Wild Darrell Dare.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

She knew nothing or next to nothing, of ! the Scotch marriage laws, as Gerard Vaughan had been careful to ascertain; and even if it had been otherwise, she would never have dreamed of suspecting that the grave, reserved Darrell wanted to marry her.

So she repeated the words with a bright little smile, and a faint flitting blush, which made her look lovelier than ever.

Her only fear was lest the Master of Dare might consider she was taking a a liberty with him

'Now, Darrell,' said Vaughan, flashing a triumphant look across at him. 'Now, old tellow.'

Darrel rose from his chair, and turned his face full on Nora.

I, Hubert Darrell, take thee, Nora Beresford, to be my wedded wife, and in token thereof I plight thee my troth.' As he spoke, he slipped a ring off his

little finger, and placed it on the fourth finger of her left hand. There was something in his tone, which which was strangely solemn, and in this action, that awakened in Nora's mind a

faint—a very faint teeling of misgiving. But before she could speak, before she could ask Gerard Vaughan what game it was they were supposed to be playing, a sudden interruption came.

A knock at the cabin door was followed by the appearance of one of the sailors, who said something hurriedly to Darrell, aud he and his cousin both rose at once.

The man had spoken in Gaelic, so that Nora could not understand what he said. She fancied, however, that som thing was wrong with the yacht.

She felt sure it had come to a standstill. | the master-passion of his life. Involuntarily, she rose also; but Darrell by a gesture, begged her to resume her

'Please, do not go on deck just at this moment,' he said, with grave gentleness 'Is there anything wrong with the yacht?

Are we in any danger ?' 'I give you my word we are not. Remain here for five minutes, please, and I will re-

turn to you,' She did not notice that he said 'I' instead of "we."

She, of course, thought he meant that his cousin would return with him.

Three minutes passed, and she could feel that the yacht was again in motion. Two more minutes, and then Darrell re-

entered the little room, looking she thought strangely serious and very pale. He came straight towards her, bent low over her, and took her hand

'Nora, I wonder if you will ever forgive me !

That was what he said in a voice of sad, grave gentlenesss.

No wonder the girl thought some terrible thing had happened, or that he was going out of his mind. She started up from her chair, and look

ed at him in wondering alarm. 'Mr. Darrell, what is the matter? What

has happened ?' Dearest, forgive me if you can! What I have done has been for love of you You

are my wite!' Your wife!' A sudden light flashed across her mind. She remembered that mock ceremony in which she had taken a part

A terrible fear seized her. Her cheeks grew pale and her eyes were

dilated with terror. 'Your wife!' she panted. 'Oh! you

don't mean it !--you don't mean it! You couldn't be so wicked—so cruel!'

'It is true,' he answered gloomily, for the horror in her tace had struck to his heart with an agonizing pang. 'You are my wife as surely as though a priest had joined our hands.

'It isn't true. It can't be true. I never meant it - you know I never meant it. A girl can't be married like that against her will !

She spoke breathlessly. Her bosom heaved; her whole frame

Darrell feared she was about to swoon. She would have done so had not mingled

terror and indignation held her up. 'Where is your cousin?' she panted wildly, and she started towards the door. He set his back against it folding his arms looked down upon her with a look she thought hard and stern; but which was, in truth, made up of grief and despair.

He began to see that he had taken this desperate step in vain. He would not be able to win the girl's

forgivenes—far less her love. 'My cousin has gone,' he said. 'He left the yacht in a boat. He has gone back to Glenuskie to tell your aunt you are mar-

Nora stood like one struck dumb. The horror of her position rus

her with stupelying force. Married! To Wild Darrel of Dare. To a man who had committed murder! Oh. it was too horrible! She could not-could not bear it. Then she remembered Keith Talbot If she were, in truth, married to Hubert Darrell, she must see Keith no more. And what would he think of her ? What would he say when he heard she was married to another man?

This thought rendered her almost fran-

She faced Darrell with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, and from her lips there flowed a torrent of wild reproaches. She called him traitor, coward, villain,

she told him she hated and loathed him, and, finally, she demanded of him that he should immediately turn the yacht, and take her back to Glenuskie.

Darrell spoke no word in answer to her reproaches, or to her assurances of hate : but when she made that last imperious demand he set his teeth hard, and said, with what she took to be reckless defi-

'It is madness for you to talk of going back. You are my wite.'

'I am not your wife. No girl can be married against her will. Nothing shall induce me to remain with you; I would rather die. I will appeal to the sailors, and, if they will not hear me, I will throw myself overboard.'

'You will find it useless to appeal to them,' he answered gloomily. 'For one thing, they do not understand a word of English, and, even it they did, they know you are my wife, and would refuse to interfere. By this time Gerard is almost at Glenuskie. In less than half an hour everyone will have been told you have gone away to be married to me. How can you go back after that ?'

