

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
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Ruled Destiny!

CHAPTER VII.
A ROSE BEYOND PRICE.

"A thousand pardons!" he said, in his quiet way. "I have been detained by a meeting of the committee of the Jockey Club. Sold all your rubbish—I beg pardon—useful articles? Where is Miss Carlisle?" and his dark eyes roved around the stall.

"In side," said Lady Betty. "Now, Bruce, what are you going to buy?" He scarcely seemed to hear her.

"Anything. An antimacassar, pair of slippers—ah, Bertie!" with a nod. "Glad to see you at the good work!" Then, as Bertie made room for him, he bent his head and passed the narrow doorway. "Good-morning, Miss Carlisle," he said.

Florin bowed; she was busy giving change at the moment, and did not look up, so that he did not see the sudden flush which swept over her beautiful face.

Bertie fled and looked around. "I'll go and see to my show," he said, and disappeared.

"I hope you are taking in a great deal of money, Miss Carlisle," said Lord Norman.

"Yes, I think we are," answered Florin, still avoiding his gaze.

"Florin," said Lady Betty, cheerfully, "look him out some pretty, useful things."

"Such as dolls, and tea-cosies, Miss Carlisle, please—"

He went inside, and Florin turned over the things, laughing the while.

For all his declaration of indifference, he was a long while making his selection, and his dark eyes were more often fixed on the lovely face beside him than upon the fancy articles.

"What will you do with all these?" asked Florin.

"Heaven only knows!" he responded. "But I am not cleaned out yet. Is there anything here that you have worked or made yourself?"

"No," said Florin; "Lady Pendleton made them all."

He glanced at a red rose lying on the snow-white kerchief across her bosom.

"There is only one thing I see here that I really care for," he said, thoughtfully.

"Is there? What is it?" asked Florin, innocently looking over the heap.

"I thought I had shown you everything. Is it that writing-case?"

"No, but I'll take that. No, it isn't that, Miss Carlisle; will you sell me

the rose you wear?" he asked, respectfully, almost reverentially.

Florin cringed for a moment, and her eyes drooped; then the cold hauteur, which, alas! came so easily to her, overspread her beautiful face.

"It is not for sale, my lord."

"Forgive me," he murmured, penitently. "You are right. It is beyond price—in my eyes, at least."

Obeying a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, she snatched the rose from her bosom and flung it to the ground.

He stooped and picked it up, and held it out to her, with a look on his face that thrilled her.

"Has it become so hateful to you because I coveted it?" he said, sadly.

"Please put it back to show me that I have not sinned beyond forgiveness. I promise not to offend again."

She took the rose, hesitated a moment, then, instead of replacing it in the kerchief, laid it down on the table.

"Some one else might covet it," she said, simply.

He bowed his head, laid a small pile of gold beside the flower, then, without a word, raised his hat and went out.

Florin stood for a moment motionless, her color coming and going, her heart beating fast and furiously, then she took up the rose and thrust it gently inside the bosom of her dress.

Lord Norman strode down the avenue between the rows of shops as if he were making for the door; but as he came opposite the flower-stall kept by Lady Blanche, she came outside and called him.

He stopped and went up to her, his face still dark and gloomy.

"What will you have, sir?" she asked, mimicking the tone of an ordinary shopwoman. "Lilies are very fashionable just now."

"Anything you like. What foolery is it?"

"Isn't it? But it does good, I suppose. Lady Glenloona says that we shall clear four or five thousand pounds. Shall I make you a bouquet?"

"Great heavens, no! What should I do with it? Here, Blanche, I'll give you five pounds if you'll let me off with a single flower."

"Very well," she said; "but don't think you are over-liberal, Bruce. A gentleman just offered me a ten-pound note for the camellia in my hair. A single flower! Bruce, what do you say if I give you my camellia?" and she looked up at him with infinite tenderness in her soft, brown eyes.

"Better keep it for some millionaire who will bid a thousand or two, Blanche," he replied, carelessly.

"No," she said, slowly, "you shall have it, Bruce, and for your paltry five pounds. There it is. Let me fasten it in your coat—do you know that that makes it worth at least

twenty? There," and she put it through his buttonhole.

He laid a five-pound note on the stall.

"Bruce"—Very softly and winningly—"you must wear my flower at the ball here to-night."

"I don't know that I'm coming."

"That is nonsense. Everybody is coming. You will wear it, Bruce?" He nodded.

"If I come, Blanche," he said, and as he strode on, Lady Blanche shot a glance of triumph toward Lady Pendleton's chalet.

