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# RUMFORD

THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER

## "A GOLD LADEN DERELICT" OR The Impecunious Adventuress.

CHAPTER XXVII  
AFTER THREE YEARS.

The worthy Mr. Crudge was so taken aback by this alluring prospect that he said nothing, for the moment. He merely stood still and grinned his appreciation of Markham's kindness.

Kenneth laughed. "Oh, I see," he commented. "You decline—"

"Oh, no, sir, I don't—if it's all the same to you!" Crudge hastily interposed.

"I was about to say," continued Kenneth, assuming the lofty air of a judge on the bench, "that you decline to answer, by advice of counsel. But since you have expressed yourself otherwise, Crudge, and have virtually assented to my suggestion, I hereby sentence you to two weeks' holiday, on full salary. Finish your brief first, to-day, if possible, and let me not see your face here to-morrow. Now, have that youngascal Tom telephone to the station right away."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Markham."

"Don't thank me, Crudge. I'm too busy to respond to a vote of thanks."

As if to countenance his words, Kenneth sat down again at his desk and made a pretense of examining the correspondence which still lay upon it in neatly arranged heaps. Mr. Crudge withdrew, with his face wreathed in smiles and with murmured expressions of gratitude upon his lips. After a few minutes he returned, bearing a card.

"Another client, eh?" asked Kenneth, looking up from a note he had begun writing to his sister.

"No, sir; merely a visitor," Crudge replied, handing him the card. "Mr. Jarvis Nevill."

"Oh! Well, show him in, Crudge." While Crudge was speaking to Jarvis Nevill in the outer office, Kenneth finished his note, and he rose politely as the door of the sanctum again swung open to admit his professional rival, who seldom thus honored him with a personal visit. The two men shook hands cordially; although they were often adversaries in the courtroom, they were now friends by virtue of mutual liking and respect.

"Awfully busy, I suppose, Markham?" began Jarvis.

"Not more so than usual. Glad to see you, anyway. Take that chair, if you don't mind waiting just a moment, while I address this envelope. The letter's got to go this morning. Have a cigar?"

"Thanks!" Jarvis accepted one, lighted it and waited contentedly. "I won't take your time, Markham," he announced, when Kenneth had sealed and stamped the note. "Fact is, I just dropped in to say good-by to you, for the present. I'm off to America next week."

"To the States?"

"Yes. I've taken on a big case for Mr. Vanderleer, concerning some shares in Mexican mines which bid fair to go to smash in the demoralized state of that country at present, and I think I can settle the difficulty for him."

"But that's rather out of your element, isn't it? Why doesn't he retain some big New York lawyer?"

"He has an odd preference for me," replied Jarvis, with a quizzical smile. Kenneth favored him with a searching glance.

"I suspect, Nevill," said he, "that Mr. Vanderleer's preference in this matter is largely dictated by his fair daughter. Come, be honest and admit that I've hit the nail on the head."

"Meaning me?"

"No discredit either to you or to Mr. Vanderleer," declared Kenneth, laughing. "But every one knows how

greatly you've grown, during the last year, in the estimation of both Mr. Vanderleer and his daughter. Why, Lady Beauclerc was telling me yesterday that you are high in favor with Miss Vanderleer, and that there is a rumor—"

"Oh, come, you don't mean to tell me that Lady Beauclerc condescended to gossip about my affairs?"

"She actually did, 'pon my word. Why not? You are a celebrity, a legal lion, my dear fellow; and, besides, Lady Beauclerc seems to have taken a great fancy for Miss Vanderleer. You'd laugh if you could hear her speaking of the young lady."

"Why? What does she say? Tell me." Although a gentleman born, Jarvis Nevill was not above the British middle-class attitude toward the nobility; therefore, he was agog with curiosity to know how he and his friends were regarded by a representative so distinguished as Lady Beauclerc.

"Tell me what she said," he repeated naively, when Kenneth hesitated.

"She said to me, 'Really, you know, the girl is charming, very well-bred, and of an old New York family. I'm positively fond of her, and I'm so glad she has fully recovered from her girlish infatuation for that unspeakable little cad, Arthur Ashley.'"

Jarvis Nevill's face flushed scarlet at these words.

(To be Continued.)

Striped wool combined with plain wool is a feature of Spring suits. Still, it is seen on quite a number of tailor-made suits.

## "Love in the Wilds"

—OR—

### The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER I  
AFTER FORTY YEARS.

Stooping to recover his hat, that had fallen from his head of short, auburn hair, that, try hard as he would to brush it straight, would form itself into little crisp curls upon his white forehead, he said, with a kind, cheery laugh:

"Well, John, knocked off, eh? Finished the three-acre, Will?"

The men touched their foreheads and, with respectful answers, passed on.

"Maester" Hugh, for it was he of whom the men had been speaking, whistled to his dogs and struck out in the direction of the huge house that now loomed black and grim against the sunset.

