



## Happiness At Last, Royalty Recompensed.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

"That's nothing," he said, quietly. "I'm a fireman, at sixty shillings a week, would have done all I did, and less clumsily. That's that's nonsense." The pain caught hold of him and silenced him for a moment; then he went on: "I—I meant for what I said to you that night, for what I asked you to do, Decima."

"Yes, I—I forgive," she said. "Thank you, dearest. You see, I take advantage of my situation. But, ah! Decima, you are 'dearest' to me. I love—but I didn't mean to speak of that. Decima, I have heard of your engagement."

"She started slightly, but said nothing. "I've heard of young Ilminster. I knew his uncle; a good sort—I hope he'll make you a good husband, Decima. He's—he's a lucky young fellow. I—I should like to see him, but I don't suppose they'd let me. As if it mattered! And—and—Decima, I've made a little will—"

"He smiled. "Don't be afraid, I've not left you anything worth speaking of. I know you'd only refuse it. No; only a trifle. Some pearls and things. You'll wear the diamonds on your wedding-day. Promise, Decima!"

"She was silent for a moment, then she said, almost inaudibly: "I promise."

"Thank! They were my mother's. This—this is rather a momentous business, and—and it may be absurd and grotesque too, for I may pull through after all, though I fancy not for the doctor smiled, and when they smile—I've just seen Bobby. I've left him my guns and some other things. How dark it is getting, Decima! I can say this now, because—well, because you are going to marry young Ilminster—and be happy. Yes, be happy, dearest! That has always been my wish; just that you should be happy! God knows I have not helped you to happiness. My love hitherto has only made you wretched. God forgive me! But how I loved you!"

"He drew a long breath and looked at her as if he were trying to impress every feature upon his memory, that he might carry it with him wherever he was going.

"How I have loved you! Life is short—let one be as happy as one may, life is short. Soon—and yet not for a long time, I hope, dearest—you will cross the river that divides life from death, and we shall meet. We shall meet face to face, with hearts bare to each other's gaze, and then you will know how I have loved you."

"He looked at her with a brave smile, but Decima could not see it for tears. She bent over him.

"You—you are wrong," she breathed, scarcely knowing what she said. "Lord Ilminster—he—I—I am not going to marry him. I am—not going to marry any one."

"She wiped the tears from her eyes hastily, for they obscured her sight, and his face was precious to her. "Not going to marry! Why not?" he asked in his thin voice. "Not marry Ilminster? They told me—Why not?"

"Because—because—" her voice broke, and her head bent lower—"because I do not love him. I—I love some one else!"

"Her head sunk until her face was hidden upon his arm. His eyes grew wider, and he frowned. "Who is this some one else, Decima?" he said, slowly, for his pain had got hold upon him again.

"Can't—can't—you tell?" she whispered. "Oh, my dearest—" She cast aside her trembling shyness, and bent over him, love pouring from her eyes, vibrating in her voice. "Oh, don't you know? Did you think that I could cease to love you? Did you think that I should change—after? You know that I loved you. Do you think that I should not love you now—now that you have risked—your life for me?"

"Decima!" he breathed, wondering, scarcely daring to think that he was awake and not dreaming. "Yes; I love you," she breathed. "I have loved you all through—it was wicked, I know, but I can't help it! There is no one else! There could not be! You must die! Ah, you must not, or I must die, too! I could not live without you, dearest! I could not, because I love you better than life itself!"

A light shone in Gaunt's eyes, his lips trembled. He tried to move, but he could not; he was bound and swathed too scientifically, securely. "I—I can't move!" he exclaimed. "I—I can't put my arm round you! Oh, my love—my love!"

"Blushing over face and neck, she put her arms round him and raised him to her bosom, and bent lower, and lower, until her lips touched his. And when they had thus touched, they clung with a kiss in which even her great love found expression.

Her arms were still round him when the doctor came into the room and she looked round with a strange look in her lovely eyes. It was the look which the illness wears when she is protecting her cub, the mother when she holds her best beloved against her bosom and so dares Death itself.

"The doctor looked at her and then at Gaunt. "Has he fainted?" he asked in a grave whisper.

"Decima held the dear head still close—yet, how gently!—to her bosom. "You—you had better go, my dear young lady," said the doctor, gravely. But Gaunt opened his eyes.

"Let her stay, doctor!" he said, with a smile. "I'm not going to die. Men don't die when they have so much to live for, and I—well, I'm going to live!"

Much to the surprise of the doctors, Gaunt "turned the corner" that day, soon became convalescent, and regained his health and all his old strength with remarkable rapidity.

As Lady Roborough remarked, "the Gaunts always did the unexpected," and she added, to Decima, that this particular member of the family was the most obstinate of men.

"If he has made up his mind to live and make you happy, you may depend upon it he will do so."

He displayed his obstinacy, not only in getting well, but in the matter of an early marriage. Decima pleaded "for time," of course but Gaunt would scarcely listen to the plea; and she was so grateful to him for not dying, that she yielded.

They were married within the month, and for a time, for nearly a year, in fact, disappeared from the sight, though not the memory, of their friends, and wandered about the Continent, far off the beaten tracks, staying at some little old-world town, or lingering beside one of the smaller Italian lakes whose shores the tourist has not yet troubled with his check suit and camera.

They ought to have been bored to death; but, strange to say, they were not. Their love had been tried in a very fiery furnace, and had stood a test even more severe than a prolonged honeymoon; and it was not because they were tired of wandering, or of each other, that at last, one day early in summer, they turned homeward.

That Leafmore was glad to see them goes without saying; and the people showed their delight at the return of "my lord and lady" in the usual way. There were triumphal arches, and a brass band, and the whole village turned out to meet and greet them, and escorted them to the Hall with cheers which drowned the music of the band. To those who know the power and volume of a country brass band this will convey a fairly accurate idea of the heartiness of the cheerers.

