

Love & Conqueror

OR
WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXIX.

These were the words of Ada's song; and often in the days and weeks which followed—days and weeks of terrible gloom and darkness and unutterable misery—Shirley recalled them with bitter tears:

"We made a home, my love and I, Above the vales where cities lie, In the soft corner of a hill, With heaven above us pure and still; We thought no storm could reach us there, But breezes from the upper air, We put our flowers and creepers out To bask in sunbeams round about; The world beneath, pure heaven above, We dwelt secure in peace and love. We lived in dreams, my love and I, And took Time for Eternity."

"So dreamed we all one summer through, Till suddenly the wild winds blew, I fled it with our sheltered nook; Our scanting roof and frail house shook. Our creeping flow'rs that hid the wall, Our roses and our lilies tall, Were broken by the ruthless blast; And far upon the mountain east, The tree, our fondly cherished shade, Fell, and vast ruin round it made. Ah, vain were all my thought said I, That took Time for Eternity!"

"We had not even one summer's dreaming," Shirley was thinking to herself as she listened, leaning against the bowlder of rock with a far-away look in her hazel eyes—eyes which were all the more lovely from the shadows under them and the yearning pain which had darkened them and deepened them—"not even one summer, only a few short wintry days, my love and I."

Ada Grey's rich voice continued: "Through the long night the wild storm raged, And when, toward morning it assuaged, The sun shone o'er the hills. And sweet the breezes blew my heart to greet; But ruin lay around me where My home had been so dear and fair— My dwelling shattered on the ground, My joys all broken, lay around. The breezes I had trusted in, Like treacherous friends, had broken in. And robbed me of so much that I Had deemed was mine eternally."

"There is another verse," Lucie said, as her sister paused. "But Lady Glynn will be tired," returned Ada; then, obeying her sister's glance, she went on in a louder and more triumphant tone, with the last verse of the song; and, as she sang it, the tall, gray-clad figure began its descent again, coming nearer and nearer each moment.

"Arouse thee," said my loved one's voice;



VIROL
did not expect her to live

Mr. ROBERT BORLEY, 125, Baskin Road, Clapham Junction, S.W., writes: "I have enclosed photo of my daughter. When born, this child was very small and was wasting away; she was constantly crying, and we did not expect her to live long. Having heard of your food, we decided to give it a trial, and saw a great improvement in one week, so we continued to use it, and now you could not wish to see a finer child anywhere; she is very strong, and at present busy cutting her teeth, but we have no trouble with her and she does not even cry; in fact, we have not had one bad night since using VIROL, and I would not be without it for the world; every body remarks what a fine child she is, and my wife tells them that it is only by feeding her on VIROL that she is so well. I should like you to see her, which at any time you are welcome to do; she stands on her feet, has her teeth in, and is not a child that has four months for her age, and I can assure you that I would sooner be without my tobacco than she should be VIROL."

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Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir two minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (100 cents worth) in a 16-ounce bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating asthma, bronchitis and other throat troubles, sore lungs, etc. There is nothing better. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in salicycol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why its plan has been limited often, but never successfully.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pine Co., Toronto, Ont.

"The house is gone, yet I rejoice. The storms are kind which round us blow; Without them we should never know That love which fades not with the flowers. Nor shakes when loudest tempest lowers. Surviving home and rooted tree, That seemed secure as the hills to be, What matter if all else be gone? Since love survives, that is alone A gleam of immortality. And makes of Time eternity."

The sweet notes quivered and died away on the soft air; the gray figure was among the bowlders now, looking up. Lucie Grey saw him coming a tall, grave-looking man, with a pointed Vandyke beard and dark gray eyes. Ada was looking at Lad; Glynn's face, and she saw it change suddenly and brighten with a radiance which did not come from the sun setting over the sea. Guy Stuart, coming toward them, with his back to the sunshine and his face in the shadow, saw that radiance also, and, while it thrilled him with a keen sense of joy, it made his heart ache with unspeakable pain, and rendered it very difficult for him to greet Shirley with the quiet courtesy he strove to show when, stepping over the bowlders, he came up to the group and stood beside Lady Glynn as she sat, with the soft fleecy scarf shawl making a vivid spot of color amid the grays and greens, as the deep rich hue of the cliffs, looking up at him with smiling eyes.

"Those are very nice girls," said Major Stuart, when he and Shirley parted from the vicar's daughters at the foot of the long irregular climbing street, which was the principal Easton thoroughfare, and, while the three girls turned off to the left on their way to the gray stone ivy-covered gabled Vicarage, Lady Glynn and her companion walked slowly up the climbing street to the "Pack of Cards"—a capital, old-fashioned, thoroughly comfortable inn, where Lord and Lady Eastwell, Sir Hugh and Lady Glynn, party and suite had taken up their quarters.

"They are very nice," Shirley answered cordially. "I hope to see a great deal of them while I am here."

