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Love a Conqueror OR WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER LIII.

It was on a lovely summer evening that Guy Stuart got out of the train at the little country station, and found Madge and her ponies waiting for him in the golden sunlight.

"It was very good of you to come to meet me, yourself, Madge," he said, as he accommodated his long limbs to the limits of Madge's fairy-like little vehicle.

"Did I not always come to meet you when you came to Erindale?" she asked gayly.

"Yes; but you were only a lassie then; now you are a young lady about to be married, and a very important personage altogether. When is the great day, Madge?"

"The great day is to-morrow," she replied with a laugh and a blush. "You will soon see outward and visible signs of it."

"To-morrow! Then I am only just in time?"

"Yes. We expected you quite a week ago."

"You gave me no date, Madge. I suppose you were in such a wild state of excitement that you forgot that I was not likely to know what date you had fixed."

"In a wild state of excitement!" she echoed, tossing her pretty head. "A propos de quoi, Guy?"

"A propos of a wedding! Young ladies are always wild about weddings, so what they must be about their own particular one passes the limits of my imagination completely."

"Well, you see, I am the exception which proves the rule," Madge said laughing. "I am much as usual, thank you."

"You are as saucy as usual, Madge. How are your father and mother?"

"Very well indeed."

"And the Hall is turned upside down, I presume?"

"Nearly." Madge answered gayly. "The dining room is intact; so you will have your dinner in peace, which assurance will, I know, be a great comfort to you. You see, Guy," she added more soberly, "I should have preferred a very quiet wedding; but mamma and papa did not like disappointing all the village people, who have been looking forward to all kinds of gawdies; so last night there

was a ball for the tenants and household, and—"

"To-night?" said Guy laughing. "There is a dance for ourselves. Mamma wanted it to-morrow night; but I said, I did not see why I should be out of it, so I begged to have it to-night."

"Quite right. And, if the bride-elect will honor an old foggy so far, I beg to put in a retainer for a dance or two."

"As many as Jack will let you have," she said merrily. "Guy, how dare you call yourself an old foggy? You look ever so much younger than you did when—I saw you last."

"Do I? I am glad of that. I am glad too, Madge, that Jack has been able so to arrange matters, that he will not be obliged to take our sunshine away from us."

"No; that has all been settled very comfortably. Mr. Kearton takes the management of the house at Calcutta, and Jack stays in England."

"It would have gone hard with your people to spare you, Madge."

"Yes, my heart was almost broken, when I thought of it. It was so terrible to think that I must leave either papa and mamma or Jack. It was miserable, Guy."

"Sometimes I almost wished that I had never seen Jack," she said half-reverently; "and the next moment I felt that not even mother wanted me as he did."

"Poor Jack! The past shadow will make the sunshine of the present all the brighter."

"That was just what—Madge began impulsively, but she stopped, coloring a little."

"Just what, Madge?" Major Stuart asked, looking at her with a little smile; but Madge shook her head, smiling also, and did not finish her sentence.

Perhaps he guessed what the conclusion would have been, for he did not urge her; but a great longing came into his gray eyes.

They drove on in the golden sunlight, down the pretty leafy lanes which were so pleasant in Guy's eyes. When he had seen them last, they were bare and leafless and glittering with hoar-frost; now the hawthorn, both pink and white, was blooming in the hedges, and the banks were ablaze with floral treasures.

Perhaps it was because the thoughts of both were so full of Shirley that neither of them spoke of her. Once or twice, glancing at the grave

face of the man by her side, Madge would pronounce them fit, and bid his master "hev 'e meat!" then short notice invitations went forth, scarcely ever to meet refusal, for every one was on the lookout for them. Mr. Alwyn's four old servants woke into unusual activity. The large, rarely used dining and drawing rooms were set in company order, brocade curtains were shaken out, dragon china was brought forth, such silver as was polished that the tables looked like an entanglement of sunbeams; and some four or five score guests made the most of their host's rare hospitality, eat his fruit, strolled about his broad paths flanked by great bushes of syringa, guelder roses, and such out-of-date flower-bells, and wished that their chance of such a treat came oftener.