CHAPTER VIII. A FAVORITE.

THE fair was over; the amateur showwomen had rolled home in their carriages, the secretary of the Society for the Improvement of the South Sea Islanders had collected the money, some thousands all told—goodness only knows, and no one very much cared, how much of it reached the South Sea Islanders—and an army of carpenters was at work clearing away the chalets to make room for the ball.

Bertie, very tired, and rather hoarse from shouting "Walk up!" outside his show, and singing inside it, had gone off to his club to dress and get some dinner, and Lady Pendleton was lying down, but far too excited to sleep.

"A tremendous success, my dear!" she said to Florin, who was helping Josine to put away the Swiss masquerade dresses.

"Enormous! But what fearfully hard work. I am very glad I don't keep a shop. I used to think it must be quite pleasant to serve in one of the large linen-draper's places, but I've changed my mind now. And you must be tired, too. I wish you'd go and lie down for a little while."

"I am not tired," said Florin, "and I would like to stay and help Josine."

"There is no occasion for mademoiselle to trouble," said the girl, smoothly. "Mademoiselle looks quite haggard with weariness and ennui," glancing at Florin's face, fresh as a flower and as little haggard as a child's.

"My looks do me an injustice, Josine," Florin said, pleasantly; she was always pleasant with the girl, though she had a suspicion that Josine disliked her.

"I think if I had a cutlet and a cup of chocolate sent up I should like it better than dinner downstairs," said Lady Pendleton. "You wouldn't mind keeping Sir Edward company, would you, my dear?"

"Certainly not. Shall I tell them to send you up the cutlet—"

"Mademoiselle need not trouble," broke in Josine, with a jealous flash of her eyes. "I will charge myself with her ladyship's commands."

"No, you see to it, Florin, my dear; will you?" said Lady Betty, with a yawn, and Florin left the room.

Sir Edward came in for his dinner, looking worried and pre-occupied as usual.

"Lady Pendleton played out, I suppose?" he said. "Just what I expected. I am afraid you are tired out, too, Miss Carlisle?"

"No, Sir Edward," said Florin, and he glanced at her cheerful face with an air almost of relief and enjoyment.

"Everybody seems tired out nowadays," he said. "The world is going too fast. You have had a very great success, I hear; I met Lord Clifford on the steps of the club, he says you have netted a very large amount."

"Thanks in no small measure to his lordship," said Florin, quietly. "He has worked very hard indeed."

"Oh, he likes it," said Sir Edward. "He was in the best of spirits. Very different to Lord Norman, whom I saw for a moment."

"Yes?" said Florin, examining the menu card with close attention.

"Yes; the thing seems to have bored him, and put him out of temper. He wanted to quarrel with me for letting my wife and you take any part in it. As if I could help it! Bruce has all the ignorance of an unmarried man. By the way, I see they are putting him in the society papers. I brought a Report home with me—ah! here it is. That is the paragraph. We understand that there is a prospect of a speedy alliance between the noble families of S—y and N—n. Seymour, Lady Blanche, you know, and Lord Bruce. Was she there to-day? Of course, though—"

"Yes, Lady Blanche was there," said Florin, calmly, as she laid the paper down beside her plate, and Sir Edward little guessed the pang which his innocent communication had caused

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The terrible, gnawing, itch disappears with the first few drops of that mild antiseptic wash—the D. D. D. Prescription for skin diseases. This new discovery, a soothing, healing lotion, kills and washes away disease germs. D. D. D. gives instant relief and permanent cure for all skin troubles.

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Fashion Plates

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

A COMFORTABLE WORK DRESS.



2477—For this serviceable model one could use galates, khaki, drill, linen, percale, gingham or chambray. The fullness of the front forms a panel plait at the centre, under which the belt is fastened. The belt confines the fullness over sides and back. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, or in loose style at elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

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

A PRETTY CALLING GOWN.



2480—This model is very attractive for foulard, crepe, satin, taffeta, gingham, organza, linen or shantung. The fronts close at the left side of the insert, under the collar. The sleeve is pretty in wrist-length, and equally desirable in elbow length.

This Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures a little more than 2 yards at the foot.

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"Miss Carlisle's costume will not attract the attention of the fashionable reporter, at any rate, but though it may be neither rich nor rare, it is I think, suitable to her station."

While she was changing her dress, there fell from it the crumpled flower which she had refused to sell to Lord Norman, and as she looked at it lying on the floor, her face went as red as the rose itself.

How respectfully, almost reverently, he had begged for it, and how coldly she had denied him! Was it possible that her refusal had put him out of temper?

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