

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



Maddolena's Story

The Cameo Bracelet

CHAPTER XXIII.

Far below swung the figure of the baronet, and she saw with sensations impossible to describe, that the rope was not long enough to reach the sloping roof he had hoped to reach. Ere she could ask herself what he would do, his grasp on the cord relaxed, and he dropped the eighteen or twenty feet that intervened, and lay there motionless so long that the horrified girl descended from the loophole, and was flying frantically to the sentinel on the stairs, to entreat him to send some one to Sir Charles' aid.

But again Bessie, less easily alarmed, interfered to prevent the hasty step, and prevailed upon her sobbing friend to be patient till she had herself paid a visit to the window.

"Banish your fears, dear Trixie," she whispered. "He may be hurt, but it is very slight, for he has risen to his feet, and is now preparing to finish the descent. Ay, and now he is sliding down a buttress that hides him from my sight. Pray Heaven no one sees him!"

Ten—twenty minutes, an hour passed away, and not a sound but the steady tramp of the sentinels broke the stillness of the night. The watchers above ventured to draw up the rope, so that no evidence of the manner of Sir Charles' flight would greet the eyes of the curious in the morning; and then, with indescribable anxiety, they awaited the dawn.

It came at last; the sun rose higher and higher, the bandits were heard striding below; the old woman who lit the fire, with which they boiled their coffee, was heard grumbling her way up the stairs, and Bessie and Trixie ventured at last to exchange a thankful clasp of hands. Sir Charles must have got away undetected; but how long should they be able to keep the secret of his departure from those who would follow on his track, and hunt him down remorselessly, if he were wandering in those woodland wilds, seeking in vain to discover the path that would lead him to the Conte Amald's.

Presently the baroness awoke; and while Trixie arranged pillows and rugs on the pallet, in the darkest cor-

ner to the antechamber, so that they bore a resemblance to a human figure, Bessie informed madam that Sir Charles felt too indisposed to rise.

The old woman, who was still busy about the fire-place, heard the information with utter indifference; what mattered it to her if the reserved English lackey kept his bed for days, so that she was not put to any extra trouble. She retailed the tidings below when she returned to the bandits, and was heard by them with more interest, because she added Trixie's whisper that he was very hot, as if he had a fever. A horror of infectious diseases was on these rough, ignorant men, and, as Sir Charles' fair coadjutors had already anticipated, they were careful to avoid coming in contact with any person who was supposed to be attacked by one.

The dainty, delicate Lady Camilla shared this feeling in common with the people she despised, and made no effort to accompany madam when, after a very hasty toilet, she hurried into the antechamber to ascertain the condition of her nephew. It was as great a relief as surprise to be taken into the confidence of her maidens, and learn that the bird had flown in the night, but the astute old lady accepted her part, and acted it well. Perhaps she felt a little covert satisfaction in playing on the terrors Lady Camilla could not conceal, and hinting her belief that Sir Charles was in a dangerous state.

It may have been a remorseful fancy that her own clandestine meeting with his rival had caused his illness, that made the fair widow hesitate to take her customary stroll; but when Monna Santa put a note into her hand, she cast a deprecating glance at the baroness, and slipped away, stepping on tiptoes across the antechamber both in going and returning, lest she should disturb the baronet, whom Bessie said was sleeping.

So far, so well; the day had passed away—very slowly, certainly—and not even Camilla suspected the truth; but how much longer would it be possible to keep up this deception? The question was asked still more anxiously, and the faces of the captives became graver and graver when another day elapsed and no signs of the approach of friends greeted their eyes or ears. What if Sir Charles had fallen in his object, and fallen into the hands of the marchese or his inscrupulous servitors?

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CHAPTER XXIV.

When the evening began to close in, Lady Camilla, who, though not sharing the anxieties of her companions, had been thoughtful and ill at ease, began to look half fearfully at the door, as if she dreaded Monna Santa's approach.

"This illness of Sir Charles is most unfortunate!" she cried, abruptly. "It deranges all my plans."

"I was not aware that you had formed any," answered Madam Caspares, in her dearest manner.

"How unkindly you speak!" exclaimed the widow, with an angry pout. "You might be sure that I am moving heaven and earth to effect our deliverance. The marchese has almost promised to let us depart; but we cannot go and leave Sir Charles—can we? While, on the other hand, if I made a fuss about a manservant, as they suppose him to be, suspicion would be aroused directly."

"I dare say it would; therefore we had better patiently await the issue of events."

