

LOVE CONQUERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORN," "A ROSE IN THORN," &c.

Van started as though a sword had been said at his breast. King's Clyffe—

He remembered it well; he had often been there when he was a boy. The Meadow Farm lay on one side of Holwood and King's Clyffe on the other. He could never go there. He loved his home and loved his parents too well to go so near them and figure them. Vane looked half-doubtingly at Lord Charwood.

"I am afraid I have made a very hasty promise," he said. "I must see what work we have on hand."

But Lord Charwood would take no excuse. "You are not well, Sir Raye says. You want a holiday, and a holiday you must have. I shall expect you as we have arranged."

When he was gone, Vane went at once to Sir Raye and told him his difficulty. "It is so near home," he said; "I do not see how I can go to Lord Charwood's. I should feel like an impostor."

"I do not see why," remarked Sir Raye. "You have adopted you, you gave up honey; that is, you exchanged your home for mine; and the arrangement was agreed to by all. You changed your name and your home."

"I do not like it," returned Vane. "I shall feel inclined all the time to say that I come from that neighborhood and who I am. Again, I might meet some one who would recognize me; and, if that were the case, I could not conceal my identity."

"There is no fear," said Sir Raye. "You were only a pretty-faced boy when you left the farm; now any Duke's son might be proud to have your face, manners, and figure. I wish you to go. Lord Charwood is one of my best friends. I should like you to go. In the world you must do what you can. Make up your mind, pack up your portmanteau, and Heaven speed you. Stay as long as you wish. I can manage pretty well."

But Vane did not like the idea that he should be so near home and yet ignore it. He would have given much to have avoided the journey and declined the invitation.

CHAPTER XII.

Vane sat at the window of a first-class carriage, his heart stirred to deepest emotion, and his eyes dim with a misty like tears. The old loves and hopes of his boyhood came before him. He remembered his pretty village love Marjory Lynn, with her rich brown hair and red-rose face.

How Marjory had loved him when they were children together! She would not have sent him away and made his heart ache by a few proud cold words. The old homestead, the rush of the mill-stream, the clover meadows, and the broad river, with its green banks, all came back clearly to his mind.

What visions of greatness had come to him there! Had they been realized? Doubtless so in many respects. He had never dared to hope that such honors as the world had given to him would be his. But he was not happy; his life was barren and empty to him. He had given up home, father, mother, sister, and brother; he had renounced all the joys and the friends of his youth; and in return he had wealth, position, and honor—but no love.

"Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had stayed at the Meadow Farm," he said to himself, "for honor and riches are barren and empty without love."

The handsome man was shadowed as he stood in the little station of Lycham. There, where the trees were greenest and the land was most fair, lay the pretty town of Holwood—the town that, as a child, he had believed to be the most wonderful in the world; and his home, the gray farmhouse, lay just beyond it. On the other side lay the lordly lands of King's Clyffe.

At the station a carriage awaited him, in which he was quickly conveyed to his destination. Lord Charwood met him in the hall, welcomed him most heartily, took him to Lady Charwood's boudoir, and introduced him to his wife as an especial friend and favorite.

"I heard that you had not been well," Mr. Vibart said to her ladyship kindly. "The air of King's Clyffe is considered very fine and bracing. I hope you will grow well and strong in it."

Vane said to himself that he must be out of health, for the gentle voice of Lady Charwood had brought tears to his eyes. Then he was taken to his room; but Lord Charwood, who was really fond of him, could not leave him long alone.

"Come out with me, Mr. Vibart," he said, "and we will have a stroll through the grounds. Then we can join the ladies at the five o'clock tea."

"I was only too pleased to talk to his kind heart," Vane thought, "while they walked through the beautiful grounds of King's Clyffe. Lord Charwood said suddenly, 'I must not forget to describe our party to you. We are very fortunate. We have just now under our roof the most beautiful woman in England and the richest peer. A suspicious combination, is it not?'"

Vane said "Yes," with white lips and a beating heart. To him there was but one beautiful woman in the world—only one. "We have also the greatest artist, Mr. Holme, and one of the finest singers in Europe, although she is not professional," Lady Payne. "Quite a galaxy, is it not?"

