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"Beaver" Flour is not like the woman who can make only one kind of cake or one kind of fancy pastry. "Beaver" Flour is like the attractive, capable, clever housewife who can make Bread, Rolls and Biscuits—Cakes, Pies and Pastry—and makes them all equally well. That's the flour you want! Order it at your dealer's.

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Love a Conqueror

—OR— WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Guy looked up hastily, as if about to speak, but apparently changing his mind, said nothing, and sat down in his arm chair, the old weary sadness creeping over his face.

"That is all right," said Oswald heartily, "she bore up so well all day that I feared the long-continued strain had been too much for her. We owe Miss Grey and her sister a vast debt of gratitude," he added smiling. "They are most charming girls, and it was worth enduring some trouble and anxiety to secure such friends."

Captain Layton's face glowed delightedly. The only drawback to his happiness in his engagement to Ada Grey, had been a lurking thought that his friends might think lightly of her because she was the daughter of an obscure country parson; but was himself fast finding out that there is a far truer nobility in kindly nature than in high birth, and that it is worth, not rank, which is the grand desideratum. The young man's love for Ada had indeed changed him for the better; he was no longer recognizable as the languid, listless individual, eager to flirt with Mrs. Beaudesert, and with no higher object in life than the adornment of his own person and the designing of some new fashion in cravats. The young exquisite had almost entirely disappeared, and an earnest, straightforward, resolute man had replaced him. The terrible trouble which had fallen upon Lady Glynn had touched him greatly, and Sir Hugh's awful death had been a rude but salutary shock. He had spent the weeks before the trial at Easton, and his presence was an inestimable comfort to Ada, who was almost sorry afterward to think how happy she had been while Shirley was undergoing such sorrow and suffering.

"And I have to congratulate you," Major Stuart said, looking up with a smile. "You are a very lucky fellow, Layton; Miss Grey is a most charming girl, and you are much to be envied."

"Thank you," the fellow returned, rather shyly. "Have you not dined yet?" he added, glancing at the barely-touched dinner. "Because Lucia thought that perhaps you would come."

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BEECHAM'S PILLS

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round this evening. They would be so glad to see you."

"Yes, we have dined," Captain Fairholme said hesitatingly. "but I want to write him. I have already telegraphed to my wife, but I know she will be anxious to hear all particulars. Would you care to go by and by, Stuart, or are you too tired?"

"By no means," Guy answered immediately. "I should like to go."

"Then I will tell them to expect you in about an hour," said the young officer, cheerfully. "They will be delighted. You know the house, Fairholme, of course?"

"I ought to know it," Oswald answered laughingly, "considering that I was there three or four times yesterday and again this morning."

"All right, then. Au revoir!" said Captain Layton as he left the room. They heard his quick step on the stairs as he went down, and his voice humming a song; and, as he died away, a little spell of silence fell upon them both, broken at last by Oswald, who rang to have the dinner removed. And while he was writing to Ruby, telling her all particulars of the trial and its result, Guy Stuart sat leaning slightly forward on his chair, his head on his hand, his deep gray eyes with wistful, yearning gaze studying the glow of the fire. He was thinking of the Past and its misery, of the Present, with its strange uncertainty and flickering lights and shades, and he was wondering what fate the Future had in store for him. Would it give him more loneliness, more sorrow, more wistful yearning for love and companionship, or would Shirley put her hand in his and go with him where he would—his wife at last. For there was no life between them now.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Guy had meant to see Shirley quietly, and Lady Glynn had made a resolution that she would not distress him by any emotion; but, when the met in the little parlor of Mr. Jackson's little cottage, their calmness and courage were sorely tried.

She was waiting for him alone standing, a slim, black-robed figure upon the bright flowered rug and when he entered, she turned and put out both little hands to him; and Guy bent over them as he took them in his and laid his face upon them in uncontrollable emotion. The long strain upon his nerves and endurance had overcome him at last, and the look in her eyes, so tender, so compassionate, so infinitely loving, broke down all his self-control. Shirley stood motionless, with her heart throbbing to suffocation. She was anxious to spare him as much as possible. She felt that it would be inexpressible comfort to throw herself into his arms and weep out all her misery upon his breast, but she knew that she must be brave for him now, for him who had so often been brave for her.

They were silent for some moments, the stillness of the little room being broken only by the great choking sobs which burst from Guy's sad heart; then, as Shirley felt that she

could bear it no longer, that her strength was failing her, she said softly:

"Guy, you distress me. Dear, I cannot bear to see you thus."

