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Freeman's Egg Powder,
One of Freeman's English Foods.

"Love in the Wilds"

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

CHAPTER LXX.
UNDER THE OLD ELM.

She gave it, with a beautiful blush and an upward glance, full of love coquetry, at her newly-made husband, that brought the hot blood to his face. But some speechifying is to be made. The lord of the county rose with a gracious, even benevolent smile, and requested all to fill their glasses. Then he commenced a long speech. He could not say too much for the brides—their beauty, their amiability, their angelic qualities in general. He could scarcely say too much for the bridegrooms.

He dwelt upon Sir Charles's character—his last one fortunately—amidst enthusiastic applause. Then he handled Hugh in his best vein. His words were happily chosen, with frequent parentheses of "wonderful adventures," "noble courage," "princely magnanimity," "pattern landlord," etc., and his encomiums called forth such tremendous cheering and other demonstrations of delight that the glasses on the table jumped and leaped like sportive lambs and the footmen danced about with frantic endeavors to remain careless spectators and refrain from joining in the cheering.

Hugh was rather pale with emotion; Grace was very much so, and her beautiful eyes were filled with grateful, happy tears. She looked over at Rebecca, and thence to Mrs. Lucas—both were weeping; and Mr. Reeves, who should be above that sort of thing, was blowing his nose to hide the tear-drops that were trickling down his cheeks. Sir Charles, when the cheering had somewhat subsided, rose and spoke again. He was no speech-maker, he said; but he made them a very eloquent little speech and, very hot, flushed, and happy, resumed his seat.

Then all eyes were turned to Hugh—Hugh, the brave, the strong, and the true. Grace glanced up at his set face and pressed his arm. He rose. "Friends," he said, "Sir Charles tells you he is a man of few words.

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Fred. V. Chesman,
178 Water Street.
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and yet makes a speech equal to a member of parliament. I tell you I am a man of no words, and that if I tried from now till doomsday I could not express one tithes, one shadow of the emotion with which my heart now throbs. Thank you—thank you, one and all—and may Heaven be as bountiful to you each as it has been to me." And with a glance full of loving pride at the beautiful bride by his side he resumed his seat.

The cheering was deafening; the glasses clattered again with renewed activity. My lords and ladies applauded as if they were plain masters and mistresses, and when they would have left off, or whether they would have closed at all of their own free will, must remain a mystery, for suddenly the enthusiasm was hushed by the appearance of a gentleman who, with a very red face, pushed his way past the footmen at the door and, hurrying up to the table, grasped Hugh's hand. Before the assembly could ask who the old gentleman—in the knee-breeches and farmer's cords—was, an exclamation burst from Grace, who cried, with a burst of joyful surprise: "Mr. Stewart!"

Mr. Stewart it was, and in a state of excitement, and, notwithstanding his burned-up station, evidently prospering. Still wringing his old friend's hand, he turned to the guests and, in a voice trembling with emotion, commenced an account of Hugh's bravery at the station, and his heroism on the homeward voyage, but was so overcome by his emotion and by the universal cheering that he allowed himself to be pushed into a chair by Hugh, and contented himself with shaking hands with everybody near him and telling them that he had come post-haste from Liverpool to be there in time to see his brave Hugh and still braver Grace married.

And now they are gone. But they are gone for a little while only; the Warren is too dear to Sir Charles and Lady Anderson, the Dale is too precious to the new squire and his beautiful bride, to be left lonely for long.

They look forward to a speedy return and long and happy lives. Warren and Dale are knit in closer bonds now even than of yore—knit with the bonds of brotherly and sisterly love, with, perchance, the happy harmony in years to come of children's voices, children's laughter—still further on, perhaps, youth's and maiden's love may join the two homes in one.

Is it fair to peep into the carriages that bear the happy couples to their honeymoon? Well, no; but we can not resist taking a peep at Hugh and Grace.

He is leaning back among the white satin cushions with all his old, easy, graceful air; but a new light lies in his eyes and it shines down upon the beautiful face that lies upon his breast. His lips are trembling with unspeakable words of rapturous love; his hands, clasping the lithe, supple form nestling to his heart, are trembling with eager and passionate delight; but as her eloquent, love-thrilling eyes are raised, and tremble beneath the

passionate fire of his, he can say nothing, do nothing, but clasp her still closer and watch her eyelids close with excess of love and joy, and kiss them and the sweet lips beneath.

