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CHAPTER XX.
A STRUGGLE FOR DEAR LIFE.

"You look astonished," she said, vehemently. "You think I hadn't the strength to tell you how you've wronged both them and me! But I have—I have; my poor Grace's fate has lent me strength. I'll tell you to-night the whole secret of the misery that haunts the Dale. You are the cause of it. No one dare say nay to the Squire of Dale. He's king in this land, and he thought to bend and break his own son as he did every one else. You wanted him to marry me—" Her face crimsoned, but she seemed forgetful of everything, more especially of herself. "You wanted him to marry the Warren and the Warren gold, you did—and you would have forced the poor boy to come to me with a falsehood in his mouth, which you thought I would be foolish enough to believe. You were wrong, squire, wrong, a thousand times wrong! I would not have bought the dear lad—no, though I loved him better even than you did. I would not wrong him as you did him—and me. He went—he would not play the cheat and the thief—for is he not a thief who cheats a woman for her money and her dirty land? He would rather leave his old home and the bad, evil-tempered man whom he called father and wander an outcast on the face of the earth."

Here, broken down by the reflection, she sank into the chair and hid her face in her hands.

The squire, white as death, opened his mouth, but before he could speak she went on:

"Not a word—not a word! I will not hear a word until I have cleared my mind. Hugh gone! What next? This girl—my poor, darling Grace, for I loved her almost as I loved him—came. She was rough but true; not smooth enough and lady enough for the Dale, forsooth! She must be broken to harness and taught fine ways—nay, more, she must be sold, ay, sold, poor child, to a fine London gentleman with a smooth tongue, and a false face for ought you or I know! Ay, sold, whether she would or she would not! Sold, because the squire of Dale had been talked over and cozened by

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that dusky light to see it, his face for once was the true index of his soul. He had not found Grace, and all his plots and schemes were torn to shreds and given to the winds.

He ground his teeth and muttered an imprecation as he cast his eyes upon the fair domain before and around him.

The rich lands, grand house, the noble park, the very deer that fed at his approach brought the immense wealth of the Dale before his covetous eyes in all its varied shapes.

He groaned in the agony of his disappointment. He had looked forward to the rich lands being in his possession, the old hall lighted up and ringing with the joyous laughter of fashion and beauty. He would keep a pack of hounds, improve the preserves, enlarge the stables, and make the dull old hall a living habitation for Captain Reginald Dartmouth and his friends.

His debts all paid, the Dale lands and money in his grasp, his name a synonym for wealth, power, and princely ostentation, he would be happy, he assured himself, notwithstanding the drawback of a rough, uncultivated wife, who was necessary to the possession of it all.

These were the pictures his scheming mind had painted in such bright colors.

And now the old house, looming darkly in the twilight, seemed to mock him and point at him, croaking, "Ha, ha! All past and gone in the never-to-be!"

Unable to bear the bitter sting of his own thoughts, he put spurs to his weary horse and dashed up the carriage-way.

Mrs. Lucas met him at the door with upraised fingers and an anxious, tear-dimmed face.

"Oh, captain, haven't you got her?" she asked, with her apron to her eyes.

"No," said the captain, almost rudely. "Where is the squire?"

"I'll abide, sir," said Mrs. Lucas. "He's been dreadful bad ever since you went. Something upset him at Miss Rebecca's, or else it was the cold night air, for he was took ill directly he came home and has been up stairs ever since."

The captain looked thoughtful and walked into the drawing-room.

"What does the doctor say?" he asked, wearily, throwing his gloves on the table and tapping his forehead.

"He ain't seen him, sir," said Mrs. Lucas; "the squire wouldn't let us send for him. He swore dreadful when I said I'd send James for Mr. Toddy, and—and—I thought I'd best wait until you come back."

The captain sat with his head bent down and his hands folded, looking at the carpet with a dark frown.

Suddenly he rose.

