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The Heir of Bayneham

—AND—
Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was but the vision of an excited, bewildered mind, yet it turned his thoughts in quite a different direction. He forgot Lady Graham—the faded from his mind like a forgotten dream—but he remembered Magdalen, who had spoken sweet words to the Judge he trembled to meet. If she were but here now, if she could bend over him, with her gent' touch and her loving heart, he should not be so frightened. And again he bowed as he reaped. He had driven his wife from him in the proud arrogance of his prosperity, and he would have given all he had in the world if she could have been with him.

He remembered his child. Poor Magdalen was dead; he had seen the green grave and the simple stone that bore no name. But his child lived, the child with her mother's face, and her mother's voice. Perhaps she knew the same gentle lessons that his wife had taught—would she come to him? It mattered little about keeping the secret now.

It flashed across him that he had seen Lord Bayneham in town—how long since?—only yesterday. He would send for him and ask if it were possible that he could see his wife. Science did wonderful things—surely it could give him a few hours.

"I want to see Lord Bayneham," he said, touching Dr. Arne's hand; "let him be sent for at once."

It was fortunate that the messenger found Lord Bayneham at home. He received the summons with wonder and surprise. Mr. Fulton dying—and sending for him! Like an electric shock the thought struck him it must be something about his lost wife.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Fast as it was possible to go, Lord Bayneham hastened to the dying man. He heard from the butler, when he stood in the hall, every particular of the accident—he saw real, unfeigned tears shining in the man's eyes.

Mr. Fulton was loved by his inferiors for his invariable kindness and good-humor. Then he entered the luxurious chamber, where the master of the house lay, doomed and dying.

"Let him come near me," said Paul Fulton to Dr. Arne. "I have much to say to him."

The doctor rose from his seat, and made way for Lord Bayneham. Claude was inexpressibly shocked. So lately had he seen Paul Fulton in

the flush and pride of his manhood, his handsome face smiling and careless—could that pale, haggard man, with crimson-stained bandages upon his head, be the same who had saluted him so early a few hours ago? The wild eyes, full of horror, glared upon him.

"I am dying, they say," gasped the hoarse, low voice. "I never feared man, but I am afraid to die."

Lord Bayneham did not know what to say—a woman in his place would have uttered the exact words the dying man wanted to hear—something of mercy and pardon and hope. Lord Bayneham looked awkwardly around the room, and then murmured something about recovery.

"No," said Paul Fulton sorrowfully; "Dr. Arne tells me I shall not see this sun set. Lord Bayneham, I want to speak to you about your wife."

The young earl started. In the shock of seeing that ghastly figure, he had forgotten for a moment that he expected to hear of his lost love.

"What of my wife?" he said gently; for even supposing that Paul Fulton had caused all the sorrow and suspense, it was not possible to maintain the faintest gleam of anger against the shattered, dying wreck before him. "What of my wife?" he asked again.

"I should like to see her," whispered Paul Fulton. "I am dying, they say, and this is my last prayer. Let me see your wife once; let my last look be upon her face."

"Do you know where she is?" asked Lord Bayneham.

"No," was the calm reply; "at Bayneham, I suppose. It is not too far, my lord. There will be time if you send at once."

Ah, then he knew nothing of her flight—their half suspicions had been wrong.

"Why do you wish to see my wife?" he asked; "trust me—tell me."

"I will," said Paul Fulton. "I do not know whether you have been told anything of your wife's history. I want to see her—oh, Lord Bayneham, I want to see her, because she is my only child."

"Your child!" cried Lord Bayneham in unutterable wonder.

"Yes," said Paul, "my child. Her mother was the fairest and sweetest girl in all Scotland, and she was my wife. When I saw your wife, Lord Bayneham, I thought my own had returned to me again, young and lovely as I first knew her. She is my daughter. I was Lord Hutton's dearest friend; her mother was Lady Hutton's foster-sister; Lady Hutton adopted her when my wife joined me over seas."