She turned pale again as she saw by what difficulties she was surrounded.

That sudden paleness and the anguish in her eyes smote Darrell to the heart. His seeming hardness melted in a mo-

He caught her hands in his, all but flung himself at her teet, and poured out his love

in a passionate torrent. He told her how he had loved her from the first hour of their meeting; how his

love had grown and deepened until it was 'Dearest!' he pleaded, 'you are my wife by law—be my wite in love. Love me a little. Try to love me. Surely my

great love must win some return in time.' 'Never!' she protested passionately. 'Never! Never! You nave runed my happiness; you have altogether spoiled my life. There was someone else I loved: I had promised to be his wife. You have prevented that if what you say is true. But, at any rate, I tell you to your face

that I shall never cease to love him !' Darrell started as though he had been struck.

He had never dreamed of this. There darted through him a conviction

that he had sinned in vain. It had been a sin to decoy this girl from her home, to make her go through a form of marriage by a fraudulent device, and to keep her captive against her will.

He had told himself it was a sin against her from the very first; but he had been willing to allow himself to be persuaded that it was such a sin as a woman most readily forgives.

His cousin had assured him that Nora would find no hardship in being compelled to become the wife of the master of Dare Castle, that she would secretly glory in being wooed in such impetuous fashion, and would most certainly bring herself to love him when once she knew that in the eyes of the law, she was his bride.

When Gerard presented the case to him in glowing colours thus, Darrell had eagerly believed him

He had allowed all his own objections to be overborne, and had entered into the scheme with an ardent hope that ere long

all his wishes would be fulfilled. Nora would learn to love him, and would forgive him for carrying her away against her will.

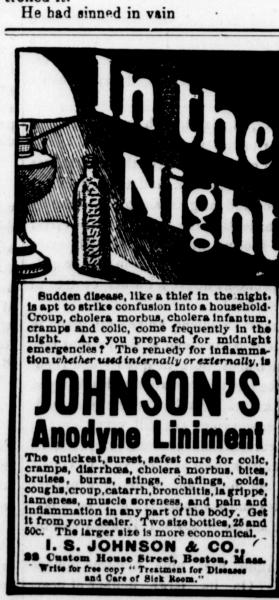
But now, now that she told him she loved another man, despair tell on his heart.

He judged her by himself. He knew his beart was given to her and could never be recalled. She would be the same-her heart once

given could never be recalled either. It was not free for him to win. That other man possessed it and con-

trolled it.

He had sinned in vain



Such thoughts as these surged through his mind with bewildering force, leaving him pale, despairing, dumb with misery. A minute or two there was silence between them, after that passionate protestation of Nora's. It was broken by a hurried knocking at

the door, and the appearance of one of the sailors with a look of concern on his sunburnt face

He said something which Nora could not understood, as he spoke in Gaelic; but she gathered that the weather had become suddenly threathening and that they were in some danger.

The sky, which half-an-hour ago had looked so clear, was now a mass of jagged black clouds.

The wind had risen with sudden fury, and was lashing the waters till they almost threathened to engulf the yacht. Neither Dirrell nor Nora had noticed

this ominous change. They had been too deeply moved, too violently agitated.

But now Darrell hastened on deck, and she followed him, scarcely knowing what she did.

CHAPTER V.

The storm fulfilled its worst threaten-

The wind blew itself into a gale, the skies grew leaden. The sea was white with foam.

The little vessel was the mere sport and toy of the waves.

Nora, pale and breathless, but quite calm outwardly, remained on the deck, supporting herself as best she could, and watching, with wide-open, dilated eyes, the efforts of Darrell and the two sailors.

Darrel worked with almost superhuman energy and strength, but nothing he could do availed against the tury of the storm, and it soon became evident that their peril was very great.

The vessel was being driven by the fury of the gale right on to some sunken rocks. She would mevitably go to pieces there. Darrell, pale as death, and with a look of unspeakable anguish in his dark eyes,

approached Nora. 'I will save you, or die with you,' he said in a low voice, which thrilled with poignant remorse. 'I dare not ask you to forgive me. It is I who have brought you to this.' She did not speak, but turned her accus-

ing eyes full upon him. Scarcely had she done so, before the doomed vessel ran upon a rock, and in another moment Nora tound herself in the cold, cruel waves.

She strove desperately to keep afloat. but she knew the struggle could not last

The waves buffeted her sorely; unless help came soon she felt she must perish. She gave a little gasping cry-a cry that was in truth a prayer, and resigned herself

But even while that cry was still on her lips, she felt herself grasped by a strong arm, and heard the voice of Darrell in

'Don't be atraid!' he said quietly. There is an island quite near, and I am a strong swimmer. I shall save you.' She did not answer; in truth she could

not, she was too exhausted. He swam with her to the island he had mentioned.

