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Love a Conqueror

OR WEDDED AT LAST!

CHAPTER XIII.

"Not generally," Shirley corrected lightly, "only occasionally."

"Is that all? Then I will amend my phrase and say attentions which husbands ought always to pay their wives. How cold your hands are, my child! They are quite numbened. Let me warm them for you."

Nothing could have exceeded the gentle kindness of Sir Hugh's manner, which, although perfectly friendly, and even tender, had nothing lover-like about it. He was a good actor, and he saw that the little outburst of tenderness to which he had given way for a moment in the heat of the moment had distressed her, and he was careful to avoid giving her any further cause. Even when he took her little numbed hands, and chafed them gently in his, it was done in a manner which could not offend her; and Shirley submitted, and smiled a little, and was so irresistibly charming in her softened mood, with the violet shadows lying dark and deep under the sweet eyes that Sir Hugh had some difficulty in repressing the mad passionate words which rose to his lips.

When the landlady herself appeared, carrying a tray with a teletable coffee-service, Sir Hugh lingeringly relinquished the little hands and turned to the table. The buxom hostess placed the tray before Shirley, courted as she inquired if they wanted anything else, and left the room to report to the barmaid what a devoted husband Sir Hugh Glynn was.

"But perhaps she is not his wife at all," said the barmaid, dubiously. "She is quite young, Mrs. Home."

"Not too young to be married," declared Mrs. Home, decidedly. "I was married at seventeen myself, and she called her his wife, and she called him her husband," she added; "and folks don't do that in Scotland unless they are married; it is not safe. Who is your master, young man?" she went on, as Latrelle, tired of his station in the cold, came into the bar to get a glass of warm ale.

"Sir Hugh Glynn, of Maxwell," Latrelle answered promptly.

Radway's Ready Relief

Mrs. L. Dittmar, 710 E. 14th St., New York City, writes: "I caught a cold. I used one bottle of your Radway's Ready Relief with wonderful results. I have also used it as a charm for sore throat. I used it with great benefit for several ailments my children have had, and recommend it to my friends."

NEURALGIA

The Relief is the best counter irritant known, and therefore the best embrocation that can be used in Neuralgia. Rub it on the part affected, and keep fingers soaked with it on the seat of the pain until ease is obtained, which will usually be in the course of ten or fifteen minutes.

"I thought so. Old Adam Glynn's nephew, I reckon," said Mrs. Home, adding in a diplomatic manner. "Has he been long married?"

Latrelle looked up coolly, and his keen blue eyes were fixed steadily on the buxom inquisitive face.

"No," he said quietly; "they have not long been married. You might have guessed that from his manner."

"He's far too devoted to have been married long. But you want to know if they are married. I am quite willing to gratify you. They are married," he added, emphatically, "and no mistake about that."

"She's very pretty, but she's not compare with him," remarked the barmaid, with a coquetish glance at the valet, who was getting more accustomed to his smart livery.

"Pretty?" he returned carelessly. "Do you call her pretty? Well, she is generally reckoned so. I believe she is far too pale and lackadaisical for my taste. And, as for her figure, she is as thin as a lath! Give me bright eyes and red cheeks and waist like yours, my dear," he added, with easy foreign gallantry. "I've drained his glass. 'None of you silly-faced whimsical fine ladies for me!'"

"Sir Hugh seems very fond of his lady," remarked Mrs. Home, in quite approving of the turn the conversation was taking.

"Fond of her!" echoed Latrelle, "he worships the ground she walks on! If she liked to walk upon gold he might. It's a perfect infatuation."

At that moment, while Mrs. Home and the barmaid were pondering the good fortune of the young lady who was so beloved by such a wealthy and handsome gentleman, a young man, looking pale and eager and agitated, stopped on the pavement outside, and looked up at the huge gaudy crescent over the door.

"This must be it," he said to himself, with a sigh of relief. "The letter said the Half-Moon Inn in the market-place. I wonder how she managed to come, poor child. Well, it is the last time I shall ever have to give her so much sorrow, I trust."

He went into the hall, glancing with eager blue eyes about him, and going straight on to the bar where the landlady was still enjoying a chat with Latrelle. He was a slight young man, handsome, for all the marks of dissipation visible in the pallor of his face and the worn tired eyes, with a sensitive tender mouth, which was shaded by a slight mustache.

"I beg your pardon," he said hastily, lifting his hat courteously, with rather a foreign grace of manner—a salutation which the valet returned with equal grace. "I was to meet a lady here, and—"

"Excuse me, sir," Latrelle said, "I believe?"

"Yes," the young man answered hesitatingly, a look of fear crossing his face as he glanced keenly at the unfamiliar face of Sir Hugh's servant.

"You were to meet Sir Hugh and Lady Glynn at the Half Moon Inn, sir," continued Latrelle quietly. "My master and mistress are waiting for

you upstairs. It is all right, sir," he added hastily, seeing the young man's hesitation. "I will show you the way."

CHAPTER XIV.

