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# OXO

## CUBES

## Love a Conqueror

### WEDDED AT LAST.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

It touched her now to see with what a hesitating movement Sir Hugh, generally so proud and self-possessed, slipped his hand through her arm. Perhaps she had been harder even than his sin deserved—and, after all, he had loved her!

They stood for some minutes in silence, looking down at the quiet, almost empty streets. The shops were shut now, but two or three of the shopkeepers had brought out chairs and placed them on the pavement, and were sitting chatting and smoking and enjoying the fresh air, while beyond lay the sea, the waves breaking over the shingles with a soft little murmur which reached Shirley's ears. It was all so still and silent and peaceful! Ah, how well she remembered that night long ago!

Suddenly lifting her eyes, she found her husband's fixed upon her, with a passion of yearning tenderness in their gaze; he was looking deathly pale in the moonlight, and his hand, as it lay upon her arm, shook slightly.

"I am afraid you are suffering," she said gently. "Do you feel ill, Hugh?"

It was the first time during all the years they had lived together as husband and wife, that she had called him by his Christian name; and a sudden gleam of delight flashed into his eyes.

"Shirley!" he exclaimed, in a low voice, full of passionate emotion and yearning and remorse; and in almost uncontrollable emotion he bowed his head over her until his lips touched her hair; then, turning from her, he leant against the balustrade and covered his face with his hands.

Shirley watched him in silence for a minute. Had he been so unhappy after all? Had he suffered? Had his punishment equalled his crime? Had he been more wicked even than he had been? His had been the crime of a few hours or weeks. Hers had been the sin of four long years, hard-

ening her heart and cherishing vengeance and hatred.

She touched him gently, lifting her slim white hand and trying to draw him from his face; and at her touch he trembled violently, and, throwing himself upon his knees beside her

hid his face upon her hands, kissing them passionately; and with the kisses came tears—a strong man's tears of remorse and pain and anguish.

"Hugh"—Shirley's broken voice was full of a new sweet music, although the low tones were very unsteady—"I have been very wrong. Will you forgive me, and let us begin again?"

"Forgive you, my darling!" he murmured. "Shirley, can I ever forgive myself? Even the excuse I offered at first makes my shame and remorse the greater now. But, my darling, I did love you—selfishly, unworthily. I know—and I was mad with rage and jealousy; but I did love you. Ah, love, I have suffered all these years; and the bitterest drop in my cup has been the sight of your suffering!"

"We will not talk of it now," she said very gently. "Shall we begin again? Hugh, I will try to be a good wife to you. I have been wrong—ah, how deeply wrong!—and you have been very indulgent and good to me always—and—let us begin again from to-night."

"I am not worthy," he returned huskily. "Oh, my darling, are you sure that you forgive? I could not bear to lose you again!"

She loosened her hands gently from his, and, as he folded his arm round her, still kneeling, she laid her head upon her breast and felt once more his kisses and his tears. From within, through the open windows, came the sound of gay laughter and voices and the dreamy waltz music which rose and fell so softly without all was still and silent, a high Glynn knelt, with his head upon his wife's breast and his arm round her, and he felt it would be to die thus, and leave her free to be happy, since she had forgiven him.

"Shirley"—he lifted his head and looked up at the beautiful soft face which had surely driven him mad at one time of his life—"is it dream? It seems to me that such joy cannot, ought not to be mine."

She smiled slightly; it was strange what a feeling of happiness this re-

conciliation gave her; and, oh, how hankfully she looked back to it, in the days that followed, and remembered that the last words she had spoken to him had been kindly ones. "You feel anything but dream-like,"

he said lightly, anxious to end a scene which was trying him so terribly. "Is you head better? Has the air done you good?"

As she spoke, she put her little cold hand upon his forehead and softly pushed away the fair disordered hair, looking frankly into the blue eyes raised to hers with such passionate adoration in their depths.

"Shirley—oh, my darling," he murmured, half beside himself with joy and pain and remorse, "will you—just to prove that this is no dream—will you kiss me once?"

She stooped forward instantly and kissed him softly; it was the first kiss she had ever given him.

"Come in, my darling," he said presently, thoughtful for her even in this delirium of happiness which possessed him. "It is cold for you here and I must take care of you now, my own precious wife."

And, as they re-entered the sitting room, Guy Stuart, glancing up again for a moment, saw the peace on both their faces, and it was reflected in his own.

"It is a still sultry night," Captain Layton said carelessly, as he went over to the open windows. "I think there is a storm brewing."

"I hope not," Mrs. Beadesert said with a little affected shudder. "What makes you think so, Captain Layton?"

