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The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

— OR —
"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XXIII.

In Christine's life there was no hope, all was black and dark and miserable, and it was no wonder that she drooped and faded. She had no bodily disease, the doctors said; they did not recognize that of a broken heart. But it was a broken heart which was killing Christine, as surely as if she had been a prey to consumption, or any other disease recognized by the faculty. Her brother's fate hung over her like a heavy cloud which was doomed never to be lifted. She had loved him with the great and passionate and absorbing love that one sometimes meets with in a sister for an only brother. Poor girl, her father had shown her too little affection to be a rival to his son; and, when Frank was lost to her, she had nothing—nothing—no earthly thing to take his place or to alleviate in any degree, however slight, the unutterable loneliness and misery of her life. She was too sensitive not to shrink from the well-meant efforts of those who believed that her brother was the murderer of Squire Rutledge to show that they did not wish to shun her on that account, or to include her in the shame which had fallen upon her brother; and she looked upon them as her enemies, since they believed in his guilt—and that belief was very general; therefore, save for Sidney, the girl seemed utterly and terribly alone.

She had been three days at Easthorpe now, having yielded with extreme reluctance to Sidney's entreaties that she should spend a few days with her; and Sidney had not dared yet to broach the real cause of her wish to have her with her.

"I have made up my mind to go abroad, never to return," Frank Gertrude had written. "Can you, in pity to us both, let me see Christine before I go?"

And Sidney had written a few lines to the address he had given her, saying that he should see his sister, and fixing a night—a night on which there was but a new moon—for her to come, if possible, to Easthorpe. Poor Sidney had hardly calculated the difficulties in the way of the fulfillment of her promise, increased as they were by Christine's weakness and delicacy.

Lloyd Milner was still at Easthorpe, having prolonged his visit to be present at a fancy ball which Lady Eva was giving at Lambwold; but Dolly had returned home to render what assistance she could to her mother, an assistance which the staff of servants at Lambwold rendered quite unnecessary. But Dolly's absence was a relief to Sidney, and enabled her to devote all her time to her unhappy

friend. For Lloyd was the most unrelenting of visitors; he was out most of the day shooting or hunting, or at the mills with Stephen, or at Lambwold, interesting himself in the details of the ball, and Sidney was comparatively free.

As she stood at the window of her pretty boudoir, looking out at the softly falling snow, the perplexity on her face deepened momentarily. A note from Frank that morning told her that he would be at Easthorpe that night, for the emigrant ship in which he had taken a passage was to leave London on the next day but one. Lady Eva's fancy ball was to take place the same evening. Sidney knew that she could not absent herself from it without exciting much comment and her husband's grave displeasure; yet what could she do? She could not disappoint Frank, and Christine could not meet him without her conviction. She was in a terrible strait, and her heart sunk heavily as she felt that the only way out of it was to excite her husband's displeasure and refuse, on whatever excuse she could, to go to his mother's ball. And almost as much as she dreaded Stephen's reproaches she feared the effect of the communication she must make to Christine.

At last she turned away from the window and went over to the fire, her face very wistful and earnest as she knelt down by her friend's chair and took her hands in hers.

"Do you feel better this morning?" she said cheerfully. "Mason tells me that your breakfast was a failure, Christine; so I am going to administer some beef-tea and port wine here, and you must drink it all up, dear, because I want you to get stronger."

"Why?" the girl asked, dreadingly. "I cannot see why you should wish that, Sidney, if you care for me a little, as I know you do. Sometimes I spend an hour or two crying because this dying is such a tedious business."

"Christine, you should not speak so!" Sidney said, unsteadily, the tears rising in her eyes at the hopeless despair of her friend's tone. "It is not right!"

"Right? Perhaps not, dear," she answered; "but I can't help it. What does life hold for me but pain and unrest and intolerable misery? Who would be sorry for me if I died to-morrow? You would, I dare say, for a little while; but you have your husband and your home, and by and by perhaps you will have little children to love, and you will forget all about me."

"I could never forget you," Sidney whispered faintly; "you are too nearly connected with the great suffering of my life for that. Can't you look forward, dear Christine, and—"

"Look forward? To what have I to look forward?" she asked with melancholy reproach.

