

For Biliousness, Headache and Constipation. Dr. Chase's Kidney Pills.

Maddolena's Story AND The Cameo Bracelet.

CHAPTER VII. "No-no, I would not have him disturbed or agitated for the world!" exclaimed the anxious father, unlocking the gate.

After all, he need not have been ashamed and uneasy lest any one should behold her, for she was no longer conspicuous by the strangeness of her attire.

As Sir George was quitting the library, his valet came downstairs, and said, in answer to his master's inquiries, that Mr. Ormsby was still sleeping.

The man went on his way, and Sir George, leaning against the stairs, had hoped that Charlie would wake suddenly, and having seen how to act, to keep the girl here would involve explanations with Lady Ormsby, which he shrank from making; but on the other hand, to let her go—they knew not whether nor in what society, and with the avowed purpose of never returning—would be to render himself culpable of cruel neglect if any mischief befell the lonely little creature.

He did not know until he softly unlocked the door of Charlie Ormsby's apartment that Liz had followed him. She did not speak; she would not see his gesture of annoyance, but, keeping carefully in the shadow, glided behind an invalid chair that stood half hidden by the draperies of the luxuriantly arranged couch.

She had scarcely reached her place of concealment, when the sleeper awoke with a start, and raised himself on his elbow, to gaze around as

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It still under the influence of some unpleasant dream.

CHAPTER VIII. Mentally anathematizing the obstinacy of woman, Sir George asked himself with no small degree of perturbation how he was to break to his son the news that the lost bride had not only reappeared, but was actually in the room; and unable to find any answer to the problem, he seated himself at last in the chair behind which Liz was hiding, and waited for a way out of the difficulties to present itself.

"Is it only you, sir?" Charlie murmured, as he dropped back on his pillows. "I wish you had awakened me sooner. I have been wandering in a churchyard, and at every step I was harassed with ghostly figures that crept out of the graves. Oh! they were hideous! And some of them looked at me with the great, unearthly eyes of that poor girl."

Sir George started and said, "Hush—hush! What could have led his son to name her at such an unpropitious moment? Ought he to avow himself of the direction Charlie's thoughts had taken, and bring her forward? But when in a very hesitating fashion he began to speak to Liz, his son, with the irritability of long-contorted sickness, hastily stopped him.

"Not to-night, sir—for goodness' sake don't speak of her to-night. However sorry I may be for her, I don't wish to be reminded of my own position. If I were to recover, I suppose it would be my duty to seek her out and make our marriage public. Let me forget these things if I can."

Sir George heard a low, quivering sigh breathed near him, and moved restlessly on his seat. Was ever man in such a predicament before? In what way was he to extricate himself from it? So bitterly did he rue the weakness with which he had yielded to the entreaties that had placed him in this awkward position, that he began to get very angry with Liz as the cause of it.

But as she cowered in her concealment and made no sign, he was obliged to seek in his own brains for an expedient. The first that presented itself was to give Charlie a dose of the composing drops always at hand, and he hastened to pour them out. However, the invalid refused to swallow them, alleging that they were the cause of the half-delirious fantasies of which he had been complaining. Then Sir George tried the effect of appearing to go to sleep himself; but just as his son was beginning to be lulled by the silence and the cooler breeze that now found its way through the windows, there was a sound of wheels, of opening and shutting doors, and presently Lady Ormsby, in her demit-toilet of lustrous silk and a gauzy scarf thrown over her still handsome head and shoulders, came softly into the room, and the invalid roused himself to inquire how she had enjoyed the evening.

She would have had Sir George retire to rest and let her take his place for a few hours, but for once the baronet was singularly obstinate, and would not give up his seat by the bedside. How could he, knowing who crouched behind it? Then Liz, pausing at the door and ascertaining from the voices within that her brother was awake, fluttered in, looking like some aerial being in the clouds of tulle looped up with her namesakes that floated around her; and she, too, had so much to tell, that at last Sir George lost all patience.

"I wish you would go away, mamma, and take that chattering girl with you. Don't you see that Charlie is getting quite feverish with so much talking?" "Indeed, I am not," Charlie declared; but Lady Ormsby, raising her eyebrows a little at the unusually peevish tone her husband was taking, obeyed him.

