

## Love & Conqueror OR WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER L.

"For you, yes, my best and dearest, happiness enough. I pray Heaven to stone in some measure for the misery of the past; but, Shirley, if you look forward a little, only a few short weeks, you cannot but see that it will be better for me. Darling, forgive me! I did not mean to pain you. I am not worthy of one of those precious tears, and yet they make me so happy."

They were falling now thick and fast upon his fevered hand, and it seemed to Hugh Glynn that they fell upon his heart like the blessed rain from heaven upon the parched earth, bringing healing and softening and fertility where all had been dry and barren before.

"Last night, dearest child," he went on quietly—and Shirley noticed that he never called her "wife" all through these bitter days—"when I awoke, all the past came before me—all my past life, so selfish and worthless and useless, and all the wretchedness I made by my fatal love for you—all those years of our married life, when—"

"Ah, do not talk of them," she entreated sadly. "I cannot think of them now without deep pain. If I had been less proud and unforgiving, if I had not cherished my anger against you, all this might never have been. Oh, Hugh, I am as guilty in the sight of Heaven as you can be—aye, and more guilty, since my sin lasted for years, and yours was immediately repented of."

"Love, you had every right to hate me," he said sadly; "I had injured you past all forgiveness. But let us not talk of the past, since it so pains you. Let us talk of your future, Shirley."

She started and looked up at him. "You know, dear child, that by the will I made soon after—after—he hesitated a little then went on hurriedly—"I stole you from Guy I left what was all yours by right away from you, and now—"

But her gentle hand upon his stopped him.

"Hugh!" she said entreatingly. "What would you say, my dearest?" he asked, as he saw how her lips quivered and how the pained color rose in her face.

"Hugh—that will—do not change it—I could not—"

There was no need to finish the sentence; he understood her, and a flush of shame rose to his hollow cheek.

"I see, my dear," he said, after a long silence. "I will not urge you then. Tell me about your brother," he went on presently. "Will he ever forgive me all the misery I brought on his sister?"

"He thinks that he is more the cause of that misery than you, Hugh," she answered gently. "But you are very weary, dear. Will you let me read to you now?"

"Yes, presently. Do you ever sing now, Shirley? I have so often thought of that song you sang one day in the oak parlor at Fairholme Court. It was the day Guy proposed to you, I think, and I shall never forget your face as you sang it. Oh, my darling, soon, when you are free, you can place your hand in your king's with perfect confidence, for—"

"Titled by gift of God is she, and rich in a rarer thing than wealth. Does it pain you for me to talk thus, Shirley?" he continued wistfully. "Dear, it is my only comfort now to think how your future will atone for the past."

"Let me read to you, Hugh," she pleaded earnestly. "Presently, dear. It is so pleasant to look at the happier things in store for you. You have had bitter things long enough, poor little woman; but, if it pains you, I will think of them when I am alone. Yes, I am ready, dear, if you will read."

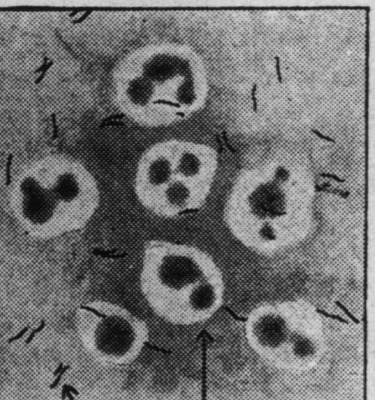
The book, a worn and shabby little volume, which had taught them both many a lesson during those terrible days at Erinedale, was lying on the table. Shirley drew it toward her, and turned over the leaves hesitatingly.

300% increase in the power of the "soldier" cells that defend the body—after feeding on Virol

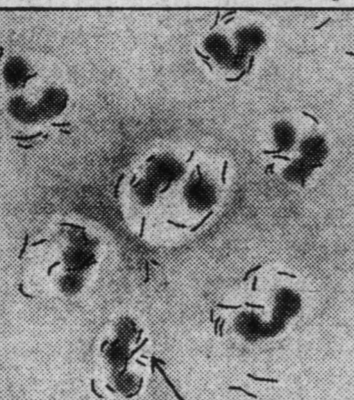
### Striking Evidence

An elaborate series of investigations recently conducted at a well-known sanatorium has definitely proved that the addition of Virol to the diet exercises a remarkable influence on the action of the white cells of the blood, which protect the body against germs. The experiments showed there was a distinct and progressive increase in the functional activity of the white cells in proportion to the number of weeks the patient had been fed on Virol.

