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THE Grand Alliance; Love That Knew No Bounds.

CHAPTER XXX.

Close to him now, she could not speak. She could not cry to him. Words of her own her lips refused to frame. In that great crisis volition was all quenched. From a source beyond herself the message rose that laid the evil spirit tugging so hard for one more fainting soul. Gilbert Hurst turned, white as death, toward the notes which sounded like an angel's help.

"Why are you here?" he said, hoarsely. "What brought you?"

"I saw you," she answered, panting, "so near the water. I was afraid for you."

Afraid for him! afraid for him! And had flown to his side thus, in her innocent bravery. Verily temptation had not done with him yet. He moved a step from the water.

"You need not be afraid for me now," he said; "go back;" the cold words so warring with the fires in his breast, they rang out rough and harsh.

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"Not without you," said Sydney; speak as he might, she would not leave him thus. "Mr. Hurst, do come." She let her hand fall timidly upon his shoulder; which of them was it who was trembling so? "Do come," she repeated, and to that sweet imploring, that torture too dear to be denied, he yielded. Her light touch holding him in tender charge, silently they regained the house, a journey brief but never to be forgotten. A fitful night-breeze swept her long hair across his hands as they were entering. He started aside as though the soft tresses stung him.

"Go and sleep now, for I am safe enough, Miss Grey," he said, and strode upstairs.

Alone she noiselessly barred the window, then noiselessly crept back to her own room. But there strength suddenly discarded her. Upon her knees she fell beside her bed. Thence sent one great entreating cry to Heaven—

"Safe! Of Thy mercy keep him safe. My love—my love!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

The week bargained for, and three days' grace beyond, Mr. Drayton stayed at St. Clair; long enough for Mary to rub her eyes plenty of times and make quite sure her new-come happiness was no mere dream; long enough for Mr. Vaughan to sun himself in the bright situation with the keen, amused pleasure which almost turns unselfish age to youth again; and long enough for Lady Comyngham to be attracted by the tidings to the Gate House, there to make congratulations in such sort as set Mrs. Dacie's maternal pride in a blaze which has never since subsided.

To this day she relates how the countess said, "St. Clair must not expect to find another Miss Dacie in a hurry, but they must beg her to put young Mrs. Duvesne in training before she left, and Edward, with his small parish, must help Mr. Vaughan with his large one, and they must all try and make the bride as little missed as possible."

A programme which, it is pleasant to record, obtained forthwith, and still remains in excellent working order. Then the bridegroom-expectant went off on his less agreeable errand, and having run down to overlook what he had in hand at Granfyde, and returned thence to see after his wedding suit in Bond Street, was putting away

a Monday afternoon, before starting the same evening for Paris, by a lounge in the park, when from the herd of idlers he was unexpectedly accosted by Major Villiers, beside whom was Mr. Rupert, whose acquaintance he had not before had the honor of making.

Both these gentlemen were extremely willing to receive a third party into their conversation.

The honest old major was sorely hurt, far below the surface, by what he considered his son's curish conduct at the Dale the summer before. This, combined with the young man's breach of promise as to loo and congeners of that seductive pastime, had set up a barrier between father and son; neither was well at ease in the other's company nowadays. By a

TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can. — "I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what your kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house." — Mrs. FRANK EMSLEY, 303 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

The Other Case.

Beatrice, Neb. — "Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an operation. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was doing for others and I used several bottles of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and I have two little girls." — Mrs. R. B. CHILD, Beatrice, Neb.

substratum of selfish sense Mr. Rupert had escaped going to the dogs, but he was imbued with a distaste for the leading strings of prudence, and though now living in bounds of moderation and his actual income—for with his biggest asseveration the major had vowed nevermore to pay a penny of debt for him—he adopted the cynical air of a man to whom the world is a used-up toy, decorum and respectability, just tramways into a wished-for abyss of oblivion.

After a few minutes' stroll, "I have been trying, Mr. Drayton," said the major, who by an effort was always the cheerier of this pair, "to make my son spare me a journey at the end of this week. He could get away from Friday to Monday and have a couple of days at Paris if he would agree to it, but"—with a glance at Mr. Rupert, less proud, less confident, than of yore—"I am afraid he won't contrive to oblige me."

"It is the sort of thing I don't care for, sir," answered the younger man, with his chin in the air, and a tone declaring him bored with the subject. "The Channel always turns me bilious, and I would rather not go."

