

**WHO IS THE HEIR? A
NOVEL; IN THREE
VOLUMES; VOL. III**

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Who is the Heir? A Novel; In Three Volumes; Vol. III by Mortimer Collins

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MORTIMER COLLINS

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VOLUMES; VOL. III**

WHO IS THE HEIR?

A Novel

BY

MORTIMER COLLINS

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.



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WHO IS THE HEIR?



CHAPTER I.

CAN YOU LOVE ME ?

" These flowers that to my breast I fold,
Into my very heart have grown—
To thee I drain the cup of gold,
And think the violet eyes thine own."

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

GUY LUTTREL was naturally grateful to Harry Mauleverer for his spirited rescue of Lily. As to the young lady herself, it would be rather difficult to describe her feelings. Her position had been rather a humiliating one. It was

not her fault, certainly, that the gallant and handsome young cavalier had found her in such a plight—but she could not forget it. She declared to herself that she could never bear to see Mr. Mauleverer again, yet I believe all the time she was longing to see him.

Guy was unable to solve the problem of the planned abduction. Harry might have given him a clue, but Harry was resolutely mysterious. The men had got clear away, he said, without recognition. It was impossible to follow them. So he had given his attention to getting the young lady home again. And sooth to say, he had done that difficult task with all imaginable delicacy.

There had passed away entirely from Harry Mauleverer his boyish passion

for Helen Fitzmaurice. It was clean gone. It was based on a belief which he had lost. And so, by the banks of Isis, as he wandered along the towing-path—or upon its pleasant waters as he lounged lazily in a punt, smoking and dreaming—another vision occupied his mind, the vision of Guy Luttrell's daughter—the fair young girl, scarce more than a child, whom he had first seen at Henley-on-Thames station, waiting for her father. Was it not natural that, writing to Guy Luttrell, he should send some message of courtesy to the fair young maiden?

Lily was at St. James's Square now. The days of Sophy Thorogood were over, and Cedar Cottage was left to old Kezia's care.

"Lily," said her father, one morning, "the gallant knight who goes about rescuing distressed damsels, sends you a complimentary message. What return will you make him?"

The girl replied only by a blush.

"Don't tease her, Guy," said Vivian. "Go away to the Earl—he's in an awful temper. His gout is coming on, and he's got to demolish an unfortunate little duke this evening."

But when they met at luncheon Guy Luttrell produced a letter which he had written to Harry, and asked his daughter if there was any enclosure—and she, taking from her breast a few white violets, said, "Send him these"—and hence was it that Harry's dreams by the Isis took a form more definite.