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## "Love in the Wilds"

—OR—  
The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER XV.

UNDER FOREIGN SKIES.

He was handsome, winning, light-hearted, though he had his thoughtful and silent fits sometimes, times when his dark eyes grew darker and the dark, thick brows were knitted fiercely and sadly.

Every child about the place—and there were some dozens—ran to Massa Cecil if he tripped in sight. We say tripped advisedly, for the youth never walked like a man, but tripped lightly and gracefully like a "gal," as one of the runners in his rough way had declared.

The men as well as the children took a fancy to Cecil, and when his clear, boyish face and bright, frank eyes were near, toned down their rough and rather emphatic language, and were wont to pet him up with gifts.

Sometimes when one of them went to the Bay, he would bring back some slight piece of finery in the shape of silken scarfs for the waist or fringed moccasins, all of which were eagerly pounced on the youth, for Cecil was foolishly fond of bright colors and pretty articles of dress.

Mr. Stewart looked upon this state of things as highly satisfactory, and set a prefer value on this, his latest acquisition.

He, too, made a pet of the lad, liking to sit down beside him as he worked at the books and listen and laugh at his odd and funny stories of the voyage and the old English life.

Sometimes he would try to draw the youth out on the subject of his own past, but on that topic Cecil was obstinately discreet.

Anecdotes, quips, jokes, and a song now and then, but personal history never.

So Mr. Stewart gave it up and, bound to be satisfied, grew more fond of the lad each day, giving up odd matters to him and trusting him as he would have done Laurence, who cared for nothing but galloping over prairie

and through woods, and who was as little at home as possible.

Cecil often talked of the grim Laury, as he called him, and asked Mr. Stewart hosts of questions as to where he had got such a silent, unsociable servant from. But Mr. Stewart could be as reticent as Cecil himself, and never told him the story of Hugh Darrel.

So a fortnight passed, and at its close Will Laury, who had not been at the farm since the first night of Cecil's arrival, returned.

Cecil was standing in the midst of a group of children when the hum of the cattle was borne on the air, and turned sharply as one of the runners said to another:

"Here's Wild Laury. I reckon he's been on a long spin this time."

Cecil's face grew instantly interested, and he gazed eagerly upon the cloud of dust, watching the men as they mounted and rode forth to meet him, and forgetting the children.

Presently the pitter-patter of the hundreds of sheep rang through the clear air and the runner came in sight.

The youth did not run forward, but his eyes flashed and a sudden gleam of pleasure shot through them that deepened as Will Laury dashed to the very spot where he stood and, bending down in his saddle, said, in his grave, stern tones:

"Well, are you happy?"

"Quite," replied the youth, with a crimson flush, and gazing intently on the tanned and weary face above him.

"What a time you have been away! Why do you stay so long?"

He smiled—it was a listless smile, more sad than a groan—as he replied:

"I am fonder of the open air and my horse than the farm, and yet I have not been away for nothing. Here is something for you," and he took a costly skin from his saddle-bag and threw it across Cecil's arm.

Before the youth could thank him

## Makes the Dish

With fresh or stewed fruit of all kinds Freeman's Custard Powder makes a course equal if not superior, to fruit and cream.

**FREEMAN'S CUSTARD POWDER.**

One of Freeman's English Foods.

he had touched the horse again with his spurred heel and bounded away.

Cecil looked after him, and with an unaccountable feeling of thankfulness saw him turn into the stable and dismount.

The lad hurried up to the room with the skin on his arm, where the giver had thrown it, and sat down to gaze and gloat over his prize, not so much on account of its value—although that was great—but because Wild Laury, had remembered him and brought it for him.

That night he slept on it, curling up in its soft warmth like a kitten in a clover.

On the morrow, as he was going down to the stream for some water, he saw silent Laury, seated beneath some trees, eating a crust of bread and antelope meat.

His fur cap was lying at his feet and his gun was resting against the tree at his side.

The lad took up his can and walked up to him, thinking:

"If I do not thank him now he will be off for another month, and will think me ungrateful."

Wild Laury looked up as he approached with a grave smile and nodded.

Cecil came up to him and, setting down the can, said:

"I've come to thank you for that fur, Laury; it's a beauty."

"I'm glad you like it," was the reply.

"How did you get it?" asked the youth.

"Took it from a leopard," said the cattle-runner, quietly.

"Shot it?" asked Cecil, seating himself beside the tall figure and resting his chin upon his slight, girlish-looking hands.

Laury looked down into the wide-open, eager eyes and nodded.

"Yes," he said, "shot it. Can you not see the bullet hole in its head?"

"No," replied Cecil; then, thoughtfully: "The men say you have shot a great many. Have you?"

"Yes," said the runner, wearily. "A great many."

"And antelopes, and deer, and elephants?" asked Cecil.

Again he nodded, looking down with a half-amused air.

