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APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT



"Love in the Wilds"

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

CHAPTER LXVII.
LIFE'S RIDDLE.

Hugh was strong, strong as a giant; and he might have crushed the life out of the little, graceful body against his iron breast—and Grace would have been quite content, no doubt, to have been so crushed—had not a long-drawn sigh warned him in time. Loosening his grasp a little, he drew her to the couch, and there, seated side by side, hand in hand, they exchanged their first kiss.

In reality half an hour elapsed before Rebecca tapped at the door and disturbed them in their Eden; but the moments had flown on the wings of the dove for the two lovers who had so much to tell and so much to learn.

Hugh, with all a man's despotism, insisted upon hearing Grace's adventures first; and she, with additional blushes and many pauses and hesitations, told him everything—excepting the supposed foul play in regard to the squire's death.

That topic Rebecca had warned her to shun, at least for the present; so Hugh, with all the magnanimity of a brave heart, felt rather inclined to pity Reginald Dartmouth than otherwise, and actually urged one or two excuses for him—excuses to which Grace listened gravely, for she knew that, when the whole story was told, his noble clemency would be turned to a bitter and merciless thirst for vengeance.

But she put the dark thought from her for the present, and after giving him a hurried outline of her life since they parted, nestled closer against his broad breast and, looking up into his love-lit eyes, murmured:

"And that's all, Hugh! It seemed a great deal to do and bear, but now, lying here, with your arms round me and your love shining down on me like a sun, it shrinks into nothingness. Oh, Hugh, what am I that I should be so happy?"

"A brave, beautiful woman—my true-hearted darling!" he breathed.



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passionately. She put up her little hand and laid it on his lips.

"I like to hear you say that—oh, so much, dear!—but I mustn't; you will make me vain and wicked. Hugh, now you are to tell me your adventures and troubles. I know some already, and so does all the world by this time, poor, noble-hearted Hugh! Hero of the 'Sclavonia,' they called you. Hugh, I read it myself, read it and dreamed of it, repeated it in my prayers, whispered it all day and all night. 'Hero of the 'Sclavonia!'' My hero, for though I didn't think you would ever love me, Hugh, I knew that you were mine, my heart's own, though I never saw you again. Can you believe me when I expected you to scorn me for what I had done—spurn me from you with some hard and bitter words—call me unwomanly, immodest—"

It was now his turn to stop her. "Hush, my own!" he said, his face a bright crimson. "You could not think me so vile, so base. Grace, in some future day the world will get hold of your story, and lift its hat to you and bow its knees to a real heroine! My darling, when I think of all you have undergone, all you have done and borne for me, my heart seems overflowing with love and gratitude. What are my poor, trivial exploits compared with yours?"

"Nothing!" she said, archly; "but let me hear them, Hugh!" Then he told her how he had been cut down by the pressgang, beamed to death, yet recovered; then gone back to the station and found it a heap of ruins, with no living soul near it to tell the story of its demolition or the whereabouts of the settler, Stewart.

He told her how, ever mourning and longing for her, though he could not understand exactly why—she blushed a deeper crimson than ever here and completely hid her face against his friendly breast—he had worked at the port until, utterly unable to overcome his longing to see her again, he had taken a work-out passage on the 'Sclavonia.'

With much adroitness he passed over his privations on board and his noble and generous self-sacrifice, and went on to describe his strange bondage at the docks.

Here she laughed with arch merriment. "Oh, how capably I managed it!" she cried, clasping her hands together—which he immediately took possession of and kissed. "Who would have thought I could have caught and kept my brave fellow for three weeks—fast and tight as a bird in a cage?"

"Capital, indeed!" he echoed, with his new happy smile. "Never guessed that you had a hand in it. The fellows of the dock played their part so well that it never occurred to me to doubt them for an instant. If I had known that my dear, sweet Cecil—I beg pardon; I mean Grace—was hovering over and about me like the angel she is, I should have been—"

"Wicked and naughty, restless and disobedient. Ah, I knew—I knew my man!" she interrupted. "I knew with whom I had to deal. You would have been interfering and spoiling all our plans—dear, good Rebecca's and all."

"Ay," he said, "most like. I am only a plain, simple stupid, not a clever lad—lady, I mean," he corrected, with a sly twinkle of the eye, that brought up the blush again, "like Miss Grace Darrell."

"And Rebecca—is it not delightful?" "What?" repeated Hugh, with all the denseness of his sex. "What?" repeated the beautiful girl. "Why, do you not see, you stupid boy?"

Can not you see that Rebecca will have her reward—if you can by a stretch of courtesy call it so? Sir Charles—"

"Oh!" said Hugh, with a look of intense satisfaction; "of course I see! How splendid! The very thing! Well, he's a good fellow, I can see by his face, and Rebecca's all that is good and enviable."

