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Next to a returning Arctic Explorer, the hungriest mortal on earth is a growing boy. He is always ravenous. "He will eat anything". But why should he?

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It is both a bread flour and a pastry flour—and makes the real nutty flavored home-made bread and delicious pastry such as cannot be made with any purely Western Wheat Flour.

Just try "Beaver" Flour—and see for yourself how thoroughly satisfactory and dependable it is for all kinds of baking. Your grocer sells "Beaver" Flour or can get it for you. Dealers—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

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Love a Conqueror

OR

WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER LII.

It was a weary time for all, this long struggle between life and death. Sir Hugh's constitution was naturally a strong one, or he would have succumbed long before, and his frame offered a desperate resistance to the inroads of disease. Neither Mr. Lipton nor the prison surgeon gave any hope, or had any fear—since by far the greatest mercy to him would be death—that he would recover; but there was an acknowledged dread in their minds that he might linger on until the sessions, and so stand his trial. Shirley had no such dread; she seemed certain that he would die before the time appointed for the next sessions, and that he would pass on to that wiser judgment which can never err.

Sir Hugh Glynn's arrest and imprisonment caused a great excitement in the fashionable world—a far greater excitement indeed than his supposed murder had caused. The whole story was so romantic and mysterious, so many rumors were afloat about the strange circumstances of his marriage and the reason of the unfortunate valet's power over him, that the sensational papers reaped a splendid harvest and their contributors were at no loss for matter. Hardly a day passed but some new and startling facts, facts which had but very slight foundation, were brought to light, and Lady Glynn's beauty and grace and strange disappearance and stranger reappearance were widely commented upon. It might have troubled Shirley had she

read all these thrilling paragraphs; but she never glanced at a newspaper during these sad days. Her whole thoughts were given to the dying man, dying with such a stain upon a name which had been honored, dying the last representative of an ancient and noble family, in a prison cell!

But, great as the excitement was in the great world, it was hardly greater than Lady Eastwell's sorrow, at the thought that she had been indirectly the means of Sir Hugh's arrest. At first her knowledge of the circumstances of Shirley's marriage and of Latrelle's part therein had made her suspect that the latter knew more of the murder than had transpired. There had been no mention of his name at Guy's trial; but, after Major Stuart's acquittal, which had incensed Alice, who firmly believed him guilty, she had set the cleverest detectives to work to discover Latrelle's whereabouts. That he was an accomplice was not impossible, she thought; she knew him as a daring and unscrupulous man, and she felt sure that if he could be found he would throw some light upon the subject. How the detectives succeeded she now knew; they had thought to find Latrelle when Sir Hugh gave himself up as the murderer, and Guy's innocence was clearly proved.

Alice was almost despairing when the tidings reached her. She had loved Sir Hugh Glynn as well as it was possible for her to love anyone, and she had hated Guy as his murderer with a bitter vindictive hatred. That Shirley—who, after all, had done her cousin no wrong—should suffer troubled her little; and even at the time of the murder her sorrow at Sir Hugh's fate had been greatly lessened by the thought that the death should be atoned for. But now, when all had come to light, the wretched woman saw how greatly mistaken she had been, and how

cruelly she had wronged Major Stuart and Shirley, and she saw in the full light of day into what a fatal abyss her jealousy of Shirley had plunged her, and her grief was very profound.

The thought of Sir Hugh dying in a prison haunted her day and night; and even a letter which, at her husband's request, Shirley wrote to her gave her but little consolation. In a few gently worded earnest lines Lady Glynn begged her, in her husband's name and her own, not to regret what she had done, for it had been Sir Hugh's fixed intention to give himself up to justice. She was in no way to blame, and she must not blame herself for a moment. Sir Hugh was quite at peace," the note said, and they sometimes talked of the old days at Fairholme Court. And the letter ended with an earnest entreaty for forgiveness for the shame he had brought upon all those in any way connected with him, and with every kind wish for her happiness and her husband's.

