THE EVENING TMLEGRAM, ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDYAND, JULY 19, 1920-

## - <br> "Love in the Wilds"

The Romance of a South African Trading Station.
 thig a further olew to the mystery
which had been hail-revealed to him

by Rebeca |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| by Rebeca: |  |
| Hour by hour that evening he grew | $\begin{array}{l}\text { But he did not watch the game, for } \\ \text { ater a few minutes he found his }\end{array}$ |

 grand drawing-room, and revolving posite to him. | almost unconsclously within his brain |  |
| :--- | :--- |
| the story which Rebecca had so vivid- | $\begin{array}{l}\text { Then, in a pause of the game, he he } \\ \text { Foke from a sort of reverie with a } \\ \text { start. }\end{array}$ |
| If cooked round the room and; see |  |

 wealth, in reality belonged to another, thing that might to on in the recess
than the present holder, and that the strolled away toward the library han the present holder, and that the the salon, with a a face serene and
careless, could be-what Rebecca had careless, could be-
Frank, open-hearted Sir Charles
wiped the cold perspiration from his 3rehead and, as if to dispel his
foughts walked into the blliardfioughts walked into the billiard
foom, where a gay party were playthg a match, and talking and laugh-
ing with that unreserved spirit
which men learn nowhere so well as which men learn nowhere so well as
in theer smoking and billiard-rooms. Here he took part in a game, and, having won, strolled back to the draw-
ing-room, as if unable to keep away
from the mysterlous being he was set from the mysterlous being he was sel
owatch.
The countess had risen from her The countess had risen from her
 ranging in a small alcove.
"Chess, eh?" said Sir Charles, lean"Chess, eh?" sald Sir Charles, leanceess. "shall I disturb you it I play spectator for a moment or so?"
I shall only be to
honored", sald the countess, and $I$ don't think it
will make captain
Dartmouth ner-
vous." Presentiy he came a
up his old place, with a h
bound book in his hand.
Reginald Dartmouth a cold, keen smile.
Trurned stadent, Charlie? It is not
often I have seen you with a book in yen hande what is it-a volume of
Balzac?"
"No; a county history?" replied sir
. "No; a county history", repl.
Charless without toking up.
"A county bistory?" repeate
ountess, -ountess, looking up. "What country"
-This coutr" "This county," replied Sir Charles,
slancing at the calm, set face of Res-
tanald Dartmouth. nald Dartmouth.
"How strange! What \& mondertul
peopie you are, sir Charies! You are geopie you are, A harres! You
great indeed. A history of ea
county! Por insignificant she seems when compar-
ed to your marvelous
 hat, your ladyship-a history of every
house of any note within tit."

 No; that was not built, you kno
Our frien Reginald had not was
his wand betore this book was wrin
ten. But it
"I Cannot Go"



 recurs every two or three
weeks, with severe sick head-


## Reg?", "Yes", said Reginald Dartmouth, almost curtly. "It is sour lestant

baroy turned to the table, and
Presently Reginald Dartmouth
smooth tones broke the stillnese
the corner.
"You win in everything, countess
"he game is sours, ob, believe me
the game is yours. Oh, believe me,
am no ftting opponent of sour skill!"
The conntese laished

| The countess laughed, but rather |
| :--- |
| absently, as it her thoughts were far |
| away, and leaning her sweet face on |

away, and leaning her sweet face
one beantulfilf-chiseled arm, turned
to the silteat figure behind her
to the sileat figure behind her.
"Well, sir Charles, do you find the
Old history interestng ?".
"Tery," said sir Charle
up; "extreme
Then he
Dartmouth.
Dartmouth.
"There is a
theore is a very full description of
the Dole, Reg. Did you ever read
itr

- cur
 If the account is correct: 1 should
have iliked to have seen it. $A$ grand old mave iked to have seen It. $\mathbf{A}$ grand
mansont You have not left muct
trace of it, Reg. .



Dr: Chase's
Kidhey-Liver PILIS
Geraid s. Doyle,
Water St.. St. John's,



## 

The Scale with the sign "Toledo-No.Springs-Honest Weight" protects the customer against short-weight, and the
merchant from over-weight merchant from over-weight.
It is the square deal Scale, giv-
in ing sixteen ounces to ever ing sixteen ounces to
pound, no more, no less. Look for the sign. Fred. V. Chesman, 178 Water Street.


$$
\begin{array}{r}
\text { resh- } \\
\text { some } \\
\text { his } \\
\text { face } \\
\begin{array}{c}
\text { Sir } \\
\text { but }
\end{array}
\end{array}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { coldily-calm ease: } \\
& \text { "You are old enough, Charile, to. } \\
& \text { look out for yourself." }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { By gentre habits let us draw men's } \\
& \text { And beats them to us, not enforcealy, } \\
& \text { But ouvily and free.-CUMBER- } \\
& \text { LAIN. }
\end{aligned}
$$

## -

SIr Charles was a great favorite of
all the servants both at the Warren
and at the new Hall.
and at the new Hall.
His was fust that drank, amiable,
and genial nature to commend itself to and genial nature to commend itself to
their love; they liked to hear his
cheery voice and were never afraid of cheery voice and were never afrald of
getting a harsh word or an oath from
him, for he was a perfect gentleman and would as soon have sworn at a
lady as bully his yalet or curse his groom.
Held in this esteem, sir charles had
ilttle cause to fear a retusal when he yttle cause to fear a refusal when he
sauntered dnto tore conservatories ear
it the next morning and asked the gardener it he would be so kind as
make him up a small bouquet.
"Certainly str." certanly" make him up a small bouquet.
"Certaingy sir; certainly, respond-
ed the gardener, prompty. He was a new man, like the resto of the servants,
but a very clever fellow and an honest one to boot, "I am very glad to see
you back again and looking so well,
Sir Charles," he ventured to say, resSir Charles," he ventured to say, res-
pectully,
"Thank you, Thompson; thank you,"
Tel "Thank you, Thompson; thank you,",
replied Sir Charles, genially.
Im ges,
Ilad to pull round, too." Ym glad to pull round, too."
Then, with his hands in his pocket
he strolled down the long avenue, a miting as he proceeded. "Thats's a fing
plant-splenidid. One of your own in troduction ?"
"Yes, sir," replied the man, with a
flush of pleasure, taking a knife from his pof pleasure, taking a knife fromor a draning a drer
a piece of paper with which to wrap up the bouquet-"yes, sir, and it's a

## "I ADVISE EVERY

SIOK NOMAK
To Try Lydia E. Pinkham
Vegetable Compound."

## "I advise $\overline{\text { rerey suffeting moman te }}$