There was silence for some few moments, and a thousand thoughts flashed through Lord Bayneham's mind. This explained all that had seemed so mysterious—the notes—ah, and perhaps the interview.

"Why was this kept a secret from me?" he said sadly. "It has caused bitter sorrow."

"I will tell you, Lord Bayneham," said the dying man. "My daughter longed to make her secret known to you—it embittered her life. She knew nothing of it until her poor mother went to see her, and died at the Firs cottage. Her mother, my poor Magdalen, forced her to take an oath that she would never reveal it, and that oath she faithfully kept. It seemed like an especial decree from Heaven that I should go to Bayneham, and find there my wife's grave and my living child. I knew she was my daughter from a ring that I had given her mother, and which she wore, and from her picture, my lord."

"Yes, I remember," said Lord Bayneham sadly; "why did you not tell me the truth?"

"Ah, do not turn from me, my lord; I have suffered for my sins, I lived through a martyrdom—no words can tell what my punishment was like. Magdalen came to me like an angel, of pity and goodness; I treated her with barbarous cruelty, and drove her from me and broke her heart."

"When the time of my sentence expired, I went away to the diggings, and there like many others made a large fortune."

"Lord Bayneham, I am dying here alone, and every sin of my life seems to recoil upon my head. I never meant men to know who I was. I have kept my secret, hoping to make for myself a new life from the wreck of the old one. All things have prospered with me; I had wealth and honor—my heart's wish—a marriage with Lady Graham was soon to be accomplished, and now it is all over. I have wasted my life, and would fain have it to begin again."

"I cannot understand," said Lord Bayneham gently "why you wished this to be kept a secret from me."

"I dreaded its being known," he replied. "As Stephen Hurst I should have been despised and outlawed; as Paul Fulton men have esteemed me. If I had claimed my child, I must have told who I was. She begged of me with tears to tell you, but I would not."

"She is sacrificed to your pride," said Lord Bayneham. "Tell me, on the last evening you were at Bayneham, did you meet my wife and your daughter in the Lady's Walk? Did you talk to her there?"

"Yes, said Stephen Hurst. "I did so; I asked her to meet me there, and most unwillingly she complied."

"You gave two notes into her hands," continued Lord Bayneham sadly.

"Yes," replied Stephen; "but how do you know, and why do you mention these things?"

(To be continued.)

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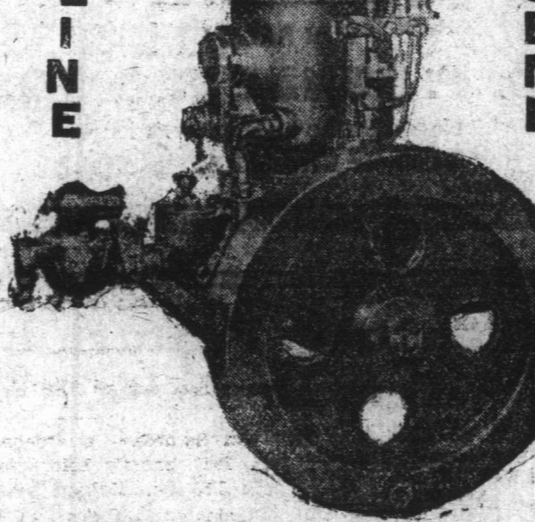
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The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3 1/2 yards of 54 inch material. To make the collar of contrasting material 38 inches wide requires 1/4 yard. The width of the dress at the foot is 2 1/4 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



4211. Navy serge or twill with braid trimming would be attractive for this model. The collar may be omitted and the neck finished in round outline.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards.

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Serve after-dinner coffee double strength.
Violin strings are excellent for stringing beads.
Cooking oil can be used instead of butter for salting nuts.
Thinly sliced raisin bread makes delicious cinnamon toast.
Very little meat is required in the diet of an old person.
Cuts left-over meat, reheat in white sauce and serve on toast.

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COLDS generally commence with what is commonly called a "Cold in the Head," then in most cases it will attack the Throat or Chest, sometimes both.

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