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OXO CUBES

Love a Conqueror

WEDDED AT LAST!

CHAPTER XI.

When he returned, Alice held out her hand to him to button one of her long gloves, and while he was bending over her wrist there was a soft rustle of silk on the stairs, and the patter of tiny high-heeled shoes.

"Here is Shirley," said Alice suddenly. "She does not look as if she were wearing the willow! Poor Major Stuart!"

She was coming down slowly, fastening her gloves as she came, her eyes fixed on the little buttons, the long silky folds of her dress making a soft "swish" as they swept over the crimson carpet. Perhaps it was due to his having to stoop over Miss Fairholme's wrist that Sir Hugh's face flushed so darkly as he lifted his head, but the next moment, as he turned his eyes upon Shirley, his face was white as death, while it was with difficulty that he repressed the sudden passionate exclamation of admiration and love which rose to his lips.

Alice Fairholme caught the swift gleam of longing which flashed into his blue eyes; and for a moment they both stood watching her silently as she came. Hugh Glynn never forgot, even in the changes and miseries of the future, how she looked then. It was the last time he ever saw her smiling and serene.

She was dressed in white: long spotted folds of lustrous gleaming silk fell straight and shimmering round her, cut square upon her shoulders, where they were finished off with some soft old lace. There was not a touch of color anywhere, save in the vivid carmine of her lips; nor had she any jewellery. Her arms were bare above the elbow, and she carried a fan of carved mother-of-pearl and satin and Brussels lace which had been Guy's gift.

Years after, Sir Hugh Glynn could have given every detail of the girl's dress, which seemed stamped indelibly upon his recollection. Never had she looked more lovely. Regret that Guy was not present to see her in her "silk attire" made her hazel eyes somewhat wistful and sorrowful, but the story her mirror had told her had made her carry her pretty head haughtily erect and there was a little triumph brightening her beautiful eyes. And, as he looked upon her, Sir Hugh Glynn's heart beat high with passion and longing and love and the last remnants of resistance under temptation fell away from him, and the tempter conquered.

"You might be wearing your wedding dress, Shirley," said Alice carelessly; and at the heedless words the color rose, swift and scarlet to Shirley's face, and Sir Hugh smiled to his lips.

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But there was no time to answer. One by one, in all the bravery of their dainty hair-dresses, the guests at Fairholme Court were coming down from their rooms. From the bachelors' wing, which could be reached by a staircase leading up from the smoking room, the men sallied forth in their "war-paint," and presently the sound of wheels was heard in the avenue, and the band cantered in a bower of greenery struck up, and Shirley's first ball had begun.

CHAPTER XII.

The ball at Fairholme Court was like most other balls, especially those of the town-bred languor has not yet penetrated, and where balls are so much common entertainments as they are in London during the season. The country-people were well represented; there were plenty of pretty girls and what is rarer still, of dancin' men. Lady Fairholme was a charming hostess. Alice was in her element, dancing and coquetting and flirting with Sir Hugh in constant attendance. Sir Gilbert moved among his guests, courteous, urbane, and rife pompous. Ruby Capel misawards Fairholme from her gay court admirers and mentally inveighs against the existence of Her Majesty's service in general, and Oswald "chieft" in particular, but enjoys herself very much nevertheless. The music was excellent and the floor admirable, and altogether the ball was a success, and the New Year opened merrily at Fairholme Court.

The New Year was about half an hour old when Sir Hugh at last was at liberty to leave the ball-room. He had been doing his duty manfully all the evening; he had danced and flirted and made himself very generally agreeable, and although he had not danced with Shirley, he had managed to be near her very constantly and had hovered about her with a gentle care and attention for which the girl was very grateful. She was not enjoying herself much, poor Shirley, for, as the evening wore on she found herself thinking of Guy and his long, cold journey, and her excited imagination conjured up railway accidents and other troubles, until it required a constant effort to laugh and smile and dance, and it was a great relief to her when, profiting by a general exodus in the direction of the supper-room, which, for the nonce, had been turned into a kind of supplementary cloak-room, where some of the gentlemen had left their plaids and overcoats.

It was very quiet and pleasant, Shirley thought, after the heat and noise of the ball-room. The fire had burned somewhat low, for the household were all too busy to attend to their regular duties, and Shirley sank down before it into a low American chair and crossed her little satin-shod feet on the fender, and closed her eyes wearily as she rested her pretty head against the cushions of her chair.

But she was not left long in solitude; the eager passionate blue eyes which had followed her so constantly yet so furtively during the whole evening had noticed her escape from the ball-room, and Sir Hugh had guessed where she would take refuge. He had an excuse for seeking her, moreover, for that evening, just as they were entering the ball-room, a servant had brought Miss Ross a letter which had arrived by the evening mail, and Shirley had given it to Sir Hugh, smiling, and asking him to keep it for her until she was at leisure to read it.

"The post mark is Glasgow, and it is from Jack," she said lightly, "I suppose he is wishing me a very happy New Year, but the good wishes must wait."

So the "good wishes" had waited until now, safely ensconced in Sir Hugh's coat-pocket; but he thought that the time had come for them to be delivered. So it happened that, while Shirley lay back on her cushions thinking of Guy, the school-room door was quietly opened and Sir Hugh's voice asked permission to enter, with a tone of entreaty which Shirley could not but hear.

"What is it, Shirley? Your brother is he ill?"

"No, Oh, Jack—oh Jack!"

