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Maddolena's Story

The Cameo Bracelet.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Because there exists between that lady and myself a certain inexplicable and, perhaps, unreasonable antipathy, that makes us avoid each other, it was dishonorable to speak of me to her. I thought you would have respected my desire to remain unknown."

"Why, so I have. If you would have given me a more patient hearing, I should have told you that the whole extent of my offending simply consisted in this: Lady Camilla made a chance allusion to the young companions of the baroness, and I asked how it was that I never saw them; to which she replied that she believed the reason rested with themselves that they evinced a preference for retirement. O'ast tout. Now, ma'am, will you condescend to be appeased?"

"And own myself very cautious and disagreeable?" demanded Trizie, relaxing into a winning smile. "Must it be so humiliating to be obliged to confess oneself in the wrong, especially to an enemy?"

She had diverged from the path that would have led her to where Bessie sat, and was standing beneath an ancient pear tree, the sunshine and shadows that flickered through the leaves dancing and glowing across her flushed cheek, as she looked up at the baronet.

"Why do you call me that?" he asked, in graver mood than her own.

"What else should I call you? No true man likes to be numbered among the neutrals."

"And you will not class me among your friends? And yet I should like to wear your colors?"

"In a friendly way? and why? There are two questions at once for you, sir; and I shall expect truthful answers to both."

"In an amicable way—yes," the baronet repeated. "I am not one of those who think friendship between the sexes impossible; and you are too sensible, too discerning, not to see that amitie is all I have to offer. Why do I ask you to class hands with me, and think of me kindly? Because I like you."

"Like!" Trizie echoed, her voice losing its steadiness, and an eager light springing into her eyes, although she endeavored to speak jestingly. "That is a comprehensive and yet equivocal word. A man like his beard, his horse, and remains faithful for years to such likings; but he also likes a chance acquaintance well enough for a week, and then forgets her."

"Ay, but he likes with a warmer, steadier feeling the woman who has not hesitated to tell him of his faults; to step beyond the barrier to serve him in the hour of need; and who has trusted him. The woman who, to whatever course fate may lead him will—whenever she hears him abused—generously lift up her voice in his defense."

"Always—always!" said Trizie, tearfully; and no longer withholding

her hand. But it was snatched away ere Sir Charles' fingers could close over it, and she ran to meet Bessie, who had at last perceived how she was accompanied, and, closing her portfolio, was coming to meet them.

Her cold bow made the baronet redder and look disconcerted; yet she was additionally polite, and made no objection when he offered to escort her and her companion back to the villa. She even chose to seem unconscious of the restraint her presence imposed, as in almost total silence they strolled along side by side.

They had neared the grounds of the count's residence, when Trizie, who had been wondering with her eyes fixed on the ground, the most silent of the trio, suddenly raised them and exclaimed at the English air the landscape presented.

"Yes," said Bessie, slowly, "that pool at the foot of the hill, with the march in the foreground, reminds me of a similar spot in one of the eastern countries. I have watched the setting sun dip behind just such a sober scene near Lutford."

The baronet started. Why, that was the place to which he had once journeyed to obtain an interview with his bride.

"Do you, then, know that neighborhood?" he demanded, with some hesitation, for he saw that Trizie had detected his start, and was curiously regarding him.

"Intimately," said Bessie, her own color rising, as if it cost her an effort to make the avowal.

Sir Charles walked on for some paces struggling with the warring feelings that possessed him. There was a certain degree of significance in Bessie's tones that assured him she was not ignorant of the marriage links that now girded and chafed him terribly; and although he had little, if anything, to reproach himself for, his pride had always revolted at any one knowing how irrevocably he was bound to the ugly, dwarfed and illiterate niece of a usurer.

Furtively he glanced at Trizie; did she, too, know the secret that had made him the reckless, careless fellow he was? Did both these young girls despise, or, perhaps, laugh in their sleeves at his fettered condition? The husband of a wife who refused to live with him, and who made him an annual allowance, which seemed like a bribe to keep him at bay, while she spurned his authority and perhaps disgraced his name by the life she led and the associates she preferred to his companionship.

Still he could not resist putting another question to Bessie.

"Some few years since there was a person living near Lutford who called herself Miss or Mrs. Goldwyn. Can you, who know the village so intimately, say whether she still resides there?"

Trizie, who had been a few steps in advance, stopped and looked over her shoulder to hear the reply. It came slowly but with strange decision.

"If Sir Charles Ormsby really wishes to know this, let him go to Lutford himself, and seek there the person his mentions. She has been too long forgotten."

"Who says so?" he demanded.

thoughtfully. "Are you authorized by said one to tell me this?"

But regretting directly that he had betrayed his annoyance by the question, he raised his hat to the two girls, and, muttering an apology, turned into another path and left them to finish their walk alone.

As soon as he had disappeared, Trizie caught her friend by the arm, asking, eagerly:

"Why did you say this to him? What—oh! what is it you know of the neglected—the hated wife of Sir Charles Ormsby?"