But Vane asked with feverish lips—"Who is the most beautiful woman in England?"

was that beautiful. Lady Lillias loves some one she is too proud to marry."

"You look far from well, said Lord Charwood, when they separated. "Perhaps you would rather not join the ladies?"

"Such a change as that would do any one good. We have no ladies at Lycham," said Vane laughingly; but there was no laughter in his heart.

Lady Charwood was very fond of a five o'clock tea. It was to her one of the most pleasant hours of the day—an easy happy hour.

The tea was served in a pretty room, known as the white room, a bright, warm, sunny apartment always full of sweet flowers. On this fine afternoon, the long French windows of the white room were open, and the curtains of fine white lace were gently stirred by the wind; the fountains in the pretty rose-garden played merrily, and the song of the birds made sweeter music than the ripple of woman's laughter.

Lady Charwood, a most fair and gracious lady, presided at the little table, and dispensed cups of tea and choice fruit. Near her sat Lady Payne, whose face was not beautiful, but was so full of expression that no face of form or coloring was equal to it. Near the window, surrounded as she always was by a little circle of admirers sat Lady Lillias Audley, looking more beautiful, more queenly than ever.

There was some subtle change in her face. It was even lovelier, but its color was somewhat lessened, and the expression was infinitely sweeter and softer. She looked like a fair young queen in her dress of cream-colored silk with trailing white lace, and a spray of white jessamine in her dark hair. She held a peach in her hand, and was admiring the down on it, when the door opened and Lord Charwood, with Vane entered the room. The young Duke of Raysford, the greatest matrimonial prize in England, was bending over her, thinking that she loved the peach in her white hand, framed the fairest picture he had ever seen. He saw her start suddenly and grow deathly pale, and the peach fell from her hand. He saw her shiver as with cold, and the beautiful figure trembled.

"You are ill, Lady Lillias," said the Duke. "No; I am tired. The room is warm, and there are too many flowers."

She rose abruptly, but fate was not propitious. There stood Lord Charwood, and with him the man that loved her more than his life.

"Lady Audley," said the master of King's Clyffe, "may I introduce Mr. Vibart to you?"

She summoned all her courage, and raised her eyes to his, then held out her hand to him.

"I have met Mr. Vibart before," she said gently. "He is an old friend," and Lord Charwood left them together.

"I did not know that you were expected here," she remarked.

"Nor did I dream of seeing you, Lady Lillias," he answered.

"She walked to the window and he followed her. 'If my presence annoys you,' he said, 'I will make some excuse and leave King's Clyffe, at once; and there was a ring of passion in his voice.'

"Why should you?" she returned. "You must know it is a pleasure for me to see you again, and I have learned one lesson since you went away."

"Then Lady Charwood joined them, she said.

"Mr. Vibart was with us for a short time as a diversion," answered Lady Lillias. "The beautiful bridge over the river was his design."

He drew nearer still to her in the shadow of the curtains; something in her face told him she loved him. He took the white hand he had kissed it with passion and bent over for words.

"I do not care if you kill me for it," he said. "If I have looked at your hands and have longed to kiss them until I have almost gone mad with my own longing—'You may do your worst to me, Lady Lillias.'"

"This is my worst," she answered, holding out the other hand to him. She saw that he had grown pale and that he trembled.

"How good you are to me," he cried—"and yet how cruel! It would be more merciful a thousand times to drive me away with cruel words from your presence. I am drinking poison."

"I have no wish to drive you from me," she answered. "I am well content that you should be here; I have not been so happy as I think about it. Yet she loved him as she could never love prince or peer. The day came when 'the proudest girl in England' owned to herself that the whole happiness of her life had gone with Vane Fraser Vibart. She had thought she would never marry. Title, money, position—nothing could tempt her, nothing save love, and love she had parted on the day when she sent Vane from her. She had repented it; she could never understand why from all the world she had chosen him; she had said to herself if that morning were to come over again she should speak differently. But he had passed out of her life, and her pride would never let her call him back again—never!

But, now that fate or fortune had brought them together again, now that she stood once more in his presence, the old glimmer of hope came back to her. He spoke to her again, and she knew, if he spoke to her again, what her answer would be.

