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Love a Conqueror
—OR—
WEDDED AT LAST

CHAPTER XXIV.

She hid her face on his breast, trembling convulsively in every limb, while Guy bowed his head over her in an agony as great as her own, his strong frame trembling with the suppressed rage and fury which burnt in his heart when he thought of the misery before her.

"Guy"—lifting her head and meeting his sorrowful eyes—"forgive me! I forgot! I won't pain you, dear, any more. My head seems so strange and confused that I do not know what I am saying. Why did I come? I walked all the way, you know, Oswald helped me—he was very good; but he could not help its being so cold, you know. And when I fell he said, 'Come back—come home.' But I knew that I must come, that if I did not something dreadful—again the trembling seized her, and her voice died away on the parched lips, but her eyes still looked upward to his. "Ah, I remember! Guy, you will not—there is something I have to ask you—you will come away from here—you will not—oh, Guy"—she slid down from his arms and sank at his feet, holding out little eager supplicating hands—"oh, Guy, if you ever loved me—I can see the danger in

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our face, and—and—it terrifies me. Oh, Guy, come away—come away!"

She was clinging to him as she knelt at his feet in a very delirium of error, her hands upraised, her hair sweeping the ground. Bending, Guy strove to raise her, but she resisted. "No, no, I will kneel here! Oswald help me to plead. Do you not see that you do not see—"

"Shirley, dear, Guy will come away. Be calm, child; you will make your self ill."

Captain Fairholme had come to his side, lifting her with gentle hands and speaking soothingly. He saw that the girl's mind was almost unlinged with misery, that the fever lights in her eyes terrified him.

"Do you not see?" she repeated. "He will kill him! Oswald make him go; he has suffered so much that his misery has—"

"This scene must end," said Sir Hugh advancing. "Major Stuart, you have any pity for this poor child who is evidently so terribly upset by all the excitement she has undergone that she is not conscious of what she is saying, you will leave us. I am in our service whenever you like it all upon me. You can leave my wife to my care now."

"Go, Guy, for Heaven's sake, and end this scene! It is killing Shirley," Oswald said, entreatingly, for his cousin's condition was alarming him. "The fever of her mind was struggling against her physical exhaustion, and she clung to him, panting and breathless, in her agony of error.

"To leave her thus!" cried Guy bitterly. "How can I? Fairholme put yourself in my place. To leave her to that dastard, who has so cruelly betrayed us both! Why did you let her come? I claim a man's right to vengeance. Even his life would not be sufficient—"

"You are talking madly," interrupted Oswald. "What vengeance can you take that will not fall most heavily upon her? Ah, surely, she has suffered enough! Will you add to her misery? It would be kinder to tear her limb from limb than let her suffer thus! And you say you love her!"

Guy Stuart stood silent, his hands clinched, his head bent, his breathing loud and fast. To let go his vengeance was harder than to part with his own life. To forgive the man who had so terribly wronged him was beyond his strength. The very sight of the livid, changed face lying prone against Oswald's shoulder goaded him to madness. While her life should last, she must suffer through that man! Could any vengeance be too great? Would any cost be counted if he could be made to suffer in his turn?

He lifted his eyes and turned them full upon his betrayer, and under the hate and bitterness of that look Sir Hugh, brave as he was, felt the color leave his face. A bitter cry of anguish and despair rang through the room.

"He will not bear me—he never loved me! Oh, Guy—oh, Guy!"

At the broken wailing words Guy turned to her, and as his eyes rested

upon her, all the anger died out of them, and a yearning, heart-broken tenderness replaced it. He looked at her for a moment, the girl he loved so wildly, and who had been stolen from him by so base a theft, the girl who was another man's wife; then he turned away and covered his face with his hands, and there was breathless silence in the room, during which had its occupants been less absorbed, they might have heard the sound of rapidly approaching wheels.

For a minute no one moved or spoke; then Shirley crept feebly to Guy's side and raised her fingers to his hands as they were clasped before his face. At the touch, light as it was, a shiver ran through his frame, and he uncovered his face and stood erect.

"I will go," he said hoarsely. "It's better—I will go. No, my darling—how can I take you with me? You are his wife, remember."

