

TAKE IT FOR
**CRAMPS—COLIC—
DIARRHOEA**

APPLY IT FOR
**BRUISES—SPRAINS
— SORE THROAT**



Lady Wyverne's Daughter.

CHAPTER III.

It was a beautiful, bright June morning; all nature was gay and animated. A gentle breeze wafted the fragrance of the flowers and the singing of the birds; there was no cloud in the bright blue sky. The chestnut-trees were all in bloom; from over the meadows there came a perfume of hawthorn and fresh-mown hay, the tall trees in the park seemed thrilling with new life. It was a morning that made every heart rejoice; it seemed impossible to think of sorrow, or sadness, or death.

Inez and Agatha Lyrne sat in the little room known as Lady Lyne's boudoir. It was a charming room, and the long French windows opened on to the garden. There was a glimpse of landscape that looked like a vista of fairyland—the tall, stately cedar, the green lawn, and the dark woods beyond. White and red roses grew by the window, and filled the room with their exquisite fragrance.

Agatha had never used the apartment; but before Inez had been in the house a week, Lord Lyne had it most sumptuously furnished and fitted up for her use. It was a very nest of luxury; it might have been expected that the occupant of such a room would be young and beautiful; it was only meant for such. The soft, thick, white carpet whereon the roses lay so life-like and real, that it seemed as though they had just been dropped there; the delicate rose silk hangings, the few rare pictures, a marble vase holding a vase of glowing crimson flowers, the elegant books, the pretty lounging chairs—all were for the young and beautiful, to whom luxury seems by right to belong.

They were a charming picture, the beautiful Andalusian girl and her sweet English sister. Miss Lyne had summoned Agatha to a council of war, and had decided to hold it during breakfast, so as to save time. The pure sunbeams did not fall upon many prettier scenes—the fair, fresh faces of the sisters, the delicate china, the

blooming flowers; and they lingered over the table, for they had much to say.

"What is this wonderful cousin of yours like, Agatha?" asked Inez, half impudently. "Tell me something about him. Is he short or tall—wicked or good—clever or stupid?"

"Oh, no," cried Agatha, almost breathless from surprise at the catalogue.

"No—what?" said her sister. "Not stupid, do you mean? I am glad of it, for really you must excuse me for saying it; I do think a certain kind of slow stupidity characterizes you cold English. I hope he has plenty of faults. I cannot endure an insipidly perfect man."

"Philip is not insipid," said the little sister, somewhat indignantly. "Papa always said that he would make a great statesman."

"What is he like, Agatha? Describe him to me," said Inez.

"I do not know," replied Agatha. "He is tall, like papa. I never thought whether he was handsome or not. He has large dark blue eyes—they are clear and full of truth; I always used to say I could read his thoughts in them. His hair is like mine—a kind of golden brown."

"Never mind his hair and eyes," interrupted Inez. "What is his face like? Tell me, if you can."

Agatha looked half perplexed, then her face brightened.

"Do you remember," she said, "that portrait of Sir Lancelot—that you admired so much? You know the one I mean—where he is talking to Queen Guinevere; and his lips wear the smile that one sees on the face of a child."

"Yes, I remember it," said Inez. "Well, Philip is like that," said Agatha. "I know he is very brave and very firm; yet he is gentle and kind in his manner. I do not believe that the shadow of an untruth ever crossed his mind."

"Pas si mal," murmured Inez. "Now let me hear his faults," she continued.

"I hardly know them," said poor Agatha, quite distressed at this long catechism. "He is not bad-tempered; but I think he is passionate, like all the Lyrnes. I do not think he could have a moment's toleration for anything mean and deceitful. He is haughty, too; and I do not believe he would ever pardon an underhand action."

"That is all you know about him," said Inez, smiling again when her sister came to a full stop.

"That is all," said Agatha. "Papa liked him very much."