"No, no!" cried Camilla, vehemently. "I am so tired of this place, that at all hazards I must contrive to get away from it. Do you think Sir Charles could be carried on a litter or—would it be more prudent to leave him behind, paying the women liberally to nurse him till he is well enough to rejoin us?"

"Cela depends. Would you be content to leave him in the hands of the servants of this marchese?" asked madam, significantly.

"Content? no. But I am so hemmed in with difficulties, that I know not what else to propose; and, if his disease is a fever, as you appear to think it will be dangerous to one's own health to remain so near him. Dear, unselfish fellow! I know he would not like me to run any risks, especially as I can do no good by remaining."

"My dear Lady Camilla," answered the baroness, with extreme politeness: "your arguments, like yourself, are admirable, and I should be the last person in the world to advise you to stay where infection is rife, and you run a chance of spoiling the beautiful face, which is your most valuable possession."

"But pray advise me," said Lady Camilla, earnestly. "You know how astutely I rely on you."

"I beg that you will not do so any longer. I accepted the office of guardian pro tem. to your ladyship with reluctance; I relinquish it with relief. Make your own terms with your father, and do not let any pang of conscience on our account influence you."

"But, my dearest Madam Caspares," was the soft reply. "It is for you—for all my friends, that I am more concerned than for myself."

"You are extremely generous," answered the baroness, incredulously; "but you waste your kindness on us. I will be no party to any attempts to make terms with the insolent nobleman whose fellows brought me thither. If he chooses to open my prison doors, I will walk out; but it will be with the avowed intention of carrying my complaint of this shameful treatment to those who will be both noble and willing to punish him for it."

"We are in his power; it will never, never dare do to brave him in this manner!" the widow sighed.

"Then I will stay where I am until my friends come to my assistance," madam answered, composedly.

"And Sir Charles, who is hardly in danger—whose life would not be safe for a moment if the marchese knew that he was here—do you forget him?" and Lady Camilla wrung her hands in genuine terror.

"Why does the marchese nourish this vindictive hatred of one who never injured him?" the baroness demanded.

"How can I tell?" responded Camilla, evasively. "He knows that we are friends of long standing; he has one of those jealous temperaments that are so difficult to manage; and who can account for the vagaries of a passionate, suspicious man?"

"When did you acquire this intimate acquaintance with the workings of his mind? In the lifetime of your husband, or since?" asked madam; but the widow had recovered her spirits, and heard the taunt with dignified composure.

(To be continued.)

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

CAN YOU QUOTE ACCURATELY.

How few people can repeat accurately! Often one's own particular prejudices consciously or unconsciously affect the accuracy with which one quotes.

"A Little of Both, If You Please."

But I do not think this is the only reason for inaccuracy of quoting. Far from it.

I heard a woman start to quote a bridge rule she had read five minutes before. It was a short rule of perhaps 20 words. Someone doubted the quotation and the book was fetched. The rule was found to be very different because a qualifying clause had been left out. Yet the woman is one whom you would think of as at least averagely intelligent, and she had no reason to want to misquote the rule.

I think there is some don't-want-to-ness and much incapacity behind the average misquotation.

We Don't Know We Don't Want To.

Often the don't-want-to-ness is so subconscious that we don't recognize it ourselves, but it is there just the same and favors the result as inescapably as a small quantity of tobacco.

As for the lack of capacity, I wish we might be more thoroughly trained in alertness and accuracy as children.

The capacity to grasp the meaning of a passage and to pass it on to someone else without garbling it, would stand us in good stead many times in after life.

And yet the quoter would doubtless be very indignant if he were told that he was not quoting exactly. If you should call his attention to the word here and the word there that he has changed, the qualifying clause that he has left out, the emphasis that he has altered, he would say: "That's a great fuss to make over next to nothing. Maybe I didn't say word for word what he said, but I said practically the same thing."

Small Changes and Big Results.

Whereas, as a matter of fact, he gave the thing he quoted an entirely new twist by those minor changes.

If you alter the position of a gun a fraction of an inch your bullet will hit a mark many yards, or perhaps many hundreds of yards from the bull's-eye it was aimed at.

And so it sometimes is when you change the emphasis, or leave a qualifying clause out of something you quote.

