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REMINGTON ARMS UMC COMPANY
 233 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

"Love in the Wilds"
 —OR—
The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER LXVII
 LIFE'S RIDDLE.

Here they saw that lights were flashing and disappearing at the windows at fitful alternations. They were met by Mrs. Lucas, who, in a burst of affectionate excitement and emotion, embraced the stalwart Hugh and begged him, for Heaven's sake, to go into the drawing-room.

Hugh, who took the old lady's embraces, and, indeed, returned them with a graceful earnestness, did as he was bid, and walked toward the drawing-room.

Sir Charles hung back, not caring to intrude on a matter that seemed from appearances, to concern Hugh only; but Hugh caught him by the arm.

"Come, come," he said; "no desertion, Sir Charles; you are too good a friend to let slip in a time of need."

And the two entered the room together.

A glance assured Hugh that one of his surmises was groundless; for, in the middle of the room, stood Rebecca, anything but deceased, and far from seriously ill.

Indeed she seemed particularly well, for her cheeks were flushed with a blush of happiness that had long been a stranger to them, and her soft, kind eyes were bright with a joyful and somewhat excited light.

It was evident that she endeavored to hide these outward signs of a forward satisfaction; but in vain, for Hugh's quick eye noticed them at

once, and with rather a puzzled look crossed the room and said:

"Well, Rebecca, what's the matter? Thank Heaven, it's nothing amiss! I see that by your face, I feared when your lad gave your message that you were ill, or that this night's tale of villainy had received a supplement."

"No, no, no; nothing has happened," said Rebecca, fidgeting about the table and trying to look calm and collected.

"At least, nothing terrible or painful. Won't you sit down, both of you? I—I want to ask you a question, Mr. Darrell."

"All right," said Hugh, with his grave smile. "But first let me ask you one. Why am I to be 'Mr. Darrell' instead of 'Hugh,' as of old? Do you mean to rebuke me for calling you Rebecca?"

Rebecca crimsoned and glanced shyly at Sir Charles, who nodded with extreme satisfaction.

"Well, Hugh," she said, "Hugh, as of old. Now for my question. You said that—that you had come down to the Dale post-haste to meet a certain person who had made an appointment with you."

"I did," said Hugh, with a sudden sadness, fixing his large eyes inquiringly upon the face of Rebecca.

"Will you tell me who it was?" she asked, picking up a book from the table and putting it down again, moving a little way toward him, and then sinking into a chair, as if she scarcely knew how to contain herself.

Hugh thought for a moment.

"Well," he said, "there are few things I would refuse you, Rebecca, especially within two hours of our meeting, but I don't think I can tell you the person's name. It's a secret—at least, I fancy he would consider it as such."

"He!" exclaimed Sir Charles, whose handsome face would have made a good study for an artist wishing to represent "Bewilderment." "He! Why, wasn't it a woman?"

"No," replied Hugh, almost sharply. "What have I to do with women? No, this person is a lad. There; I don't see, after all, so much occasion for secrecy. I came to meet a lad, a very dear friend of mine, who shared some of the adventures of which you will sustain a recital presently. We were great friends, and were parted, much against our wills, on the shores of Africa. That was a long time ago. I have never seen him since—never heard of him even until a few hours back, when I received a short note bidding me come post-haste here to meet him."

Sir Charles stroke his mustache, and looked more bewildered still.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "this is getting beyond me! I don't see my way out of all this at all. Shores of Africa! Whew! I give it up!"

Hugh smiled rather sadly.

"So do I at present," he said. "Life's a riddle that few men are able to solve—mine has been so especially. I am not quite assured in my own mind that I am not asleep and dreaming all I have heard and seen this night. But come, Rebecca, let us have the key

to the enigma. What is the matter? What has happened? What about my appointment and my friend?"

Rebecca, who had listened with ill-concealed impatience, now rose and walked toward a screen that stood at the further end of the room.

Hugh and Sir Charles followed her with their eyes and remained silent.

With her hand upon the screen, she said, looking at Hugh:

"Now be prepared for a surprise!"

Then, with the air of a conjuror introducing his cleverest trick, she led forth a young lady, very beautiful and dark, attired in a well-fitting though mud-bespattered riding-habit.

The two gentlemen, quite unprepared for this attack, rose and bowed.

The young lady, with downcast eyes and manner that was half-abashed but wholly graceful and prepossessing, advanced, holding Rebecca's hand in her left gathering up her riding-habit in the right.

When she came within the full light of the large candelabra Hugh uttered an exclamation and sprang forward; but, with a quick and puzzled glance at her feminine garments, and still more lady-like appearance and bearing, stopped short and stood staring uncomprehending.

"Rebecca, over whose face a thousand and one emotions were flitting, like summer clouds across the moon, here broke into a delightful ripple of laughter, and then, with a mock gravity that still further overwhelmed poor Hugh, said:

"Grace, allow me to introduce to you your cousin, Mr. Hugh Darrell. Mr. Darrell, this lady is Miss Grace Darrell, my dearest friend and your cousin."

The young lady lifted a pair of beautiful, dark eyes and fixed them upon him with a gaze that was at once imploring and tender.

Hugh bowed and stared.

Suddenly his face paled and he strode forward.

"What does this masquerade mean?" he exclaimed, sternly, turning to Rebecca with his old frown. "This is my cousin, a Miss Darrell, you tell me; but I know, her manner likewise tells me, that she—or he—is some one else."