If Hugh Darrell had had cause in the past to regret his troubles and trials, he has only one feeling now, and that is an overbrimming one of gratitude for his last turn of Pickle Fortune.

THE END.
REMORSE and REPENTANCE.
—OR—
For Daisie's Sake

CHAPTER II.
THE OTHER ONE.
But she was so infatuated with the fellow she wouldn't even let me hint such a thing to him, and he's as reticent over himself as if he were an escaped convict—which he may be, for all we know," argued Royall. Daisie suppressed a sigh, and asked carelessly: "But doesn't he seem very nice? Isn't he well educated, and—doesn't he write a fine hand?" Royall fell into her little trap, and answered:

"Oh, his manner is charming; that's what made me take up with him first, you know—so frank and friendly; and he seems to be college bred. As for his writing—see," and he exhibited to the trembling girl some random papers from his note-book, scribbled over with his friend's name and some poetical quotations. He did not notice that Daisie trembled, that the color rushed to her cheek and the light to her eyes, from pure joy.

The writing was identical with the poem. Her heart told her the truth. Dallas Bain had written her those sweet verses. He loved her, after all. "I see how it is," she thought, with keenest pain. "When he first saw me, his heart went out to me, as did mine to him in the thrilling glance we exchanged. But he was already pledged to another, and could not retreat in honor; so he dared not trust himself to know me better. That was why the verses breathed such hopeless sadness."

There was balm in the thought, for his avoidance had wounded her cruelly until she thought she had fathomed the cause. Alas! Alas! Strange decree of fate. Between this pair, who had never even spoken to each other, only looked into each other's eyes, love had been born full-grown, though each tried to thrust it away—she, believing it was hopeless; he, because he had been told by a false schemer that she was as silly as she was fair.

"I am sorry now that I sent her the



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WASH day is the least welcome day of the week in most homes, though sweeping day is not much better. Both days are most trying on the back.

The strain of washing, ironing and sweeping frequently deranges the kidneys. The system is poisoned and backaches, rheumatism, pains in the limbs result.

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poem. I hope she will never find me out, and gratify her vanity by telling her girl friends about it. When girls are very silly they always boast of their conquests," thought the young man; and it vexed him sorely that so fair a face should go with a shallow mind—vexed him, too, that her beauty should haunt him so, not dreaming yet that its spell was immortal.

He thought that he must go away, and presently forgetfulness would come. He ought to go away, anyhow, for Royall Sherwood did not seem as friendly as of old—had grown careless and neglectful; and, as for Mrs. Fleming, she was too kind, that was all; and he was afraid that she might assume the supposed prerogative of the new woman, to woo and win.

In a very gray mood, he excused himself from her company one day, saying that he had an engagement to ride with a fellow. The fellow was himself; but he deemed any subterfuge permissible, since she had made him read poetry to her till he was hoarse as a raven, and he was wild to escape.

So he went to the livery stable, secured a light buggy, and set off for a solitary ride along the beach. "The only chance a fellow can get to think, with so many women about, always chattering like magpies!" he muttered to himself, as he was returning at a slow pace along the level sands, and watching the setting sun as it spread long lanes of rosy light across the restless waves.

He had quite decided that he would leave Sea View to-morrow, and return to New York.

There would be no trouble in getting away from Royall Sherwood, who seemed already weary of him, and if the little widow got hysterical he could say he had important letters calling him away.

If he had not been so absorbed in half-sad thought, and secondarily interested in the sun-set on the sea, he would not have forgotten what a timid animal he was driving, and that it was unsafe to leave the reins lying so slack on his back.

The beach was deserted, he thought, although only this morning it had been alive with gay bathers and fearless bicyclists. So, unthinking of danger, he drove on, and the voice of the sea, so solemn and profound, bending with his pensive thoughts, drowned the voices of two fair young girls wheeling toward him on their bicycles, one dark and sparkling, the other very fair and lovely.

Suddenly the spirited pony, looking ahead, saw the shining wheel spinning toward him, and took unexpected fright, and swerved from his course. Whinnying with fear, and plunging forward before Dallas could restrain him, he dashed upon the very object of his fright, his forward hoofs striking the wheel and overthrowing the fair rider before she could turn out of his way, just as Dallas reined him in with a grasp like steel.

Oh, horrors! There lay the poor girl on the sands, beneath her wheel, still as death! And as Dallas sprang from the buggy the other girl jumped from her wheel in grief and reproach. "Alas, alas! You have killed sweet Daisie Bell!"

(to be continued.)
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