"It is so very still, and there is kind of heaviness in the atmosphere," he answered. "After a storm comes a calm, you know, and after a calm comes a storm, I suppose!" Shirley's eyes met her husband's at a moment, and she smiled; but Hugh's glance was troubled. He saw any foreboding of the terrible term which was about to burst upon them. Captain Layton's words were prophetic? They seemed so to man present ere twenty-four hours had elapsed.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

The night passed quietly, and the morning broke fair and cloudless, but with the same heavy sultriness in the air which had made Captain Layton prognosticate a storm. There was not a breath of air stirring; the sea lay like a vast smooth lake, not even a wavelet disturbing its calm. There was no sunshine, no freshness—nothing but sultry heat, which made people feel oppressed and languid against their will.

"I wish there would be a storm or something," Lady Eastwell said pettishly, as they sat at breakfast, with all the doors and windows open to try and produce a draught, but in vain. "It is unbearably hot."

"Don't wish for a storm, Lady Eastwell," said Major Stuart, smiling. "Remember that I shall be exposed to all its fury."

"Why, are you really going on to-day?"

"Yes, really."

"Cannot we induce you to give us another day, Major Stuart?" said Mrs. Beadesert coquettishly.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Beadesert; but I fear, if I stay here any longer, I shall feel my solitariness too deeply by and by."

"But why leave us at all?" pursued the little widow, looking very charming in her dainty primrose morning dress.

"A wise man does not seek danger, Mrs. Beadesert."

"But only a coward flies from it," she replied gayly.

"Discretion is the better part of valor."

"You, a soldier, to preach such a creed as that! For shame, Major Stuart! Captain Layton, what do you say?"

"I think Stuart is very wise," said the young man, in a rather sullen tone, still angry with the pretty coquette for her neglect of the previous evening. "I have half a mind to go with him."

"But I promised to take you to church on Sunday, Captain Layton," Shirley said brightly from her seat by Sir Hugh. "Have you forgotten?"

"I had," he answered frankly. "Thank you for reminding me, Lady Glynn. But to-day is only Wednesday. How am I to exist until Sunday?"

"If you are very well-behaved, I will take you with me to call at the Vicarage this afternoon," she replied slowly.

"Lady Glynn, how can I thank you? I could say with perfect truth that I adore—"

"My dear fellow," said Sir Hugh, laughing, "if I hear a man saying that he adores my wife, I shall have to break his head."

"Thanks for shutting me up in time," said Captain Layton, smiling. "Lady Glynn must take my adoration for granted. Will you really take me to the Vicarage this afternoon?"

"I will indeed. I promised to go to hear some more songs, and I will take you, if you will give me your word that you will behave with the greatest decorum."

"I do," said the young man solemnly. "I will pay the greatest attention to the mother, and forget how to flirt for the occasion."

"I cannot think what you see in those insipid girls, Shirley," remarked Lady Eastwell languidly. "They are not a bit pretty, and have not a notion of dress."

"Have you seen much of them, Lady Eastwell?" asked Guy quietly. "Ah, I thought not—because, if you had, you would not call them insipid! I am afraid I am not a very good judge; but I must say that I have rarely met nicer girls, so thoroughly unaffected and charming."

(To be Continued.)

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## For the New Year.

I know not what shall befall me, God hangs a mist o'er my eyes; And so each step I nmy onward path He makes new scenes to rise; And every joy He sends me, comes as a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread on another year; But the path is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear; And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as I draw near.

So I go on not knowing, I would not if I might, I would rather walk in the dark with God than go alone in the light. I would rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.

My heart sinks back from trials which the future may disclose, Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose; So I send the coming year back, with the whispered words, "He knows."

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Ladies' Costume.

Gray woolen poplin with trimming of green satin and fancy buttons. Is here portrayed. The skirt is finished with a girde of the satin. The blouse waist is closed at the side and may be worn without the chemisette. The close fitting sleeve has a neat cuff. The new plaid or checked suitings would lend themselves nicely for this style, which is also desirable for velvet, corduroy, pongee, prunella, serge or broad cloth. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to an address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9810. — A BECOMING YOUTHFUL DESIGN.



Costume for Misses and Small Women, with or without Chemisette.

This model was used for a simple party frock of blue crepe de chine. Brocaded silk in Persian tones forms the girde, while shadow lace and net frills add a neat touch to neck and sleeve finish. The design is suitable for serge, albatross or cashmere. It will also lend itself equally well to velvet, charmeuse or satin. The drop shoulder and yoke effect are good style features. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 16 year size.

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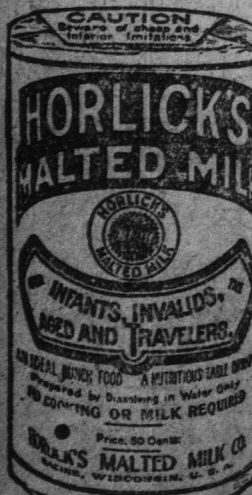
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