Alice read it with floods of bitter repentant tears and her agitation and excitement were such that they brought on an attack of low fever. As soon as she was convalescent, Lord Eastwell took her abroad; and the illness was the beginning of a happier life for him, for his imperious wife grew gentler and humbler, and her suffering did not bear only bitter

fruit, but the flowers of charity and gentleness and patience bloomed in her heart.

At Easton the strange revelation was read with mingled feelings, and Lucie Grey—now the happy wife of her father's curate, an earnest, single-minded young clergyman of good means who worked as a labor of love but it was very pleasant to Shirley Ada was abroad with her husband; but it was very pleasant to Shirley to renew her old friendship with those who had been so good to her in her misery, who had seemed then to be her only friends.

So the days became weeks, and February set in, cold and snowy. In March the sessions would come round; but before March another visitor came to the quiet cell, a visitor the shadow of whose wings had hovered long above it.

It was drawing near the hour for Shirley's daily visit, and the fire was burning cheerily in the little grate. Guy Stuart was sitting by the bed on which Sir Hugh lay dressed—he always insisted on being dressed, although the process was a slow and

exhausting one. He was raised upon pillows and breathing with great difficulty, and the dews of a great agony were upon his brow; but he was easier now, although the last paroxysm of coughing had been terrible, and had shaken him with horrible violence, and he was but half conscious for a time.

Presently he turned his languid eyes upon Guy, and a little gleam-like smile lighted them for a moment. Lighted them, then faded.

"It is almost her time, is it not?" he said feebly.

"Yes, dear old fellow, only a few moments more."

"It will be the last time, Guy. Nay, don't look so grieved, old friend. Why should you? It is better as it is. Lift me a little—I can talk more easily so; and I have something to say to you before she comes."

Guy raised him gently, with all a woman's tenderness in his strong hands, and as he did so Hugh's blue eyes went to his face with a look of grateful affection.

"Dear Guy," he said unsteadily, "how good you have been to me all my life long! I won't say anything more about forgiveness, old friend, because you have proved how completely you have forgiven. Let me tell you rather what visions I have seen, what dreams I have dreamed, while I have been lying sleepless here."

His weak hands clasped the strong fingers more closely, his eyes, with the same fond gratitude, rested still upon his friend's face; but Guy's own eyes grew very dim and his lips quivered as he listened.

"I have seen in the future, Guy," he said softly, "a vision which has brightened all this long dreary path which I have been treading—it has been long and dreary, even with your presence and her smile to lighten the road, Guy; so what would it have been without them? I have seen a happy home brightened by mutual love and joy and peace, a home where I am not forgotten, but where I am remembered sometimes with compassion and pity—ah, don't interrupt me, Guy! Is it not better to be remembered thus than recalled with execration, which I merited? I see in this home old friend, two persons whom I have wronged, oh, so cruelly, but whom through all my madness I have loved and honored, and I see them perfectly happy in their mutual love and perfect trust! I see the husband—he has your face, Guy—strong, brave and true, loving and protecting, striving by a tenderness which never swerves or falters, to make his wife forget the misery she has suffered through me. I see the wife—she has a face whose loveliness made me mad once, old fellow—loving and honoring, trusting and looking up to a man worthy of all her tenderness, and making the sunshine of his life. It is such a pleasant picture that I should like to linger over it, Guy, but—I dare not!"

"Hugh, dear old friend, cease," Guy said gently, the tears standing in his gray eyes, his lips quivering almost beyond the power of speech.

(To be Continued.)

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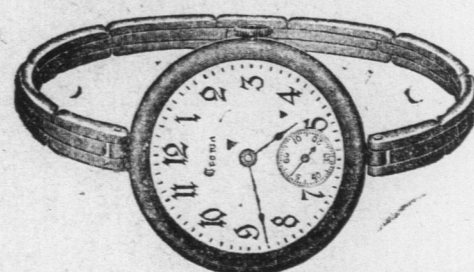
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