Aman hear is James B. Wax. He has a wooden knee; he sometimes wobbles in his tracks from pain he's never free; but when I ask him how he stacks, "I'm feeling fine" says he. If he cleaved to repine and "groan" and "tear his hair, if he sent up a frequent whine, to chide him none would dare; but he insists he's feeling fine, and right side up with care, so he becomes a household word, and when we see him pass, we say, "Bould that grand old bird! He sounds no vain 'diss"; he makes all grumblers seem absurd, and in the ten cent class. For he has gotta perch a feet, and he must wear a wig, with wooden teeth he's doomed to eat the luscious prune and fig; and yet he finds existence sweet, and grand, and fine, and big. One eye he purchased at the store, the other's nearly blind; if he has bones that are not sore, they're mighty hard to find, and he holds that gent a bore who calls this life a grind. His ears are badly on the blink, he cannot smoke or chew, his sideboards always come out pink, which is a loathsome hue; he's treated hardly and you'd think he'd spring a sad boo-boo. But naught can daunt this festive wight, his visage is ashine; though evils on his form alight, he won't take in his sign, and when you hail him, day or night, he says he's "feeling fine."

American vs. British Education

According to Stanley Baldwin the American boy is two years behind the British boy in brains, which is, perhaps, one reason why the British boy did not approve Baldwin as Prime Minister. The fact is, of course, that Britain educates a class while the United States educates a mass. And the average for a selected minority will always be higher than the average for the indiscriminate who are left. Even so, one may ask the question, precisely what would be the standard of intellect at Eton if all the lessons had to be learned in Welsh or Russian. Immense numbers of boys and girls over here have not only to learn a foreign language, but to learn everything else in that language. Personally, I find it the easiest thing in the world to get educated in the United States. Here in New York, a firm called the Cosmopolitan University, Incorporated (which means Limited) sells degrees at 50 dollars, and as one need only pay ten dollars a month, I invested at once in a diploma. I had the choice of commercial science, pharmacy, chemistry, engineering, pedagogy, literature, philosophy, and law, and I chose veracity.

Shipman Reports Dividend

ON OTTAWA FILM PRODUCTIONS. Ottawa Film Productions, Ltd., the producing unit for Ernest Shipman's "The Man from Glengarry" and "The Critical Age" which are being distributed by the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, will declare another 5 per cent. dividend this month, reports Mr. Shipman's office.

"Present indications point to at least a 5 per cent. dividend monthly for a very considerable period of time, except on the consummation of sale of British and other foreign rights, when this present percentage will be appreciably increased," the statement continued.—Exhibits Trade Review.

MOTHER!

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FEELING FINE.

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"No follower of Christ can rest content with existing conditions, and if we examine a little more deeply into the causes that brought us to this unhappy position, they may be summed up in the single conclusion that there is no nation that can regard itself as truly Christian, not even our own beloved Britain. All have failed to adopt the principles and teachings of Christ.

"In the various departments of human activity avenues have been explored, experiments have been tried by individuals, but no united attempt has been made by Christians to apply their creed to the solution of the world's problems, perhaps because we have discovered that the cost is too great.

"Once more the fate of the nations is in the balance. Is the Church of Christ ready to fling in, not the sword but the Cross? It is no exaggeration to say that the Church is presented to-day with the greatest opportunity it has had since the days of Pentecost, if only it can effectively pro-

Eight Bishops Plead for Fellowship

The Bishops of Litchfield, Woolwich, Winchester, Chelmsford, Liverpool, Manchester, St. Albans and Southampton, have issued the following manifesto in connection with the Industrial Church Fellowship.

"Nobody, we trust, will accuse us of voicing a mere truism when we say that the world is faced to-day with economic conditions unparalleled in history. No thoughtful man or woman who considers the situation can fail to realize that we are confronted with a divided world, and that any hope of peace or prosperity is impossible until we can find the way of healing for all our differences.

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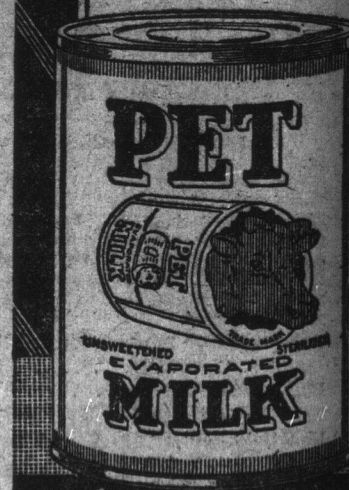
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claim the Kingdom of God to statesmen, employers, conciliators of monopolies and combats, trade unionists and laborers throughout the land, as offering the key to the true relationship between man and man, nation and nation.

"It is time that every reference in the pulpit to public questions ceased to be called 'politics.' The word is often used disparagingly of the parent and most elementary application of to the interests or the sufferings of

others. Against these evils, no less than against the more acknowledged sins of dishonesty and intemperance, it is the duty of the Church to warn men—and to declare the remedy which the Gospel offers. The cry of 'no politics' was not raised during the war—why should it be raised now—is being between the darkness and the light?"

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