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Love a Conqueror
 OR
WEDDED AT LAST.
 CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Heaven knows," Sir Hugh went on, the same unutterable sadness in his voice, "that I never meant to kill him. I had arranged to meet him on the cliffs that morning, and he angered me by his insults and insinuations and—"

Once more his voice failed him, and he became so faint that Guy was alarmed, and anxiously assisted Shirley in her efforts to restore him. It was in Guy's strong arms that he was carried, not back to the attic-room where he had been concealed ever since the Christmas night when he had almost met his death in the snow, but into the inner bedroom on the ground floor; and here he was laid upon the bed, weak and faint, with the hue of death on his cheeks and lips, and dark marks, almost like bruises, under the dim eyes. Even had he been the murderer in intention that he had been in deed, no one could have denied him the meed of pity that his condition demanded. That he was dying was but too evident.

As he watched Shirley tending him so gently, trying to smile into the falling eyes which rested upon her with such love, Guy's heart bled at the thought of the anguish she had suffered, the misery, the fear, the thought was unbearable agony; no misery he had ever imagined for her could equal that which she had endured; and he turned away from the bedside to hide his agitation, and went into the sitting room, where he threw himself into a chair, bowing his head upon his hands.

What thoughts succeeded each other in his brain during the short solitude which followed he never knew. His head was confused and bewildered, and he could feel only a dull reproach for the hatred and detestation with which he had thought of the unfortunate Latrelle. He could not yet realize the dreadful complication which had arisen, that Hugh, instead of being the victim, was the murderer, and that he had been concealed because the danger of detection would be terrible, and that a new trial was possible for poor Shirley, one which would be infinitely harder to bear than the last one had been, for where as then she had been assured of the innocence of the accused, now she could not doubt his guilt.

A light touch on his bowed head roused Guy, and, looking up, he saw that Shirley was beside him. Her face was very pale still, and there were traces of tears upon it; but it had lost the look of fear and horror which had been so painful to witness; and, when her eyes met Guy's, it seemed to him that they were softer and clearer for the tears they had shed.

He was too deeply moved to speak to her for a moment, but he took her hands in his in a close friendly clasp,

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Mrs. L. Ditzner, 710 E. 145th 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 found it acts like a charm for sore throat. I used it with great benefit for several ailments my children have had, and recommended it to my friends."

NEURALGIA

The Relief is the best counter irritant known, and therefore the best analgesic that can be used in Neuralgia. Rub it on the part affected, and keep hands 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.

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and looked up with frank kindly eyes in which there was no passion of tenderness now, into the lovely changed face; and Shirley saw before her the Guy Stuart of old, who had pleaded with her for Hugh's forgiveness in the stately drawing room of the grand London house where she had reigned as mistress.

"Shirley," he whispered brokenly, "forgive me."
 "I have nothing to forgive," she answered unsteadily. "If you had really doubted me, it would have been but natural. But—but"—her lip trembled a little here—"do not talk of it; we want all our courage and all our faith now. Will you come to him?"

"Yes—at once."
 "And—and"—she hesitated as they approached the door between the two rooms, and turned to him with a timid sweetness which made him feel as if he could fall at the feet of this woman who had borne so much misery and sorrow, and had only been enabled by the suffering—"and you will be gentle with him, Guy? He has suffered, oh, so terribly, and he will need all our kindness and forbearance!"

"You may trust me, Shirley," he said, so gently, yet so gravely, that the words fell upon her heart like balm. He was so strong, so brave, so true. Oh, yes—oh, yes, she could trust him!

She opened the door for him and let him enter alone, while she waited for a few minutes until the tears which his gentle words had caused had ceased to flow. When she followed him, Major Stuart was sitting on the bed, supporting Sir Hugh on his arm with all the tenderness of a woman; their hands were clasped in a grasp which took them back to the old days when Shirley's beauty and sweetness had won both hearts, and Sir Hugh's eyes, sad indeed still, met his wife's with a little smile in their depths.

"I knew we could trust Guy," he said, in his low faint voice. "My darling, it makes me so happy, to think that you will no longer be alone. Give me some more of that stuff Litton left me, Shirley," he added, in a moment—"it puts some life into me—that I may tell Guy all that I told you that Christmas night, my poor child, when you saved my life, and I nearly frightened you to death."