She was looking flushed and bright and smiling—very differently from the pale weary woman who had mad her way so languidly over the shingles an hour or two before. The scarlet shawl was still thrown over her scarfwise, making a vivid contrast with her soft gray dress; the soft chestnut hair curling over her forehead was stirred and lifted by the evening breeze, which was freshening a little now. She looked almost like the Shirley Ross of those few short winter days when she and her love had "lived in dreams," and taken "Time for Eternity."

"I think Easton sea-breezes have done you good," he said, looking down at her with a smile. "You are looking much better for it."

"I am quite strong again," Shirley answered. "Easton is a very bracing place, I fancy. We are all the better for it."

"Who is here with you?" Guy asked.

"The Eastwells and Mrs. Beadesert, with Captain Layton and Lord Rupert Eiland in attendance," she said, smiling. "We have taken up the whole of the accommodation at

the 'Pack of Cards,' and have made a great sensation at Easton altogether."

"I suppose so," he replied a little absently.

"Yes; Alice has her carriage here, and the fisher-folk stare at her footmen as if they were beings from another sphere," Shirley said gayly. "Our suite consists of a man and maid and a groom to look after the pony and carriage; so we are much humbler individuals in the eyes of the natives. You should see the excitement Alice and Mrs. Beadesert create when they go into church; it is quite ludicrous."

"How?" asked Major Stuart. "What causes the sensation?"

"Their dresses and bonnets," Shirley replied, with a bright little laugh. "They dress just as if they were going to the most fashionable London church. I am sure they have a great many sins to answer for though distracting the attention of Mr. Grey's congregation."

"I wonder why this inn was called the 'Pack of Cards?'" Guy said musingly, as they came in sight of the hostelry in question.

"From its curious architecture," Shirley answered. "Just look at it for a moment, and see if it has not a kind of resemblance to those houses which children build with cards."

"I hope so," Shirley returned dubiously.

"Have you had any reason to doubt?" he asked her as they both stood still before the pointed stone porch which sheltered the door of the inn, a roomy, odd-looking structure which in the posting days had been rather a celebrated house of entertainment for man and beast.

"No, and I hope we shall not," was the reply. "I do not like storms, especially near the sea."

"Are you going to make a long stay here?"

"We came for a month or six weeks. And you?" she asked, suddenly lifting her eyes to his.

"Only a day or two at the longest," he answered quietly. "I am on a walking tour, and did not intend to remain here at all until I saw your room, who told me you were here."

"Then you did not come to see me?" she said, with a little disappointment. "I have been laying the flattering unction to my soul that you had."

"I did not know that you were here," he replied with a smile. "But I am very glad to see you looking so much stronger. Your husband is well?"

Shirley's beautiful red lips were pressed a little closer together.

"Sir Hugh is very well," she answered quietly; and their eyes met for a moment. Lady Glynn's color deepened, and her long lashes drooped. "I am trying to do as you wish," he said a little unsteadily, after a moment's pause, looking away from him down the straggling, irregular street; "but it is very hard."

"Not because I wish it," he rejoined very gently, "but because it is tight, I trust."

"Here they come," she said suddenly, as a carriage appeared over the brow of the hill. "Lord Rupert and Sir Hugh are riding. Look how he inhabits of the High Street and wish to see the royal procession."

Major Stuart smiled as he saw the eager faces appearing in doorways and at open windows as Lady Eastwell's landau drove slowly down to

the inn, Sir Hugh riding behind the carriage with a good-looking young man whom Guy recognized as Captain Layton, while in the landau were Alice and her husband, Mrs. Beadesert, a brilliant little coquetish widow, and one of her many admirers, Lord Rupert Eiland.

"If Ruby and Oswald could have come with us," Shirley said, with a little sigh, "it would have been so pleasant; but they have gone to Fairholme, and—Alice would come."

"Major Stuart," said Lady Eastwell, smiling as he went forward to the carriage door, while one of the powdered giants slowly descended from his perch amid the intense excitement and admiration of three or four sunburnt urchins who clustered half shyly, half impudently on the pavement, "what good wind has blown you here?"

"Major Stuart! How charming!" put in Mrs. Beadesert, with one of her most gracious smiles. "You are not a bird of passage, I hope?"

"I am, indeed," he answered, smiling. "I had no intention of staying here at all, except for luncheon, when I met Sir Hugh's groom, who told me that his master was here, and that I should find Lady Glynn on the beach."

"And where are you going?" Captain Layton asked, while Sir Hugh and Major Stuart exchanged handshakes.

"I am 'doing' Devon on foot," answered Guy, laughing. "Do you feel inclined to go the rest of the way with me, Layton?"

"A walking tour!" laughed the young officer. "Oh, no—it does not sound tempting!"

"But you will not start immediately?" questioned Lady Eastwell, while Shirley stood outwardly calm and indifferent, but really waiting anxiously for his answer.

"Mine hostess of 'Ye Olde Hostelry,'" said Guy laughingly, "says that she cannot accommodate me, as her house is full."

"Yes, we have it all!" put in Mrs. Beadesert, glancing up at him merrily. "You cannot think what fun it is living at an inn."

(To be continued.)

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