Bessie's only reply was to fold her arms around the querist, and with a sorrowful "Oh! Trizie—Trizie!" burst into a flood of tears, which had scarcely been wiped away when the sound of voices warned them both that they must hurry to the villa if they would avoid the baroness, who, with her hosts, was taking a farewell ramble in the grounds.

CHAPTER XIX.

At last the visit Lady Camilla considered such an agreeable break in the monotony of a journey, undertaken with no livelier companion than Madam Caspares, had come to an end. After many adieu and polite speeches and confesse saw their guests depart.

For the first time or so, Sir Charles Ormsby rode beside the carriage unchecked; but when the baroness had settled herself comfortably, made a moan over the various small sums she had felt herself called upon to bestow upon the servants of her hosts, she recollected that her nephew was intruding the rules she laid down, and dimly told him so.

"I could not turn you out of the count's house, Charlie," she added, "or, depend on it, your stay there would have been a short one, for I do not like to be set at defiance."

"As if I dreamed of such rudeness, ma' tante!" he exclaimed, half laughing at half deprecating, her displeasure. "Of course, if you command my absence, I shall certainly obey; but I have contrived to lame my horse, and cannot hurry him. If you will not permit my escort, I must either drop behind, or take another road."

"If you do either, how are we to insure decent accommodation to-night?" asked madam, peevishly. "This countess tells me that all the hotels at the town where we propose resting are execrable, and that we must contrive to obtain beds at some private house. I thought you would have arranged this for us. What is the use of a male escort if we are left, after all, to pace the streets of a dirty Italian town after sunset, searching for accommodation?"

"I cannot help poor Morcar's lameness, so pray don't take such an accusing tone," was the good-humored reply. "My servant is a shrewd fellow. If you will let me send him on in my place, I believe he will secure comfortable apartments far more quickly and cleverly than I should."

"Cannot he ride your lame horse and let you proceed on his?"

"No," said the baronet, decidedly. "When my horse is in pain, I let no one attend to him in whose tender mercies I cannot have the fullest reliance. Edwards is an excellent servant, as I just told you, but he is too impatient to be a good horse-keeper."

"It seems as if it was done on purpose," muttered the baroness, impatiently, who did not like to be thwarted even in the merest trifle, and whose sense of decorum had been shocked by discovering at a late hour on the previous night that the Lady Camilla was giving audience at her window to a gentleman whom she naturally concluded to be her impudent nephew. "They will marry by and by, I suppose, like two fools as they are," she mentally added; "but they might pay decent respect to the name of the good man whom I shrewdly suspected his wife's penchant for flirting brought to such an untimely end."

"You may have your own way to-day, Sir Charles," she proceeded to tell him aloud, with a look so significant that Trizie, who had chosen to be absorbed in Murray's "Handbook," felt her risible muscles relaxing, and knew that the baronet perceived it. "Your horse's lameness shall be your excuse for keeping us within sight to-day, while your man rides on to arrange for our comfort this evening. But as I am not in the humor for conversation, and Lady Camilla must be fatigued from keeping such late vigils last

Always have another bottle handy



It's a wise housewife who keeps an extra bottle of Bovril in reserve—in case of emergency. The Grocer has always handy, or isn't open if he is handy—and if there's need for Bovril, he infrequently it's a sudden need.

Bovril has, in addition, a score of uses in the kitchen for putting flavour and goodness into the dishes the housewife prepares.

There's no need to run out for Bovril if you never allow yourself to run out of it.

BOVRIL

night, we'll not trouble you to approach us again till we halt for refreshment."

(To be continued.)

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Beecham's Pills have been a household name for generations. They are a reliable remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness, headache, and all ailments of the bowels. They are gentle and effective, and are suitable for all ages.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Just Folks. By EDGAR A GUEST

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By EDGAR A GUEST

THE WHIP OF CARE

Oh, there are burdens to bear and the trials are many, of the great and the small of us. Butcher and baker and bread man must have their last penny—Laf's not all laughter and loving, and well do I know it. Care leaves a welt on the flesh, be you merchant or poet; Lawyer or doctor or tradesman, the great or the small of us. Care has a whip in his hand and he lashes at all of us.

Oh, there are times when I groan and I feel my flesh stinging. Times when there's too much of pain and not enough singing. Times when men's great seems to stifle me, times when my duty seems to be foolish and vain, robbing life of all beauty.

Then comes a boy to my knee with his eyes brightly flashing. And I laugh in despair at care, and the whip that he's lashing.

This I shall wrest from it all: their peace and their pride in me. The faith and respect of my friends who have slumped the inside of me; The butcher and baker and bread man shall have what I owe them. They shall be glad to have known me as I have been happy to know them.

For from the care of the world, from the burdens and stings of our duty. Come the treasures of love and esteem, come honor and friendship and beauty.

Not without these is life good, and not without care can man gain them. The garments of honor shall fade if the butcher and baker shall stain them.