BEFORE FEEDING ON VIROL. Photograph of the blood under a most powerful microscope, showing that the rod-like germs have not been attacked by the "soldier" cells.



AFTER FEEDING ON VIROL. Photograph of the blood under a most powerful microscope, showing that the "soldier" cells have absorbed the rod-like germs.



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"Always the same chapter, Shirley," he said, with a little smile. "You know—that which tells of the son who was dead, and alive again, who was lost and found."

Steady and sweet and grave and reverent was her voice as she read those grand words, which tell of a Father's infinite love and never-failing pardon—words which have brought comfort and healing to many a sinner; and, as he listened, the look of peace deepened on the haggard attentive face of Hugh Glynn, and his thin burning fingers closed over her hand.

When the reading was over, they sat for awhile silent in the dim firelit cell, their hands clasped, and Sir Hugh's head resting on his wife's shoulder. The same strange sense of unreality, which had been upon Shirley before was upon her now; it was all part of the same dream. Was it possible that it was Hugh Glynn, the man she had hated and despised, who was lying thus peacefully against her now, and that it was her heart which was so full of pity and compassion and tenderness? Was it his hand which clasped hers, his voice which said softly—

"Love, I am too happy! It is not right, that such a wretch as I have been should know such blessedness as this! Shirley, it seems to me more than ever now that your forgiveness and Guy's are an earnest of that forgiveness for which I hardly dare to hope."

And then again he pressed her hand passionately to his lips; in his humiliation he never sought to touch her mouth and call her by tender names, which almost broke her heart, remembering how he loved her and how he had suffered for that love.

After a time, seeing that he was very much exhausted, she induced him to rest upon the little pallet-bed

and baseness in every eye! How I used to wake at night struggling with the terror of it, and dared not go to sleep for fear of it recurring! Oh, Shirley, even now, if I dared, I would pray that the end might come before that, that I might not be judged at any earthly tribunal, but by that Judge who is more merciful than any earthly Judge!"

And Shirley, as she bent over him, trying to soothe the agony of terror which had seized him, in her heart echoed his prayer.

CHAPTER LII.

Three weeks went by. Sir Hugh Glynn was very ill, sick unto death; and with every hour the certainty increased that he would not live to be tried for the deed he had done under the summer sky on the rocks at Easton. His illness was a complicated one, brought on partly by exposure and want, partly by remorse and misery. The exposure to the weather on that Christmas night when he had been found senseless in the snow by the woman he had wronged so deeply had aggravated the chest-complaint from which he suffered for months, one lung was entirely gone, the other was going fast, and the end might come at any time.

Daily, almost hourly, he wasted and became weaker; and each day, when the prison door closed after Shirley, she wondered whether, when she came on the following day, he would be living to give her that fond bright smile which always came into his eyes when they rested upon her, no matter how great his suffering had been the minute before.

To the last day of her life Shirley remembered Captain Graham's kindness and consideration for her then. The circumstances of the case were strange and unusual certainly, and perhaps admitted of unusual privileges; but every care and kindness which were possible were extended to Sir Hugh in his prison-cell; and he was grateful and contrite exceedingly.

He did not suffer much, except when the terrible paroxysms of coughing recurred and the subsequent hemorrhage, and a word of complaint never passed his lips. It was often difficult to Guy Stuart, remembering the Hugh Glynn he had known in the by-gone years, to recognize him in this patient, uncomplaining, penitent sufferer. The Hugh Glynn had been so proud, so selfish, so impatient of any contradiction, so unbending, so heedless; while the prisoner in Adinbrooke jail was so

unselfish, so tender over others, so repentant and gentle, that he won sympathy from all with whom he was brought into contact.

Shirley saw him daily for a short time. Sometimes he was well enough to talk to her, at others he was able only to lie with her hands in his, and his eyes resting with undying love and tenderness on her face. Sometimes he would ask her to read to him—always those same blessed, merciful, divinely beautiful lines which comforted him as nothing else could. Sometimes his mind wandered a little from very weakness, and he would murmur disconnected and broken words which told them much of what he had suffered and borne in the past; but often, when he was in this condition, the touch of Shirley's lips upon his brow and her voice speaking his name would bring him back to the present, and he would make a pathetic struggle against his unconsciousness for a few moments; then he would wander again, or sink half into stupor, half into sleep.

(To be Continued.)

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