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Love a Conqueror

WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER LII.

His voice was low and faint now, that only she, quite close to him as she was, could hear the words; and, as she bent over him again, the clear silvery tones of her voice reached his falling senses, and the peaceful expression grew upon his face. She was repeating to him softly the words of Him who was giving her comfort now in this dread hour, the words of the Great Physician who came not to those who were whole, but to the ailing and sin-laden and weary, whose hands were waiting even then to open the prison doors that were never to be barred again, whose death had paid all ransom due. No sweeter, truer death-bed message was ever given; and even the old clergyman felt his eyes fill with tears at the perfect faith and trust and love which the words evinced.

And the shadow of the hovering wings drew nearer and nearer as each minute went by.

"Shirley!"

The heavy head resting upon her bosom lay still and helpless now; only the great eyes raised to her face, and never moving thence, gave token that he lived.

"Yes, dear Hugh."

"The end is drawing near; it is very dark, is it not?"

"Evening is coming on, dear."

"I can hardly see your dear face, Shirley. My darling, I never dared

to hope that such happiness as this should be mine—that I should die in your arms."

"You are happy, Hugh?"

"Quite happy."

The words parted the pale lips, but were uttered with difficulty; the failing eyes never moved from her face, so full of compassion and tenderest pity.

"Is Guy there?" he murmured, after a minute's silence.

"Yes, Hugh—yes, dear fellow! What can I do for you?"

"Do you remember some lines we read together long ago and liked—some lines from Sintram about death. You will not have forgotten; Guy, let me hear them now."

There was a momentary pause as Guy recalled the words, and with them the place where he had read them first—Hugh Glynn's luxurious college rooms with their books and flowers and the open piano at which Hugh had been sitting when Guy first read the words.

"Have you—forgotten, Guy?"

"No, dear Hugh." And softly and clearly Guy repeated the lines—

"When death is coming near,
And thy heart shrinks with fear,
Oh, meet him cheerily,
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end!"

"Death comes to set thee free,
Oh, meet him cheerily,
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end!"

The death dews were gathering up on Hugh Glynn's forehead; the dying

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eyes, almost blind, almost unseeing now, still looking upward at Shirley's face.

"Shirley, my friend—has come; will you—this once, my darling! It will be the first—and the last—time."

She understood him, and, stooping instantly, put her lips to his in one long last kiss. When she raised her head, there was a smile upon his face which lingered there.

"Hugh—oh, Hugh!"

But even her voice had no power to call him back from the goal which he had reached. As their lips had met, the over-shadowing wings had touched him, his head fell back, his eyes closed. He had come to the end of the journey.

In the whitewashed prison cell, with flowers on his breast and a faint smile upon his lips, the erring, sinful wanderer lay at rest.

So it happened that the sensational newspapers never reported the trial to which they had looked forward so eagerly, and only a quiet little paragraph appeared announcing Sir Hugh Glynn's death in Adinbrooke Castle, and making public his confession of the crime which he had committed, and for which his sufferings must have atoned in the eyes of his fellowmen. He had stood at no earthly tribunal, no earthly judge had summed up the particulars of his crime, but to the Judge who is all-merciful, all-loving, those who mourned him most deeply left him, with contrite and grateful hearts.

The June roses had bloomed and faded and summer had twice succeeded summer before Guy Stuart came back from a tour abroad, the beginning of which had been taken up with researches for any kindred or relatives of the unfortunate man who had met his death on the rocks at Easton. Every effort had failed, and therefore even the poor atonement of gifts and money was impossible; so Guy, having discharged this duty, pushed onward in his travels, biding his time as patiently as he might until he could return to England and ask the woman he loved so dearly to crown his life with the light and glory of her love.

He had not seen Shirley for more than a year, and only once or twice during his long exile had a letter from her reached him—frank friendly letters, such as a sister might write to a brother who was absent from her. Guy had smiled a little sadly over the cordial words; they were the only letters he had received from her, save the few during their brief separation just subsequent to their engagement, and, contrasting them with these, he saw how the eager young girl had grown into the grave saddened woman who had suffered and loved and borne a load of anguish rarely laid upon the shoulders of frail humanity. But all the letters breathed a spirit of tenderness and trust which touched Guy sensibly as he read them, and which made it easier to keep away from her until such time had passed after that peaceful death in Adinbrooke Castle as would admit of his claiming the precious charge Sir Hugh had left him.

He heard much of her from others, more especially from Lady Oliphant, who was a constant correspondent. She told him how useful and earnest and beautiful was the life which Shirley led in the pretty cottage-home she had chosen; for she had steadily refused any of Sir Hugh's wealth save the small annuity he had left her in the will he so regretted at the last. She told him what good she did, how much she was loved, and she cheered him with a few words of hope which brightened Guy's lonely life abroad with the thought that perhaps, after all, the visions poor Hugh Glynn had seen with his dying eyes might become blessed realities in the time to come.

But when the roses were in bloom and a second time, Guy received his summons home in a pretty affectionate note from Madge Oliphant, asking him to come back to be present at her marriage.

And, with his heart beating with a sense of joyous expectation and a passionately tender longing for the sight of Shirley's face once more, Guy turned his own toward home.

(To be Continued.)

