

Which?

SOME watches are made to sell. Ingersoll watches are made to keep time. Two watches are shown above. The one at the left may look all right, but the quality isn't there. The one at the right is an Ingersoll—good looking, substantial, a time keeper—a quality watch at a low price. See name INGERSOLL on dial. That means money's worth.

Ingersoll Watches
are built to keep time

"Love in the Wilds"

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

CHAPTER IV.

THE FRUITS OF PRIDE.

"Sir—Send the girl and the money to me with your bill by first conveyance.—HARRY DARRELL."

This characteristic epistle he sealed and dispatched, and then trudged round the fields as perfect a specimen of the human mule as any naturalist could desire.

Four days after the date of the squire's letter the stagecoach stopped at the Dale gate, and a young girl was helped down from the seat of honor. This was Miss Grace Darrell.

The squire stood at the hall door, his face twitching with some strong, firmly suppressed emotion, and, when she ran up the steps, took her by the arm and kissed her, speaking never a word until, still holding her arm in a kindly grasp, they reached the drawing-room, then seating himself in his easy-chair he drew her in front of him, and said:

"My girl, let me look at you."

He saw a graceful, strongly built young lady, with a dark complexion, thick, black eyebrows, eyes that had all the Darrell beauty, and a mouth that had something more than the Darrell firmness about it.

Now, her father was the squire's younger brother, whom, until he had made a runaway match with this girl's mother, an actress at a provincial theatre, the squire had loved as David loved Jonathan. When, however, he had committed this crime, the elder brother, though it had cost him as much as it had to show his own son the door, cast him off forever.

"My girl, you are like your father," he said.

The girl dropped her eyes from his face and sighed.

"I do not remember him," she said. "No, no," said the squire, nodding his head; then hastily, as if to hide the tears that sprang to his eyes, he added: "There, you must be tired; you look dusty and wearied, and no wonder, either. Go with Mrs. Lucas, the housekeeper, to your room."

And kissing her again, he half pushed, half led her to the middle-aged woman who acted in the capacity of housekeeper and general manager at the Dale.

Grace Darrell had been brought up in a small, out-of-the-way place in the North.

Education in the most advanced cities in those days was but meager and unusual, so it is not to be wondered at if the girl, having no guardian but an invalid, broken-spirited mother, should be deficient in the few accomplishments and adornments of the time.

But her lack of accomplishments was somewhat made up by her inborn tact and good spirits, her naturally inquiring mind and a dauntless courage and spirit that, though they led

her into many scrapes and got her the reputation of a tom-boy, kept her from being that insignificant being, an uneducated, lifeless woman.

Grace, whatever else she lacked, did not want originality, as the squire soon found out, for at dinner, after a little encouragement, she chatted with the freedom of innocence and old acquaintanceship.

"And is this the Dale, Uncle Darrell? You are my uncle, are you not?"

"Yes," said the squire, amused and somewhat floored by the sudden title.

"It is a very beautiful place—very beautiful. Mrs. Lucas says I may go all over it after dinner; that is, if you will let me. Will you?"

"Yes," said the squire again; "and I'll go with you."

"That's a dear uncle," said the girl, going up to him and laying her hand upon his shoulder; then, looking up suddenly with a naivete that was irresistible: "You will be very kind to me—won't you?"

"Yes," said the squire, adding, as he read a half-doubting look upon her face: "What makes you ask, my dear?"

"Because—she commenced, then stopped.

"Go on," said the squire, drawing her closer to him. "Speak out, my dear; I like people who speak their minds."

And for the moment he thought he was speaking the truth.

"Because," said Grace, "my mother told me you were cruel to poor father—"

She stopped as the squire's face darkened and shrank away a little, but the cloud disappeared, and he said, as cheerily as he could:

"Never mind all that, my girl. I'll be good to you, and you must love me. Eh, that's a bargain?"

"Yes, yes," said Grace, with serious earnestness flinging her arm round his neck. "That's a bargain. And now we'll go around," and she ran to the window.

The squire hadn't finished his wine, but he got his hat, and, with the girl hanging on his arm, strode out of the house into the garden.

At almost every step Grace stopped to utter an exclamation of delight and childish glee, the squire's face puckering into a smile of pleasure, but relapsing into its half-stubborn, half-sad expression at times.

When she reached the stables the girl literally refused to budge another inch.

Her face lighted up with delight and longing.

"Oh, uncle, what splendid horses! Oh, the darlings—oh, the dears! Oh, how I wish—"

"What?" said the squire. "Are you fond of horses?"