She had clasped her hands round his arm; but at the words, so heart-rending in their bitter anguish, so hopeless in their misery, the little clinging fingers fell away, and she drew back with a puzzled bewildered look.

"Guy," she said faintly, "have you forgotten how to love me? Are you angry? Have I vexed you?"

"Dear, do you forget!" he asked pitifully, as he made his way toward the door, moving like a man suddenly stricken with blindness, Shirley following with the same wistful puzzle look, which made Oswald watch her with a nameless fear.

At the door Guy paused, fumbling with trembling hands for the handle of the door to look at Shirley, and seeing that he could have faced death more easily than those wondering blinding eyes.

"Guy, you will not go without me?" he said piteously. "You will not save me here? Ah"—with a cry which rang through the room—"I forgot—I forgot!"

Not daring to hesitate, Guy opened the door, and went out into the hall where two ladies—Lady Capel and her daughter—came forward eagerly as he appeared, but whom he passed without recognition. They uttered a simultaneous exclamation of distress and hurried into the library, and while one ran to Shirley and caught her in her arms, the other turned to Oswald.

"For Heaven's sake follow him!" Lady Capel said hurriedly. "He needs you most."

Oswald obeyed without a word, and with a glance at her daughter, who was crying passionately, with her arms round Shirley, whose eyes were wild and vacant, and who would not heed to Ruby's tears and addresses, her ladyship addressed Sir Hugh—

"You must pardon this intrusion, Sir Hugh; but my daughter was in such distress about Shirley—she feared she was ill, and—"

"No apology is needed," Sir Hugh said, an expression of intense relief in his countenance as he went forward. "No words can express my attitude for your kindness, Lady Capel. I fear indeed that this has been too much for Shirley, and I will gladly leave her in your care. I will send my housekeeper to you."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Is it not time that they were here, Dickson?"

"In about half an hour, sir," said the attendant's grave respectful voice; and Sir Jasper Stuart moved uneasily on his pillows. It was so hard to wait when time was so short with him now. It might be measured by hours, even by minutes.

In the great bed-chamber of the stately London house the fire glowed brightly, and the lamp burned with a soft subdued luster which did not distress the dim eyes of the invalid who lay there, half raised upon his pillows, with yearning impatience upon his face, a face over which the shadow of death was creeping slowly but surely.

But even that shadow and that yearning could not quite dim the light of expectation and hope which shone so brightly over the aged countenance, one which even now showed some of the great beauty which had been Sir Jasper's portion. The features sharpened though they were, were regular and shapely, the masses of white hair were thrown back from his forehead, and the gray eyes, dim and fast growing sightless now, had been the counterpart of Guy's. And the face, which in his youth had been so grand, was grand still with the endurance which was upon it, with its brow all patience and its lips all pain.

For nearly the whole of his long life Sir Jasper Stuart had been an invalid, paralyzed and crippled from his manhood, and nobly he had borne his suffering, nobly conquered the rebellious thoughts which were so apt to rise. Until the accident by which he had been laid low, his strength had been even greater than the average, and he had enjoyed life with all the zest given by his superb manhood and his cloudless fortune; but suddenly and swiftly the burden of pain and suffering and weary inaction had been laid upon him, and he had taken it up as gallantly, with as brave a smile and as dauntless a front as any knight of old. And now he was about to lay it down, and he was glad to be free of its pain and weariness at last.

Within all was bright and warm and noiseless, without in the London square the winter storm raged violently. The hail and sleet dashed against the windows, the wind roared ceaselessly, and ever and again a flash of lightning gleamed through the darkness; Sir Jasper, leaning back, listened to the swiftly falling hail and the moaning, howling wind.

"It is a bad night for them to come home," he said presently. "But they won't be thinking of the wind and hail. Has Owens gone yet, Dickson?"

"The carriage has just started, Sir Jasper."

"Has Mrs. James everything ready for them, Dickson?"

"Mrs. James has surpassed herself, Sir Jasper. There is not a servant in the house who would not do their best to welcome Major Stuart and his lady."

(To be Continued.)

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