He got so confused that Rebecca gave way to another ripple of laughter.



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PAINS in the small of the back, lumbago, rheumatism, pains in the limbs all tell of defective kidneys.

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There is no time for delay when the kidneys go wrong, for such developments as hardening of the arteries and Bright's disease are the natural result.

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Brooklyn, N. Y.—"For one year I was miserable from a displacement, which caused a general run-down condition with headaches and pains in my side. My sister induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I found it helped me very much and such a splendid tonic that I am recommending it to any woman who has similar troubles."—Mrs. Eliza G. Lewis, 30 Vernon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Such conditions as Mrs. Lewis suffered from may be caused by a fall or a general weakened run-down condition of the system, and the most successful remedy to restore strength to muscles and tissue and bring about a normal healthy condition—has proved to be this famous root and herb medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have disturbing symptoms you do not understand write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years' experience is at your service.

ter, and then, with a sly, triumphant glance at the pale-faced young lady, whose eyes were not raised from the carpet to receive it, took Sir Charles by the arm and saying, "There, we will leave you and your cousin, Mr. Darrell, to explain matters," led the astonished and utterly confused baronet from the room.

Miss Grace Darrell seemed very much inclined to follow her dearest friend; but her movement of escape was rendered futile by the sudden closing of the door, and by Hugh's seizing her arm and keeping her within the room.

With an almost fierce firmness he drew her to the full glare of the candelabra and fixed a scrutinizing gaze upon her face, which she had now covered with her two small hands, that looked white and ivory-like against her blushes.

"Cecill!" he exclaimed, suddenly; "Cecill!"

At the old, familiar name, not heard for so long, the poor girl was completely overcome.

With a sharp cry she fell at his feet and, still keeping her face hid, sobbed:

"Oh, forgive me—forgive me!"

"Forgive you?" he cried, all his anger, if anger it had been, gone in a second. "Forgive you, lad? Ay, a thousand times worse piece of folly than this! Come, come, my dear Cecill! Come, tell me you are glad to see me, and explain all—all this."

And as the "lad" showed no signs of obeying him he started to raise her.

The moment he did so the truth broke out upon him with the suddenness of a flash of lightning.

She knew by his exclamation and his step backward that the veil had dropped from his eyes, and with another cry she raised her face with an imploring look that was pitious in its intensity, and catching his strong hand in both hers, cried, brokenly:

"Oh, don't turn from—oh, forgive me! You don't know all. Indeed—indeed I would not have done it if I hadn't been driven to it. I know what you think; I see it in your face. You are ashamed of me; you can not respect a woman who could do what I have done. But—but you don't know all—you don't know what I have suffered. I have toiled and toiled for—your sake. Oh, Laury, don't think worse of me than I am! I'm not wicked—not so wicked as you think. Only foolish, Laury; only foolish. And I was driven to it. Oh, oh, oh!"

And the strong-minded, brave-hearted, dare-all Grace, who had gone through a maze of difficulties and troubles that many men would have shrunk from or died under, melted into tears, and clung with her two tiny hands to the strong, clinched one above her as a drowning man clings to the rock which alone can save him.

And Hugh?

He stood listening to the passionate heart-pouring with ears that only half heard.

He knew nothing of the strange events which were to be unfolded to him; he knew nothing, comprehended nothing save this one thing, that the feeling that he had entertained for the pretty, pleasing and gentle-spelled lad on the African shore had been an angel unaware—the angel Love.

He knew, for his heart grasped it at once and sent the hot blood racing through his veins at the knowledge, that this Cecill here was a woman, beautiful, with a delicious, overpowering, love-provoking beauty, with a bewitching tenderness, a tenderness called into life for him.

He looked down at her, reveling in discovery of his love and her loveliness, looked down till her confession, her prayer for pardon had finished, then knelt down and caught her to his breast, pressed her there till he felt her fluttering heart throbbing against his, and, still holding her, breathed, in the accents of a strong man's first love:

"Cecill! Grace! My darling!"

There was no need to ask her if she loved him, to tell her that he loved her.

One and all the scenes they had figured in fitted before his mind's eye. A thousand little infinitesimal nothings in glances, words, and blushes, then enigmas and mysteries only, were revealed now, and within his heart he knew, as if the angel of truth had dipped his pen in light and written it there, that he had loved this beautiful girl and she had loved him from the first moment of their meeting in the land beyond the sea.

(To be continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY DRESS IN OVER-BLOUSE STYLE.



Pattern 3287 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 2 3/4 yards of 27 inch material for the guimpe or underwaist, and 5 1/2 yards for the dress. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is 1 1/2 yard.

Printed voile and batiste are combined in this instance. Taffeta, satin, garbaridine, poplin, linen, shantung, organdie and lawn are equally attractive for this model.

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

A COOL DRESS FOR WARM DAYS.



Pattern 3288 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material. The dress may be finished to slip over the head, but shoulder closing is arranged for in the pattern.

This is a good style for inexpensive materials, such as unbleached muslin, calico, repp, poplin, cambric and voile. Embroidery or a simple finish in outline stitches is pretty for decoration.

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

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Size

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These are made in Canada from English materials and are having a large sale.

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- LADIES' GEORGETTE CREPE BLOUSES, \$17.50 for \$12.50.

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This includes:

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- LADIES' SILK, MUSLIN, POPLIN & SERGE DRESSES.
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