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# "Love in the Wilds'

The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NEWSPAPER STORY.

"Going to the Warren-and alone? Her eyes were all ablaze, her cheeks Come, Grace, I never went anywhere all affame; but there was a savage without asking you to keep me com- joy burning in her heart through all pany. Surely you will let me come, her shame. He had not kissed her. It "I-am going alone," she said, but and Grace sat down on a mile-stone

she stood stock-still.

His fingers still held her. He looked at her and sighed.

"Grace," he said, "look at me," She dared not refuse, and lifted her

forget our foolish little battles? Come, not; and it made her hate him. say that we are friends."

"That is right," he said, in a low, shake of her head, soft whisper. "Grace, you do not know how glad I am to hear you say that, could not help her. I thought you had grown to dislike not be such a folinsh child."

Child no longer, Captain Reginald aglow, she turned toward home. Dartmouth! Beware! You are dealing Home! Alas, she found the net more

She looked up quickly.

"No, I'm not offended," she said. "I I- Let me go, please. I'm going to the Warren."

"There," he exclaimed, "what a foolish little thing it is. First we are not offended, and then we want to fly not offended, and then we want to fly
Oh, what may man within him hide
to the Warren—anywhere out of sight. Though angel on the outward side? Come, Grace, I can not let you go like this. If you will not let me go with We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms.—TROILUS you, you must take a kiss of mine to keep you company."

She started at the words-softly, tenderly spoken as they were and shrank back against the hedge.

He took her in his arms and drew

and her eyes seemed blazing with Dartmouth. the fire of madness.

threw up her arms and struck his in her hands. face: then, like an antelope, sprang from his grasp and ran as if for her

The captain looked after her with a sardonic smile. He knew too well that the bird was caught and that he had ed upon the captain's soft speeches

repugnance he cared nothing. He had set himself to gain the Dale lands and the Dale gold, not the heart of the girl through whom he was to possess hair that, always ready to fall down,

Grace ran on until she reached the Warren gate, breathless and exhaust-

beside the door to gloat over it. He had not kissed her; but how long would it be before he did?

Never! she vowed to herself. Sh would rather die than that his hateeyes to his face—handsome and win- ful lips should touch hers, for the girl had read in his soft eyes and "What's the matter? Have I said musical voice not love, but the shadanything to offend you? Can you not ow of something else; what, she knew

What should she do? Where should "I'll say that," she said. "We are she fly for escape? She thought of Rebecca, but cast her aside with a

Her Uncle?

me. I thought you had perhaps taken Yes, he was good and kind notwithmy teasing in bad part. You would standing his bad temper. He would protect her, and, with cheeks still

subtly spread there than elsewhere!

CHAPTER XIV. A FATHER'S BLESSING.

mistaking eyes.
—TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Grace gained the house and, pant-

ing as if still pursued, bounded sil- Grace knew, with a deeper frown: ently up the stairs. opposite it was the sealed one of else, and I don't."

Hugh's, and on the other side the Locking the door, she threw her- lookout as I can."

Before he could touch her lips she self into a low chair and hid her face

What was she to do? Go to the squire and ask him for hadn't been here Reg," and he sighprotection?

Protection was a strong word, but not a whit too strong, for Grace look- and struck it. and counterfit love glances as no-

She rose presently, and removing her hat flung it on the bed, and then went to the glass to re-arrange her sent and was falling in a dark mass upon her shoulders.

white and, for the first life, she felt afraid.

But she knitted her dark brows and struggling against the feeling, pro

Just as her hand touched the ha dle of the door, Captain Reginald's door opened, and Grace had only ime enough to dart back into her own room before he came lounging

She waited a moment, thinking he ould go down-stairs, but to her surrise and consternation he came to ward her, and, stopping at the squire's com, knocked and said:

"Can I come in, sir?" "Yes," said the squire's short voice and Grace saw Reginald Dartmouth open the door quietly, enter, and close

Instantly a fear seized upon her oung, distrustful heart.

"He has gone to tell Uncle Harry before I can!" and her passionate, flery soul rebelled and grew hot at

ful eyes and stamped her foot upo the thick mat.

"Oh, if I could but hear what h says!" she murmured, and then, as a sudden idea flashed across her mind, she flew back into her room and, locking the door again, stole on tip-toe to a cupboard that was let into the wall squire's.

Carefully opening the door so that they might not hear her, she stepped in and laid her ear against the parti-

For a moment the beating of her leart seemed to drown the voices, but as she gained confidence she could hear distinctly and, with a dark, indignant face, drank every word.

"Don't say that, sir," Reginald fire. Dartmouth was saying, as if in answer to some remark of the squire's 'Rather than being bored I shall enjoy a quiet chat. I should have come

"Oh, you won't disturb me!" replied the squire, with a groan and a sigh that could be heard as plainly as his words. "This keeps me awake enough without anything else."

"It must be very wearying," said the captain, pitvingly,

"It be, it be," said the squire, "Have you been out with your gun?" "Yes," said the captain; "but have

not done much. The birds are rather

"Ay." said the squire. "I'm afeard the men don't look after 'em enough, Everything's going to rack and ruin," we Darrels have kept it, stick and and he poked the fire with an ir- stone, untouched since the first brick

"Oh, I don't think so!" said captain, soothingly. "It wants a little looking after, that is all."

"Yes," said the squire, "and that is just what I can't give it." The captain was silent, and the

squire went on more slowly and, as "When the cat's away the mice play, Her room adjoined the squire's; and steal, too. I can't expect anything

"I don't think there's much of that The girl turned white to the lips apartments reserved for Captain think going on, sir," said Reginald Dartmouth. "I have kept as sharp a

"Thank ye, thank ye," said the squire. "I'm much obliged. I don't know what I should 'a' done if you

The captain saw the metal was ho

"I am sorry to hear you say that sir," he said, "for I am thinking of

The squire shifted uneasily in his old oak chair.

testily. "Where's you hurry?" "My leave is nearly out," said the aptain, "and I have several things

to do in town before I so into barracks again." "It's an idle, useless sort of life you're leading up in town," said the

"It is, sir; I feel it," said the cap tain, gravely. "I never felt it more han I have done since I have been

staying here." The squire raised his small, sharp eyes and scanned the calm, placid face acutely.

"Why don't you give it up then?" he The captain raised his eyebrows.

"You forget, sir," he said, "that I ave little else but my pay to live

"And that doesn't go far, eh?" Reginald sighed.

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"I am a little, sir," said Reginald "A few hundreds. It is difficult to travagant one, especially in London where there is little amusement to be had without spending money."

The squire remained silent for moment, with his eyes fixed upon the

Grace knew that his face was sad and worn, and intuitively she seemed to see the calm, immovable eyes of the younger man watching it.

Presently the squire spoke, but in so changed and broken a voice that Grace started.

man. I have grown older these last then years' time had things gone straight. I am thinking that the Dale Twine, won't cover Harry Darrell for many more winters."

The captain murmured something, but the old man went on in the sam broken, constrained voice:

"Old men cling hard to the last Reginald, and I'm growing fond and childish. I'm fond of the old placewas laid-I'm fond of the old place, Best quality Patch, Shield and and I looked forward to seeing it in -in-his hands. But it wasn't to be Heaven knows it wasn't my fault. He The Neyle-Soper Hardstruck out and dared me; I wasn't the man to be bearded by my son, and Hugh brought it on his own head." to be continued.)

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