"I will go to him at once," he said. Mrs. Lucas led the way with the candle, and the captain, splashed and travel-stained as he was, went into the squire's room. When he came to the bed and looked down at the wan, wrinkled face he almost started. It was not only wan, but drawn and hollow, with that faded look which is the faint shadow thrown by the wings of the angel of death.

"Well, Reginald," said the squire, looking up with a deadened, hopeless look, as if knowing that the search had been futile, "you've come back?"

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"Yes, sir," said the captain, sinking into a chair beside the bed and looking at the old man's face keenly. "Yes, sir; and I am sorry to find you so unwell."

"Ay, ay!" said the old man, monotonously. "And it were all no good, lad? You haven't brought her back?"

"No, sir," said the captain, with a heavy sigh and a strange light in his eyes that the squire could not see. "No, sir. I have hunted far and near and left no stone unturned; but all in vain. She has gone—gone!"

The squire groaned.

"My poor lass, my poor lass!" he said, faintly. "And you, Reg—you feel it, I don't doubt, lad?"

"I do, sir; I do, sir; more than I can say," and he sighed again.

"Poor lad!" said the squire. "And there was no trace of her, Reg—no sign?"

The captain shook his head.

"No, sir," he replied, moodily. "It's all a mystery to me. First, why she ran away; and secondly, where she can have flown to. I caused inquiries to be made everywhere—on all roads and at all ports and docks; but all in vain. Once I thought I had got a cent and followed it up; but it turned out to be a boy instead of a girl—a boy, something like Grace in appearance, but a boy."

The squire closed his eyes. He seemed very weak and only half-conscious, as if the blow had been followed by some sort of paralytic fit in a mild form.

"Ay, ay!" he said; "poor lass! I've seen her for the last time, Reg; for the last time!"

The captain roused himself.

"Don't say that, sir," he said. "We can still try. You are ill at present. I am going to send for the doctor; he ought to have been here before."

"No, no," said the squire; "I want no doctor, Reg. I'll be better in a day or two. It's been a bitter blow for me; but I'll get over it, I suppose."

"You must see the doctor, squire," said the captain, and he left the room.

He was worn out and sick at heart. He felt desperate as he walked the floor of his room.

The old man was ill—might die. Where would the Dale go? To Hugh, if he will stand as it did in the old time—or to Grace, if it had been altered. No doubt either or both would appear when the old man was dead; return and take their own, and he would be left out in the cold. He stopped suddenly and clinched his hands.

Reginald was not a very bad man, as we have said, and when a great temptation assailed him, as it had done when he saw Grace risking her life at the five-foot gate, he received it with a shock, a natural fear. A great temptation assailed him now.

He sat down and covered his face with his hands. The good and the bad was battling within him. It was a short struggle, and his face, as his hands fell from it, told which had won—the bad.

In half an hour he was beside the squire's bed again, waiting for the doctor.

Even in that little time there had been a slight change for the worse, and the squire looked more wan and spiritless.

Presently the doctor came. He was a short, fussy little man—a true type of the country physician of those days.

With quiet, yet restless, fidgety steps he approached the bed and looked at the squire, then turned to the captain.

"Captain Dartmouth, I believe?" he asked, in a whisper.

Reginald Dartmouth bowed.

"How long has the squire been asleep?" asked Mr. Toddy.

"Half an hour," answered Reginald.

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.



Pattern 3169 is illustrated here. It is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Width of Skirt at lower edge, is 1 1/4 yard. A Medium size will require 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material.

Silk poplin with pipings in a contrasting or matched shade or color, and lace or embroidery would be attractive for this. It is likewise appropriate for serge, shantung, linen, foulard, crepe, taffeta and satin.

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

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Pattern 3186 supplies this style. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material.

The model is here portrayed in blue linen with braid trimming. Taffeta, with embroidery or velvet ribbon, would be new and attractive. In shantung or linen crash, one could have the free edges finished in blanket stitch with worsted or floss. The sleeve may be short or in 3/4 length.

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