"How I should like to be you!" exclaimed the youth.

The man's face darkened and he shook his head.

"You had better be any one else," he said.

The boy colored.

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"You are strong and brave; you don't know fear; you sleep in the woods they say, and you can shoot the antelope. What more can you want?"

"Nothing," said the runner, curtly.

"And yet, you see with it all I am but a bear. Come, it was a bear you called, me, Cecil, was it not?" and he smiled grimly.

"I was a coward and a sneak to tell you," Cecil said, reddening and flashing with anger. "But I did call you a bear and I thought you one for riding away without a word and staying so long. I wanted to thank you for being so kind on the long journey here. I wanted to tell you how happy I was, and how grateful I was to you for the kind words you said before we came. I wanted—but there; it don't matter what I wanted, for you didn't want, did you? Laury, tell me why you dislike to stay at the farm even for one night? You said last night you liked the open air, and the riding and the hunting, but—but—"

"But what?" he asked, quietly, shutting his clasp-knife and rising.

"But is there no other reason?" Cecil asked, half turning. "Is it because you are unhappy?"

The man's face softened, more to the tender music of the words themselves, and as he stopped to pick up his cap he said, with a repetition of the sad smile:

"You are inquisitive, Master Cecil. If I am unhappy, could you make me less so if I owned it?"

"I would try," replied the youth, leaping to his feet and looking up eagerly. "I would try, Laury!"

"And fall—and be disappointed, my lad," said the man laying his hand upon the slight, graceful shoulder of the youth. "Better leave me to the wild beasts," and he turned with a hurried gesture as if he had spoken too much.

Cecil caught him by the sleeve of his leather tunic and he turned again.

"Oh, you are angry with me!" he said. "I was—rude to ask you. Will you forgive me?"

## WOMAN SO ILL COULD NOT WALK

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her to Health.

Perth Amboy, N.J. — "For three years I suffered with a severe female trouble, was nervous, had backache and a pain in my side most of the time. I had dizzy spells and was often so faint I could not walk across the floor. The doctor said I would have to have an operation. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in my newspaper, and tried it. Now I am better, feel strong, have no pains, backache or dizzy spells. Every one tells me how well I look, and I tell them to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—that is what makes me feel well and look well. I recommended it to my sister and she is using it now. You can use this letter if you wish, for it is certainly a grand remedy for a woman's ills. — MRS. MARTHA STANISLAWSKI, 524 Penn St., Perth Amboy, N.J.

For forty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

"Forgive me!" said Laury, taking the small hand in his large, strong one. "Why, lad, it is I who ought to ask your forgiveness. I was rough and rude—I have almost forgotten to be otherwise. Don't think any more of it or trouble about me," and with another smile he walked off.

Cecil looked after him for a moment, then picked up the water-can and tripped home.

"Don't trouble about me" was easy to say, but Cecil found it difficult not to do so.

The tall, noble form and the sad, weary face got between the ledgers and the bright brown eyes, and the figures would not add up or balance.

Meanwhile Wild Laury had gone off to the stables with a queer feeling at his heart—a feeling he did not like, for it unsettled him.

The lad's clear, sweet face and tender, anxious eyes had got into his heart, and he could not get them out, try as he would—and he did try, for somehow they made him think of home and the past.

He shook himself, with a frown, and muttering, "I will be off to-morrow," flung himself into the saddle.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NOVEL MODE OF SUICIDE.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can render an honest and a perfect man Commands all light, all influence, all gate. Nothing to him falls early or too late. Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, Our fatal shadows that walk by us still. — JOHN FLETCHER.

The evening of the same day eight or nine of the runners were lying full-length, talking and smoking, beneath the trees at the back of the farm.

They were the next outgoing gang, and they were discussing the probable route, etc.

To while away the time one of them produced a greasy, well-thumbed pack of cards and, with solemn gravity, he and another began playing all fours—the only game they knew.

They were playing for small stakes—shillings, hides, and furs—and lost or won with the same tactfulness.

One man, called Tim, was particularly lucky, and several men were cleaned out before the evening was half gone.

He was rather flushed by his good fortune, and, as there was a pause in the game—a slight hesitation showing itself in the laying of the stakes—he said, shuffling the cards:

(To be continued.)

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2991—Percale, pingham, chambray, lawn, flannel, etc. r-1 drill are good materials for this style. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a hand cuff, or loose, at elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 Sizes:—34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Width at lower edge is about 2 3/4 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A BECOMING SUMMER FROCK.



3237

Pattern 3237 is here developed. It is cut in 7 Sizes:—34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 7 1/4 yards of 42 inch material. The width of the skirt at its lower edge, is about 1 1/2 yard. Gingham may be combined with chambray for this style, or printed voile with organdy. Plain and figured foulard, linen, and shantung are also attractive. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

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- MEN'S TRENCH COATS.

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