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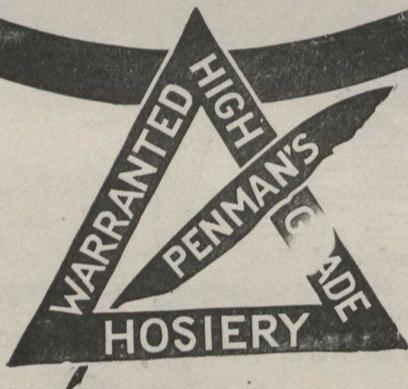
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down at the hissing trail of waters which she left behind. The throb of the engines sounded drearily in his ears, the wind, too, whistled weirdly, and the waters seemed to sweep past the sides of the ship with a hiss of anger. A sigh escaped the lips of the man, and was torn away by the wind, as he turned and resumed his lonely walk along the promenade.

All at once he stopped. He was not alone, then! Another figure loomed in sight, moving silently towards him. He advanced to meet it, glad at the thought of any companionship which would rid his mind of the thoughts which were torturing him. Nearer, and yet nearer, moved the other figure, and as its outline became more distinct a cry of wonder sprang to his lips. He rushed forward, and tore the shawl from the head of the woman who was advancing towards him. A white, quivering face was revealed which sank upon his breast, as a cry reached him above the sound of wind and waves—"David, forgive me. I do love you still!"

And through the shriek of the storm an answering whisper reached her ears—"Nursie, my love!"

THE WILDCATTERS

(Continued from page 19.)

diately. "It is a forgery," she said fiercely. "You wretch! Mr. Mackay holds the real one."

"No, my pretty lady," the lawyer answered. "This is the real one. Mr. Mackay did hold it. He does not now, for I do."

"Oh!" she interposed. "He would not part with it. He told father he could have as long as he wished to redeem the place. He was so lenient."

"He would have been a very great fool not to part with it. My lady, that slip of paper cost me a thousand dollars more than its real value. But that is nothing. I would give many thousands for you. Be assured that this is the mortgage on your place! For a thousand advance and the assurance that I would be as lenient as himself, Mr. Mackay parted with it."

"To a scheming wretch!" Jean cried impetuously.

"Hold!" said Jasper. "I am not such a schemer as you think. I am even more lenient than Mackay. Give me a favourable answer and I destroy the mortgage! I shall give your father a clear title to his place again. They shall have the home that has always been in the Thurston name to do as they wish with it."

"And for that I must give you my heart, my love, my life? I must sell it to you? You know it is given elsewhere. Oh! you villain, you have schemed for this. You bought the mortgage so that you could do it. If I refuse?"

"I shall foreclose."

Jean dropped her head in her hands with heart-broken sobs. "Drive them out?" she moaned. "My poor father and mother! You will take their cherished home, the spot that is next to heaven to them? Oh! what manner of man are you?"

"It is the only way," Jasper grimly remarked. "You need draw no harsh pictures of what might be. One word from you and it all remains as it is. Nothing could be simpler. Which shall it be? Will you marry me—or not?"

"Oh! I cannot think! I cannot say!" the wretched girl sobbed. "Leave me. Give me time. Give me a—a—month!"

"You will decide sooner," Jasper said, "but we will say a month to please you. You can answer me then?"

"Yes, yes, but leave me. Go——" she pleaded.

Jasper went away with a cold smile of victory on his face. His was a double triumph. He had won against all odds and, more than this, it was a sweet revenge on Glover.

Jean leaned on the table in the silent room with her face hidden in her arms.

"Carl, Carl," she sobbed, "if you were only here! Even Clive is away, away in the lone north. Oh! Prince, why didn't you come? I need you so."

(To be continued.)