She was so kind, so gracious, so sweet in her manner to him that he was bewildered. She sat next to him during dinner, and talked with a brilliancy quite new to her. She wanted to know all that he had done since they parted.

"Would it really interest you?" he asked wonderingly.

"More than anything you can tell me," she replied.

"You have any good news?" she said. "Oh, how beautiful the bridge looks over the river. Will you never come to see it again?"

"I should imagine not," he replied; and yet a strange happiness was stirring in his heart. Why was she so kind to him? If she knew the nothing but an unhappy love could be between them, why was she so gracious, so kind, so sweet to him? Yet he dared not think, dared not hope—he was bewildered.

Into Vane's mind came other thoughts. How near he was to home, and how little any one would care! What a position it seemed, that he, the son of a poor farmer, should be a welcome guest at King's Clyffe, where his father would enter in lowly guise! Yet his genius had won the place for him; and there was no need to be ashamed of his home. There were times when he almost longed to reveal who he was, and to say boldly, "I am the son of a poor farmer who lives near Holwood." And again there were times when he shuddered lest any accident should make it known.

When dinner was over, and the music began in the drawing-room, he found himself once more by her side. The light fell full upon her, upon her figure of imperial beauty and grace, upon her exquisitely lovely face upon the masses of hair with diamonds shining in it, and upon the artistic dress of rich white lace trimmed with long green leaves.

"You are fond of music," she said, with one of her irresistible smiles, which went straight to Vane's heart. "You will be delighted to hear Lady Payne. She is one of the finest singers I have heard."

"It is so delightful to be near you, Lady Lillias," he said, "that I would give you to remain some where near you, Lady Lillias."

She did not answer him in words; but there was something in her face which told him that the delight would be doubled for her.

Then the young Duke led Lady Payne to the piano, Vane and Lady Lillias went to one of the long open windows.

Vane owned to himself that he never knew what music or magic meant before. Lady Lillias looked from the brilliant light of the lamps and in the moonlight her proud fair face was all sweetness. Her dead-gold hair and diamonds shone brightly, and her proud superb beauty was softened.

Clear, fresh, and magnificent, the rich contralto voice of Lady Payne rose and filled the room with grandest music—a voice so sympathetic that it brought tears to the eyes of those who heard it. The song he sang—'Three Kisses'—was so strangely sweet a song, and as it was sweet. And these were the words—

"Three, only three, my darling, Not like the swiss and joyous ones We used to know— Then we kissed because we loved each other. Simply to taste love's sweet, And lavished our kisses as summer Lavishes heat— But as they kiss whose hearts are wrong Barriers forgive before it comes. For our own love's sake."

"The second kiss, my darling, Is not so sweet as the first; We have kissed each other always, We always will. We shall reach until we feel each other Beyond all time and space; We shall listen till we hear each other's heart, and then we will be true. The earth is full of messengers, Which love sends to and fro; I kiss thee, darling, for all joy Which we shall know."

"The last kiss, my darling, My love, I cannot see Through my tears as I remember What it may be! We may die and never see each other— Die, with no time to give Any sign that our hearts are faithful. Just as you are, when you were young, Taken of what they will not see. Who see our parting breath, This last one kiss, my darling, seals The seal of death."

Slowly, clearly, distinctly each word fell; and the fair proud face in the moonlight grew paler and sweeter. Once again Vane saw a mist of tears in the beautiful eyes, and he knew that she loved him. He drew nearer to her, so near that the sweet subtle perfume from the flowers she wore reached him.

"If you gave one of those three kisses, Lady Lillias," he asked, "which would it be?"

"There was no anger, nothing but love in the eyes she raised to his.

"It would be the seal of death," she answered.

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THE HARDY PILOT.

Training and Duties of the Man who Guides Ships Into and Out of Harbor—Dangers and Pleasures of Their Feat of Skill.

The coming of the pilot on board is usually the most exciting incident in a Trans-Atlantic voyage. While perhaps hundreds of miles from shore, in New York harbor, the steamer is boarded by a well-dressed, weather-beaten man, carrying a satchel in his hand.

He comes up literally from the depths. From a tiny boat, which bobs up and down under the huge side of the steamer. If it is night little more than the light of the tiny craft can be seen from the deck, while in the distance shines the bright light of the pilot ship from which the interesting stranger has come and to which his william comrades return.