"Paris!" said Richard Drayton. "Why, that is where I am bound tonight. When do you go, Major Villiers?"

"Oh, Thursday, if I must. We've a summons from Mrs. Alwyn to her daughter's wedding on Saturday. I suppose I have to give the young lady away."

"Mrs. Alwyn's daughter! You mean the elder? You don't mean—"

"Yes, yes, the elder. Not Sydney—Miss Alwyn," put in the major, with a quick look at his son, who pretended not to hear what was being talked of—"it is my own niece, Leonora, who I'm given to understand is making a grand match at last. But I wish they had not dragged me over for it. Suppose, Mr. Drayton, you go to them with my compliments and say you'll be deputy for me!"

"When they would send me back with anything but compliments," was the laughing answer. "No, I must decline such a delicate embassy!"

"Ah, you've no taste for these affairs either," sighed the major. "So I must e'en pack up my coat and show up myself, I'm afraid."

"That you must, sir. Though"—with a meaning twinkle—"I am not above taking an interest in such

things. In fact, I'm going to take a very strong interest in one somewhere about the end of this month."

"You don't say so!" cried the major. "What have I come on now? Why, who's the lady?"

"Some one you know, sir. I have to fetch her from St. Clair." Mr. Rupert deigned to look round at this. "It is Miss Dacie."

"Heyday, sit down and tell us all about it!" said the major, with a clutch at some vacant chairs. "I'm heartily glad to hear again about that friend of—about Miss Dacie. When was it settled? and when does it come off?"

These and sundry more questions Richard Drayton freely answered the much interested inquirer, Mr. Villiers sitting meanwhile a few paces off, consuming cigarettes with an aspect of total indifference. For finale the cause of his expedition to Paris was explained, which his hearer, with many an interpolated "scamp" and "scoundrel," was getting vastly excited over, when a passer-by with friendly greeting claimed "old Villiers," and for a couple of minutes Richard Drayton was left to Mr. Rupert only. By way of civilly saying something, he handed the young man a commonly executed *carte-de-visite*, remarking, "People should not leave these tell-tales behind them. If I had not picked this up by accident at Granfyde I should never have been able to track out the original, whom I have been telling your father of."

The photograph was that of a young man with marked features, gazing, not straightforward, but sideways from the picture. Mr. Rupert took it carelessly, but at the first glimpse his expression changed. With an ejaculation he flung away his cigarette, then wheeled his chair closer to Mr. Drayton. "I really have not been attending," he said, "but this is a friend of yours?"

"Friend? No! Enemy, rather."

"So much the better for you."

"Why? You know nothing of him, do you?"

"Once upon a time I did. A little. And I knew him for a rascal. You say you intend to find him up for something or other?"

"Yes. To settle scores with him."

"Ah, lucky to be able! Wish I'd the same chance, Mr. Drayton. But if you meet your gentleman you may find it useful to be able to tell him—looking askance to see that his father was out of hearing—"that one of the parties he played with at little St. James' (he'll know where you mean!) on the first of May two years ago undertands about his king of hearts well enough now. In plain English you may tell him he is a card-sharper and a blackleg, and that men in a livery he doesn't love will receive him with open arms if ever he gets foot in London again!"

"And may I mention who says this?"

"He'll be none the wiser. I can not even tell you what he was called though I should know his face among a thousand. We met in a company known only to each other, sooner or later, by two names, fools and rouses. He belonged to the last. I had the slight superiority of belonging to the first class. You perceive—the liveliness imparted by the notion of a blow at his old associate giving place to his former drawing latitude—"I reveal the secrets of my unregenerate days, Mr. Drayton; now nous avon change tout cela, and I'm never going to be naughty no more! "Sh!" Mr. Rupert applied himself to another cigarette, and nursing one knee, as the major returned to his place, and taking up the thread of his interrupted dialogue, remarked regretfully.

"What a pity, Mr. Drayton, your prosperity did not come a year ago, when Miss Dacie's friend, poor Sydney, could have shared its pleasures."

"Just the one drawback we both deplore," said the other man, heartily. "But we don't mean to let it last a day longer than we can help. Mary—Miss Dacie—has written to her through the mother, as usual. If she won't give us leave to go and see her we mean to attack Mrs. Alwyn for permission. We think we know why she is banished. Now we mean to know where it's to."

Then he repeated the countess's conjectures, and asked point-blank if they were correct?

(To be Continued.)

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