

# **Love Conquers Pride**

OR,  
WHERE PEACE DWELT

BY  
MRS. ALEX. McVEIGH MILLER

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### *Note the Authors!*

There is such a profusion of good books in this list, that it is an impossibility to urge you to select any particular title or author's work. All that we can say is that any line that contains the complete works of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon, Charles Garvice, Mrs. Harriet Lewis, May Agnes Fleming, Wenona Gilman, Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller, and other writers of the same type, is worthy of your attention, especially when the price has been set at 15 cents the volume.

These books range from 256 to 320 pages. They are printed from good type, and are readable from start to finish.

If you are looking for clean-cut, honest value, then we state most emphatically that you will find it in this line.

**LOVE CONQUERS PRIDE.**

# CHAPTER I.

## A PRETTY FACTORY GIRL.

Pretty Pansy lay lazily in the hammock at the foot of the lawn, and listened to the south wind rushing through the tree tops overhead, thinking to herself, with a blush, that it seemed to be whispering a name—whispering it over and over:

“Norman Wylde!”

At the top of the green, sloping lawn stood a big white farmhouse, with long porches shaded by rose vines and honeysuckles. Pansy’s uncle and aunt lived there, and she had come on a month’s visit to them. The month was slipping away very fast now, and she must soon return to her work in Richmond, for Pansy Laurens was no pampered favorite of fortune, but an employee of one of the great tobacco factories.

Pansy was only fifteen when her father, a machinist at the Tredegar Works, had died and left his wife and five children penniless, save for what they could earn by the labor of their own hands. Pansy was the eldest, and her mother had to take her from school that the labor of her little white hands might help to earn the family support.

Nothing offered but the tobacco factories, and Pansy went there, while her brother Willie found work as a cash boy in a dry-goods store on Broad Street. The three younger ones, being too small to work, were continued at school, while the mother took in sewing to help eke out the family income.

It was hard on them all, most especially on Pansy, who was so intelligent and refined, and who hated to leave school and toil at repulsive tasks among companions who were mostly uncongenial, for, although some of the girls were sweet and pretty as herself, others were coarse and rude, and sneered at her, calling her proud and ambitious, although they knew at heart that they were only jealous of the lovely face, so round and dimpled, with its big purplish-blue eyes, shaded by such a beautiful fringe of long black curling lashes.

They all envied her that fair face and those silky masses of wavy dark hair that made such a becoming frame for the transparent white skin, with its wild-rose tints and delicate tracery of blue veins.

But, pretty or ugly, it did not matter, the girl said to herself sometimes, with bitter discontent, as she looked at her fair reflection in the mirror. She was nothing but a factory girl, after all, and there were people who looked down on her for that act as if the very sound were the essence of vulgarity. To have been a shopgirl even, or a dressmaker, or milliner, would have been far more genteel, she said to herself.

This was the first time in three years that she had got away from the factory, and she would not have done so then if she had not been given a furlough from work because there was a temporary dullness in trade.

Then Uncle Robbins had come to Richmond from his country home on a little business, and, struck by her pale cheeks and air of languor, invited her to go home with him. Mother urged her to accept the invitation, declaring that she could get along without her,

and Pansy went gladly away on her little summer holiday, which was now drawing to an end.

Her heart was full of this as she swung to and fro in the hammock beneath the trees, and listened to the wind rustling the leaves so musically, seeming to murmur over and over that name so dear to her heart:

“Norman Wylde!”

He was a summer boarder at her aunt’s, and he had been kind to her, not cool and supercilious like the others, who looked down upon her because she was a working girl.

Pansy thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen, and she was grateful to him for the courteous way in which he treated her, never seeming to realize any difference in the social position of herself and Miss Ives, the Richmond belle, who was here with her mother because the doctors had tabooed any gayety for the elderly lady this summer on account of a serious heart trouble.

Juliette Ives was as much in love with the handsome young gentleman as Pansy herself, and she sneered at the factory girl in her cheap lawns and gingham.

“Actually setting herself up as an equal among her aunt’s boarders,” she said disdainfully. “I mean to put her down at once, and let her know that we do not desire her company.”

So she boldly asked Pansy if she could hire her to do the washing for her mother and herself.

“I am not a servant,” Pansy answered, flushing angrily.

“You are a factory girl, aren’t you?” disdainfully.



“Yes, but not a servant.”

“I don’t see much difference,” said the rich girl insolently; and from that moment the two were open enemies.

Juliette Ives knew in her own heart that her spiteful actions had been the outcome of jealousy because Norman Wylde had looked so admiringly at Pansy when he first met her, and Pansy was quick enough to understand the truth.

“She is in love with him, and is jealous of me, in spite of my poverty and my lonely position. Very well, I’ll pay her back for her scorn, if I can,” she resolved, with girlish pique.