THE STRANGER COMES ABOARD. The pilot shakes hands with the captain and officer in charge of the steamer, which from the foreward until the time when she is safely in harbor is under his command.

He has brought with him news from the world to which the passengers have been estranged during the course of the voyage. The newspaper in his budget may be several days old it is true, but they are newer than any previously on board. Surely the man who walks up from the open sea with comparatively recent information, when the steamer is far from sight of land, is an exceptionally welcome person.

There is a mystery and fascination about him moreover. I confess that the pilot thus mysteriously making his appearance, and who walks the bridge in all the dignity of a command which has superseded that of the captain, is, by all odds, the most interesting person aboard.

SETTING ON THE NUMBER OF HIS BOAT. Perhaps he would please me less as a subject of contemplation had I ever lost money on his account. Although considerable of a traveler myself, I have never been so swindled by betting on the number of the pilot ship from whence he has come.

I claim no superiority to the average passenger on this account, but did everybody know and act upon the knowledge that the ship is steered to fleece the passenger, there would be no need of my repeating the warning against a form of gambling which brings money to those who originate the wager for their own pecuniary profit, and laugh in their sleeve at the people who are foolish enough to bet their cash against the almost absolute certainty of loss.

In common fairness the first pilot sighted should have the priority in the race of the ship. That he is robbed of his right in order to be made innocent an unsuspecting passenger is a double outrage at which my gorge rises.

THE PILOT'S EMPLOYERS. The New York pilot plies his hard vocation throughout the year, the acceptance of his services being compulsory by all vessels coming from or bound to foreign ports; but coasting vessels may decline to accept his services, if they please.

A vessel brought into port without one runs great risks, for should she get aground, and danger arise in consequence to either her or her cargo, the insurance companies would not be compelled under the law to pay for the same.

He looked across the fields. There in the far-off meadow—they called it the oak-meadow, when he was a child—with his gray head bent and his tall figure drooping, he saw his father busily at work, and his brother Deaf, helping him. His heart warmed to him; he longed to go to them, to throw his arms around his father's neck, and cry out to him that he loved him, that he was not ashamed of him. But, if he did so, what of his love, what of Lady Lillias? He could not lose her; he must rather have died a hundred deaths.

"It is a false promise," he said to himself. "If I had my life to live over again, I would avoid it. I have a place, amongst the great people of the world; and yet, if my birth and origin were known, they would decline to associate with me. Lady Lillias would. I remember what she said about farmer's sons."

Then he saw the whole party returning. He walked with slow steps down the lane, and suddenly, to his surprise, he saw Lady Lillias talking to a most beautiful girl—a picture of healthy, country beauty—with a tall, lithe rounded figure full of suppleness, a shapely head proudly set on grand shoulders, a dark handsome face glowing with health, fresh red lips, teeth whiter than pearls, dark bright eyes, and a rapturous smile. A girl whose beauty took him by surprise; and, looking at her, he recognized his sister Kate, who, years before, had hung round his neck and begged him to leave home to be made a gentleman. How well he remembered it, and how he had vowed to her that he would never see her better advantage than on horseback. The young Duke, Captain Lorne, and Vane turned her away, and will Lord Charwood rode with Lady Payne. The sweet air was full of fragrance. They rode along roads where tall trees met overhead and formed an arch of green leaves, and through lovely green lanes, where the grass grew in lovely beds, and the soft sweet grass under their feet was like a carpet.

Vane found himself by the side of Lady Lillias. She could not have been kinder to him; the sunlight was not brighter than she. She never once avoided him, never turned from him. In vain the young Duke of Raysford tried to engage her attention; he was useless. In vain did the Captain display his superior horsemanship, and try to engage her in conversation. All her smiles and her favors were for Vane. He saw it and it gave him heart. He gave one quick look at her, and he saw that she was not in with us. Why did you not tell me you were ill?"

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Looking for vessels in the most awkward and thirsome of the pilot's

vessel. Meantime the boat-keeper has everything in readiness for the swift purchase of the ship, should her need of pilot become prohibitive.

