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"Love in the Wilds"

OR
The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER VII
AT SEA.

"Oh, deeply beautiful blue, soft as a snake at sleep in summer's sun. How many a man has found in you the end of this world's weary run!"

Leaving Grace at Dale, and the captain on his way to it, we must return to our outcast.

For the first few days the novelty of his position drove something of his sad reflections to the wind that filled the vessel's sails.

We have said that Laurence Harman was strong, and it was only this strength that carried him successfully through the duties he had undertaken. He knew nothing of seamanship, and had never seen a vessel before; but he was quick of sight, and could climb the tall masts and hoist the heavy sails as well as the best man on board after a few days' practice.

This strength and tact made him a favorite with the crew, who at first were rather inclined to resent his silence and moodiness. They could not but respect a man who never refused to give them a helping hand or relieve them of a watch, although he never addressed a genial word to them or even smiled.

The captain was a little puzzled to "make him out," as he said, and on the fourth day, meeting him as he was cutting a rope on deck, he stopped and asked him a few questions.

"How are you getting on, my man?"

"Thank you, sir," replied Laurence, as we must now call him, "very well."

"Getting into the way of the rounds, eh?"

Laurence nodded.

"Yes," he said, "as well as I can hope."

"That's right," said the captain, cheerily, striking him on the back. "If there's anything wrong, anything you want, come to me for it, will you?"

Laurence thanked him gratefully, and the captain passed on, wondering who and what the "landman" was.

After eight days' fair sailing the "Mary Ann" met with contrary winds that compelled her to tack. These contrary winds grew into a storm, and in the middle of the night all hands were ordered up to reef and make tight.

It was a perilous task, but the men, used to risking their lives on an aver-

age of once a week, flew cheerfully to the masts and climbed aloft.

At their head was Laurence, who was seldom anywhere else.

The captain, catching sight of him, stopped suddenly on his way to the stern and, casting a glance at the heavy clouds that seemed almost touching the tops of the plunging and rocking masts, said:

"Harman, lend a hand here."

Laurence dropped lightly from the part of the rigging he had just reached and came up to him.

"Yes, sir."

"You'd better not go up, man," said the captain, "as you're not used to it."

Laurence threw back his head with a gesture of impatience.

"I am not afraid, sir," he said, looking up at the flapping sails. "I'd rather go up, with your leave."

"Ham! Well, go on," said the captain, gruffly, not liking to be thwarted in his kind intention. "Only have a care!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied Laurence, sailor-fashion, as he sprang toward the mast.

"That's a plucky chap," muttered the captain, as he watched Laurence make his way up the mast hand over hand, seemingly undaunted by the howling of the tempest and the sharp, cutting rain that dashed against his bare chest, "wonderfully plucky for a landlubber."

Meanwhile, Laurence had reached the top yards and, with numbed fingers, was reefing the sails.

It was his first storm, and notwithstanding his natural courage and pluck he felt a queer sensation about his heart.

He dared not look down; the deck seemed miles below him, and he felt blinded and senseless with the pitiless blast and the howling of the wind and waves. But the boatswain's call reminded him of his duty and, hastily finishing his task, he prepared to descend.

His cold, senseless fingers could scarcely distinguish the ropes, but he reached the last yard safely, and was grasping the ladder from which to drop to the deck, when a sharp cry rose:

"Man overboard!"

It sent his heart into his mouth, and, springing to the side as quickly as the lurching and plunging of the vessel would let him, he tried to pierce the sullen gloom.

By dint of hard straining he could distinguish a black speck upon the foam of the waves. It was the head of the drowning man.

He looked round for a rope, and, slipping the noose and round his waist, leaped upon the bulwark.

A hand grasped him roughly by the arm and pulled him down.

It was the captain. His voice could scarcely be heard, but Laurence caught the words "No use!" and with a shout of defiance he, forgetful of his position, hurled the captain to the deck and sprang overboard in the direction of the drowning man.

The captain, who could not afford to lose two of his men, with heavy weather looming ahead, and having besides a strong admiration for the bravery of the landman, sprang to the wheel and brought the vessel round a little, while half a dozen sailors, who had witnessed the accident and Laurence's reckless attempt to

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rescue, hurried to the stern and shouted with all their might and main to Laurence to turn back.

Suddenly one of the men caught sight of the rope and, just in time, seized and fastened it to a bulkhead.

Meanwhile, utterly disregarding the frantic shouts of warning, Laurence fought his way to the black speck.

Fortunately the man was almost as good a swimmer as himself, and the waves that buffeted Laurence back bore him nearer the vessel.

As they approached each other Laurence saw that the poor fellow's face was white, almost blue, and that in another moment he would be beaten. Though nearly exhausted, he nerved himself for one last effort and struck out strongly.

At that moment he felt a sudden strain upon the rope and knew that the men on board were pulling him in.