"He is not ill? Then there is nothing which need distress you like this," said Sir Hugh very tenderly. "Tell me what it is, my child, and let me help you."

"But—but—"

"Don't let any fancied scruple prevent you, Shirley. You know that if I can do anything I shall be only too glad. Tell me, dear—what is it?"

She was lying back in the chair now, pale and exhausted, her lips quivering and great tears still resting on her long lashes; she looked up at him piteously and shook her head with a weary little gesture of denial.

"Will you not tell me, Shirley? Remember Guy left you in my care. How can I fulfill my trust unless you confide in me?" he said softly. "Forget all my folly, and remember only that he told you when he was leaving you, if anything went wrong to come to me as frankly as you would go to him; Shirley," he added, in earnest entreaty, "let me do what Guy would do if he were here now."

(To be Continued)

Two harvies one tall and the other very short, were working side by side in an excavation when the foreman told the tall man that he was not doing his share.

"Well, suv'nor," said the man, "you don't expect me to do so much as my mate, do yer? He's much closer to the ground than I am!"

"Oh, thank you! Yes, I think I may indulge myself with five minutes longer quiet," she said, and took the letter from his hand. "Will you allow me?" she continued, smiling slightly, and Sir Hugh bowed a quiet acquiescence.

He had turned away from her as she opened the letter. The sight of her sitting there in her loveliness made the remorse which he could not quite cast away from him sting almost as keenly as Guy Stuart's trust had done. She was so fair and gentle, she was so compassionate for his pain, that he might have had compassion upon her.

A slight cry, faint, terrified, anguish-stricken, made him turn quickly. Shirley had risen, white as death, and trembling in every limb, was looking with fixed staring eyes at her brother's letter.

"Good Heaven, what is the matter? Are you ill?" he exclaimed, going to her side, and regarding her with intense anxiety. "Shirley, let me get you something—let me call—"

He was hastening from her side, when her voice—her voice yet so unlike Shirley's sweet even tones in its broken hoarseness—arrested him.

"Get me nothing! Call no one!" she said faintly. "Let no one come—"

He went to the door, locked it and came back to her again. She seemed dazed and bewildered as she looked at him; the horror of some great trouble was upon her face, over which had stolen an ashen-gray tint which robbed it of its brightness and beauty and started him greatly, while her eyes looked up at him full of a bewildered pain pitiful to see.

"My child, my poor child, what has happened? What is the matter?" he said, gently, only anxious now to soothe her; and at the anxiety and tenderness in his voice Shirley's composure failed. She sank upon the seat from which she had arisen, and burst into a passion of tears, bowing her head in helpless anguish upon the arm of her chair.

Patently, but with the same intense anxiety on his face, Sir Hugh waited; then, as the heavy sobs ceased, he said gently—

"What is it, Shirley? Your brother is he ill?"

"No, Oh, Jack—oh Jack!"

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"But—but—"

"Don't let any fancied scruple prevent you, Shirley. You know that if I can do anything I shall be only too glad. Tell me, dear—what is it?"

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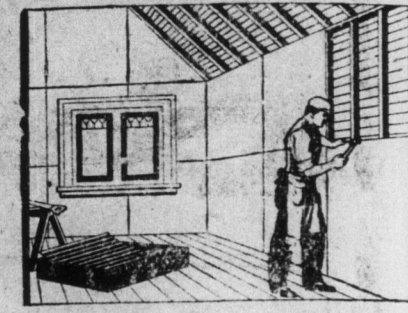
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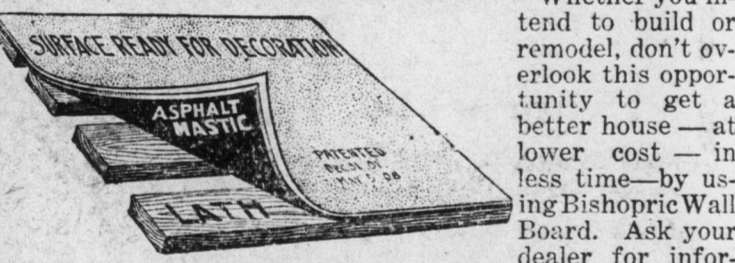
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Street Car Derailment

One of the street cars left when opposite Henderson's foot of Theatre Hill, yesterday noon. Conductor Mullaly and other passengers were in the time, and the former some injury to his leg by the jerk the car gave when it toppled over. The cause of the derailment was due to a pile on the track, whether accident or otherwise has not been determined.

Police Called to the Pros

The police were summoned phone about 6 o'clock yesterday to the s.s. Prospero, 15th Nfld. Produce Co.'s wharf to disturbances that had arisen in a travelling dress of the afternoon. The appearance of officers on the scene soon matters.

Chocolates Stolen

The police are very busy investigating the larceny of a quantity of chocolates from Harvey & Co.'s. The five boys arrested under have been released but no arrests have been made.

Wedding Bells

On Wednesday, Dec. 17th, a pretty wedding took place in the Methodist Church, when Mr. Higon was united in the matrimony to Miss Effie Atkinson of this place, by the Rev. Mr. Atkinson. The bride was given away in a travelling dress of the afternoon, by Miss Maud Holley. Mr. Thomas Higon acted as man. The bride was given away by Mr. Jacob Higon. After the ceremony the newly married couple to the groom's residence, where a celebration was held and the of the bride and groom home and Mrs. Higon are the of many valuable presents Harbor.

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