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DIARRHOEA**
APPLY IT FOR
**BRUISES-SPRAINS
- SORE THROAT**

PERRY DAVIS
Painkiller
The Home Remedy

"Love in the Wilds"

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

CHAPTER X.

THE TAMING PROCESS.

"T-t-t," said Grace, "very much. He's a beauty. He's faster than this," and she patted the old cob's neck with a sigh.

"You think so?" said the captain, with a smile. "Well, I'll exchange with you."

She looked at him sharply and shook her head. He had expected an eager acceptance.

"No!" he said. "What has the chestnut done to offend you, or have you grown fond of the cob?"

She looked straight before her without answering. She did not care to acknowledge the love—it love it was—that she possessed for anything that belonged to the dead Hugh.

The captain glanced at her rather curiously.

"So you will not have the chestnut?" he repeated.

"No, thank you," she said, and spurred the cob.

The captain took the hint and pricked the chestnut into a trot to keep up with her.

They rode on in silence until they reached Ashleigh House, or the Warren, as it was more generally called.

Rebecca was in and welcomed them in her timid, gentle way.

Grace, after taking the keys on the forehead, marched to the window and stared at the lawn.

The captain, hat in hand, seated himself.

"I am here in the capacity of messenger, Miss Goodman," he said, in his soft, slow voice.

Rebecca looked surprised and expectant.

"I bring a host of good wishes and kind remembrances from Sir Charles Anderson."

Rebecca blushed, for no reason whatever.

"Oh—Charles?" she said. "Have you seen him? Is he well?"

"Yes," said the captain. "I met him in the park during a short visit to London I made a few days back. He was looking well and commissioned me to ride over and take his good wishes."

"It was very kind," said Rebecca. "I have not seen him for—oh, a long

while! Quiet long enough for him to have forgotten me."

"Not quite, it is evident," said the captain, gallantly.

"And who is Lord Anderson?" asked Grace, turning from the window with her usual abruptness.

Rebecca started.

"Not Lord—only sir, Grace, dear," she said. "He is my cousin, and a very good young fellow."

"Young?" said Grace.

"Well," said Rebecca, with a blush, "he is a year or two younger than I am. I am thirty-one next birthday, and Charles is twenty-eight."

"Old, I call him," said Grace, emphatically.

And the captain smiled behind his mustache grimly.

Gentle-hearted Rebecca took it in good part.

"Old to you, my dear, but very juvenile he seems to me. Two years make all the difference when they are on the wrong side," she said, turning to the captain again.

"Wrong side?" he repeated, with a deprecating elevation of the eyebrows.

"I must look younger than I am or you would not have said that, Miss Goodman. I am thirty."

Grace swerved round sharply to the lawn again.

"Thirty is young for a man," said Rebecca; "but very old for a woman."

"I can not agree with you," said the captain, seriously, and glancing Gracewards with a sinister look. "Before thirty a woman is but a child, wayward, untutored. Oh, I forgot! Miss Grace is within hearing."

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But for Captain Reginald Darwouth the mistress of the Warren had not only dislike but, what was more, distrust.

She was an innocent, timid woman, but her love made her sharp—sharp, not in her own interests, but in poor, outcast Hugh's—and her quickened sense told her that the dark, indolent, well-bred Captain Reginald meant no good to Hugh Darrell, the rightful heir, nor to Grace Darrell, the substitute.

"You hate him?" she said. "Why Grace, he seems very kind to you."

"That's it!" said Grace.

Then suddenly her face changed and, throwing herself on her knees beside the quiet figure, she buried her face on Rebecca's knees, and said in a voice utterly different to the defiant one that had spoken but a moment since:

"Rebecca, Rebecca, I'm afraid of him! I try—I try hard not to be, but—I'm afraid of him!"

And she shuddered as if the cold hand of some strange dread had touched her soul.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NEWSPAPER STORY.

"Seems he a dove. His features are but borrowed.

For he's disposed as the evil raven. Is he a lamb? His skin is surely lent him."

