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"Love in the Wilds"

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

CHAPTER XLIX.
THE END OF THE SEASON.

This night, however, being the last, he came down from his room and, in all the quiet dignity of dark-blue evening suit, spotless ruffles, and diamonds at breast and wrist, condescended, in an abstracted but still charming manner, to exchange politenesses and bon mots with the gay triflers.

There was always a certain reserve in the count's manner when in the presence of Reginald Dartmouth, for he could never forget that the quiet master of Dale had outgeneraled and outwitted him, and to such a man as the count such a remembrance could be naught but painful.

To-night, however, something of the reserve had vanished, and there was a sparkle in the small, sharp eyes that told of unusual excitement and pleasure.

"Well, my dear count, you have honored us," said Reginald Dartmouth, smoothing the ruffles, four deep, at his wrist and bowing as only he could bow.

"Yes—delighted," said the count, showing his teeth, with a comely smile.

Then the cause of this polite interchange—a group of promenaders—having passed, he threw off the courteous, ceremonious style and said, eagerly, drawing his arm through Reginald Dartmouth's and leading him gently but hurriedly away to the colonnade: "The first dispatch has arrived."

"Yes," said Reginald Dartmouth, with quiet self-possession.

The count looked irritated by his coldness and, with an impatient gesture, went on, speaking in Italian, and almost pettishly:

"Tut, tut, Dartmouth; you receive my news but indifferently!"

"You forget that you have told me no news as yet; the arrival of the dispatch is none. I saw the messenger drive up to the gate. The contents?"

"Are that our men have gained the outposts and are preparing, or, rather,



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GERALD S. DOYLE,
Water St., St. John's.

Reginald Dartmouth, scanning the dimly-lighted room, saw that the beautiful Lucille was not among the rapt audience, and passing through the saloon quickly retraced his steps and proceeded to a small conservatory which adjoined an aviary, and was a favorite nook of the countess's.

As he expected he found her there; she was seated beside an Indian major, and listening to his threadbare stories of jungle life with absent air and unconscious ears. Reginald Dartmouth paused a moment behind some clustering vines and feasted his eyes upon her wondrous beauty.

"And this is love!" he muttered, pressing his hot hand to his still hotter and feverish brow. "There is love, and yet I—oh, idiot-like!—told myself it should never bewitch me again. Oh, Lucille, I am mad when I look on thee! I am no longer Reginald Dartmouth, with all the deeds he has done, all the plots he has consummated, throwing his brain, but a red-hot, passionate boy, burning with first love's heat! Lucille, shall I speak to-night? She looks less cold than usual. I am armed with this good news. Yes, I will. That poor old idiot would have me wait the chances of the next dispatch. Ah, ah; I play indeed to win! Once mine, Rome lost or won, she will not withdraw her hand, nor shall he!"

Then, composing his face into its usual look of repose, which during the rapid progress of the thoughts through his excited brain had been disturbed, he pushed the vine aside and, with upraised eyebrows and a smile of friendly banter, said:

"What, major, are you here? I have been looking for you everywhere; nay, not only I, but Mrs. Firebrace has been inquiring for you for the last half hour."

The major, who was not altogether unaccustomed to such marital inquiries, muttered some excuse, and with a "Dear me; wonder what she wants! Thanks, Dartmouth," held out his arm to conduct the countess back to the saloon.

Reginald Dartmouth, however, stepped in and, glancing at his card, said:

"Countess, you have pledged yourself to me for the next Major, dare I ask you to resign your charge?"

And so, with a pleasant skillfulness, he sent the major off.

Lucille looked down her programme indignantly.

"Surely this is not the cotillon, Captain Dartmouth?" she asked, with a gesture of surprise. "Time must have flown, in truth, if it is."

"No, not yet," he said. "I pray your pardon; but all is fair in war, and I used some tactics to get rid of the major."

Lucille dropped into her seat again and made room for him at her side.

He did not seat himself, however, but leaned against the reckery beside the seat and looked down at her with that look of devotion which lighted up his eyes whenever he was alone with her.

"You have chose a pretty place to sit in," he said, "is it not a favorite of yours? Surely I remember seeing you here two or three times before."

"Yes," she said, looking round with a return of the absent, preoccupied air: "I am fond of this grove. One can hear the birds here so well, and see them. See there—that little fellow in gold and green; he is always

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For forty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, etc.

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same. He will come when I call him, and—"

As she spoke she held out her shapely hand and murmured softly to the tiny songstress, making a gesture to Reginald Dartmouth for silence.

After a little hesitation, displayed by sundry suspicious cockings of the head and side glances from his twinkling eyes, he hopped gravely from perch to perch and finally clung to the base, pecking at a rose-leaf, which the countess held out to him.

Reginald Dartmouth's face grew hot and flushed. Her beauty at that moment seemed almost divine, and, for once losing all control of himself, he breathed:

"To be that bird I would die the death of all the martyrs!"

Lucille started and leaped back in her seat, calm and cold again.

"Not so," she replied, with a slight smile. "The poor bird will die soon; the big one there is quarrelsome and pecks it already."

"What matters?" he answered, still in the low, deep voice—"what matters? It has had your love."

Lucille flushed and gathered her shawl round her.

"I must seek the count," she said, hurriedly, and looking anxiously, as if fearing what might follow.