Usage is a full pilot only after three years' experience, and the third year. Then he is at liberty to pilot the largest ocean steamer that rides the mettlesome Atlantic, provided he can succeed in getting her.

Looking for vessels in the most awkward and thirsome of the pilot's



Keeping the mainail on a pilot-boat.

vessels he pilots; the greater their draught the larger his fees.

As all ships from or destined to foreign ports are obliged to employ a pilot, the owners of which are bound to board a vessel making signal for him. Failure to do this is visited by the infliction of heavy penalties.

The usage is the employment of the same pilot when the ship is outward bound, and the return of the same vessel from seventy to one hundred and twenty-five tons burthen.

Pilot ships are invariably schooner-rigged, and formed to run fast. Some of them make as high as twelve knots an hour under conditions favorable to rapid progress.

They are comfortably and handsomely fitted up. The snug little cabin is a model of neatness, and even beauty. Usually a state-room and two bunks are situated on each side of this pleasant sitting-room.

Exclusive of pilots, there are usually on board four able-bodied seamen, the cook, cabin-boy and the boat-keeper.

Perhaps generally speaking, seven pilots own and run the craft, and each takes his turn in command until all are gone, when the boat-keeper becomes responsible for the return of the boat to the mooring ground. The pilot next to leave is in command until he leaves.

This order is invariably followed. Each in turn cruises in sight of Sandy Hook for four or five days, and usually employed it is known as the station boat. Its business is to intercept vessels which have escaped the attention of boats off shore, and to take pilots of outward bound vessels.

CRUISING OFF SHORE. Cruises off shore vary in length of time and distance. Pilot boats from New York are encountered as far south as Cape May, and as far north as the Great Bank. Off Staten Island is the mooring ground, from whence the little crafts start on their voyage.

Here the pilots come aboard from their pleasant homes of their favorite rendezvous in New York. Many of them live in the pretty villages bordering the bay of the great city, in the enjoyment of well-earned comfort.

The cruise of a pilot sometimes lasts several weeks. Almost from the beginning the lookout is constantly maintained. The character of the boat appears in a number painted on its snowy surface.

There are an excellent and orderly class of men. Time aboard is spent in conversation, games and light reading. The pilot takes his ease in blue flannel and a pea jacket, doing his shore clothing.

When, however, his turn comes to take duty on an incoming vessel, he is a well-dressed man, showing immaculate linen, and generally a "point device" required for the arrangements.

A SUCCESSFUL CHASE. A speck is discovered on the horizon, and with telescope in hand a pilot watches its development into a bark.

Lightly up her side clamber the agile pilot, satchel in hand. Once on board he assumes command. The two men who have brought him return to the pilot-boat. Their boat is once more fitted to her usual resting-place, and the search recommences.

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FRIDAY. Motor That With never a w She silently w An silently w No one could h face. As we so cold That has heart Of memory or Nor do I think Who watched Would have gu Of a faithless, And they need I didn't know he And so—the p Price In the very sam day, Two little bab One was name All on a New And in one crad All through th On her brow, d And one curled Prince and Pe But Prince grew Till he saw, d With a coal-blac fine, white; With a big, whi; And he learn wrong. And Prince wou Rocking her w Gently, lightly, And the mother For Prince a And he bear ca With never so h And Pearl on h For he'd carry farm— Darling, trust And when Pearl A mile or more, Prince carried he And would run th At the close of Oh, they were th In summer or Fy in the moun In town or count Cheese Fact The business intelligently a Presures to the steady income Ontario is fa natural advan production of the finest qua nment success depends up product, every could be inter In produc to cheese the follo tion in or Milk from I. Milk from last four days the cow l and injures t. 3. Cows sho abundant suppl food and they will dri A. A supply need where every day. 5. Cows sho drink stagn to eat cle bles, leaks, ing that wou heative taint. 6. All milk thoroughly cle washed, then e water, and aft to keep the 7. Cows sho hands, and have been washed. 8. Milking e milk should be surrounding a in all object in a foul-m parts to make why should old hogs be ed, or near a 9. Tin pails o. 10. All milk should, immed for that sine is pref Continued Nova E We still think thought oth limited to the immense ed her he in a case of t a great time of interest on the Un ing the resu in this pro ever shown side of Cann recently g concerning