"I wish you had not driven them away, sir," the young man crossly told his father; "you forget how long the hours always seem to me till morning; and I had so much to tell Lil. Did she say whether the bride was there? the beautiful and accomplished Lady Camilla Severn, as the newspapers call her. I should like to know if she is happy in her marriage."

"As much so, I dare say, as any girl deserves to be, who weds an elderly man for his money."

"Don't be too hard upon her, sir. She was taught in the nursery that

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making a good match is the duty of a young lady of fashion. Don't blame her for the faulty teaching of others, mamma, please."

Sir George compressed his lips, and sat rigidly upright, an image of patient endurance.

"Colonel Severn must be very fond of her," mused Charlie, with a sigh. "You haven't heard anything to the contrary, have you?"

"It is growing very late," said the worried baronet. "It will soon be morning."

"So much the better. I like to watch the dawn. Don't stop if you are tired, sir. Does Camilla ever ask after me?"

"I wish you would go to sleep, my dear—dear boy!" exclaimed Sir George, wrought up to desperation. "You really are trying my patience dreadfully."

Charles Ormsby looked very much surprised at this outbreak, but put out his hand and pressed the father's. "I dare say I do try you often. You are so kind to me always, that I forget how tedious it must be to wait upon and watch over me day after day, week after week. Give me the negative, and then I will go and take some rest."

Sir George's eyes filled with tears, and he would have protested that he felt a trouble or toll that was for his boy; but was not Liz within hearing, and must he not get rid of her before he would feel easy?

So he fetched the drops, and when they had been administered, opened the driest book within reach, and read aloud till the steady breathing of the invalid gave token that the draught had taken effect.

Oh! joyful moment! Sir George rose directly, and made a sign to Liz, who, paler and more phosphenic than ever, rose from her place of concealment.

"You were cruel to place me in such a dilemma!" he could not resist telling her. "You must leave the house without delay, for within the hour one of the servants will come to take my post."

Top each cup of cocoa with a stuffy marshmallow. Season creamed oysters with a little canned pimento. Steamed figs are nice in farinas or any sort of cereal. Diced turnips are delicious served in Hollandaise sauce. Try stoning dates and stuffing them with peanut butter. (To be continued.)

Are We Going Insane?

Are we going insane? This is the question that suggests itself if we are to credit what the eminent doctors tell us. Whether the doctors are right or not is not the issue. Even doctors disagree. However, we don't have to go to specialists of nervous diseases for confirmation of the fact that modern people are of a highly strung nervous temperament. Each one of us is living under a tremendous nervous strain. Once normally was the rule; now it is the exception. The rush, the hustle of modern days, the demands made upon us and the calls we make on others—out entire social system conduces to creating abnormal conditions.

Are We Going Insane?

If I were asked what is the matter with mankind to-day, I would be inclined to answer that at the bottom of most of the trouble is the ego, or rather the exaggeration of the ego. Individuality is a mighty good thing. It is well to develop whatever they might be. For in this development lies progress. But when man thinks of nothing else but of his own self, when he desires to subordinate everything to his will, when he places his own ego higher than the social structure, then the ego is a blight and not a productive force.

By reason of this exaggerated ego, which leads us to think that there is nothing higher than the present will, the mind becomes deranged. Max Stirner, in his "The Ego and His Own," says in regard to this enlarged ego; "I no longer humble myself before any power, and I recognize that all powers are only my power, which I have to subject at once when they threaten to become a power against or above me; each of them must be only one of my means to carry my point, as a hound is our power against game, but is killed by us if it should fall upon ourselves. All powers that dominate me I then reduce to serving me, then they exist no longer. Higher powers exist only through my exalting them and abasing myself. This leads, then to absolute self-enjoyment, and the besetting sin of the age. And this self-enjoyment to the total exclusion of everything else is a form of insanity to which we are subject."

The "go-better" is suffering from mental derangement. Now I do not want to be misunderstood. I am not making a plea for the faggard or for the sluggard. There must be energy and will-power. But the "go-better" is an individual that cries out aloud: "I am going to get what I want, when I want it, and I don't care what means I employ." I recognize no social obligations. Other human beings mean nothing to me at all. I am law to myself and all others must bow to me.