"I love 'em," she replied, eagerly.

"Oh, oh!" said the squire. "But you can not ride?"

The girl gave a short laugh, and sprang to the head of Hugh's horse and looked back.

"Can't ride? Yes, I can. Oh, do let me!"

"But you haven't got a saddle," said the squire, staggered at her earnestness.

With the rapidity of thought she caught up a rug, folded it, and flung it across the horse's back.

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"There is all the saddle I want," she said. "Do let me ride him across the field—only across the field and back again," she added, coaxingly, running to him and twining her arm within his.

It was useless to stand out against her, and the squire—pulling a rueful face as he thought of what the country folks would say of his niece scampering across the field on a bareback horse—gave her a lift up, and stood to watch the result, not without sundry misgivings.

With a repetition of the short laugh, which rang rather unpleasantly like Hugh's for the squire, she turned the horse's head and, with a touch of her hand, put him in a gallop across the field.

Calling himself an old idiot for letting the child break her neck, the squire ran after her as far as his gait would let him, then pulled up short with a stare of amazement.

She sat the horse like an Amazon, controlling him by the stall bridle as easily as Hugh could have done it himself, and, with a flushed face and a laugh of joy that was good to hear, brought him back to where the squire stood.

"Bravo!" said the squire. "Pray, where did you learn to ride, my fine madam?"

"Oh, I learned myself," replied the girl, jumping down very close to the squire's weak toe and patting the horse's back. "Oh, ain't he a beauty, uncle? But he ain't a lady's horse."

"How do you know?" asked the squire.

"By the way he gallops," replied the girl. "Is he yours, uncle?"

"No," said the squire, shortly.

"Whose is he, then?" she asked, lifting her head from where it had been nestling against the animal's back. "Uncle, you never told me—have you got a son?"

"No!" said the squire, hoarsely. "I had, but—he's dead!"

CHAPTER V. A WOMAN'S WILL.

"Where is the man who has the power and skill To stem the torrent of a woman's will? For if she will she will, you may depend on't. And if she won't she won't, and there's an end on't."

In a very few days Grace Darrell was mistress at the Dale.

The squire, who had hitherto ruled the roost in a most despotic way, found himself most utterly vanquished and put down. His will had to bow before the passionate fury of the young girl's as completely as an old, shaky tree is swayed and bent by the wind.

It was a new sensation, this sudden submission, but the Squire of Dale did not altogether dislike it. Who could help loving the dark-eyed young gypsy who stamped her feet and dared you to your very face when you asked her to do anything she disliked or disapproved of, and then, when, with a sigh, you acknowledge yourself vanquished, threw her arms round your neck and poured a thousand endearments on your head?

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A NEW AND STYLISH COSTUME.



Pattern 3153 is here portrayed. It is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge, with platts extended, is 2 1/2 yards. This model shows a new basque waist with vest portions. It is suited to mature as well as slender figures, and appropriate for silk, cloth and wash fabrics.

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

A PRACTICAL APRON DRESS.



Pattern 3137 was used to develop this convenient garment. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. For a Medium size 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material will be required. As here pictured, blue chambray was employed with striped blue and white gingham for the trimming. Linen, khaki, alpaca, voile, repp and poplin, also percale and lawn are suitable for this style.

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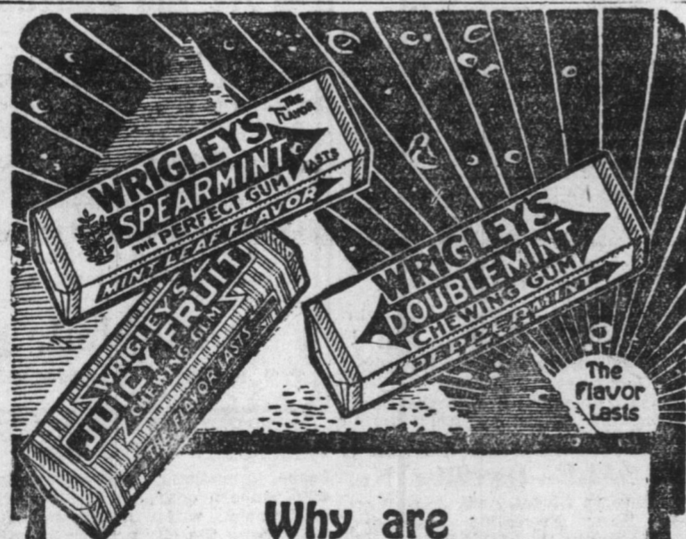
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