

**READ THE LABEL**

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

**READ THE LABEL**

MAKES THE WHITEST LIGHTS

CONTAINS NO ALUM

THE BAKING POWDER IS COMPOSED OF THE FOLLOWING INGREDIENTS: PURE POTASSIUM BICARBONATE, PURE SODA, PURE TARTARIC ACID, PURE STARCH.

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**Grand Alliance;**

**Love That Knew No Bounds.**

CHAPTER XIII.

"No, I thank you. I was not wanting—Mr. Barnett. I am—so grieved—for you. And—rising, somewhat dizzy—"will you take this?"—holding out her paltry piece of gold with a tingling of self-appropriated guilt. "Yes, you must. Please keep it. And"—she was getting suffocated now with hardly held back tears—"and Mr. Lewis, will you—will you try to forgive—your debtor? He—did—not—go—unpunished!"

She took his hand, misshapen hand in hers for a moment very gently; met the astonished gaze with a look of passionate pleading; then, turning away, passed swiftly from the field tears running down her cheeks, and was lost to sight before the wonder-struck man could acknowledge, far less comprehend, her gift.

And before he had labored painfully home out of the tempest gathering rapidly around, and had recounted his most strange adventure, Sydney was far away from Lutterthorpe, journeying on again—this time to Stillcote-Upton.

CHAPTER XV.

It was market-day in that town, and the nearest approach to commercial activity it contrived to keep out of the octopus-like clutches of the neighboring county center was stirring in its streets that Wednesday midday.

But the tide of traffic and purchasers stopped short of that part which had been the chief entrance to the town in the time of coaching and carriage gentility. Life seemed diverted now to the region of the railway. Grass grew between the paving stones of this wide South Street. Few came up or down except to the very respectable dwellings that flanked its breadth, and its thinly scattered shops might almost have put up their shutters, for all the custom they attracted.

That was the opinion of one who had sat behind the counter of the modest establishment from nine in the morning, without taking as many as ninepence.

Her very anxious face puckered under an arrangement of small wiry curls, Miss Amelia Ambler watched the passers-by with cat-like interest; arranged her buttons, dusted her cottons, and assorted her attenuated store of "general haberdashery and Berlin wools," bemoaning the while that change of fashion which permitted the larger establishments of High

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Street to lure away the humble chances of sale.

"They sell buttons at crockery shops, and tapes at the booksellers', nowadays, I declare," she grumbled aloud—if no one came to talk to her she must talk to herself. "It gets worse and worse every year. And now if it isn't coming on to rain! Oh, me! if ever I'd suspected things reaching this pass I'd positively have been a menial servant. I should have earned as much between now and then so, I'll be bound."

And the "then" seemed to draw her attention to an announcement in fine, flourishing capitaled calligraphy, dated many years back, that "Miss Amelia Ambler, having from circumstances resumed her business on South Street, begged a renewal of former kind support," etc., etc.

This document hung prominently by the door, now showed such an accumulated coat of dust that its mistress descended wrathfully from her high stool to brush it clean, murmuring, "What a head that idle Nancy has! I've a good mind not to keep her on. She isn't worth her food."

Now, this cursory mention of food was followed by a distant sensation of hunger in Miss Ambler's own pinched frame. "Half past one," she said, listening to the chimes, as she set straight a tray of brass thimbles a juvenile school-girl had tumbled into disorder, and then departed without finding one to fit. "Will Nancy never learn to be punctual? Why doesn't she bring my dinner?" and opening the door in the rear of the shop, she demanded explanation of some invisible being further back.

"Please, miss," responded a shrill young voice, "I've eat the top of the oaf as was left myself, and the baker he hasn't been yet, so what am I to bring you, miss?"

This was a poser. But it was beneath Miss Ambler's dignity to admit herself nonplussed.

"Oh, it's no consequence, then, Nancy," she cried. "I can take—m—anything I like when Mr. Potts

comes round, or I can send you out presently for a beef-pie or three penny worth of ham."

"Yes, miss, to be sure," Nancy the unseen answered; but she gave an internal chuckle of glee at having secured that last top crust and the lodger's dripping for her own clamorous organs. Experience had taught her to mistrust her mistress's magnificent speeches, which mostly ended in smoke.

Even as this one, for Miss Ambler looked dejectedly in her till. There lay the four shillings she put in every morning for show, and took out every night for fear of thieves, and there lay very little else. A very poor prospect did that offer of any such delicacies as beef-pies. She shook her head and mentally rejected the luxurious notion. Mr. Pott's loss would have to content her, and—she should be uncommonly glad when that came.

Some one else in the house was perplexed on the subject of diet just at that time.

In a room over the neglected shop, tidily but poorly furnished, sat Mr. Jacob Cheene, at his very frugal, furnished dinner-table, eyeing the "ornestibles" just placed thereon by the small house-scrub with a rather disapproving expression.

Potatoes of last year's growth plentifully spotted with this spring's sprouting; a fragment of yesterday's rice-pudding; stale bread vis-a-vis-ed by very crusty cheese; these were, evidently not inviting to our old acquaintance, who, somewhat thinner and more stooping than when he went a visiting at St. Clair's, first inspected them disconsolately, and then brightening with a happy flash got up and called down the stairs to the attendant Nancy.

"I am waiting for the cold mutton. Bring it up, please."

"Mutton, sir?" repeated Nancy, bolting from her den at the back into the tiny sitting room where the stairs debouched—"What mutton is it you mean, please sir? There ain't none that I know of."

"Not the piece I left yesterday?" questioned Mr. Cheene, mildly.