While Mrs. Home and the barmaid were discussing with Latrelle Shirley's chances of happiness, and admiring Sir Hugh's devotion to her, Shirley, in the little sitting room up stairs, was suffering a martyrdom of anxiety and suspense, although she tried to conceal it from Sir Hugh, who was presiding over the coffee equipage with as much awkwardness as it was possible, for so essentially graceful a man to exhibit. Shirley had made a slight movement toward the tray when it had been placed before her, but she had seemed so languid and indifferent that Sir Hugh had laughingly told her to rest, and that he would pour out the coffee. Shirley had sunk back wearily into the depths of the old fauteuil, and tried to withdraw her thoughts from Jack and the delay, and to take in some idea of her surroundings.

The sitting room—which was on the first story of the house—was just the kind of room which one would have been likely to expect from the outside appearance of the Half Moon Inn. It was wide and low-ceiled, with two quaint latticed windows overlooking the market-place and a wide old-fashioned grate with an open chimney. It was furnished with more attention to comfort than the sitting rooms of country inns generally exhibit. There was a thick carpet on the floor, and there were heavy red damask curtains at the windows. There was an old-fashioned bureau in one of the recesses, either side of the fire-place; in the other there was a what-not which was decorated with some antiquated pieces of china. Shirley's eyes were led over them; and she remembered long afterward wondering vaguely what the books could be which were in the lower shelf of that what-not she noticed too, vaguely enough, that here were some pictures on the walls, engravings after Landseer, and a photograph of Millais' "Black Brunswicker." Her eyes rested on the latter for a few moments; something in the young officer's face reminded her of Guy. Guy was not a handsome perhaps, but he had that same resolute yet tender look about his mouth. Then her eyes left the picture and came back to Sir Hugh, who was still busy with the coffee.

How handsome he was—handsome or than Guy, handsomer than the lack Brunswicker, the handsome man she had ever seen, she thought; she watched him sitting there in his dark tweed suit; he had thrown off his driving coat. As she looked at him, he raised his blue eyes, and she met hers, she smiled.

"Are you thinking that I am a long time over this coffee?" he said lightly. "The fact is that it is made in a French coffee-pot, and it has not yet run through some complicated business of a sieve-like nature at the top. But it is ready now," he added, "and I hope it will prove good enough to reward our patience."

He poured out a cup of coffee, added milk and sugar in careful proportions, and brought it to her side.

"You are to drink it," he said, with imperative gentleness. "You are bound to obey me, you know. Wives always obey their lords and masters don't they?"

"Dutiful wives," she answered, forcing a smile.

"And are not all wives dutiful?" he asked gayly.

"You do not expect me to abuse my own sex?" she returned, as lightly as she could. "No one need criminate themselves, Sir Hugh."

"I expect nothing from you but that you will drink this coffee," he said, smiling. "When you have done so, we will discuss the tobles of your sex. Well," he went on, as she put the cup to her lips, "is it good?"

"It is not often miserliness gets such a straight-forward rebuke as is recorded in this story."

In the early days of Primitive Methodism there traveled in England an eccentric minister named Neale, who was famous for his plain talking. On one occasion he was preaching missionary sermons at a village so noted for its small collections that he determined to pass the plate himself. On his round he came to a farmer who was, as Mr. Neale well knew, the richest man in the place. This individual placed a penny in the plate. Mr. Neale stopped immediately, and said in a loud voice:—"Take your penny out man! Take it out! Don't you see you've covered up your laborer's sixpence?"

The rebuke was effective, and a much more valuable coin was placed on the plate.

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"Excellent! I did not know that this was one of your accomplishments," she answered graciously. "Never exercised but for you," he said quietly, as he went back to the table; and the tenderness of his voice brought the color to her cheeks, and she bent over the coffee-cup to hide the hot flush.

It was an awkward and difficult position in which she found herself and every minute as it went by made it more awkward and difficult. If she could have looked upon Sir Hugh merely as Guy's friend and willing to help her in her trouble for the sake of the friendship he bore toward her future husband, three parts of the difficulty would have disappeared; but he was not Guy's friend only—he

professed a deep, passionate love for Guy's fiancée; and, although he had promised to conquer that love, every tone of his voice, even when his words sounded indifferent, every glance of the tender blue eyes showed Shirley that the love was not yet subdued.

The young girl felt her position keenly and it added considerably to her anxiety and uneasiness. Moreover, she was hunted by a terrible fear of her uncle and aunt discovering where she had spent the afternoon, and ascertaining by chance that she had not gone to the Masse to have a chat with the girls there, as she said she was going.

(To be continued.)

Smartly Rebuked.

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Condemned Modern Dances.

Canon Newbolt, preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, recently strongly condemned the modern dances and "loos" novels of the present day which, in the nausous unreserve of the society novel, death with sex problems.

Such dances and such books, the preacher said, flourished because society persuaded itself that immodesty is artistic, and that anything is permissible which removes monotony. He asked, "Would an indecent dance suggestive of evil and destructive of modesty, disgrace our civilization for a moment if professed Christians were to say, 'I will not allow my daughter to turn into a Salome, even although Herod were to give me half his kingdom?'"

The Archdeacon's Slip.

In his "Reminiscences" the Bishop of Ripon tells of an archdeacon who was speaking at a temperance meeting and who adorned his speech with several humorous anecdotes. At length it seemed to strike him that he had pulled himself together and endeavored to close his speech in a fitting, serious vein. "But, my friends," he said, "the sum total of all I have been saying may be told in a single word—'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Train up a child to avoid the bottle, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'"

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