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For particulars and full information apply to  
**IRA ARGUE,**  
Agent for County of Victoria,  
Woodville, P. O.

**Love Works Wonders.**

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

'You cannot, Pauline!' he cried, and the sadness and disappointment in his voice made her voice quiver again. 'Surely you will not allow any feminine nonsense about dress and preparations, any scruple about the shortness of time, to come between us? My mother bade me say that if you will consent she will busy herself night and day to help you prepare. She bade me add her prayer to mine. Oh, Pauline, why do you say you cannot accompany me?'

The first shock had passed from her, and she raised her noble face to his. 'From no nonsense, Vane,' she said. 'You should know me better, dear, than that. Nothing can part us but one thing. Were it not for that, I would go with you to the very end of the world—I would work for you and with you.'

'But what is it, Pauline?' he asked. 'What is it, my darling?' 'She clung to him more closely still. 'I cannot leave her, Vane—I cannot leave Lady Darrell. She is dying slowly—hour by hour, day by day—and I cannot leave her.'

'But, my darling Pauline, there are others beside you to attend to the lady—Lady Hampton and Miss Hastings. Why should you give up your life thus?'

'Why?' she repeated. 'You know why, Vane. It is the only atonement I can offer her. Heaven knows how gladly, how happily, I would this moment place my hand in yours and accompany you; my heart longs to do so. You are all I have in the world, and how I love you you know, Vane. But it seems to me that I owe Lady Darrell this reparation, and at the price of my whole life's happiness I must make it.'

He drew her nearer to him, and kissed her trembling lips. 'She has suffered so much, Vane, through me—all through me. If I had but foregone all my cruel vengeance, and when she came to me with doubt in her heart if I had but spoken one word, the chances are that by this time she would have been Lady Aynsley and I should have been free to accompany you, my beloved; but I must suffer for my sin. I ought to suffer, and I ought to atone to her.'

'Your life, my darling,' he said, 'your beautiful, bright life, your love, your happiness, will all be sacrificed.'

'They must be. You see, Vane, she clings to me in her sorrow. His name—Aubrey Langton's name—never passes her lips to any one else but me. She talks of him the day and the night through—it is the only comfort she has; and then she likes me to be with her, and soothe her, and to talk to her, and she tires so soon of any one else. I cannot leave her, Vane—it would shorten her life, I am sure.'

He made no answer. She looked up at him with tearful eyes. 'Speak to me, Vane. It is hard, I know—but tell me that I am right.'

'You are cruelly right,' he replied. 'Oh, my darling, it is very hard! Yet you make her a noble atonement for the wrong you have done—a noble reparation. My darling is this how your vow of vengeance has ended—in the greatest sacrifice a woman could make.'

'Your love has saved me,' she said, gently—'has shown me what is right and what is wrong—she has cleared the mist from my eyes. But for that—oh, Vane, I hate to think what I should have been.'

Miss Hastings understood somewhat of the pain it would cause, but with her gentle consideration, she thought it best to leave Pauline for a time. Hours afterwards she went in search of her, and found her under the limes, weeping and moaning for the atonement she had made for her sin.

**CHAPTER XLII.**

LADY DARRELL'S WILL.

Two years passed away, and Sir Vane St. Lawrence's circumstances were rapidly improving; his letters were constant and cheerful—he spoke always of the time when he should come home and claim Pauline for his wife. She only sighed as she read the hopeful words, for she had resolved that duty should be her watchword while Lady Darrell lived—even should that frail, feeble life last for fifty years, dim, vague forebodings that she should never see Vane again—that their last parting was for ever; not that she doubted him, but that it seemed hopeless to think he would wait until her hair was gray, and the light of her youth had left her.

Never mind—she had done her duty, she had sinned, but she had made the noblest atonement possible for her sin.

Two years had passed, and the summer was drawing to a close. To those who loved and tended her it seemed that Lady Darrell's life was closing with it. Even Lady Hampton had ceased to speak hopefully, and Darrell Court was gloomy with the shadow of the angel of death.

There came an evening when earth was very lovely—when the gold of the setting sun, the breath of the western wind, the fragrance of the flowers, the ripple of the fountains, the song of the birds, were all beautiful beyond words to tell; and Lady Darrell, who had lain watching the smiling summer heavens, said:

'I should like once more to see the sun set, Pauline. I should like to sit at the window, and watch the moon.'

'You shall,' responded Pauline. 'You are a fairy queen. You have but to wish, and the wish is granted.'

Lady Darrell smiled—no one ever made her smile except Pauline; but the fulfilment of the wish was not so easy after all. Lady Hampton's forebodings were realized. Lady Darrell might have recovered from her long, serious illness, but that her mother's complaint, the deadly inheritance of consumption, had seized upon her, and was gradually destroying her.

It was no easy matter now to dress the wasted figure; but Pauline seemed to have the strength, the energy of twenty nurses. She was always willing, always cheerful, always ready; night and day seemed alike to her; she would look at her hands, and say:

'Oh! Elinor, I wish I could give you one-half my strength—one-half my life!'