We all live too fast. We work too hard. We play too hard. We have lost our perspective and being always jumpy rush to conclusions. This is due to unbalanced minds. We live by sensations. We cry out that we have the biggest business, the greatest religious organizations, the greatest wealth, the biggest this and the biggest that. We want to reach the sky and even beyond that and the result is an abnormal state of affairs.

Either we are too rich or we are too poor. The man living in a mansion of one hundred rooms has more than he needs for his comfort; the man living in a slum has too little for his well-being. Both are subject to insanity because conditions are not normal. Snobishness is another form of insanity. A lot of people think that they are not as good as even worse than those they look down upon—live in an unnatural atmosphere. They see the manner of living of those who are richer than they are. They never endeavor to come up to the level of the more educated.

Insanity is increasing, our institutions for the feeble-minded are overcrowded because of the abnormalities we practice.

So if I were to sum up the question why people go insane I would say that insanity is the consequence of wrong standards. Man has become grasping not only with his hands, but with his eyes as well. The ego has become superlative. All superlatives are evils. We must return to sanity. We must co-ordinate our thinking powers. We must think in terms of our relations to the social edifice—Jewish Daily News.

Wool Deals in War

Huge Benefit to Exchequer From Profits. Big deals in Colonial wool for military purposes were effected by the British Government during the war. Details of these show that between 1916 and 1920 nearly ten million bales were purchased, of which the value was approximately \$240,000,000. After repaying the capital borrowed, with interest and all expenses, the net profits are estimated at \$24,000,000. Of this amount \$23,000,000 will have gone, under profit-sharing arrangements, to the Dominions, and the balance of \$1,000,000 to the British Exchequer, the greater part having been paid over during the last three years. Sales were effected at controlled prices until early in 1919, after which the pre-war custom of public auction sales was reinstated.

At the beginning of 1921 the Government stock of wool and sheepskins then held, amounting to 2,663,722 bales, was handed over to the British Australian Wool Realization Association, Limited, for disposal under an agreement. By the profit-sharing terms of this association took the Australian Government's half share, acted as agents for the realization of the British Government's half share, and also acted as the British Government's agents for the sale of the other Colonial wool and sheepskins. The association disposed of 2,326,386 bales to Oct. 31, 1923, and apart from repayments to the Australian wool-growers, paid to the Disposal and Liquidation Commission \$24,508,000; the British Government's share of the net proceeds to date. It is anticipated that by May, 1924, the whole of the stock will have been sold.

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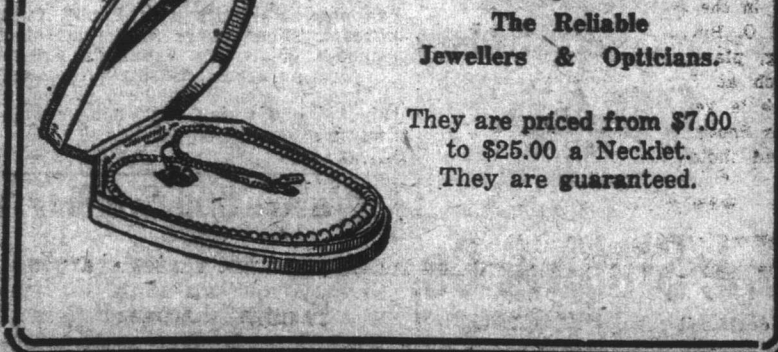
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New Thames Tunnel

WORK TO BE COMMENCED FORTHWITH. There has just been signed by a Westminster firm of engineers a contract for the construction of the new tunnel under the Thames at Barking. Work is expected to begin almost immediately, and important orders are being placed for the supply of the constructional material and plant involved. The linings for the tunnel (necessary to withstand the enormous pressure and similar to those used on the Tubes) will be supplied by a Nottingham firm. The tunnel will be about half a mile in length, seven feet in diameter, and 100 feet below the surface. It will be used for carrying cables from the new power station at Barking for lighting districts south of the River. The excavation will occupy about 18 months, and will provide work for a large number of the unemployed. The methods of construction will be identical with those in use for the London underground railways. The cost involved approaches £100,000.

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