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 before purchasing a baking powder that may possibly contain injurious ingredients. Many food scientists claim that baking powder containing alum is unsafe for use in food. The mere fact that some brands of baking powder have the words "No Alum" on the label is not sufficient proof that they are what they are represented to be. Our chemists find a good many have "No Alum" on the outside but large quantities of it inside.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER.
 Contains No Alum
 Pure Wholesome Economical

"Love in the Wilds"

OR
 The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER X.
 THE TAMING PROCESS.

"It's no trouble," murmured Rebecca, rather awed at the languid, high-bred London tone and the finished bow. "Surely you will have the water?"

"Thank you, but not in a basin."

"How then?" asked Grace, who had been standing silently listening and watching. "How do you want it?"

"From the pump," said the captain, quietly. "I think I saw one in the court. If you will allow me—and he rose—"I will go and use it."

He walked out and the two women followed him.

Turning his sleeve up to the elbow he held his bruised arm under the spout and pumped.

His white face told how fierce the pain was.

Rebecca flushed; Grace caught hold of the handle.

"If you must have it in this stupid way, I'll pump!" she said.

And pump she did, the captain thanking her gravely and declaring himself cured by the operation.

"Well," said Rebecca, "I trust it has given you relief; but it's a singular remedy."

"One of the best there is for a sprain," said the captain, wiping his arm on a towel which one of the servants had brought. "It will cure even a bad one, and this is not that."

"I think it is," said Grace, in her short way.

"No, it is not," said the captain. "We could have got home without any care—well, but the squire would have seen it, and then good-bye to our races for the future, Miss Grace. A man who could not clear a five-foot fence would not have been trusted to take care of a young lady who could, Miss Goodman."

Rebecca smiled feebly.

"Grace is able to take care of herself," she said.

"I am," said Grace.

Rebecca had only one meaning. Grace might have had only one also, but to the man's ears both remarks bore two meanings.

Was this girl able to take care of herself?

"You must not ride home," said Rebecca, as they went back to the drawing-room. "I was going over to the

"What time does the coach go?" he asked. "I must catch it, I'm afraid."

CHAPTER XI.
 TWO STREAMS.

Now let the stricken deer go weep,
 The hart ungalloped;
 For some must watch while others sleep,
 So runs the world away.—HAMLET.

"Bella, why did you send for me?"

The speaker was Captain Reginald Dartmouth. The person to whom he spoke was a lady, by the name Bella Mervin, by profession chief ballet dancer at the Royal Signet Theater, by nature what the reader shall discover for himself.

The scene was a drawing-room in Carlton Square. Captain Dartmouth had just entered, clad in a traveling suit and carrying his hat in his hand.

Miss Mervin was seated, or, rather, lying upon the blue satin couch—blue became her soft blood complexion; satin she preferred to any other material, for obvious reasons.

She rose to meet him with a suppressed cry, half of surprise, half of love—yes, love, for Bella Mervin, the danseuse of the Royal Signet Theater, loved Captain Reginald Dartmouth, and, singular to say, the handsome captain loved her in return.

"Reginald!" she cried, springing toward him, as only a ballet dancer could spring, and drawing his face down to her slightly flushed and very beautiful one. "Reginald! You have come at once! How good of you!"

"I don't know that, Bella. Put foolish instead of good and you will be nearer the mark."

"Not foolish but good, I say again," she repeated. "But come and sit down; you must be tired. How cold your hand! Franciose shall bring you some chocolate. I am only just up."

And after helping him off with his damp coat, which she flung with reckless negligence upon one of the satin fauteuils, she touched a small silver-gilt spring-bell.

"Chocolate, Franciose," she said to the French maid who appeared, and then, poking the fire until the flame shot up cheerily, drew up an armchair toward it.

"Now come and sit here, Reginald, and rest awhile," she said, bringing forward a dainty little footstool as an additional comfort.

The captain watched all these preparations for his comfort with an air of listless proprietorship, then settled down into the chair and drew the girl on his knee.

"Now, Bella," he said, "perhaps you will answer my question."

"No, I will not," she replied, stroking his head and looking at him with an arch impudence and an admiring expression in her blue eyes. "Not a word of explanation until you have had your chocolate; then, lying on the couch yonder, with a cigar in your mouth and your little Bella at your feet, you shall hear what I like to tell you."

He nodded.

"So be it," he said, raising his eyebrows and smiling the smile only this girl knew. "But I warn you that your story must not take long in the telling, Bella mine. I start by the night coach."

"No, no!" she exclaimed, with a look of entreaty, clasping her hands. "Don't leave me so soon, Reginald. Don't—oh, don't!"

"He was touched by the plaintive voice and by the sudden tears that sprang to her eyes.

Captain Reginald was not a "caressing man"—as a poetess has it—but he drew the golden head to his breast.

"Bella," he said, in his grave tones, "you ruin me."

She drew herself away with a quick start and paled.

"I ruin you?" she said. "Reginald!"

"Ay," he said, "you melt me when I should be as ice; you soften me when I should be as hard as iron; you—ah, Bella, Bella! Where's the chocolate?"

She was used to his strange manners, and reached the chocolate, which was served in an antique cup—worth a matter of fifty guineas—without a word.

He sipped the aromatic beverage for a minute or two in silence, looking at the dancing fire-flame and smoothing the little white hand that lay in his.

Bella was content, and waited.

"Another cup?"

He shook his head.

"Do," she entreated.

"No," he said, "no more. And now, Bella, why did you send for me?"

"Why did you go?" she asked him by way of reply. "Why did you go so suddenly, so—so cruelly?"

He raised his eyebrows.

"Suddenly—cruelly! Do you expect me to give you six months' notice of every journey I intend taking? Is it cruel to run into the country for a day or two? Be reasonable, Bella, and answer my question. Why did you write for me?"

"I wanted to see you," she murmured, half fearfully, and creeping closer, as if by a caress to turn the edge of his anger aside.

His eyes grew colder and his voice was sterner as he said:

"Bella, let me tell you a story. Three years ago a crowd of Parisian idlers and vagabonds were gathered round a girl who was dancing, with a tambourine, on the boulevard. A gentleman, an Englishman, stopped in his idle lounge to look on. After the dance the girl handed round her tambourine for the sous. One vagabond offered her a napoleon for a kiss. She refused. He insisted on the barter with roughness and caught her in his arms. The girl shrieked, and the Englishman, a lazy fellow, interfered. The vagabond picked himself from the pavement and the two, girl and Englishman, went off.

Fashion Plates.



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Pattern 3166 was employed for this style. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. 5 1/4 yards of 36 inch material will be required for an 18 year size.

As here shown, printed and plain voile are combined. One could have this in batiste or voile, braided or embroidered. It is good also for foulard, taffeta, duvetyn, satin, and French serge. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 1 1/2 yard.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



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