

**ALL AMONG THE  
BARLEY. A  
NOVEL. VOL. III**

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All Among the Barley. A Novel. Vol. III by Flora Hayter

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# ALL AMONG THE BARLEY.

A novel.

BY  
FLORA HAYTER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.  
VOL. III.

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## ALL AMONG THE BARLEY.



### CHAPTER I.

'Oh, live with me, and be my love !'

THE summer is waning ; it has not yet quite gone, for it is taking a lingering graceful farewell, leaving a glowing tint on forest and woodland.

It is Sunday morning—a sweet chime of bells rings on the silence, with its strange, yet wholly soothing melody.

Barbara is in waiting on the Queen of Hungary. She is staying with her Ma-

jesty at Castlemaine. One of those rare old, densely-wooded estates, with cool, chequered shades, forest glens and rippling streams, not too far from the great metropolis, in mid Sussex.

Barbara, prayer-book in hand, is dressed for church ; lost in thought, she is standing before her window in the boudoir, looking over the lawns and gardens through the opening vistas of meeting boughs and interlaced leaves, to the woods and hills beyond, where the sunshine just seems to breathe through a mist of green and purple . . . . and the summer is going. Well, well, when one has a hurt so sore in one's soul as little Barbara Carstairs, methinks, the perishable beauties of Nature escape our thoughts, which are steadily turned inward to our own woe ; for the mind of a proud, pure woman is bent on concealing



her own suffering, and keeping it for ever hidden in her inner-self . . . yet the girl felt vaguely sorry that the summer flowers were almost things of the past, and that—

‘King Autumn’s crown  
Is the barley brown ;  
And the yellow trees,  
As they sigh in the breeze,  
Are the strings of his solemn lute.’

Ah! she had ample time to think, in those quiet days that had come to her. Of the fame that she had won by her pen she thought little; her intellect had been a joy to her, an infinite resource, that was all; things beautiful, pathetic, rare, and ideal, had flowed from her mind. They had drawn cultured eyes upon her work, and then, having so wrought, she was content. Her great love was born of a great intelligence; it sprung out of all the sweeter,

purser depths of soul, that admitted no baser egoistic passions ; she loved the man so passionately and mournfully, he had made her life ; and her greatest grief was that he, who by that dear miracle of faith in her breast was her god amongst men, should have been tempted by *her*, separated as she was from him, to sink to the level of the lowest temptation . . . . . Yet strange it was that she had the power left to raise all the good in him.

The Queen and her *Demoiselle-d'honneur* were both silent, absorbed in themselves, as the carriage with its swift-stepping horses carried them along the high-road.

Almost hidden beneath her sunshade, Bab dreamed her dreams alone, unconscious of one look from the passers-by, who eyed the royal barouche with curiosity.

They passed many couples. Sweethearts and lovers ; husbands and wives ; sleek, well-kept, and clean, straggling groups of girls, with leaves in their hands ; the hinds of the village ; then the well-to-do shop-people ; a stream long and continued of wayfarers ; and presently there gleamed in the distance the scarlet coats of the soldiers—a goodly body marshalled out.

The country was behind them now : a little way on, the carriage stopped. Barbara, roused from her reverie and recalled to her duty, alighted by royal permission at the porch of the old village church, the Queen giving her a reassuring smile as she herself drove on to attend the Roman Catholic service at the well-known Gothic chapel—a gem in its way, and renowned for its quaint bas-reliefs.