Having reached home, Gaunt and Decima would have liked to settle down into a life as closely resembling their quiet honey-moon as possible; but Decima was too wise to yield to the desire.

"Who is this some one else, Decima?" he said, slowly, for his pain had got hold upon him again.

"Can't—can't—you tell?" she whispered. "Oh, my dearest—" She cast aside her trembling shyness, and bent over him, love pouring from her eyes, vibrating in her voice. "Oh, don't you know? Did you think that I could cease to love you? Did you think that I should change—after? You know that I loved you. Do you think that I should not love you now—now that you have risked—your life for me?"

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## Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

### CHAPTER I.

Jeanne smoothes her dress and the delicate wrinkles from her forehead at the same time, and comes forward, as two fashionably-dressed young ladies—"mince"—to use Hal's expression—into the room. They are both tall and thin ("scraggy," as Hal would describe them); and for all their rich and fashionable attire, look somehow wanting and unfinished. It is difficult to look elegant with a red nose, and the truth compels us to admit that both Maud and Georgina's noses are slightly tinted. It is difficult to assume that peculiar easy grace which marks the patrician if you carry about with you perpetually the consciousness that your father made his fortune by making—pills.

It is difficult to be even ordinarily graceful when your clothes fit you so tightly that you can't move your legs more than two or three inches at a time. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to assume an ease, when you know that a pair of clear, searching, cruelly frank eyes are fixed on you, revealing in their crystal candor the consciousness of the owner.

One of the Misses Lambton's seal-skin jackets would have bought up the whole of Jeanne's wardrobe; they had three dresses to her one; they lived in a huge barrack of a house, moved in a cloud of servants, possessed chariots and horsemen, and yet, for all their wealth and grace, they were conscious that Jeanne possessed something that they lacked, and they were never quite at their ease in her presence.

Straight as an arrow, her fresh, shell-tinted face serene and still, her graceful figure fully at ease in her well-worn, plainly-cut dress, Jeanne comes forward, with no mincing gait, but with a firm, though light step, with no veneer smile, but with a placid gravity—comes forward the most direct contrast to them it is possible to imagine.

"My dear Jeanne," says Maud, in the affected falsetto, which she deems the "correct high tone." "We are so glad to find you at home. We were afraid you might be out."

"I wish I—I mean," says Jeanne, correcting herself quickly, but composedly, "I mean it is a beautiful afternoon; but I have been practicing. I have to practice for an hour every afternoon."

"Poor darling," murmurs Georgina, miming to a chair. "How cruel! Don't your hands get cold?"

"No," says Jeanne, promptly. "Nor your feet? Oh, dear," says Maud, "we're obliged to have the patent foot-warmer, and we have the carriage foot-warmer, too, don't we, Georgina? but then we get so cold."

"Yes!" says Jeanne, eyeing them calmly; "I don't."

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Take  
**Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets**

Be sure its Bromo

**E. W. Groves**  
The genuine bears this signature.

This direct blow to the conversation threatens to slay it outright, and the two fashionable young ladies smooth their ruffs and look at their boots and smile inanely.

Joanne comes to their rescue. "I will let aunt know you are here," she says, doubtfully. "She is in the kitchen, I think."

"Oh, please—please don't disturb her," says Maud, putting up her hands imploringly, something after the fashion in which the ill-used heroine on the stage beseeches mercy of the hard-hearted tyrant. "We only came in to ask you if you would come over tomorrow to the park and skate with us. It won't be a party—will it, Georgina?"

"Oh, no, not a party," murmurs Georgina, deprecatingly; "only ourselves and the Honorable Mr. Fitzjames."

"Only the Honorable Mr. Fitzjames!" echoes Maud, with due emphasis on the "Honorable." "He is staying with you, you know. Such a charming man, oh, quite too charming—so good-natured and—and—"

"Attentive," chimes in Georgina. "You must come!"

"Thanks!" says Jeanne, in her direct fashion; "I'll come if I may. I'll ask aunt."

"Do!" sang both in chorus. "And your brother—bring him, too, Jeanne dear."

"I will, if he'll come," says Jeanne, with a shrewd suspicion in her mind that Hal would prefer to skate—or slide—on the butcher's pond rather than on the park lake, in the company of the Miss Lambtons and an honorable.

(To be continued.)

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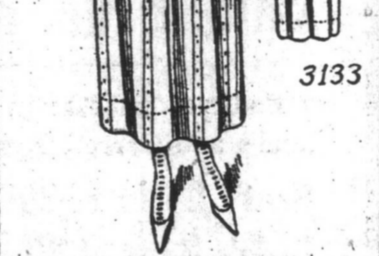


Pattern 3423 is here portrayed. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

Serpe, velveteen, taffeta, satin, broadcloth, duvetyne and charmeuse are attractive for this style. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is about 2 yards with plaits extended.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

## A NEW HOUSE DRESS IN "TIE ON" STYLE.



Pattern 3133 supplies this design. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The width of the dress at its lower edge is about 1 1/2 yard. Striped or checked gingham, seersucker, percale, madras, linen, and lawn are suitable for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

## Household Notes.

Keep on hand a supply of small squares of new cotton cloth for wiping meat and fish.

Make up a batch of cornmeal cakes for the dogs. They are healthful food for them.

After parsnips are boiled, if they are plunged into cold water the skins will slip off easily.

Oil loth, can be cleaned with milk and polished with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine.

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1000 Chairs! 1000 Chairs! at \$1.55 each.

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**TABLEMEAL,** of extra quality, in 196 lb. barrels.

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