"There ain't not a scrap, sir, nowhere. Perhaps the cat next door—" "Nancy!" said the voice of the mistress. "Take your apron off and mind the shop till I come back. Shut the door.—Oh, Mr. Cheene," her head appearing at a turn of the stairs, "was

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it the little taste of your cold chop you were asking about?"

"Y-e-s," Mr. Cheene admitted nervously that it was. But it was no consequence, he added, not the very least.

"But truth is truth, and you'd better have it, sir, as I hope you always do, and won't ever have your confidence, Mr. Cheene, misplaced, not in me! So I may as well say"—coming a few steps higher, her sharp old splinter countenance at once defiant and sheepish—"I—I had it with my cup of tea last night. For"—gazing at Mr. Cheene's well-worn boots as though defying them to contradict her—"I said to myself, of course Mr. Cheene will never think of asking for a bite like this any more, and I may as well finish it as let it stand and go bad, which with thunder in the air it's

sure to do, and then even a dog will turn its nose up at it."

"Quite right. Oh, very right, Miss Amelia."

"But if I'd expected you to want it for your dinner, Mr. Cheene—if I'd thought inquiries were going to be made for that little bit of fat and crustle, for it was nothing else, why I wouldn't so much as have touched it with the tip end of my fork."

"Pray don't—" "Though, as it happened, I'd nothing handy for my tea, and Nancy has gone home, and I always believed, Mr. Cheene, our understanding when you took my rooms was that I was to have the use of odds and ends. But if you wish that altered, Mr. Cheene"—advancing another step—"if"—with an ominous and unaffected sniff—"you wish me to suffer more!"

"But I don't! My dear soul, I don't indeed!" protested Mr. Cheene, retreating. "I beg your pardon for mentioning that mutton. Of course it would have gone bad. So I'm very much obliged to you, indeed, for not letting it be wasted. And any—"

"Wanted, miss!" cried Nancy from below; "a lady, please." And to Mr. Cheene's extreme relief, Miss Ambler had to rub her nose, adjust her curls and hurry off to her customer; happily relighted in her much-enduring bosom. Sometimes a purchaser has been driven in by rain and bought several shillings' worth of goods while taking shelter. A money boy had jumped out of the kitchen fire that morning; and unless signs were as altered as the rest of these degenerate times, that must bring luck!

Catching sight of no omens for good or ill, but uncommonly relieved at his task of soothing his landlady being cut short, Mr. Cheene returned to his room and addressed himself to his viands with what appetite the episode had left him—which was not much, for, nervous all his life through

alteration of any sort upset him doubly now. "If I don't take much dinner, perhaps I shall enjoy my tea more," he said to himself, covering up the nausea-provoking tubers. Then helping himself to a modicum of Cheshire, "I think Miss Amelia may as well toast up the rest of this for herself. She'll like that. It'll make up to her, poor soul, for my going and distressing her as I did, very thoughtlessly—very, indeed! And she can finish this loaf. I don't want much of it. A full meal is a bad thing if you are going to sit still after it all day. And I sha'n't get a walk. I must have a tunc or two instead, then"—leaving his meal with much the same appetite he began—"then I shall forget all about such things as mutton or new potatoes!"

And herewith he unlocked a black case, lifted thence his viola, and had just sounded the first bars of one of Torelli's little gossiping gavottes, when Nancy broke in upon him, with important haste. "Please, sir, can I clear away? There's a lady coming up to see you."

"A lady?"—stopping short, bow suspended.

"Yes, sir, what came into the shop when I was a-mindin' of it, with her parasol soaked. And she want you, sir, not missus."

Now, midsummer was approaching, and Jacob had more than one female visitor of mature years about quarter-days. Here was one a trifle beforehand, no doubt. He laid his viola and bow aside to take a look at his purse, asking,

"Is it Mrs. Goode or Mrs. Tettrell, Nancy?"

"Neither, nor both, sir," was the sharp reply. "This here's a lady, sir, and a young 'un; not a trum and a old 'un! Mrs. Goode, indeed! Ladies behave very different to what she do! Only last time she come, says she to me—"sweeping the table straight at serious speed—"Girl," she says, 'if you couldn't keep Mr. Cheene's steps no cleaner than this, I'd—'"

"Nancy!" At the voice of the mistress the lively handmaid and her tray retired with rapidity; Miss Ambler ushered in the visitor with "As the lady has not given me her name, Mr. Cheene, I can't say who it is!" And Jacob received the stranger with ceremonious unrecognition that lasted till the door was closed upon them. Then, as she looked at him with a most petitioning smile, and "Oh, surely, Mr. Cheene, you remember me!" he knew who she was, and fell into a tremor of delight over her arrival.

Again and again he shook her hands; and though he ventured on no compliments, his glances of admiring pride told how he delighted in her fair growth. He fetched from the bow-window a high-backed, horse-seated chair for her to occupy, and hunting up a little walnut stool from beneath a pile of music, he set it under her feet, and then leaning on the back of his own chair, an armless face-smile of hers, he gazed long at her with his old pleasure-dimmed eyes.

(To be Continued.)

**Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.**

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9905.—A COMFORTABLE AND PLEASING MODEL.



For School and General Wear. Girl's Dress, with Shield, and Three Piece Skirt.

Blue and white striped galatea is here combined with facings of white linen. The fronts are crossed wide at the closing and finished with a notched collar, cut square over the back. The skirt has platts at the side seams. The sleeve is finished with a deep cuff. The Pattern is also suitable for cashmere, prunella, gingham, chambray, challie, percale, tub silk, linen or lawn. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of a 44 inch material for an 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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Girl's Dress with Over Blouse.

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