrange the wedding for next May, that will meet all our wishes."

For once Lady Bayneham was too hasty. Bayneham Castle would require alterations; many of the rooms were to be furnished. There was much to be done. Lawyers, milliners, and a host of other people were consulted. Then it was agreed that the wedding should take place in the August of the year following. But for that postponement this story would never have been written. In May Lord Bayneham went to Scotland; and there, in the bonny green woods of Bynnam, he met his fate. He returned home an altered man. His previous life seemed to have been one long, calm, unbroken dream. He was awakened now, and the dream had ended. The realities of life had begun for him. He had learned on that bright May morning a lesson that Barbara Earle had never taught him—how to love. He saw the preparations continued for his marriage, and made no comment. Whatever he might think or suffer, he was a gentleman, a man of honor, who would scorn to break a promise, and die rather than fall when honor bade him persevere.



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It is unequalled as a counter-irritant. Its beneficial and soothing effect when applied to any painful part is instantaneous. It is highly penetrative, relieves pain quickly, is clean and does not soil, and will not blister or cause smarting as is the case with mustard plaster.

Every drop in this bottle is medicine. Try it and be convinced.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT
(GAINES' REMEDY)
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

CHAPTER VII.

The world generally did not call Barbara Earle a beautiful girl. The great charm of her face was the soul that shone there. Her eyes were magnificent, dark, dreamy, full of light and thought. She had sweet, sensitive lips, perfect in shape and color. People passed her by at first, considering her almost plain; at a second interview they would like her better. Then her face would grow upon them, until they would end by declaring that no other girl was half so beautiful as Barbara Earle. It was the beautiful, noble soul that gave the great charm to her eloquent, spiritual face. In repose it was calm and serene, but lighted up, as noble thoughts and noble words could light it—it was magnificent.

She gave one the impression of being what is commonly called "all soul." Her tall, graceful figure combined ease and dignity. No one could be more kind and winning; no one more dignified and reserved than Barbara Earle. She was not proud or haughty; no mean word or mean action ever escaped her. She was a true, noble woman, crowned with richer gifts than the merely outer ones of color and prettiness—a woman to inspire a man with a love of noble deeds, to teach him the higher and holier lessons of life; and withal, she had that nameless charm, that well-bred, refined, elegant manner that makes every woman beautiful to whom it is given.

Lovers in plenty sighed for Barbara Earle; she had no thought save for Lord Bayneham. It was characteristic of her that all who loved her were the better and more noble for it. No sullen resentment, no moody silence and bitter dislike ever followed her rejection of an admirer; and she rejected many before her engagement to Lord Bayneham was made public. Those who loved her best, and laid all they had to offer at her feet, left her presence disappointed, it is true, but bearing with them good and noble resolves. The chances are that if Lord Bayneham had met Miss Earle in society he would have been dazzled and charmed. Having from his very childhood associated with her, all her noble and grand qualities seemed mere habit to him. He was accustomed to her brilliant wit and quick repartee, to her generous and spirited defence of the weak and the absent to her scorn of all things vulgar and mean, to her amiable temper and self-sacrificing disposition; all these were part and parcel of Barbara. They never struck him; he admired her, esteemed her, loved her, in a quiet, calm kind of way, and had "no objection to making her his wife next spring."

It was far different with Barbara; with all the strength of her noble and constant nature she loved the handsome, clever young cousin whose wife she was to be. She idolized him—thought him perfect, thought him superior to any other man—loved him as only such women can, with a grand, noble love; but there were times when she felt half puzzled as to his feelings toward her. He was all kindness; but he said so little when he spoke of the future; it was in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, as of something that must be. Yet she knew that he cared for no one else; and Barbara Earle comforted herself by thinking that he was not of a demonstrative nature.

When he returned from Scotland she found him changed in every respect. He had lost the gay flow of spirits that once never failed him; he felt like a dreamy reverie, from which nothing could ever rouse him. He looked like a man whose aim and purpose in life were ended. He was kind

to her, but indifferent to everything in the wide world. Nothing seemed to interest or amuse him. Even Lady Bayneham noticed and wondered at the change that had come over her son.

One day Claude was unusually busy, his lawyer was at Bayneham, and many business affairs were on the tapis. The steward was waiting, and an important paper was mislaid. Lady Bayneham was in the drawing-room with visitors, so that Claude could not ask for help from her. In his perplexity he sought Miss Earle.

"Barbara," he said, "like most people who undertake to do three things at once, I am making a terrible mess of it. Will you help me? I have lost a paper—the plan for those new houses at Greystoke. Will you go to my study and look for it? The keys lie upon my writing-table."

Barbara gladly hastened to comply with his wish. Lord Bayneham's study was a room sacred from all intrusion. It was very rarely that any one obtained admission there. It was a pretty little apartment, overlooking the park.