At the sound of her voice he shivered; but, making a great effort, he lifted his head, and, still keeping her hands in his, murmured a few broken words of thanks and blessing for her brave testimony for him that day; and, as her eyes rested on his face, so well-beloved and so sadly altered, she could have cried out with pain at the change she saw there.

"Why are you thanking me, Guy?" she said tremulously. "Such thanks as those hurt me. Sit down and tell me of yourself. Oswald ought not to have let you come to-night. You look fit for nothing but rest."

She drew him gently toward the little sofa; and, as he sat down, still holding her hands in his and gazing at her fixedly as she bent over him with such infinite pity and love, the fair face quivered and the beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"Guy," she said brokenly, "have you been ill? Have they hid it from me?"

"I have not been ill, my darling; but of course I have been somewhat troubled and anxious and grieved; but that is all over now. I need not be selfish any longer," he added huskily. "I can have thought for others. My poor, poor child, how terrible all this must have been to you!"

"I was not alone, Guy," she answered, looking down at him sorrowfully. "I found kind and dear friends who have been, oh, so good to me, dear!"

"Heaven bless them!" broke from his lips, as he drew her closer to him. "And yet my dearest you are so changed."

"Am I? You must not judge of my looks to-night, because I am tired; and I should like not to judge of yours either," she continued unsteadily. "Oswald told me you were changed, and to-day—her voice faltered for a moment—and to-day I saw that you looked worn and ill, but—"

"If my appearance shocks you," he said, forcing a smile. "I will go away and not see you again until I have recovered my old looks. Oh, my darling!"—he dropped his head on her shoulder as she stood beside him—"how can we be thankful enough, how can we show our gratitude? Shirley, once or twice in my loneliness there, he went on unsteadily, "it seemed to me that everything was going wrong here, that the most trivial words and actions would go against me. It seemed as if Heaven were against me."

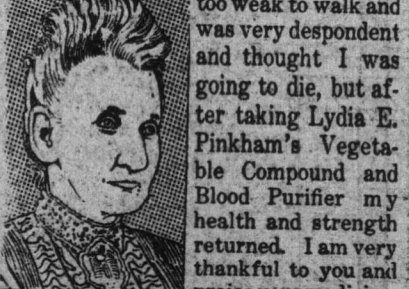
"Guy, my dearest, hush!"

"It is such a relief to tell you, over!" he said brokenly. "I had left you that morning so much happier. I had guessed that you and—poor

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FRANK S. IDE.

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Hugh were friends, and I was thinking that there was a happy life of mutual love in store for you both in the future. Sweet, I know what you would say; but you are so young, and his love—once you had forgiven—could not have failed to win some return; and I was glad and thankful, my own—ah, I may call you so now, Shirley—that it should be so—I was quite willing to go away and be forgotten if you were happy; and that morning, Shirley, I meant to go away and not to see you again until I had conquered my love for you."

The tears were standing in his eyes, and Shirley, bending, put her dark hair—thickly besprinkled with gray now—back from his brow, and then, with a sudden impressive tenderness, bent yet lower, and put her lips where her caressing hand had rested.

"My poor Guy!" she said softly.

"We were going over the cliffs, talking of anything and everything, but the dear woman who was so near both our hearts, when Hugh turned to me suddenly and, with a look in his eyes I had never seen there before—a look of such earnest gratitude and sorrow—asked me to forgive him the wrong he had done me in the past. He told me all, Shirley—how, rendered mad and desperate by his love for you, he had resolved to possess you by fair means or foul, and that, hearing your mother's story, my poor love, he determined to betray you as she had been betrayed. But he told me that from that night—do you remember it, my darling, when you followed me to Maxwell?—he had not known one happy hour. He had quite despaired of ever winning your love—how could you love, he said, where you had learned to despise? He assured me that then, had it been possible, he would have undone what he had done; but that, knowing that to be impossible, he had tried to brave it out. And we sat down on the cliff, and he told me, poor fellow—"

(To be Continued.)

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9804. — A SIMPLE BUT STYLISH GOWN.



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 is closed at the side and may be worn without the chemise. The close fitting sleeves has a neat cuff. The new plaid or checked suitings would lend themselves nicely for this style, which is also desirable for velvet, corduroy, eponge, 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 Chemise.

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 trills 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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