It was far enough away to make the task of reaching it an almost superbuman one; it he had not possessed immense strength-above all, if be had not been inspired by love-he could not have accomplished it.

But at length he reached the island with his burden.

Both he and Nora were quite exhaust ed but they were uninjured, and safe.

Nora struggled desperately against the deathly faintness that threatened to overcome her, by-and by a faint tinge of color stole back to her face.

She had seated herself on a great boulder, just out of reach of the incoming tide; Darrell stood opposite her.

There was perfect silence between them. Neither spoke. He was looking around, and calculating how long they were likely to remain upon

the island. It was uninhabited; a dreary spot, not more than a few hundred yards in circumterence.

There were a few stunted bushes upon it but no trees; and among these bushes here was a sort of shed, or hut, probably the work of some fisherman who had shell

It was now late in the afternoon. The skies were darkening, the sun was beginning to sink behind the horizon. It was tolerably certain that they two would have to spend the night there- and

Whether the two sailors had been saved or not they could not tell; but, at any rate, nothing of them could be seen.

It afterwards transpired that they had laid bold of a piece of wreckage, which had served them as a raft, and on which they had managed to get to the mainland, without greatly troubling themselves as to the fate of their companion.

Indeed, they believed them to be

ber, and Noza, drenched to the skin as she | gloomily, 'is that Gerard will have gone to was, might might well shiver as she sat ex. Glenuskie and told everybody we are very short time the boat grated on the her from the sea.

do for her comfort.

A fire was the first consideration. He moved away and began to pick up chips and twigs, and these he piled together in a screened spot, and set alight. Fortunately his silver match-box bad pro-

tected his smoking fusees from the damp, so that he was at no loss for a light. His fire once set a burning, he piled up a gentleman. Now, good night. I shall log after log until it was a veritable bon-

There was no lack of wood on the island, jetsam thrown up by the waves.



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been watching his movements, wishing to help. and yet not daring to offer, and said

'Hadn't you better go and dry vour clothes? You will take cold if you don't.' She looked up with a timid 'Thank you,' and did as he bade her.

He, meanwhile, walked away to the shed and began to prepare it for her reception. Fortunately, the weather had been very dry; there was no dampness anywhere, so he cut great pieces of turt, and made them into a not uncomfortable couch.

As he had only a pocket-knife, it was slow work, and by the time he had finished it was quite dark

Meanwhile Nora had dried her clothes as best she could.

Durrell was almost concealed from sight among the bushes, but she guessed his occupation.

She knew he was preparing some sort of a shelter for the night. The question which agitated her mind. making per heart beat fast, and her cheeks

pale and crimson by turns, was whether that shelter was intended for herself alone. If she were in truth Wild Darrell's wife, it might very well be that he would expect as a matter of course to share the shed with

In that case. Nora resolved, with a flushing cheek, she would not avail herself of it

He might do as he chose about regard. ing himself as her husband, but she would never acknowlodged herself his wife.

At last he came back to her, bringing with him more tuel for the fire. 'I shall keep it alight all the night through,' hemarked quietly. 'Perhaps it will attract attention, and bring us help, I shall watch beside it; you had better try

to get some sleep. I have made things as comfortable for you as I can. She could not but be touched by his

generosity. When she remembered that he had saved her life at the risk of his own when she saw that his clothes had been suffered to dry upon him while he had left the fire and gone away to work for her, she could not but feel that he was entitled to her respect—that he had done much to atone for

'I will take my share of watching,' she said timidly. 'It is not fair that should do all the work alone.

'It was I who brought you into danger,' he answered almostly sternly. 'I will get you out of it, if I can.'

'You have saved my life at the risk of your own. Don't think me uugrateful. want to thank you.

'No thanks are due to me. I led you into danger. If I had not saved your life. I should have regarded myself as your nurdurer.'

His tone was still so brusque as to be almost stern. His eyes were fixed on the skies. Nora felt it was indeed difficult to talk

to him while he looked and spoke like She rose and began to move towards the but scare knowing what she did.

'Stop one moment,' he said hoarsely. Was it true what you told me on the yacht—that you are engaged to marry someone else ?' 'Yes, it was quite true.'

'Then I have done you a terrible wrong. don't ask you to forgive me-that would be too much to expect; but I promise to make atonement it I can, At least, I promise never to claim you as my wite.' 'Do you mean that I really am your

wife? asked Nora tremblingly. 'Most certainly you are. The marriage can be set aside, I daresay; as you were not a consenting party; but the fact that we uttered those words in the presence of a witness are enough to constitute a mar-It is very cold in Scotland in late Octo- riage law. The worst of it,' he added the yacht. osed to the biting wi d which blew upon married. Still, the evil may be undone. shingle. You can get the marriage set aside. I Darrell began to consider what he could | shall frankly admit that I took advantage of your ignorance of our marriage laws to entrap you into the ceremony.'