As old John had intimated, it would have been difficult to have found a nobler place than Dale House, or a more unhappy man than its owner, for Squire Darrell was blessed, or, rather, cursed with a passionately hot temper and a disposition that always and ever insisted upon seeing things in their worst light, if they had a bad one, and making a bad light for them if they hadn't one.

The stalwart youth striding up the lane this particular summer evening was his only son—as passionate and headstrong as his father, though with a more generous disposition and a kinder heart.

Scarcely a day passed without the two Darrells coming to words, or "tiffin," as the tenants called it, and the continual wordy war had heightened the elder man's moroseness and bestowed the shadow of a frown upon the face of the younger.

The clew to the continual ill temper of the squire could be traced to a very definite cause.

Down in the hollow, at the base of the hill upon which the Dale stood, was another stately mansion, owned by a Miss Rebecca Goodman.

Miss Rebecca Goodman, having no father or mother, was her own mistress and owner of an extremely rich estate, as well as a goodly sum in the three per cents.

Besides being wealthy, Miss Rebecca

was—well, yes, rather old, though she might have looked upon "thirty verging upon forty" as a very juvenile age.

Hugh could remember her a fair-haired, insipid-looking girl when he was but a child, and, consequently, might be pardoned for refusing to fall in love with the rich mistress of Ashleigh House, although she used all her woman's arts to snare him; for Miss Rebecca had given her timid, faded heart to the stalwart Hugh, and spent the best part of her time in watching him, with the aid of an antiquated field-glass, from her bedroom window as he rode or walked over the Dale farm.

The squire, like most old men who have lived past the golden time of love and romance into the days of money-worship, thought it a particularly good match for his son, not so much on account of the money as of the estates, which bordered upon the Darrells.

The old man longed to see the barrier broken down and the rich fields rolled into one ownership. But, much to his astonishment, and, of course, anger, Maester Hugh, when the squire broached the topic, at first stared with surprise and then exclaimed:

"Marry Rebecca Goodman! She is old enough to be my mother! Not I, sir."

This was rather an exaggeration. Miss Rebecca was not quite so aged.

For a hundred times the squire had returned to the charge and Hugh, firm as a rock in his refusal to make love to the wealthy Rebecca, had at last begun to hate even her name most heartily, and to frown heavily when his father mentioned it.

Still, the old man did not despair, and scarcely a day passed without his returning to the charge, sometimes with anger, at other times with a weak and comical attempt at coaxing.

Hugh could always tell when the latter mode of attack might be expected by the sudden and unnatural good humor on the part of the squire for some little time previous.

Yet the father was proud of his son, and loved nothing better than to hear the neighboring squires, when deep in the second bottle, sing the praises of sturdy Hugh, and tell how he rode the fox across Dale Hollow and over the stream, or brought down the birds at a score a quarter with his unerring aim; for Hugh Darrell was known throughout the country as a monarch in the way of strength; and if a yokel wished to praise a sturdy cart horse or cry up his terrier, he knew no higher laudation than "As strong as Maester Hugh."

Nor did the son lack love for his father, who, setting aside the perpetual storm of invectives that he hurled at his son's head on every possible occasion, had not been an unkind parent.

Money there was for Hugh, plenty and to spare; and the old man poured it out for him with no illiberal hand; but Hugh was of an independent spirit, and was rather given to look upon gold as dross, and sometimes envied the poorest laborer on the estate, who, with the sweat of his brow, earned not only his weekly wage, but, more precious far, his liberty.

Often when the carved rafters of the dining-hall rang with his father's shrill voice, raised to a tempest of passion over some trifle, Hugh would stride off to the village, and, sitting beside one of the laborers or game-keepers, would smoke his cigar and wait until the clouds summoned by his father's words had cleared from his brow.

Only this morning there had been a storm, blown up by a discovery of the squire's that Hugh's dogs had run through his pet roseary, and Hugh had gone out with his favorite hounds and stayed out, disregarding luncheon and even dinner—the Englishman's favorite meal.

Just as he reached the terrace and ascended the stone steps his brow, which had been smooth and bright in the lane, darkened again, and, throwing his cap upon the hall table, he pushed open the dining-room door, prepared.

(To be Continued.)

## Fashion Plates.

A GOOD STYLE FOR A SLENDER FIGURE.



Pattern 3132 was selected for this design. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6 yards of 30 inch material. As here shown, crepe de chine was used in a new shade of blue. Embroidery in self color forms the decoration. Satin, serge, duvetyne, taffeta, velvet and poplin are attractive for this style. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at its lower edge.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A SMART DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



Pattern 3155 was selected for this dress. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. For a 14 year size 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material will be required. In taffeta, serge, linen or shantung, this model will be pleasing. It may also be effectively developed in plaid suiting and serge of one color; likewise in voile, challie, toulard or batiste. The tulle may be omitted. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

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