There was something unutterably touching to Guy Stuart in Hugh Glynn's expression when he looked at his wife, it was so full of passionate, adoring love; but it had so much humility and reverence, such intense sorrow and compassion, that Shirley herself could hardly meet it with any thing like composure; and Guy's lips quivered as he watched her trying to smile as she lifted Hugh's head and held the cordial to his lips with pitying tenderness which was almost maternal in its deep compassion. She had never seemed so beautiful in the eyes of these two men, who had loved her with such a fatal passion, as now, when the luster of her beauty was dimmed and faded by sorrow.

"I wish you would rest a little, Shirley," said Sir Hugh entreatingly. "You are quite worn out. Leave me with Guy, dear, for a time. Do you know, old friend," he went on, "that I have been happier during the days I have been concealed here than I have been for many a long year—except on that day which began so well and ended so terribly? If she had loved me as deeply as I loved her, she could not have been kinder and gentler. And yet," he continued unsteadily, "it is but heaping coals of fire upon my head."

She touched his lips with her finger with a little entreating gesture, and he smiled slightly.

"Leave us, my dearest," he said tremulously. "Try to sleep for an hour. Ah, how many nights it is since you have had any rest!"

"Go, Shirley," Guy put in gently. "Remember how much depends on your keeping well just now—and even on an hour's rest will refresh you."

She smiled faintly as she turned away and passed into the little sitting room, where she sank down into an arm-chair, far more exhausted even than she knew by the terrible anxiety she had undergone, and which seemed so wonderfully lessened by Guy's sharing it. For a few moments she leaned back, thinking of all the misery and suffering, and shuddering at the thought of what was yet to come; then her fatigue overcame her, her eyes closed, and she sank into the heavy sleep of prostration.

Meanwhile, in the inner room, the two men who had been friends and bitter enemies, and were friends once more, were talking earnestly in low broken voices; and Sir Hugh was telling his story with long pauses between, caused by his weakness; and Stuart listened with an aching heart, feeling that for every sin his companion had committed such misery must have atoned.

"You must let me begin at the beginning, old fellow," Hugh said, in his feeble voice. "It will avail nothing to hide any of my sin and shame from you, and perhaps it will make you excuse me a little; although, indeed, you, in your uprightness and honor, Guy, can hardly understand how low I have fallen."

"Can I not? Ah, you hardly know how my anger made me fall, Hugh! I am a murderer in intention, although not in deed—for I could have killed you in my heart."

"No wonder!" Sir Hugh said sorrowfully. "But I loved her so madly and I was so wildly jealous that you had succeeded where I had failed. It saddened me too to know that your love was so much purer and better than mine. I felt that, had the cases been reversed, you would have gone away and left her to me, concealing your sorrow in order to spare her pain. Yes, beyond hatred, beyond jealousy, beyond every other feeling, was that awful sense of humiliation and it galled me into madness. Believe your love, mine looked so worthless. You would have given your life for her happiness; I would—and did—sacrifice her happiness to my passion. Ah, it is not only now that I see this, Guy; although now, when the end is so near, I see it yet more clearly! The sin stands out in all its blackness."

"Dear old fellow, do you not think of it now," Guy pleaded gently, his eyes dim as he looked down at the pale face and emaciated form which had once been so handsome and strong. "Surely it is not necessary!"

"I should like you to know it, Guy; it will make you think more gently of me in the time to come, and you will more readily forgive the sin against yourself."

"I forgive long ago, Hugh—fully and freely."
 "Yes, I know you did," he answered, a faint smile irradiating his pallid face. "Still I want to tell you, so that you may know that, if I sinned, I have suffered. Even when I congratulated you on your engagement," he went on, after a pause, "I was resolved to steal her from you if I could, and I racked my brain to know how I could succeed. That very night I told her how madly I loved her; I fancied that my wealth— you were a poor man then, Guy, although you were rich soon after— would tempt her, that, like many other women, she was to be bought. I am afraid my previous experience of the sex had taught me to think of them as mercenary"—with a faint, bitter smile; "but I do not know whether I hated or loved her most."

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Make it thick, glossy, wavy, luxuriant and remove dandruff—Real surprise for you.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

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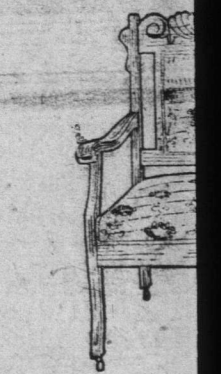
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