NEWARD'S LINIMENT CURES
RHEUM, Etc.

THE Grand Alliance;

OR, Love That Knew No Bounds.

CHAPTER I.

It is a good many years now, though there are people living in the old West-country town who recollect it still, since the time when a prominent figure in their midst was John Alwyn, magistrate, counselor of the borough, counsel-man on matters pecuniary, personal, domestic, or civic to numberless fellow-burgers; last surviving representative of a high-class legal firm, which through three generations had held honorable rank in the country, and foremost place in the society of Stillcote-Upton.

He was a tall, fine man, this lawyer, bearing his more than half century of life with the ease of one who has always owned perfect health, few cares, and a full purse; liberal-minded, as cordial intercourse with every grade betokened; trusted and trustworthy, heartily respected by his wide circle of acquaintance, heartily liked by a smaller circle of intimates.

That this need not have been small goes without saying, for not a house in Stillcote-Upton but would gladly have welcomed Mr. Alwyn for its guest—not a family but would have been delighted to visit at his red-brick dwelling, "Sturants," as it had been named long ago, when for an hour it sheltered a royal fugitive from a fatal field; and which, with front first floor dedicated to clerks and offices, stood at the main entrance of the town, faced by an iron-palisaded inclosure of smooth-shaven lawn, through which curved a crescent drive, beginning and ending with tall gates flanked by sturdy brick pillars, each wearing as its crown a huge lichen-tinted stone ball; but the burden of general visiting, the master of this mansion had never cared to incur. As a bachelor he had not been expected to cultivate the art of entertaining. There were dozens of ways by which he could—and did—require such hospitality as he received of other folks. For the rest, he liked nothing better than to keep his house as it had been in his father's time before him; solid and handsome in all its equipments, unchanged by fluctuating fashions of the day, and to spend his evenings mostly in the solitude—to him never wearisome—of a well-stocked library.

But this rule of life knew one exception. Once every week post-prandial seclusion gave place to another arrangement, which might almost be called an institution.

On every Wednesday the leather-covered table of the study retired to a bay-window overlooking a long garden; four stands, residing elsewhere up four corners of the room, were brought forth and set in unvarying array before four chairs, which would be presently tenanted by the host and a trio as devoted to the intricacies of classical instrumentation as he himself.

Never had Beethoven a more devout worshiper than the leader of this weekly quartet, and never, perhaps, was his life to know happier moments than those spent in affectionate interpretation of some unspeakably lovely adagio, some minuet as graceful as the scent of a new-blown rose is sweet, or some rondo so crisp and fresh as to put the long-drawn discords of latter-day harmony to shame.

For three hours these coadjutors would ply their bows, and then would follow supper—plain, but excellent as epicure could wish; and then, as the time-piece between the windows rang forth "Auld Lang Syne," and struck eleven, the party would break up. Second violin and 'cello—one the widower-rector of the chief church, St. Clement's, the other a physician of ample means and leisure—would go off arm-in-arm toward the west end of the little town, while the viola would turn down High Street to a more modest abode.

Socially, he was somewhat less than the others; by name Jacob Cheene, chief of the copying and what may be called "general drudgery" department in Mr. Alwyn's office—a



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A Cube to a Cup
Keep up your strength with Oxo Cubes—always ready—always the same rich strength and flavour.

man of great devotion to his employer, but of perhaps, except in one direction, no particular ability, since he gained no upward step in his employment from youth to age, save what long plodding service entitled him to.

People were amused at the lawyer's patronage of his subordinate when it began years before, and thought he might have chosen, as sharer of his tastes and companion of his two daily walks, some one more suitable than an inferior employee. But Mr. Alwyn had a habit of following his own prejudices. Possibly he may have had other reasons for taking to Jacob Cheene over and above their mutual love of one harmonious mistress; but, at any rate, his kindly notice of the quiet, shy man never slackened. By now the clerk's place in the quartet was as well established as his master's; while year in and year out, as half past nine chimed from St. Clement's tower, the lawyer would emerge from his door, and bend his steps eastward as far as Mr. Cheene's domicile; then the two would return, reaching the office invariably at ten, reappearing to make precisely the same journey at four o'clock to the minute.

(To be Continued.)

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If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach, headache, you can get blessed relief in five minutes.

Ask your pharmacist to show you the formula plainly printed on these fifty-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin, then you will understand why dyspeptic troubles of all kinds must go, and why they relieve sour, out-of-order stomachs or indigestion in five minutes. "Pape's Diapepsin" is harmless; tastes like candy, though each dose will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat; besides, it makes you go to the table with a healthy appetite; but, what will please you most, is that you will feel that your stomach and intestines are clean and fresh, and you will not need to resort to laxatives or liver pills for biliousness or constipation.

This city will have many "Pape's dyspepsia, or any stomach misery. yourself of stomach trouble and indigestion, get some now, this minute, and rid about this splendid stomach preparation, gases, heartburn, sourness, tion, too, if you ever take it for indigestion, gases, heartburn, sourness, dyspepsia, or any stomach misery. Get some now, this minute, and rid yourself of stomach trouble and indigestion in five minutes.—oct10

If you drop grease on the kitchen floor scatter soda on it and then pour boiling water. The spots will come out easily.

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