With courage we purchase our friends and care sanctifies all that we cherish. By faith and by strength we endure, and without them we languish and perish.

But the burdens we bear and the hurra, by the "Gentle" which run through life's story. The think we call manhood is made of manhood's the river of glory.

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WOMAN SO ILL COULD NOT STAND

Says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well and Strong

Glenn Falls, N. Y.—"For over two months I was so sick I was not able to stand on my feet, and my husband did my housework. The doctor said an operation might be necessary. I read testimonials about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and began to take it. Before I had finished taking the first bottle I saw what good it was doing me. I sat now well and strong doing all my work for a family of four, all my washing and my sewing, which I think is remarkable, as I had not dared to run my sewing machine, but had done all my sewing by hand. I truly feel that there is not a year's medicine I would not be here today as my case seemed very serious."—Mrs. GEORGE W. BOWEN, Glenn Falls, N. Y.

From upon Bessie's

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Toilet Book "Advice to Women" is well known. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book should be in the hands of every woman who should have

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GOOD WORK

The thimble fixed my Sunday hat, and made it good as new; the man who does good work like that finds other jobs in view. His fame encompasses the town, his services a reward; his patrons gossip, up how well he wrought. Now many people take their titles to Tom the Thimble's lair; they seek his humble joint with smiles, and leave their honours there. And every patron tells his friends how well the work was done, and every hour some voter tends to hand Tom useful mon. 'Tis always thus with those who do their tasks exceeding well, no matter if they make a shoe or run a tall hotel. The village blacksmith fixed my watch, that always ran too slow; he made it of a flashy batch, and now it will not go. And as I push myself around I tell the gossamer tale of how the blacksmith fixed and ground my watch to no avail. And people shudder as they list, and cry, "Ods marmalade!" If this be so, we wait and wait he will not get our trade!" The blacksmith stands before his door and wonders why in heck the eager citizens no more to his grey smithy trek. 'Tis always thus with those who slight the task in hand to those who care not if they do it right, so that they get their pay.

MOTHER!

Child's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"

Hurry Mother! Even a bilious, constipated, feverish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful to-day may prevent a sick child to-morrow.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

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Household Notes.

Some tart relishes such as cranberry sauce should be served with rabbit. Russian dressing gives an unusual temptingness to club sandwiches. A delicious filling for a layer cake is flavored with canned strawberries. Cup cakes served with kumquats in syrup makes an excellent luncheon dessert.

Home-made chop suey should be served with steamed rice and soy bean sauce.

Fried eggs are delicious served with peas and highly seasoned tomato sauce.

Very dainty bread-and-butter sandwiches are nice served with the salad course.

Serve individual sweet omelets as the dessert course, and top with hot, chopped pineapple.

Serve baked, thin haddie with grated cucumber seasoned with salt, pepper and vinegar.

Ice cream flavored with chopped Canton ginger is appropriate to serve at Ma-Jong party.

Individual fruit salads are attractive served in footless "log-cabin" built of cheese straws.

A little chopped green pepper and ginger give additional attractiveness to baked corn in ramblers.

Serve special salad with decorated sandwiches as simple party refreshments on a cool evening.

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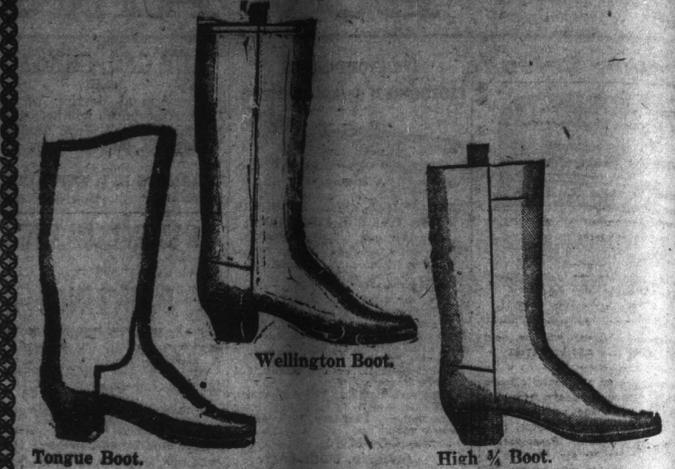
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FISHERMEN! Buy Smallwood's Leather Boots. They wear longer and are more healthy than Rubber Footwear. Leather Boots are warmer and more comfortable to walk in than Rubber Boots.



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FISHERMEN! Don't put your money in cheap boots. Buy Smallwood's Solid Leather Laced Boots. Double wear in each pair.

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Four cakes will have an unpleasant granular texture if the butter and sugar is not thoroughly creamed.

The wise housewife will occasionally change the arrangement of the furniture in those rooms most used by her family.

Next halves of canned peaches and serve on buttered rounds of bread, browned in the oven. Fill hollows with hot orange marmalade.

A delicious sauce for ice cream is made by boiling three-quarters cupful orange marmalade with one-quarter cupful of water and half cupful of sugar. Cook.

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