'Do you? Pauline, if you could give me half your life, would you do so?'

'As willingly as I am now speaking to you,' she would answer.

They dressed the poor lady, whose delicate beauty had faded like some summer flower. She sat at the window in a soft nest of cushions which Pauline had prepared for her, her wasted hands folded, her worn face brightened with the summer sunshine. She was very silent and thoughtful for some time, and then Pauline, fearing that she was dull, knelt in the fashion that was usual to her at Lady Darrell's feet, and held the wasted hand in hers.

'What are you thinking about, Elinor?' Pauline asked. 'Something as bright as the sunshine?'

The feeble voice died away in a tempest of tears; and Pauline, frightened, made haste to speak of something else to change the current of her thoughts.

But Lady Darrell was right. She never saw the sun set or the moon rise again—the frail life ended gently as a child falls asleep. She died the next day, when the sun was shining its brightest at noon; and her death was so calm that they thought it sleep.

She was buried, not in the Darrell vault, but, by Pauline's desire, in the pretty cemetery at Audleigh Royal. Her death proved no shock for every one expected it. Universal sympathy and kindness followed her to her grave. The short life was ended, and its annals were written on sand.

Lady Hampton had given way; her old dislike of Pauline had changed into deep admiration of her sweet, womanly virtues, her graceful humility.

'If any one had ever told me,' she said, 'that Pauline Darrell would have turned out as she has, I could not have believed it. The way in which she devoted herself to my niece was wonderful—I can only say that in my opinion she deserves Darrell Court.'

The legacy made Lady Hampton very happy; it increased her income so handsomely that she resolved to live no longer at the Elm, but to return to London where the happiest part of her life had been spent.

'I shall come to Darrell Court occasionally,' she said, 'so that you may not quite forget me; and Pauline was surprised to find that she felt nothing save regret at parting with one whom she had disliked with all the injustice of youth.'

A few months afterwards came a great surprise. The lover from whom Miss Hastings had been parted in early youth—who had left England for Russia long years ago, and whom she believed dead—returned to England, and never rested until he had found his lost love.

In vain the gentle, kind-hearted lady protested that she was too old to marry—that she had given up all thoughts of love. Mr. Bereton would not hear of it, and Pauline added her entreaties to his.

'But I cannot leave you, my dear,' said Miss Hastings. 'You cannot live all by yourself.'

'I shall most probably have to spend my life alone,' she replied, 'and I will not have your life sacrificed to mine.'

Between her lover and her pupil Miss Hastings found all resistance hopeless. Pauline took a positive delight and pleasure in the preparations for the marriage, and in spite of all that Miss Hastings could say to the contrary, she insisted upon settling a very handsome income upon her.

There was a tone of sadness in all that Pauline said with reference to her future which struck Miss Hastings with wonder.

'You never speak of your own marriage,' she said, 'or your own future—why is it, Pauline?'

'The beautiful face was overshadowed for a moment, and then she replied: 'It is because I have no hope. I had a presentiment when Vane went away, that I should not see him again. There are no strange thoughts always haunting me? If I reap as I have sowed, what then?'

'My dear child, no one could do more than you have done. You repented of your fault, and atoned for it in the best way you were able.'

But the lovely face only grew more sad. 'I was so willful, so proud, so scornful. I did not deserve a happy life. I am trying to forget all the romance and the love, all the poetry of my youth, and to live only for my duty.'

'But Sir Vane will come back,' said Miss Hastings.

'I do not know—all hope seemed to die in my heart when he went away. But let us talk of you and your future without reference to mine.'

Miss Hastings was married, and after she had gone away Pauline Darrell was left alone with her inheritance at last.

**CHAPTER XLIV.**

SHADOW OF A GENTLE LOVE.

Six years had passed since the marriage of the governess left Miss Darrell alone. She heard as conscientiously as ever from Sir Vane; he had made money rapidly. It was no longer the desire to make a fortune which kept him away, but the fact that in the part of the country where he was great danger existed, and that, having been placed there in a situation of trust, he could not well leave it; so of late a hopeless tone crept into his letters. He made no reference to coming home; and Pauline, so quick, so sensitive, saw in this reticence the shadow of her own presentiment.

Six years had changed Pauline Darrell from a beautiful girl to a magnificent woman; her beauty was of that grand queenly kind that of itself is a noble dowry. The years had not added to it. They had given a more statuesque grace to the perfect figure; they had added tenderness, thought, and spirituality to the face; they had given to her beauty a charm that it had never worn in her younger days.

Miss Darrell, of Darrell Court, had made for herself a wonderful reputation. There was no estate in England so well managed as hers. From one end to the other the Darrell domain was, people said, a garden. Pauline had done away with the old cottages and ill-drained farm-houses, and in their stead pretty and commodious buildings had been erected. She had fought a long and fierce battle with ignorance and prejudice and she had won.

She had established schools where children were taught, first to be good Christians, and then good citizens, and where useful knowledge was made much of. She had erected almshouses for the poor, and a church where rich and poor, old and young

[CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.]