It was at one of these strawberry gatherings that a stranger appeared. "An old school-fellow of mine whom I'd not seen for years—not since she lost her husband; and she is only with me for a short time, so I ventured to bring her," explained Mrs. Morton, wife of the musical doctor; upon which Mrs. Villiers, a most distinctly handsome woman of perhaps five-and-thirty, drew near, made a very graceful bow containing just enough timidity to be appealing, and "did so hope she was not intruding!" and John Alwyn, in his courtliest manner, hastened to assure her he was only too much honoured, and—two years short of sixty though he might be—certain is it that for the

first time in his existence his fancy was caught, the heart that had resisted every species of maiden blandishment succumbed to the widow!

What the lady knew of him and his position before her visit could not have been much, but she skillfully made the most of it on that June afternoon.

"Had Mr. Alwyn always lived here?" she asked, as she gallantly accompanied the stranger of the party along the lime-tree walk. "Oh, what a pleasure to feel rooted to such a charming spot!" looking round with dark, liquid eyes. "Now she had to live in London. Ah!"—with a shrug of her very handsome shoulders—"the dust, the noise, the unrest, were frightful. But"—with quite a touching sigh—"she supposed she was doomed to do it. Poor people such as herself had no choice. And were those trees actually planted just when Mr. Alwyn was born?" as her host pointed out the beauties of "Stuarts." "Why, how fast they must have grown, then! To a smoke dried mortal like her"—with a becoming blush at the self-uttered slander, for her complexion was still brilliantly clear—"the place seemed a perfect paradise. But Mr. Alwyn was a very naughty, naughty man."

"Why?"

"Why, because," indicating the gay groups upon the lawn, "among so many charming friends he had chosen no Eve!"

Purchase the bright audacity of the lady's manner took the lawyer a little off his head. He straightened himself up at that suggestion about Eve, and began to wonder within himself whether fifty-eight could be called exactly "old." He looked at his reflection in a deep-framed concave mirror over the sideboard when he took his fair guest in for refreshment, and flattered himself his diminished figure had a decidedly juvenile air. Mrs. Villiers was charmed with the cream, with the china, with the spoons, with the room, with everything; and the more she admired his possessions the more he admired her taste. She caught sight of musical paraphernalia through the open door of the library, and must needs inspect his Cremona—"The only instrument on earth worth studying!" she declared, admitting, quite apologetically, that she could only play upon those wretched things pianos, and sing—a little. "Ah!" turning over a well-used score—"here was that delicious thing of Beethoven's. How she loved the 'moif.'" And with a voice rich and well trained she so-la-fa'd forth the melody.

"But, oh, if Mr. Alwyn would play! Where were the rest of the quartet? Not all here! Ah! then she couldn't hear it, and she was so sorry!"

(To be Continued.)

THE Grand Alliance; OR, Love That Knew No Bounds.

CHAPTER I.

Their coming and going was as natural now as the sound of the church bells themselves. Shopkeepers, postmen, policemen, and habitués of the thoroughfare would have felt any day begin awkwardly which had not brought the pair to receive the well-differentiated bow and nod of greeting; and if the custom ever evoked question or smile, it was gravely explained as "just one of Mr. Alwyn's pleasant bachelor ways," with which, of course, no fault could possibly be found.

Indeed no one ever found fault with any of the worthy gentleman's ways, except that they were bachelor; and this fact had been a thorn in the flesh too, and somewhat of a stigma on the ladies of those parts for the last thirty years.

That a man so eligible, so wealthy, and so evidently born for domesticity, should have escaped the snares of matrimony laid incessantly with more or less craftiness in his path, was an enigma provoking to spinster minds—a standing vexation to many a would-be matron! But the gentleman was apparently invulnerable to female charms. By now all hopes of his changing his condition were given up. "Confirmed old bachelor!" was the title freely applied to him; and people were beginning to wonder who, in the absence of near relatives, would be his heir, when at this precise juncture he—

—or fate for him—upset everybody's calculations in the most extraordinary manner. In plain English, he got married!

The precise steps of this rash and marvelous act were as follows:

It has been said Mr. Alwyn never entertained; but one solemn annual festivity was the exception which proved this rule.

In late June or early July, when the long, splendidly kept rows of strawberry beds in his big south sloping garden were in full luscious bearing, when after much netting and ending, and watching from early dawn, to "keep their brutes of blackbirds off," Bond, their guardian,

would pronounce them fit, and bid his master "hev 'e meat!" then short notice invitations went forth, scarcely ever to meet refusal, for every one was on the lookout for them. Mr. Alwyn's four old servants woke into unusual activity. The large, rarely used dining and drawing rooms were set in company order, brocade curtains were shaken out, dragon china was brought forth, such silver as was polished that the tables looked like an entanglement of sunbeams; and some four or five score guests made the most of their host's rare hospitality, eat his fruit, strolled about his broad paths flanked by great bushes of syringa, guelder roses, and such out-of-date flower-bells, and wished that their chance of such a treat came oftener.