For he's inclined as are the ravenous wolves Who can not steal a shape."

Dinner was over and the tea was waiting on the drawing-room table before Grace came home.

The squire was seated on a chair before the fire, looking irritable and tired. There was a sad and weary look upon his face, born of something more than the gout.

Captain Reginald was lying on the sofa, as still and motionless as a clay figure.

Grace threw open the door and entered the room in her riding-habit.

"Where have you been?" asked the squire, irately, staring at her flushed face and disheveled hair.

"Hasn't he told you?" retorted Grace, jerking her whip at the recumbent captain.

"If you mean me by that emphatic gesture," he said, with slow indolence, "I have informed your uncle of your stay at the Warren."

Grace nodded and walked to the table.

"That's it, unky," she said. "I've been to the Warren. I didn't mean to stay so late, but—"

She looked at the still figure on the sofa and paused.

"But what?" growled the squire. "I won't have you staying away from the Dale until this time of night. Why didn't you come home with Reginald?"

"Because," said Grace, "I didn't choose—I mean—There, unky, don't be cross. I'm quite safe and pretty warm. I can tell you. Rebecca wanted to send me home in the pony chaise, but I gave her the slip, got into the stables, and scampered off on the cob like lightning. I haven't been more than ten minutes coming the whole way."

And throwing her bright hair off her face with a quick jerk of her head, she turned to leave the room.

"It will be much more than ten before we get our cup of tea," said Reginald, slowly, and the girl's face fell again into its old defiant look.

"No, it won't," she said, "for I'll pour it out before I go upstairs."

"No, no," said the squire, testily. "I

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hate my tea in all this confusion. I'd rather wait. Go upstairs and get that confounded habit off and pour out the tea properly."

Grace picked up her whip, which she had laid down, and left the room, the squire growling with pain and annoyance.

She was not long gone, and the flush of health and excitement produced by the rapid gallop was still on her cheek as she took her place at the urn.

"And how was Rebecca?" asked the squire. "Just as quiet and mopeish as usual, I suppose?"

When people are getting old and are somewhat miserable they have a knack of fancying every one else either too gay or "mopeish."

"No," said Grace, "she wasn't mopeish. She never is. She sang and played, and I listened. We had a happy time of it, I can tell you."

"Oh!" said the squire. "I suppose you worried her life out—it's a wonder if you didn't."

"Is it?" said Grace. "Come, I never worried you, unky."

"Haven't you?" said the squire. "I should like to know what you call this afternoon's behavior?"

"I didn't mean it to worry you, unky," said the girl.

"And I never allow myself to be worried," said Reginald, from the sofa, with quiet distinctness.

Grace half turned, with flashing eyes, but the retort died on her lips before the calm power of his smile.

"Draw that light a little off my eyes, Grace," said the squire. "I'm growing blind as well as useless," he growled. "My eyes are smarting like fire. To-day's the only day as I haven't been able to read the paper."

"Not read the paper?" said Grace, lifting her brows. "Poor unky! Here, where is it? I'll read something to you."

She had often read him small scraps and paragraphs before Reginald had come. This was the first time she had offered to do so since his arrival.

"Ay, do," said the squire. And Grace, glancing at the still figure on the sofa and seeing his eyes shut, flung herself down in an easy-chair and took up the paper.

She lost two or three minutes in settling, dragging the lamp close to her elbow—much to the squire's annoyance—and clearing her throat.

Then she picked out little paragraphs—accidents, murders, elopements, etc.—and read them, stumbling a little at the hard words, but running over the little ones with a voice that, if not thoroughly refined, was deliciously musical.

The old man's face softened and grew less irritable, but it grew more sad, and his eyes, fixed on the fire, were looking through and through the burning coals, and he heard but an indistinct murmuring, with here and there a pause and a stumble.

The other listener, though his thoughts were as busy and perhaps as sad, showed no sign of them on his face.

However hard the machinery of the brain might be working, the white, smooth forehead showed no trace of its travail.

He listened and thought with closed eyes and a serene placid forehead.

(To be continued.)

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