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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUMINA

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

The Old Marquis;

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER VII
A CHAINED HEART.

She does not speak, but after a pause she exclaims:

"Last night, as I stood by the window, you held a rose in your hands. I watched that rose and longed for it, because you had touched it. I dared not ask for it. I was not quite mad, you see, then! When you went you left it on the sill, and I took it. See—I have it here!" and he thrusts his hand into his bosom and takes out the faded blossom.

He looks at it for a moment wistfully, then holds it out to her.

"I am not fit to keep it. I will give it back to you."

She puts up her hand and takes it; it looks a very poor sort of treasure as it lies in her palm, all crushed and bruised, but yet fragrant with a faint perfume. She regards it thoughtfully as if the sight of it might perchance make the mystery more easy to her, but she does not speak, and after a pause Lord Edgar wipes his brow, and, giving himself up for a lost man, says:

"Shall I go now? I am afraid you would rather I went. But I could not go until I had asked you to forgive me!"

"No," she assents, dreamily: then she looks up at him and says very softly, very gravely:

"I forgive you!"

A warm light comes into his eyes, and he leans down toward her, but not too boldly.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! It is more than I deserve! May I—may I—there is an almost piteous pleading in his dark eyes.

She looks up at him questioningly. "May I have the rose back, just as a token that you have quite forgiven me?"

A vivid crimson flushes her face, and she holds up her hand with the dead rose in it. He takes it, scarcely daring to touch the palm upon which it lies as on a satin cushion.

"It is of no use," she says, softly. "It is all dried up and dead!"

"No use!" he echoes, fervently. "I shall prize it above everything else in the world. I shall never part with it, never! Wherever I go it shall go with me, to remind me of your forgiveness!"

"You will keep it because"—she falters but looks at him with innocent gravity—"because you love me?"

"Yes," he says, replacing the crushed rose in his bosom. "I shall never forget it, never forget this day and hour. When you have quite forgotten it, as completely as you have forgiven me, I shall remember. I did not know what love meant until yesterday. No! Why, I used to think that it meant nothing; that fellows put it into books just to make them interesting, and because it was the usual thing to do. But I know better now!"

"And—and you are sorry?" she asks still puzzled and grave, but with a quiver of the lip.

"No!" he answers. "No, I am not sorry, I—I can't explain myself. I can not make you understand, but I am not sorry. If—if—"

She looks up at him patiently, and he frowns, half afraid to utter the thought that rose within him; it is such an improbable, impossible idea, especially seems it so to him as he looks down at her pure, beautiful face so grave and gentle.

But he takes courage, and bending over her with one hand resting on the branches of a tree, he goes on, almost in a whisper:

And the Worst is Yet to Come--



"If you had said—if you had let me love you—"

"Let you?" she repeats, faintly, her lids covering her eyes.

"Yes, and if—if I thought that perhaps some time—not now, but some future time a long way ahead—that you would try and—love me."

It is out at last. With sudden pallor she turns her troubled face to him. "Then I should have been happier that I can tell you, than you can understand."

He waits a moment, and she seems to take this idea and ponder it, her fingers interlace timidly, and her breath comes quickly; something tempts him to draw near her and venture—venture only to touch her hand.

"Lela—bear with me! Don't be angry. May I ask you one question? Do you think that you could learn to love me? Not as I love you—no, that would be impossible—why should you?—but to like me well enough to know that I loved you, and to have me near you!"

She looks away for a moment, then up at him truthfully, with religious sincerity.

"I do not know!" she murmurs. "I do not know!"

"See now!" he says, kneeling on one knee beside her, a flash of hope in his eyes, his hand touching her arm pleadingly. "I knew that I loved you, that I love you very dearly! Oh, so dearly and truly that if I live to be a hundred, I know that I should never love any one else."

A thrill of subtle delight runs through her at the simple, unstudied words.

"That is easy enough to understand; but with you it is different. Of course you do not know whether you could ever care for me! Why should you? You only saw me yesterday for the first time, and you would not be likely to fall in love with me as I fell in love with you."

She says neither "Yes" nor "No" to this argument, and he goes on, gathering courage every moment, as a man will do when he is doing battle with woman for love's sake.

"But see now! Suppose I were going away, and you were never going to see me any more—I mean all your life—should you be sorry, just a little sorry?"

She thinks of all to-day and yesterday have been to her—how bright a light they seem to have shed on her dull, gray life, and she looks up at him.

"Yes, I should be very sorry."

He nods, and his hand presses a little more heavily on her arm.

"Yes! a little sorry. Well, then, suppose you knew that I were—it's absurd, of course, but I can only think as I should think if I were in your place—supposing you knew that I were going to be married, should you be sorry?"

She does not answer, but her lips quiver. Lord Edgar ponders for a moment.

"I can only think of one thing else," he says, softly. "My father wanted me to go into the army; and Clifford Ravel, my cousin, is always bothering me to enter active service! Well, supposing I had gone—supposing that I were out there now, where they are fighting and dying of the cholera, and a month hence your grandfather took up the paper, and said—'Lela, here's bad news for the marquise; that wild young bear, his son, has died out there in Egypt: they found his body—'"

With a low cry she turns to him, her hands held up to shut out the sight, her lovely eyes fixed on him imploringly.