Miss Earle searched for the lost plan in every available place; she went to a bureau where her cousin kept many private papers; there was no trace of it. One drawer smaller than the rest drew her attention; she opened it, and several papers fell out. One was the lost plan, another a picture that had been folded in paper. Barbara looked at it with surprise; she saw it was a sketch taken by her cousin; she recognized his style, and his initials were underneath it. It was a simple but beautiful subject, and the artist had done full justice to it—a young girl standing beneath the shade of large, spreading trees, the sunbeams falling on her golden hair. Her face, so wondrously lovely, was bent over some blue-bells that she carried in her little white hands; anything so fresh, so fair, so delicately beautiful as that face, Barbara Earle had never seen.

It was quite strange to Barbara, but who could it be? With a woman's keen eyes she noted the details of the dress. The original of the picture was evidently a lady; who could she be and why had Claude locked up what was certainly the best of his productions. He was too busy just then for her to mention it. He thanked her gratefully for the trouble she had taken, but Barbara Earle was ill at ease.

That evening, when dinner was over and Claude rejoined the ladies, Barbara went to the table where he stood, looking over some beautiful engravings that had just arrived.

"Claude," she said gravely, "when I opened the small drawer of your bureau this morning a picture fell out of it—one of your own painting, I believe. Whose face is it? I never saw one half so beautiful before."

She was watching him keenly, and saw a slight pallor on his face.

"I cannot tell you whose face it is," he replied; "it is a picture I saw on my travels and thought it so beautiful that I could not refrain from trying to reproduce it."

"You have succeeded well," said Miss Earle.

He made some half-indifferent reply and turned away. Barbara Earle's eyes followed him with a sad, wistful look. What had changed him so?

(To be continued.)

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Bank Presents \$1.00 to Every New Baby.

The Citizens Bank of Hutchinson, Minnesota, made popular a plan for opening savings accounts for children. To every baby born in Hutchinson and community the savings department of the bank presents a certificate of deposit for \$1, together with a bank book and a small savings bank. Nine out of every ten parents have, so far, not only continued such accounts, but have added to them materially. The bank's gift to each new baby, coming at a time when the parent's chief interest is centred in the child and when, as is the way with parents, they are already planning its future, is particularly appreciated. For both sentimental and practical reasons they will make an effort to maintain the account and to help it grow.

The Citizens Bank has opened 62 savings accounts for children by this method. Fifty-nine of these accounts have been continued with an average increase of \$5.15 a year in the deposits. The most rapid growth in any one account has been \$30.33 in one year. Maintained at its present rate of growth one of these savings accounts, at 5 per cent., will have reached the sum of \$1,137.97 when the child is 14 years old, and amount sufficient to finance his training in almost any useful vocation. The growth of these savings accounts seems to indicate that parents in the community are acquiring habits of more than ordinary thrift and foresight.

From the bank's point of view this plan of starting savings accounts for new-born children have several advantages. Such accounts are likely to become permanent because they create a feeling of responsibility on the part of the parents, they undoubtedly stimulate the opening of accounts in the commercial department of the bank, in fact, they connect that institution with the home life of its patrons in a most friendly and helpful way.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR DIS-TEMPER.

Earls Came First.

OUR PEERAGE IS A THING OF SLOW GROWTH; AND IT IS STILL GROWING.

The oldest title held by members of the British peerage is that of "earl," which was first used during Saxon times. Earl Godwin was perhaps the most famous of these old Saxon earls. When the Danish King Canute became ruler of our land he appointed "jarls" to control large districts of the country, and these were known in English as "earls."

It was then considered as a title more of office than of rank; but, later, earls definitely occupied a place in the peerage, coming next to marquesses, and the title became hereditary.

The highest title in the British peerage—namely, that of "duke," was first introduced in England by Edward III., who made his son, the Black Prince, the first Duke of Cornwall, a title which has been held ever

since by each Prince of Wales.

Next in order of precedence to a duke comes a marquess. The first British marquess was created by Richard II., who made his favourite, Robert de Vere, the first Marquess of Dublin, just forty-eight years after the creation of the first duke.

By Right of Purchase.

The title of "viscount," which ranks after that of earl, was introduced from France, the first viscount being created in 1446. The title signified one who represented an earl or count, but later definitely became a title of nobility.

The title of "baron" was used in this country after the Norman Conquest, but the first actual baron to be created by letters patent was so appointed by Richard II., in 1387, two years after the introduction of the title "marquess."

Baronets hold the lowest of hereditary titles. The first baronets were created in 1611 by James I., when the titles were granted on the payment of obtaining a title naturally led to

large numbers of applicants coming forward, but the king limited the number of baronets to 200.

To-day there are about 1,500 baronets, and the number tends continually to increase. The first holder of the title was Nicholas Bacon, of Redgrave, Suffolk.

During the Middle Ages knights were only created for deeds of valour, and the title then was much more respected than it is to-day.

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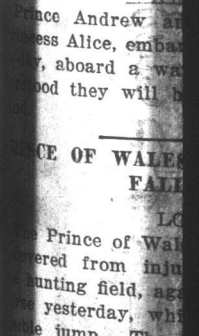
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