He stretched out his hand and laid one white finger upon the edge of her shawl and, as if he had forced her into the seat by a blow, she sank into it again.

"I have but just come from him," he said, standing over her and gazing into her downcast eyes with a passionate regard. "I come from him commissioned to bring you good news of Italy."

She looked up.

"But, countess," he continued, quickly, "for once let me lay it aside."

She looked at him questioningly, and his keen eyes noted that her face grew whiter and that her lips quivered.

"Countess," he went on, more slowly, and with that low-toned voice that is hushed by fierce passion and acts as a charm upon the heart to which it pleads—"Countess Lucille—oh, forgive me and let me call you so; for I think, nay, I dream of you by that name, and with that name will my heart be engraved at death—oh, Lucille, for months I have kept within my soul the secret of my love—for months I have known no rest from the agony of the love I bear for you. Ay, agony; for what had I to hope from so great, so beautiful an angel as Lucille, Countess Vitzarelli?"

"For months, nay, since the moment I first saw you I have loved you with all my heart and soul. Not as other men, Lucille; not as other men, but with all my heart and soul. I would die for this hour; nay, I would live in unending torture for the least part of your priceless heart. Lucille, if I speak wildly, think how madly I love. If I can do naught but tell you that one thing, remember how long my tongue has been silent, and forgive me for being bewildered and dazed by the intensity of my passion. Lucille, speak to me but one word—one word, I pray you! Give me one look to save me from madness and death!"

Fashion Plates.

A QUAIN AND UP-TO-DATE FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.



Pattern 3269 is illustrated here. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

White voile is here shown, trimmed with "Val" insertion and ribboned heading. This model is attractive for poplin, wash silks, taffeta, gingham, linen, dimity, swiss and organdie. The flounce on the skirt may be omitted.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL OUTFIT.



278—Here is a choice combination for a set of Short Clothes. It comprises a pretty dress that is excellent for lawn, batiste, voile, nainsook and crepe, a petticoat which is comfortable and easy to develop, and simple drawers. The undergarments may be of lawn, cambric, or nainsook.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 2 will require for Drawers, 1 yard; for Petticoat, 1 1/2 yards; for Dress, 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

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NOTE—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

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That will not disappoint.

The reason of this Sale is the turning out of a lot of this season's goods of passing fashion and some of which we have an overstock into

Hard Cash.

YOU WANT GOODS AT LOW PRICES WE WANT HARD CASH. THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

We are not going to give you a line of talk that as philanthropists we are out merely to reduce the height of the E. C. of L. and going to cut prices in halves; we figure you are too intelligent to believe stuff like that, or would think we had certainly been juggling you on previous prices. First we start with

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S STRAW HATS.

Of these we are taking
25 Per Cent. Discount.

Our prices for Hats are notoriously low, and with this discount and the styles considered we know greatly increased buying will make a busy department busier.

We next consider
LADIES' BLOUSES.

We find a very classy lot of Ladies' Canadian made White Voile Blouses have not moved fast enough. They range in price from \$5.50 to \$7.50. Though the market was high and we did not like buying at these prices, we thought style and cut worth consideration. Now we think you will find them most tempting by our allowance of

25 Per Cent. Discount
from the above.

We have also picked up a lot of
LADIES' GEORGETTE CREPE BLOUSES
in beautiful designs and shades, and have marked them down from \$17.50 to \$12.50 each. This represents less than cost price.

LADIES' SILK DRESSES.

We have some priced very reasonably at \$30.00, \$33.00 and \$35.00 each, but we are making a reduction in these prices of

25 Per Cent.

We do this as we are informed that with some of them the skirts are a bit tight.

LADIES' WHITE COSTUME SKIRTS.

Canadian styles, English materials. Sale Prices only
\$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

This summer is certainly a fine one, so you had better secure a couple of these beautiful Washable Skirts and get in accord with it.

LADIES' ENVELOPE CHEMISES (or TEDDIES).

We have quite a stock of these in White and Pink Lawns and Imitation Silks. They are big sellers in America but have not yet started to sell so largely here. We think taking

25 Per Cent. off may help.

In order to make things more interesting we are making

A Reduction of Ten Per Cent. on Some Staple Lines of Ladies' Ready-to-wear.

This includes all our large and cheaply priced stocks of

Ladies' Cambric and Lawn Underskirts, Knickers, Camisoles and Nightdresses.
Ladies' Costumes and Costume Skirts.
Ladies' Raglans, Shower Coats and Navy Spring Coats
Ladies' Cotton, Poplin and Serge, etc., Dresses.
Ladies' Kimonos, Wrappers and Cotton House Dresses.
Ladies' Blouses of all kinds—not previously mentioned.
Ladies' Silk and Wool Sweater Coats.

LADIES' COTTON and LISLE SUMMER GLOVES.

We are in a position to offer these at prices no higher than those of 1918-1919. We quote Ladies' White and Grey Gloves, with dome fasteners, at price only 40c. pair.

LADIES' WHITE and BLACK COTTON HOSE, only 29c. pair.

You will also find we have some other extra good values in Ladies' White and Black Cotton and Lisle Hose, while they last.

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as they are below the cost of doing business, but our desire to change goods into cash

IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

N.B.—Sale Discounts are for Cash Purchases only.

HENRY BLAIR