And as she possessed beauty equal to, if not greater than, Juliette’s blond charms, and was fairly well educated and intelligent, she had some advantages, at least, with which to enter the lists with the aristocratic belle who scorned her so openly.

And Norman Wylde, who had a noble, chivalrous nature, could not help taking Pansy’s part when he saw how the boarders tried to put her down.

“Poor little thing! It’s a shame, for she is as sweet and pretty as a wild rose, and they ought to be friendly with her and help to brighten her hard lot,” he thought, with indignation.

## CHAPTER II.

### LOVE ALL HIS OWN.

The boarders had organized a fishing party, and everybody had gone, even Mr. Wylde, so it was very quiet at the farmhouse. Aunt Robbins and her servants were busy making preserves, and Uncle Robbins was in the meadow, hauling and stacking the wheat he had cut a few days before. Pansy had helped to peel apples for the preserves until her back ached and her hands smarted, so at last Aunt Robbins sent her out to rest.

“I shan’t need you any more to-day, so you had better go and take a nap in the hammock before that stuck-up Jule Ives comes to turn you out of it,” said the good woman.

Pansy went out, but she took off her calico dress and gingham apron first, and donned her prettiest dress, an organdie lawn with a white ground sprigged with blue flowers. A pretty bow of blue ribbon fastened the white lace at her throat, and another one tied back the mass of rippling dark hair from the white temples, leaving just a few bewitching love locks to curl over the white brow. Thus attired, she looked exquisitely fair, cool, and charming, and she knew well that when the boarders returned, tired and hot from the day’s amusements, they would envy her sweet, comfortable appearance.

She was not disappointed, for by and by, when they came trooping through the big white gate close by her, every one stopped and stared, and Miss Ives exclaimed, in a loud, sarcastic voice:

“Good gracious, is it Sunday?”

“Why, no, of course not, Juliette,” said Chattie Norwood. “Why, what made you think of such a funny thing?”

“Why, Pansy Laurens has on her Sunday dress, that’s all,” with a loud laugh.

“Oh, pshaw! Her other one is in the washtub,” tittered Miss Norwood, and every word came distinctly to Pansy’s ears. An angry impulse prompted her to make some scathing reply, but an innate delicacy restrained her, and she would not lift her beautiful, drooping lashes from the book she pretended to be reading, although the angry color deepened to crimson on her cheeks.

The tittering party passed on toward the house, but, although Pansy did not look up, she was conscious that one had lingered and stopped. It was Norman Wylde, and he came up to the hammock, and said gently:

“Poor little Pansy!”

Her sweet lips quivered, and she looked up, meeting the tender, sympathetic gaze of his splendid dark eyes.

“You are a brave little girl,” he continued warmly. “I was glad that you proved yourself too much of a lady to reply to their coarse sneers. Your sweet dignity makes me love you all the more.”

Pansy gave a little start of surprise and rapture. Did he indeed love her? The color flamed up brightly on her delicate cheeks, and the lashes drooped bashfully over her eyes.

“Look at me, Pansy,” said the young man, in a tone made up of tender command and fond entreaty. “You are not surprised. You guessed that I loved you, didn’t you?”

“No. I was afraid that—that you loved Miss Ives,” she faltered, and a frown darkened his handsome face.

“Do not speak to me of her,” he said impatiently. “Who could love her after the meanness and injustice of her conduct to you?” He imprisoned both her little hands in his, as he continued ardently: “Pansy, do you love me, my little darling?”

A bashful glance from the sweet blue eyes answered his question, and, stooping down, he was about to press a kiss on her beautiful lips when a stealthy footstep came up behind them, and an angry voice exclaimed:

“Really, Mr. Wylde, when you want to flirt with factory girls you should not choose such a public place, especially when the girl you are engaged to is close at hand.”

He started backward as if shot, and Pansy sprang from the hammock with a shriek:

“It is false!”

Juliette Ives laughed scornfully, and replied:

“Ask him. He will not deny it.”

Pretty Pansy, with a face that had grown white as a lily, turned to Norman Wylde.

“Is it true? Are you engaged to her?” she demanded sharply.

“Yes, but——”

“That is enough!” interrupted Pansy, with flashing eyes. She would not let him finish his sentence, so keen was her resentment at his trifling, as she deemed it; and, looking scornfully at him, she said:

“Never presume to speak to me again, sir!”

Then she walked rapidly from the spot, and Norman Wylde and Juliette Ives stood looking at each other with angry eyes.

“Are you not ashamed of yourself?” she cried indignantly.

“Eavesdropper!” he retorted passionately, forgetting his gentlemanliness in his resentment at her conduct.

“Traitor!” she retorted defiantly, then burst out fiercely: “Call me what names you will, I have borne your trifling until I could bear no more. If you wanted to flirt, why couldn’t you have chosen some one in your own station in life, instead of that miserable tobacco-factory girl?”