"So it seems," replied her sister. "Lord Lyne has asked permission to see us this morning; I, for one, do not feel inclined to comply with his request. Fancy, Agatha, how he will look at us, speculating in his own mind which he shall honor by asking to be Lady Lyne. He had better not ask me. I feel something like a Circassian slave, going to the highest bidder. My father must have been mad to have made such a will as that."

"Hush, Inez," said Agatha; "remember he was your father."

"How full you are of 'good' notions," replied Inez, with something like a sneer. "I say again—and you know I am right—that the will was unjust to us and to Lord Lyne, but we will not quarrel about it on such a morning as this. Come out, and let us sit under the cedar-tree; bring your books and work. If my lord wishes to see us, let him find us there."

CHAPTER IV.

"Now," said Inez to her sister, "if Lord Lyne likes to join us here, he may. I could not endure the idea of a formal interview in the library. I dislike almost everything that is stiff and ceremonious."

"You will find much to dislike in England, then," replied Agatha, with a smile; "but if you have patience to look for it, underneath that stiff, formal manner, that you say character-

izes us, you will often find a warm heart and a kindly nature."

If Inez Lyne had wished her cousin to be struck and captivated at first sight, she could not have chosen a more picturesque place for the interview than the shade of the great cedar-tree. The sunshine, sparkling through its branches, fell upon the fair faces of the two girls, that contrasted so vividly with the heavy mourning dresses they wore. The sunbeams lit up the magnificent beauty of the Andalusian, while they seemed to fall like a blessing upon the graceful head of her gentle sister.

"Read to me, Agatha," said Inez. "I want to dream this beautiful morning."

"I have brought the 'Idylls' with me," replied her sister. "Which will you have?"

"Read where you will," replied Inez. "Anything except 'King Arthur's Pardon.' I do not want to hear that just now; it is too mournful."

Agatha chose *Enid*. She had a singularly musical voice, clear and sweet; a voice that was not, perhaps, capable of expressing any great amount of passion,—tragedy would never be her forte, but it was soft and soothing. It seemed to chime with the rippling of the little fountains and the song of the birds.

It was a very beautiful picture upon which Lord Lyne stood to gaze. He had been with one of the keepers round the park. He was returning to the house somewhat tired with the long walk; but as he drew near the cedar-tree he saw the black dresses, and knew that he was at last in the presence of the two girls—one of whom must be his wife. Mingled with the drowsy hum of the bees and the faint ripple of the water, there came to him the murmur of the sweetest voice he had ever heard. As he drew nearer he stood to listen, and then he distinguished the words. He heard the beautiful story of *Enid* invested with new grace and new charms from the voice that told it—clear and distinct, and full of pathos and sweetness, that found its way straight into his heart, and made wild havoc there. It awoke new feelings, new thoughts; it seemed to unveil the closed fountain of love and tenderness that flowed at its bidding. Lord Lyne was not the first who had fallen in love with a voice. He wondered what the face was like that went with it. He stepped forward gently; and there, just lit up by a slanting sunbeam, he saw a fair sweet face, with gentle, modest eyes and smiling lips; a face to love and to trust; a face without passion, but full of tenderness; without genius, but full of thought; a face that a man would never rave about, but would love until death took it from him. He saw the golden brown hair that was like his own; and then he knew that the reader of the poem was his cousin, Agatha Lyne. He had not recognized she was away, visiting some friends. He could hardly believe that the graceful girl before him was the same little cousin with whom he had played, and who had kissed him years ago, and said she would be his little wife. How sweet, and gentle, and serious she looked.

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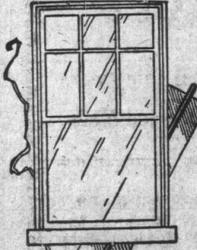
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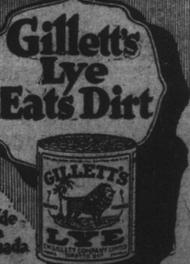
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