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by making bread that appeals to their taste as well as giving nourishment to their system. Ask the average child which it prefers, bread or cake, and it will invariably answer, "Cake".

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The Great Love OF Peg o' the Wilds

I—The Breaking of Two Hearts.

(continued)
The low-down scoundrel! The mean skulk! A blackguard that isn't fit to mix with decent folk! Marry a son of his!—and his voice rose to a shout. "Never! My flesh and blood shall never mate with that carrion! D'ye hear, Peg? I'd rather see you in your grave first!"

Poor Peg was beside herself. For the first time in her life she had heard her father's voice raised in anger and seen his face transfigured with rage, and—against the one whom an absorbing passion had suddenly sprang up in her tender heart—a first love, a passion that was true and noble, and that permeated every fibre of her being.

A pallor showed through the tan, and, speechless with amazement and dread, she listened to the outburst in the manner of one whose faculties are suddenly benumbed.

Then, as the storm left her father breathless, slowly, without a word, but with a look that pierced the old man to the heart, she left the room.

"It's like cutting the vitals out of

the living body! Mate with a son of his! Never! I'd rather see her dead first!"

And, with a groan of mental agony, he sank into a chair and let his thoughts run riot.

Away back in the bygone they carried him, and from memory's hidden recesses he conjured up the features of the hated rival who at every critical point of his life had crossed and supplanted, working—and always in the dark—to his injury. At school in early business, in his youthful affections—always the same fell influence, the same skulking, baneful personality, lurking like a ghoul in the background and working to his hurt away from the light.

The following days were mournful ones for Peg and her father alike. The old man wandered about with a stern, inexorable look on his face that effectively choked off the subject at issue; while Peg was no longer the bright Peg of old. Rarely did she go outdoors; her face lost its vivacity, and her step its elasticity; and she remained for the greater part of the day shut up in her own room.

So things remained for about a month after the upset.

Then came the great climax. One morning Dan Gordon came down to breakfast at the usual hour, but there was no Peg to welcome him. He shouted her name through the house, he searched high and low, and then, as an awful foreboding crossed his mind, he noticed a note folded and placed near his accustomed seat.

In a maze of bewilderment he opened and read:

Dearest Father—I have left you and gone to Jack. I could not live

without him. He has made all arrangements, and we shall be married to-day at X—. Don't grieve for me, father! Be assured that what I am doing is for the best, and that I am and always shall remain, your own loving little "PEG."

The stricken man sank into the chair. The dreaded thing had happened, and he was overwhelmed.

Like one whose senses have temporarily drifted from their mooring, he sat dumb, motionless, tearless. Then, as reason slowly resumed its sway, he sat back in his chair and faced the ruin that had befallen him. His Peg—his little, motherless Peg—the being in whom had centred a his hopes and affections—the one whose existence had kept his own flickering vanity burning—the one being with whom he could claim kinship in all the wide world, had left him in the winter of his days—gone out of his life—and with a message very naive to him spelt his ruin.

This hated enemy was preferred before him who was responsible for her being, and he was left childless, alone, forsaken. With the thought his head sank to his outstretched arms, and a paroxysm of grief racked his frame.

When the storm had spent itself he lifted his head, and then into his eyes there crept the light of another passion—the fires of anger and resentment. He had been forsaken—he would pluck her from his heart. He had been left childless—henceforth he had no child. And as for the man who had caused the havoc—

"Curse him! May destruction dog his footsteps to the grave! The skulk! He hadn't the manliness to face me and ask for what he wanted. Like his craven father, he stole—stole my one eye-lamb. 'Curse him! Let me never get near him!"

And his hands worked convulsively as he gloated in the anticipation of coming to close grips with his enemy's throat.

It seemed as though the elements were in harmony with the spirit of the stricken man—dark and brooding, for suddenly the rain that had threatened all the morning descended in torrents to the accompaniment of thunder's roll and lightning's flash.

Leaving his meal untasted, he got up and placed his chair near the fire, and there he sat, alone with his thoughts, hour after hour.

As the evening drew on—the hour that he had daily yearned for, when Peg was his for the remainder of the

day—craved for his daughter's return, now demanded, in brusque tones: "Who dares call me father?"

"It is your little Peg, O father! father!"

"I have no child, madam. You have made a mistake. Go—quick! This is no place for you!"

And he made as though he would close the door.

"O father! father!"—and the distraught woman (for one day's experience had wrought the change of years) swayed in the storm and fell to the ground in a faint.

Dan Gordon could stand no more. She was bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and inwardly he yearned for her with an unquenchable yearning.

Springing forward he bore her into the house and poured a little brandy between her closed teeth. Then he set her on the couch and watched her return to consciousness.

As her eyes opened she saw him, and then came the thought of the day's events. She shuddered and turned her head away. But the old man spoke the thoughts that were in his mind.

"Did he marry you?"

"No, father."

"The scoundrel! Do you mean—"

"He didn't come; he sent a note instead."

With these words did she gloss the treachery of the man who had proved true to his nature—the man who had failed at the pinch and stood out in his true colours—a despicable dastard.

"The villain! Like father, like son. May the curse of Heaven—!"

And then he noticed the look of dumb entreaty in Peg's eyes and was silent.

From that moment onward nothing further was said on the subject; each avoided it as an episode to be thought of only.

But did either forget? Did old Dan forget the villain who had shattered his domestic peace and crushed the life out of his darling? Did Peg forget the man who had flashed across her life in its most susceptible period?

Dan certainly didn't, and it was in response to inward promptings on the matter that he sold up his home and removed far from a district whose associations were too poignant for daily reminding.

II.—THE CARAVAN.

For a summer whose climatic conditions had been execrable the beautiful autumn and early winter compensated somewhat, and it was an evening whose sky-glories would have delighted a Turner that brought Dan Gordon out from comparative seclusion for a stretch of the legs and enjoyment of the genial surroundings.

With the life amid new scenes and associations, the old grudge had almost been effaced from his mind, and he fondly hoped that the sore had been healed in the heart of his child.

Anyway, she never complained or referred to the renegade lover, and, for aught he knew, she had put him entirely from her remembrance.

That being so, he would try to lift up his head and look forward to a future rosy-hued and without a cloud to disturb its serenity.

So he thought and talked over to himself as he wandered farther and farther away from his home, attracted by the beauty of the evening.

Had he not been so intent upon his introspection, he would doubtless have become aware of a man who dogged his footsteps, halting as he halted, and springing aside into the shadows if he showed any signs of turning.

It was a man about thirty years of age, whose face, even in the twilight, showed the lines of a dissolute and wild past. At the present moment he was only following out an idea inspired by a chaotic and disordered brain.

As the darkness of night fell, he crept closer to his contemplated victim, and, when the opportunity that he sought showed itself, he pulled a heavy sand-bag from under his coat and lifted it to strike.

At the moment the old man half turned, and that moment probably saved his life, for he received the blow on the side of the face and shoulder—sufficiently severe, however, to fell him like a log.

Again the sand-bag swished through the air, but not before a loud shout for help had broken from the lips of the prostrate man. The call was instantly answered by the shrill blast of a police whistle.

Balked of his anticipated plunder, the robber shot one glance into the darkness towards the danger point, then turned and dashed away.

(To be continued.)

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