"Ah—no! no!" she pants.

He takes her hands and presses them against his breast, his eyes flashing, his face pale.

"Lela!" he says, fervently, "I—I think you will love me! If you can not bear to think of me as dead, perhaps you care a little for me! Oh, Lela—dear, dear Lela—tell me the truth! May I hope that you will grow to think of me as a lover—that you will let me go on loving you until I have taught you to give me your heart for mine? Will you, will you? Speak to me! Say 'Yes'—ah, Lela, my beautiful, pure angel—say 'Yes!'"

"Yes!" she murmurs, "I love you now! Ah, you frighten me!" for he has taken her in his arms and pressed her to him with passionate devotion. With a murmur of contrition he holds her more gently to him, and kisses the silken hair, whose gold-brown strands are blown across his breast.

"And is it true? Can it be true?" he says, wholly amazed and half un-

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE

THE DOCTOR: "Ah, yes, restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he'll soon be all right!"

STEEDEMAN'S SOOTHING POWDER
Contain no Poison

credulous of the blissful fortune that the gods had showered on him. "Is it true? Why, only yesterday I was afraid to look at you—you seemed so far from me, so high above me—such a beautiful goddess! But you are just as lovely to-day, Lela! Lovelier! And you love me! Are you—sure?" with a man's spasm of doubt.

"Quite sure!" she exclaims, her eyes fixed on his with the rapt look which reminds him of the face of one of the saints in the stained window of the hall. "Quite sure! I do not know why, but I am sure!"

"You did not know a little while ago," he reminds her.

"It was all so sudden," she murmurs, "so strange. No one ever spoke to me of love before. I had never thought of it. And then, it all came to me like a—flash when you spoke of dying. Ah, why did you do it? It went through me like a knife," and she presses her hand against her bosom with a shuddering sigh.

"It was cruel," he says, penitently, "but I wanted to know whether there was any hope for me. Ah, what can I say to tell you, to make you understand how happy I am?"

"Perhaps I do know," she says, shyly. "I may feel the same—perhaps," and her face crimson.

"No," he rejoins, "that's impossible. But Lela—"

"Well?" she breathes.

"Will you let me kiss you now? I have not yet, you know."

She puts her palms upon his breast and lifts her pure, innocent lips to meet the first kiss.

Silence falls upon them: an awe that is almost solemn broods over the rough, wild youth who has thus, for the first time, crossed the temple of the god of Love; and she is quite content to rest motionless in his arms, and let the mystery slink into her soul.

At last she starts gently. So rapt has been her dream that she has forgotten time and place, past and future, all but the present.

"My grandfather!" she says.

Lord Edgar starts, too, and looks up at the sky as if he half expected to wake and find his great joy the delusion of a dream.

"It must be getting late—at least, what is the time?" she asks, innocently.

He takes out his watch.
(To be Continued.)

Rheumatism

Rheumatism has become so common nowadays that hundreds of people make no effort to rid themselves of its fatal grip, believing it to be incurable save in exceptional cases.

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EARLY CABLES

BOLSHEVIKI ADVANCING.
PARIS, April 11.—The advance of the Bolsheviki is likely to force the Allies to evacuate Sebastopol on the Black Sea, and the southern extremity of the Caucasus, according to the Intransigent.

REGRETTABLE INCIDENTS IN CAIRO.
CAIRO, April 11.—(Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency) An official communication received reports several regrettable incidents in Cairo and Alexandria yesterday evening. They were probably due to misunderstandings during scenes of popular excitement. The situation in the provinces is unchanged.

PROHIBITION MAJORITY.
WELLINGTON, N.Z., April 11.—The vote on the question of prohibition for New Zealand stands as follows: For continuance of the present license system, 220,602; for prohibition, 233,538. There are still few more home returns and the vote of 40,000 soldiers to be received.

HAIK'S VALEDICTORY.
LONDON, April 11.—(Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency) Field Marshal Haig, in his final dispatch as Commander-in-Chief of British forces on the French front, cites a number of instances of men who from civil or comparatively humble occupations, had risen during war to important commands. Field Marshal Haig says that at the beginning of the war the lack of initiative displayed among the new British troops placed them at a disadvantage but during the last two years the discipline of all ranks in the new army from whatever part of the Empire they came, was excellent. The universities and Public Schools of Empire again and again proved they are unequalled in formation character. Not that the Universities and Public Schools enjoyed a monopoly of the qualities making officers. The life of the British Empire generally proved sound in the severest tests, and while men whom it was an honor for officer to command, it furnished officers of the highest standard from ranks of society and all quarters of the world. Promotion had been entirely by merit and the highest appointments had been given to the ablest and most distinguished character of skill and knowledge. The Field Marshal then refers to the example of school master, a taxi-cab driver, a Sergeant-Major who commanded brigades and an elector who commanded a division. The Field Marshal concluded, "I want to make very warm and sincere acknowledgment of the great debt I owe to our kinsmen and kinswomen in

THAT'S WHAT I SEE OF SIR... I'LL LIKE IT. ME. YESTER ME AN HOUR... I'LL BE SLANG... ME!