The poor, dying man, with a look of wild, helpless agony on his face, turned over on his back.

Laurence, maddened by every tug of the rope that drew him away, suddenly lifted it over his head and, thus released, caught the hair of the drowning man.

The sailors on board, feeling the strain on the rope suddenly loosened, looked at each other aghast; but the captain, who dared not leave the wheel, shouted in the ear of one:

"The idiot has let go the rope! He'll be drowned as safe as a gun!"

The man sprang to the boat which was being lowered and told the men who were struggling to get her launched that it was no use risking their lives after "a couple o' dead uns." But with a scornful shout they rushed him aside and, leaping into the cutter, battled hard to reach the spot where the two men were struggling; but before they could do so Laurence, still grasping the man's hair, had regained the rope, and the sailors, with a hearty cheer, pulled them in.

They were carried to their berths more dead than alive, and then the crew were hard at work again, for the storm, which had lulled for a little while, suddenly raged more fiercely than before, and orders were given for clearing the rigging and cutting down the masts. Responding as cheerfully to this ominous command as if they were summoned to receive an extra ration, the sailors swarmed to the task. Then a few had to be told off to clear the deck; for the miserable emigrants, to the number of forty or fifty, were crowding everywhere, shrieking for help, and clinging, when they could, to the captain or the crew.

It was a fearful sight, not to be realized by our poor word painting nor to be imagined by any save those who have stood upon a wrecked ship and watched and waited.

In the middle of the din, as the passengers were being driven like a herd of sheep down the cabin ways, Laurence crawled on deck—the ship lurched too much, and he was too weak for a moment or two to reach it in any other way.

The men were busy cutting away the masts with their axes. He caught up one, but found his arm unable to swing it, and set himself to the task of keeping the deck clear.

After a deal of persuading and threatening the emigrants were got into the hold and below deck, and Laurence stopped for a moment to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

At that moment the captain called to him to come and take the wheel and so liberate him.

As he grasped it the captain looked at him with a curious look.

"You don't seem much put out by

Gin Pills
FOR THE KIDNEYS AND PAINS IN THE BACK

Special pains in back, sides and head and all the resulting from damaged kidneys, such as rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, swollen joints and stone in the bladder.

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Fashion Plates.

A Dainty frock for Mother's Girl.

Pattern 3123, cut in 4 sizes: 8 and 10 years, was used for the model here shown. White batiste with lace and insertion, or linen with embroidery would be effective. Silk, crepe, taffeta, satin, voile and poplin are also attractive for this style. It will require 4 yards of 27 inch material for a 10 year size. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

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

the gale, my man," he said.

Laurence shook his head moodily.

"No," he said; "it is all one to me."

The captain shook his head gravely and made his way forward. Presently he came back.

"They have got the masts clear," he said. "Ten minutes will decide it," and he looked anxiously up at the black sky.

"Where are we?" asked Laurence, carelessly.

"Heaven knows!" replied the captain. "I am keeping due west, but why I could scarcely tell you."

"We have lost our reckoning then?" said Laurence.

"Yes; Heaven help us!" added the captain, gloomily.

"Good-by to the Dale forever then!" muttered the young fellow, and he turned away.

But the storm gave way as suddenly as it had commenced. The heavens lightened, the clouds dispersed as if by magic, and a soft breeze, taking the place of the boisterous gale, fanned them gently into a harbor toward which they had been driving the whole night through.

For the rest of the voyage Laurence Harman was the hero of the "Mary Ann," and when he landed at Cape Town the sailors parted with him amid a hearty round of cheers.

Their simple affection moved the solitary outcast, and he turned from the quay with eyes too blinded by the sudden tears to look about him for a moment or so.

When he did look round he was startled. The scene that met his gaze was so unlike any he had ever witnessed that he could only stand still and gaze in wonderment.

From this attitude he was aroused by a chorus of Hottentots, who thronged round him and offered to carry his baggage. This offer he of course refused, having no luggage of any kind, and walked up to the middle of the town, which seemed to be composed of about twenty regular streets of white houses, with a square place here and there for markets and general business, and one or two large houses round the fort and at the ends of the streets.

At the back of the town rose a range of majestic hills, some of them flat-topped like a table, all well-wooded and beautiful.

Laurence, feeling very lonely and strange, walked through one of the streets, and seeing a man standing by a square place with about a dozen splendid horses round him, asked him if he knew Stewart's Corner.

(To be Continued.)

GIRLS' DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT JUMPER AND WITH SLEEVE IN EITHER OF TWO LENGTHS.

2921—This model will make a very pretty dress for "best" or party wear. One could use batiste, lawn, mill, organdie, cashmere, taffeta, or a combination of silk and velvet. The overblouse or jumper could be of contrasting material.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for the dress and 1 1/2 yard for the jumper.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

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"You don't seem much put out by

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You know you are going to have a treat when you see the Skipper's jolly face on the tin.

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