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(To be Continued.)

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to March 11th, 1914.

- A Adams, Mrs. Mary Adams, J. Pennywell Rd. Adams, James, Pennywell Road Adams, Ernest, Pennywell Road Adams, George, Pennywell Road Antle, Miss Edith (card), Military Rd. Antle, Miss Jane (card) Asworthy, Mrs. Allen, South Side Abbott, Miss Sarah, Pleasant Street Adams, Mrs. retd. (mother of Jas.) B Barnes, D. retd. Bartlett, Mrs. Francis, Pope St. Bryant, Water Street Barnes, Mrs. Chas., Military Rd. Blackadar, Miss Delea. care Byrne's Bookstore Bennett, Mrs. M. Water St. Beese, Mrs. James (card). New Gower Street Bell, James, Nagle's Hill Benson, George Bennett, Miss Eva, New Gower St. Berg, George, retd. Byrnes, Alexander, Pleasant St. Berry, H., LeMarchant Road Baldwin, John, Quidi Vidi Road Boone, Alfred, care Robert White, Balsam St. Bond, Capt. G. T. Bowring Ben (late Bay Roberts), care Gen'l Delivery Brown, Lilly, James St. Boone, Alfred, Springdale St. Brushett, E. Butler, Mrs. Joseph Burke, Tom Bussey, William, Spencer St. Bulger, Mrs. care Mrs. H. Tracy Budden, Miss Matilda, Military Rd. Butler, James E. Butt, Walter F. retd. Barr, Mrs. D. F. C Carnham, Mrs. late Grand Falls. Callahan, James, care Bowring Bros. Clark, Mrs. John, Plank Road Carter, J., (card) Duckworth Street. Chisholm, James M. Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill. Cronwell, Miss Minnie, Alexander St. Cooper, Miss Mary, Monkstown Road. Crawley, Mrs. Mary Connor, Mrs. Mary Connor, Jack Corbett, William Churchill, Allan, Circular Road. Carter, Miss Annie, (returned). Cave, Miss L., Goodview Street. Callahan, Mr. Conway, Mrs. K., Duckworth Street. D Dalton, Thomas, LeMarchant Road. Dwyer, Mr. Gower Street. Darsey, Miss M., Flower Hill. Dunphy, Miss Annie, Cochrane Street. Dawe, Henry, George Street. Dawe, Miss Phoebe, New Gower St. E Earle, Miss Fannie, Spencer St. Ellis, J. S. Enon, W. J. C., Gower Street F Fraser, Annie, retd. Fry, S. B. Fagen, Asira, care James Lester Fitzpatrick, Frederick, New Gower St. Fitzpatrick, Thomas, Water St. West Foster, F. 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Moorhouse, Miss Moody, Miss, care Jackman's Mullins, Miss Minnie, Stephen St. Murphy, Miss Alice, New Gower St. Murphy, Bernard Murphy, Mrs. (card), Rennie Mill Rd. Uggford, Robert (card) Murphy, George W. Murphy, Patrick, Angel Place Murphy, Dennis Murphy, James Murphy, Miss A., LeMarchant Rd. Murphy, Miss, Water Street Mader, H. B. Mercer, W. K., Long's Hill Miller, Mrs. Mary Miller, John N McDonald, Mrs. H., Young St. McGrath, Miss H., Water St. East McLeod, Miss A. (card) McGrath, Michael McGrath, Margaret O Newell, Mrs. Edward Newell, Mrs. Peter, Hamilton Avenue Neary, John Nielson, Thomas, General Hospital Nicholls, Ella, 4 Noel, J. F., care Gen'l Delivery Norman, J. P. Oake, Miss Alice, Brook Lodge Olsen, Emanuel, care Gen'l Delivery O'Neill, E. Oliver, Miss Maggie O'Neill, E., care General Hospital Oliver, Mrs. Violet P Parsons, Fred R. Parrish, Leo, Pennywell Road Perry, Florence, Casey's St. Percy, Albert, Allandale Road Penning, T. E., Water St. Penny, W. 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