'You are very good,' faltered Nora, scarce knowing what to say. 'Good!' he exclaimed, with a bitter laugh. 'I don't know about that; I rather think I am very bad. At any rate, I am not quite a brute, and I was once accounted watch by this fire, but I hope you will be

able to sleep.' 'Good night,' she said and somehow—she could not have helped it to save her Then he went back to Nora, who had life—her voice almost broke into a sob.

She' did not love this man-nay, she loved another; but, nevertheless, it smote her with a keen pang to know that he loved her, that she was, in law, his wife. and that he yet had nobility of soul enough

to give her up. 'If it were not for Keith, I believe I might have learned to love him in time.' she thought as she walked slowly away.

CHAPTER VI.

It was long indeed before Nora found sleep that night.

Hour after hour she lay awake, thinking of the wonderful events of the past day. Her marriage day it had been, if what Wild Darrell said was true, and, somehow she did not doubt him.

She was a wife—the wife of a man whose hand was dyed with murder. She could not help dwelling on the

thought that Darrell loved her; it seemed so strange, so undreamed of. 'I am sorry for him,' she murmured to

herself, as she lay swake in the darkness. 'I am sure he is not a bad man, and he is to be pitied. Yes; I am very sorry for

At length, about midnight, worn out with excitement and fatigue, she fell asleep.

When she awoke it was daylight. The storm had quite subsided; the sea was smooth as glass, and the sun brightly shining.

She sprang up from her rude, yet not uncomfortable, couch, and all but uttered an exclamination of surprise as she saw that, while she slept, Darrell's coat, caretully dried, had been laid across her.

She could not but teel touched by his unselfish thoughtfulness. Evidently he was prepared to divest himself of every comfort to add to hers. She walked towards the spot where he

had lighted the fire, carrying the coat with She felt a curious bashfulness at the thought of meeting him, and yet she telt that the meeting ought not to be delayed. It was high time he took some rest now: she would watch beside the fire while he

went to the couch she had quitted. But when she reached the spot, she found that sleep—the sleep of utter exhaustion-had already overtaken him.

The fire was burning brightly; evidently he had tended it within the last hour; and a few yards away from it, on a mossy bank, he was lying fast asleep. Nora stepped softly to his side and

looked down upon him, examining his form and features with an interest which was surely natural enough, seeing that she was, in law, his wife. He was handsome she decided—nay.

even beau'iful, with a dark, strong, manly beauty such as women most admire She remembered how he swam through

the fierce breakers with her yesterday. Not one man in ten thousand could have accomplished such a feat as that. And yet, with all his strength, he could

be tender and gentle. He loved her with a soul absorbing love. Even Keith himself did not love her better than did this Wild Darrell of Dare. He was generous—too generous—and

She had proved that. 'Oh! it is a pity!' she sighed softly. 'It is a great pity he does not love someone who could have returned his love.' Even as she was thinking this, Darrell

His dark face flushed a little at being caught by her in such dishabile, and taking the coat from her hand, he hurriedly donned it with a muttered apology.

'I don't know how I came to fall asleep,' You were tired out, and no wonder,'

returned Nors very gently. 'Think of all you did yesterday. 'I would rather think of what I sm going to do to day. In the first place you ought to have something to est. I quite expect a boat of some kind will pass by us to day, and we shall get taken off; but that may not be for hours, and you will get quite faint if you don't take something. I have a little brandy in my flask. It you will drink some, it will help you keep up, and there are plenty of berries on those bushes. I will gather you some. They will

Nora did not speak for a moment or S he was standing with her hand shading her eyes, looking out across the water.

be better than nothing.'

'I don't think you need trouble to gather any berries,' she said at length, speaking very quietly. 'I can see a boat. I feel sure it is coming here.' 'Thank Heaven !' said Wild Darrell fer-

venily, as though a great weight were litted from his mind. Nora knew his dread had been lest she should have to suffer privation. It was that that had weighed so heavily

on his heart. They went down to the shore together. By this time the boat could be plainly discerned—nay, even the figures of the

men who rowed it. As it came nearer, and still nearer, Darrell could see there were three men in

One was his Cousin Gerard; the other two were the sailors who had escaped from

All three rowed with a will, and in a

After a few hurried inquiries on both sides, the men lifted a basket of provisions out of the boat, and Nora and Darrell made their morning meal, while Gerard Vaughan explained that the storm had forced him to land at a spot some miles from Glenuskie. and that the sailors, some hours later, had

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

