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## "Love in the Wilds"

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

CHAPTER X.

THE TAMING PROCESS.

The plates were colored, in the natural and elegant style of those days: this lion was a bright crimson, the mane was blue.

She knelt beside the chair—as girlish and unaffected as a child—and begged him to show her some more.

He turned over leaf after leaf, reading scraps of the letter-press and explaining the pictures.

The book was a description of foreign sport.

In one part there was a long description of the Cape, the natives, cattle raising, and hunting.

This interested Grace more than all the rest, and the captain at last, quite unequal to keep pace with her eager curiosity, turned the book over to her and sat watching her with half closed eyes as she bent over it at the table. It was a strange coincidence.

There was the son, Hugh Darrell, riding over the prairies, hunting the leopard and the antelope, and here was the girl who had supplanted him, reading, with flashing eyes and longing heart, of the very spot of ground and the identical pursuits he was engaged in.

Surely there is no such thing as chance!

Fate holds us all in its hands and moves us as easily as the showman pulls the strings of the puppets.

The captain watched and plotted. He was taming and subduing the savage; but at the same time, unconsciously, he was arming her with the knife to cut his web to pieces.

The following morning the captain's horse was brought round and he appeared, mounted and spurred for a ride.

"Where is Miss Grace?" he asked, entering the room of Mrs. Lucas, who was superintending the removal of the breakfast things.

"Here I am," replied that young lady herself, from behind the curtains.

"Oh, here you are!" said the captain. "I am going for a ride. Will you come with me?"

She did not hesitate this time.

"Yes," she said. "I want to see how your horse goes."

When she ran out in her habit she saw that he had her horse, and not her pony, saddled, but did not say anything. Placing her well-made foot in his hand, she hopped on his back like a bird.

The captain's horse was a thoroughbred and looked it.

"Why did you tell them to get Pussy for me to-day?" Grace asked.

"Because I had no fear of you running away," he said.

She tossed her head.

"Oh, indeed!" she retorted. "You think a wondrous deal of that horse of yours!"

"I do," he said, quietly.

"I don't," she retorted, sharply. "I believe Pussy would race him."

The captain shook his head.

"I think not," he said, with the smile that always irritated her.

"We'll try," said Grace, and with a smart slash of the whip and a sharp jig of the spur she was off.

The captain waited until she had taken a good start and then spoke a quiet word to his horse and the race commenced.

Grace had a good start, and was

well mounted, but Hugh's good old horse was more strong than quick, more brave than light, and the captain's thoroughbred steed-chaser crept up on her after the first hundred yards.

Grace looked back with a bright flash on her face and waved her whip saucily.

"To the barn," she said, pointing to one two fields off.

"Right," he answered. "Mind the gate and the fence!"

"Do you mind?" she retorted, and he saw her use the whip again.

They were going at a good pace now, making straight for a gate and a stout fence a little further on.

For the moment, as Pussy rose at it, he thought she had taken it short and his heart beat quickly. Should the horse fall and she be thrown! There was only she between him and the Dale!

But it was not the first time by a hundred that the old horse had cleared that gate, and she came down on the soft turf like a pebble and was off again.

Grace looked back in time to see the captain leap over like a feather and spurred on again.

Then came the fence, higher and more difficult to negotiate.

Again the captain looked with the same thought flashing through his brain.

But Pussy rose up with plenty of space, and there only remained the field. Now was the time to put it on. He just touched the silky neck and away went the steed-chaser.

Grace heard the sudden spring and looked around just in time to see the captain's horse fall all of a heap on the other side of the fence and the captain himself pitched head foremost into the field.

She uttered a cry of alarm and turned back.

"Are you hurt?" she cried, leaping down and standing beside him as he pulled himself together.

"No," he said, "not a bit!" but his face was white. "Have you ridden past the barn? If not, you have not won!"

Here his lips twitched and he put his hand to his arm.

Grace looked alarmed.

"Oh, you are hurt!" she said, laying her hand upon his arm and speaking more softly than he thought she could.

"Oh, I am sure you are! Do sit down—here on this mound—I'll go—I-I don't know what to do. Shall I ride home for Uncle Harry?"

He shook his head.

"No, Grace"—it was the first time he had spoken the name without the prefix, and the girl noticed it—"no, Grace, wait a moment. Will you bring the horse? He is up, I see, and more hurt than I am, I dare say." He spoke just as languidly and coolly as ever; and Grace led the horse—who did not seem at all injured—to its master.

He looked at it, but kept his arm at his side.

"Ah," he said, "you ought to know a bird by this time, old fellow."

"Was it a bird?" asked Grace.

"Yes," he said; and dropped his eyes beneath her anxious gaze. "A bird rose under his nose as he went to take the fence. Poor fellow, it's the first time he has missed in many a day."

It was a falsehood, but he carried it off well.

It was not a bird that had caused the tumble, but a thought—a thought so vile, so hideous, so cruel and so dark that his brain whirled, his hand failed him as the idea entered his head, and he pulled the horse at the critical moment.

"Oh, don't pity him," said Grace.

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Sealed Tight Kept Right

After Every Meal

The Flavor Lasts

W.R. 12

"Oh, my dear, you must introduce us!"

And she walked up to the captain, who had already uncovered. Grace looked puzzled.

What might Rebecca mean?

She didn't know; but half guessing, went up to Reginald and said:

"This is Miss Rebecca Goodman, whom I've told you about. She's got the rare picture books. She says she'll give you some cold water, so come in at once—make haste."

The captain smiled and, dismounting, bowed to Rebecca.

"Miss Darrell has only half done her duty," he said, in his languid way. "My name is Dartmouth—Reginald Dartmouth. I have hurt my arm—a mere nothing—a simple sprain."

"Oh!" said Rebecca, interrupting him and looking distressed—she would have wept over a canary with a sore throat—"pray come in; a sprain is so painful! George, take the horses round. This way, Mr. Dartmouth."

And she led the way into the drawing-room and rang the bell.

"Sit down, Mr. Dartmouth. Grace, put your whip aside, Mary—to the servant—bring in some cold water and a basin, and a bottle of elixir fluid."

The captain smiled and rose.

"I could not think," he said, "of giving you so much trouble. Had I guessed you would have been so much inconvenienced, believe me, I should not have yielded to Miss Grace's advice."

(To be continued.)

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Grace had a good start, and was

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