"Dear, sweet-hearted Rebecca!" echoed Grace, the tears springing to her eyes. "Oh, Hugh, if you only knew how good she is!"

At that moment Rebecca entered and, as is usual in such cases, the two happy individuals sprang to the far ends of the couch and tried to look as if they had been sitting as far apart all the while.

Rebecca's face had a shadow upon it, hidden behind the smile, and Grace was recalled to the consciousness of external matters in a moment.

Rebecca held out a hand to each, but said nothing, and while Grace, scorning such cold greetings, clung round her neck, Hugh took her hand and pressed it affectionately and gratefully.

Rebecca managed at this moment to whisper a word in Grace's ear, and the young lady quickly stole out.

Before she got beyond the door, however, two constables entered the room following a man-servant; and one, the inspector, walking up to Hugh, asked for his attention on a matter of moment.

"Yes," said Hugh; "speak out. What is it?"

The man opened his lips; but before he could speak Mr. Reeves hurried in.

"Stop a moment, Mr. Inspector," he said. "Don't worry Mr. Darrell about this matter. I sent for you and will give you directions. Step this way."

And much to Grace and Rebecca's relief he left the room, followed by the constables.

But Hugh, who had got an inkling that they were attempting to conceal something from him, gently pushed Rebecca aside and followed after.

Mr. Reeves saw by his face that it would be useless to attempt further concealment, and in a faltering tone he communicated all the details of the poor squire's death.

For a moment Hugh stood motionless and silent. Then his face turned white and his eyes hardened and grew fierce, as they had done in the old African days when some wild animal stood in his path.

He turned to Mrs. Lucas and the old doctor and gathered confirmation from their faces.

Then, in hard, unnaturally cold tones, he said:

"You have the warrant?"

"Yes, sir," said the inspector, tapping his breast pocket.

"Good! We will be on the road at once. He has the start, but it shall not avail him. I offer a reward of a thousand pounds to the man who catches him."

His stern words seemed to galvanize the two men.

They made a dash at the door, shouting for their horses and giving

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hastened orders and directing as they ran.

Hugh, with no less haste but greater coolness, caught up his hat, and telling Mr. Reeves to acquaint the ladies of the pursuit, strode round to the stables, where the inspector had informed him several horses were ready saddled.

Doctor Toddy, in dismay, at the mere idea of such exertions on the part of the late invalid, ran down to the door to beg of him to remain; but Hugh, silent and stern, would only wait long enough to give Grace a farewell embrace and swallow a glass of wine, and dashed on toward London with the speed and untiring energy of an avenging Nemesis.

CHAPTER LXVIII.
RETRIBUTION.

Revenge maintains her empire in the breast. Though every other feeling freeze to rest.—TREVANION.

On through the dark night sped the spurred and oft-whipped horses back to London, whence their wearied and jaded brethren had scarcely arrived.

The night gives place to gray dawn, the dawn to a glorious sunrise and a calm morning.

On still they sped, whirling the close carriage from side to side, dashing it over stones and through the ruts of the badly-kept road.

On, on still, till the dusk came again, and at last the light of the great city twinkled through the mist of evening.

Then the dull, monotonous hum of the great hive of industry and pleasure aroused the dim, dark figure lying hidden among the heavy cushions of the carriage.

All the long, tedious way he had lain thus, motionless, save for the constant and keen glare of his dark, angry eyes, save for the continual biting of his almond-shaped nails.

Motionless and silent he had lain, but with a brain busy at fresh plots and a heart all on fire with rage, hate, and disappointment.

He can scarcely think in this close, stifling carriage; he can scarcely realize the blow which has fallen upon him.

Over and over again he repeats, with scarcely moving lips: "The will found! Hugh Darrell returned!"

But although he repeats the truth he can scarcely force its reality upon his hot and feverish consciousness, and he grinds his teeth with impotent impatience, muttering:

"Curse them! How slow! Why do they get on to London? Once there in my own room, quiet and undisturbed, I can think—think! But here—what are they stopping for? Changing horses! They are always changing horses—at every mile, the knaves! And Lucille may be waiting! Why don't you go on? Twenty guineas if you reach London within the hour!"

On they go, till the old carriage rattles and creaks over the round stones of the metropolis, and at last the jaded foam-covered steeds pull up, and almost fall before the great town house of Captain Reginald Dartmouth.

It all looks quiet and almost deserted.

He paid the men—over the stipulated sum—and entered the mansion. (To be continued.)

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Printed voile and batiste are combined in this instance. Taffeta, satin, garbarde, 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.

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