He had folded his arms across his chest, and was listening with a sneer to her angry speech. When she paused he answered, in a low yet distinct voice:

“I beg your pardon. It was not flirting, but earnest.”

A sharp remonstrance sprang to her lips, but, without taking any note of it, he continued coldly:

“I had a fancy for you once, Juliette, but it perished when I saw how mean and base you could be to a less fortunate sister woman. I have watched you and your clique, Juliette, and I have been ashamed of you all—ashamed and indignant, and my heart turned away from you to that sweet persecuted girl with a deeper tenderness than it ever felt before. I made up my mind to snap the

bonds that held me as your slave, and to win her for my own. But I acted prematurely in declaring my love for her first. You drove me to it with your unwomanly conduct of a little while ago, else I had not been so hasty.”

She stood staring at him with angry incredulity, wondering if he spoke the truth, if he really meant to throw her over for the sake of a girl he had barely known a month.

“What if I refuse to give you your freedom?” she asked harshly.’

“You would not wish to hold an unwilling captive,” he replied, with a touch of scorn, and she saw that it would be impossible to hold him without a sacrifice of her pride. Curbing herself a little, she asked humbly:

“Hadn’t we better take time to think it over, Norman? I admit I was jealous and a little hasty.”

He looked disappointed and uneasy. Was she really going to hold him to that bond of which he was so weary, against which he chafed so fiercely?

She caught that look, and comprehended it with bitter mortification. Anger came to her aid. “Go—you are free as air, and I am well rid of a fickle flirt,” she exclaimed hotly.

“I thank you, Miss Ives,” he replied, in a tone of relief, and, bowing coldly, he walked away toward the house, leaving Juliette stamping on the soft grass in a tempest of fury and disappointment.

He was anxious to find little Pansy and explain his conduct to her. Surely she would forgive him when she knew that it was for her

sake he had broken faith with Juliette Ives. Of course she would be ready to make up with him.

And his heart throbbed madly at the thought that sweet Pansy's love was all his own. He knew that there would be a bitter battle with his relatives, but he was determined to make her his wife.

## CHAPTER III.

### A JEALOUS RAGE.

Juliette Ives rushed up to the house presently and poured the story of her lover's treachery into the ears of her mother, who became quite indignant at the turn affairs were taking.

"I will go at once to the farmer's wife, and give her a piece of my mind about her impudent niece," she said, and she went immediately to Mrs. Robbins, who was in the pantry, labeling the nice jars of preserves she had made that day.

"I have come to complain of your niece, that bold factory girl, who has been making trouble between my daughter and the gentleman she's engaged to," she began.

Mrs. Robbins looked around in amazement.

"What has Pansy done, ma'am, to be called sech names?" she exclaimed, rather resentfully; and then Mrs. Ives poured out a garbled version of poor Pansy's flirtation with Norman Wylde, making it appear that she was a bold, forward creature, who had actually forced the gentleman to pay her attention.

"Maybe she thinks he will marry her and make her a fine lady, but she's mistaken," she sneered. "It's only a way he has of flirting, but it means nothing, as many a poor girl in Richmond and elsewhere knows to her cost. He's very wild, but he promised my daughter, when she accepted him, that he would reform. I believe he was trying to do so, but when Pansy Laurens kept throwing herself in his way he couldn't resist the temptation to make a fool



of her. So when my daughter caught him kissing the girl, just now, in the hammock, she discarded him at once, and he's so angry he'll maybe fall into some mischief that will make Pansy Laurens rue the day she ever saw him. If I were you, Mrs. Robbins, I'd send the girl home to her mother at once," she advised eagerly.

Mrs. Robbins sat silent, gravely cogitating. She was a large, fleshy woman, good-natured, and slow to anger. It did not occur to her to fly into a passion and resent Mrs. Ives' harsh opinion of Pansy.

On the contrary, to her calm, equable nature, it seemed best to weigh the pros and cons in the case. Besides, Pansy was her husband's niece, not hers, and she had no special fondness for the girl, whom she had never seen till this summer.

Mrs. Ives watched her closely, and, seeing how quietly she had taken everything, took heart to continue pouring out her venom.

"I'm afraid that girl is going to make you lots of trouble," she ventured. "She will want to hang on to Mr. Wylde, of course."

Mrs. Robbins turned her large, ruminating eyes on the lady's face, and remarked:

"Perhaps he means fair. Rich men have married poor geerls before now. And Pansy Laurens is a good-looking geerl—as pritty as your Jule, I think, ma'am."

Mrs. Ives grew quite red in the face with anger, but she restrained herself, hoping to mold the simple-minded woman to her will. Shaking her head vehemently, she replied:

"Ah, you don't know the Wyldes! They are the proudest people in Richmond, rich and fashionable, and belong to one of the oldest

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