

only, however, to fall again with a

"Lay quiet." said Cecil, anxiously.

keep quite still. Oh. Laury, I

And the lad's face flushed.

"Nonsense, lad!" said Laury, with

worse than the twitching of the

scratches. Will you not ride home?

"Not if you threatened to whip me

crevices of the hut, he set himself

ARTON

of lying here and keeping you

grieve to see you in pain!"

last night."

# "Love in the Wilds"

The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

"JUST LIKE A GIRL."

gilded saloons of fashionable Lon- Pray how do you feel this morning?" don, from the unreality, vice, manifold plotting, cant, hypocrisy, and all un- an annoyed smile. "That beast cut charitableness of the hydra-headed deeper than I thought, lad. But we'll society to the lone hut in the wilds of be home to-day, please Heaven."

wart form of the cattle-runner is still skin over him again and smoothing stretched upon the bed of dead leaves, it down. "You have been so ill, so notwithstanding his assurance that very ill, in the night," he continued; before the first day's sun had set.

The panther had not only scratched deeply but had let enough blood to bring about a low fever, and the second night had been spent by Cecil in watching the pain-knitted brow of his compaien and listening with tender interest to the half-delirious mumblings of his parched lips.

Cacil's courage came by fits and starts. Just now it was in full vigor. all the way," replied Cecil, decisively. The pale, girlish face was set with "Don't waste breath in asking, Laury; hard determination and there was a but tell me where I shall find the cup valorous expression shining through for making some coffee-for I disthe pitying one of the dark, deep, covered a bag full of it in the corner beautiful eves.

All night he watched, sleepless and And with a cheerful face he ran vigiliant, never leaving the wounded down to the stream, returned with Laury for a moment, save to replenish some water and set it to boil on the dark eyes as the lips touched place the fire burning outside the hut door little stove. or to dampen the cloth with which he cooled the hot, feverish forehead.

In the morning the delirium ceased hustled about, though noiselessly, and and Laurence opened his eyes to fix tidied up the hut. them with a questioning, puzzling gaze upon the gentle ones above him he made some antelope soup for "Cecil," he muttered, "you here? Laury's dinner.

And-oh, I remember! Lad, you should be at the farm. Why did you with the deftness and lightness of not go when I told you? You are touch of a woman; then, as the sun's not well-too weak to be here away morning beams pierced through the

down beside the invalid and held the

torted the youth, with assumed cup of coffee ready for him.

Hurrah

The Children love it.

It's so tasty, even by itself, but with Fruit, Pies and Puddings

"Cecil," he said, "you're a good lad

-ay, more than that, a gentle-hearted ellow. Who taught you to play nurse so admirably?"

"My un- No one; it came by in stinct," replied the youth. "How do you like the coffee? Nice? Well, I'm glad of it. But I wish I knew whether it was good for you; perhaps it's the worst thing you could have." And he looked troubled.

"Not it," replied Laurence, careless-"Shaky and weak," said Laury, with ly. "It is delicious. No one makes coffee as well as you. Cecil. I think And he raised himself on one elbow.

The youth flushed with pleasure. "Von are full of compliments this morning," he replied. "There: lie "Pray lay quiet; there's a good down upon the bed. "But you haven't Laury!" he entreated, throwing the drank all the coffee."

"I couldn't drink any more," said Laury 'And now I am going to watch I'll get up and do it for you."

"Indeed you won't," said Cecil. Alarmed at Laury's resolute tene. he put a steak upon the embers and lence. nile. "'Tis nothing! The nuisance

"And now the coffee," said Laurence, who seemed determined that afraid you you wouldn't let me have Cecil should not neglect himself in it, and if you'd stood out I'd 'a' had to Come, lad, do as you are told, and

his careful attendance on him. "Oh, the coffee!" said Cecil, glancing at the can from which Laury had drunk "There's enough for me and o spare. I'll have this.'

And before Laurence could remonstrate he lifted the cup and sipped it, a sweet flush sweeping over the girl ish face and a smile full of tender, mysterious meaning lighting up the where Laury's had rested.

Then he got the steak and comfag-end of one of Mr. Stewart's songs. nenced upon it for, although he had passed a sleepless night, he was

Then, while the coffee was brewing, Laurence watched him with silen gravity for some moments, then said: "Cecil, I'm afraid, judging from my sensations, that I shall not be able All these little ministerings he did to get away from here to-day." "Tell me some news, Laury." r

torted the youth, with a smile. The cattle-runner sighed. "Is it any use asking you to leave

me and return?" he said. "Not the slightest, as I have told ou a score of times before," said decil, decisively.

Laurence paused. "How much antelope have you ! hat saddle-bag?" he asked. Cecil rose and showed it to him.

"Hum!" he said; "enough for tw

"And enough outside for forty," said Cecil, waving his hand toward the

"Not a step," he said, "out of my ght, lad. I won't trust you after

"Well, well!" pleaded the youth. At st let me creep to the bushes youder. You can see them from where

you lie. Last night I saw a herd pass near enough for me to mark them, and afraid of awaking you."

Laurence sighed. "Well," he said, "to the

umped up, and, seizing the gun, crept n his hands and knees to the covert, and looking back now and then toward with his charge, waited patiently for

An hour passed and Laurence was wakened from an uneasy doze by the

Did you ever! Who says I'm of no use now, ch? Oh, Laury, I wish you could have seen him leap up into the air nad stagger forward! Such a monster, such a strong, fine, powerfullooking fellow to be shot by a weak, tiny-handed girl like me!"

"What?" said Laurence.

"What's the matter?" asked Cecil. turning suddenly pale and then blush ing like a rose. "Well, aren't you alway myself?" It was only a taunt, and I hope you're ashamed of it. You'll remember this shot when the word's on your lips again."

"Ay, lad," said Laury. "And yet ou're like a woman for all your at least. Go and drag the buckit's too heavy!"

Cecil's face fell at this reminder, but suddenly brightened again "I know," he said, and ran out.

Presently Laurence heard him come back, talking to one of the horses, and the next moment Cecil stopped the black at the hut door and pointed, with a smile, to the antelope, which he had tied by the horns to the saddle-girth and made the powerful horse drag

"There, ain't I clever?" he asked. good friends, and after a deal of coaxing he trotted off with it. Necessity is the mother of invention. And now

"I can't sleep," said Laurence: "but sit down, lad, and give me my pipe." "Pipe!" said Cecil, looking terrified. pipe! Why, it would be your death!" are suitable for the Dress. The Pet-

And not daring to refuse, the youth reached it from the pocket of his coat and, filling it, handed it to him in si- of 36 inch material for the Dress, 14

Laurence, with a quiet smile. "I was



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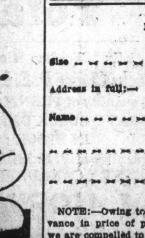
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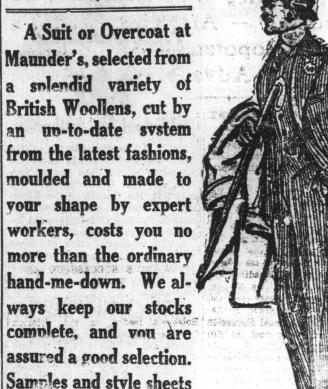
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