"I will tell you," Sidney answered, forcing a smile as she rose from her knees and rang the bell. "But first you are to take what Mason will bring you now."

"Sidney, what do I see on your face?" the poor girl said, eagerly, catching at the soft folds of Sidney's gown as she was turning away. "What is it—what?"

Very gently Sidney unclasped the clinging fingers, and bent over the wasted but pretty face raised so eagerly to her own.

"I mean that there may yet be some gleams of sunshine in the future for you," she said, smiling, but with quivering lips. "Ah, here is Bessie!" she added, as the old woman entered with a tray. "Now, Christine, you must



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take this. Thank you, Bessie; you need not wait."

Notwithstanding Christine's remonstrances, Sidney insisted on her drinking the beef-tea and the port wine, which the servant had brought; and Christine, seeing that it was useless to resist, swallowed them obediently, eagerly watching Sidney the while as she moved rather restlessly about the room, taking up some of its pretty ornaments, then replacing them negligently, and finally coming back to her old position by Christine's side, and kneeling there until she had taken the refreshment of which she stood in such need. Then, when she had finished, and Bessie had been summoned and had taken away the tray, Christine put her hand on Sidney's shoulder, and made her turn to her, smiling a little with tremulous white lips.

"Sidney," she said, breathlessly, "what is it? What have you to tell me? You are trembling, and there are tears in your eyes, and you are smiling. What does it all mean?"

"It means that I have something to tell you," Sidney answered, steadily—"something you will be glad to hear, I think, Christine."

"Glad! It was the half-bitter, half-sacred joy of rejoinder. "Could anything but one make me glad; and—"

She broke off suddenly, and looked up eagerly, with a look in her eyes which went to Sidney's heart. "Sidney, is it—is it about—"

Her voice died away into a faint, inarticulate whisper, and Sidney put her arms round her in quick anxiety, supporting her as she sat. The slender, maculated frame was shaking violently.

"Christine," she said, steadily, although it required a great effort to keep her voice from trembling, "be brave, dear. How can I tell you what I must tell you, if you are so agitated? It is not bad news, darling, she went on, tenderly, folding the trembling little form in her arms more closely—"not bad news, indeed—no, it is almost good news, since Frank is well!"

Christine could not speak. Although her eyes, wide and eager, scanned Sidney's face in swift entreaty, the violent palpitation of her heart had deprived her of what little strength she possessed and she lay in Sidney's arms, resting against her, weak and powerless, like a tiny broken bird at the stem, only the eager light in her eyes and the hurried, gasping breath showing that she lived. But for these, it might have been a dead woman Sidney held in her tender, clasping arms.

"Frank is well," she went on, softly, "and—less unhappy than he has been; and he is even able to look forward with some degree of hope to the future. Nay, Christine, if you faint, I will tell you nothing more. See, dear—try to be brave for his sake, and I will tell you how I know that he is well."

But for some minutes Christine's agitation was so intense that Sidney dared not proceed. She lay gasping and panting in Sidney's arms; and, when at last the palpitation ceased, she was perfectly strengthless, and so weak that it required all Sidney's help to assist her to the sofa.

(To be continued.)

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Nerves Gave Little Rest
Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Harrowood, Ont.—"I took your medicine before my baby was born and it was a great help to me as I was very poorly until I started to take it. I just felt as though I was tired out all the time and would take weak, fainting spells. My nerves would bother me until I could get little rest, day or night. I was told by a friend to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I only took a few bottles and it helped me wonderfully. I would recommend it to any woman. I am doing what I can to publish this good medicine. I lend that little book you sent me to any one I can help. You can with the greatest of pleasure use my name in regard to the Vegetable Compound if it will serve to help others." Mrs. HARRY MILLER, R. R. No. 2, Harrowood, Ontario.

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Keep your skin clear and your pores active by daily use of Cuticura Soap. Great eruptions and rashes with Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

Dole "Comb-Out"

CUTTING OFF ALIENS AND SOME MARRIED WOMEN.

The constitution of the committee to inquire into the system of dole payments, whose appointment was promised by Sir Arthur Steel Maitland, Minister of Labour, during the passage of the Unemployment Insurance Amendment Act, will be asked to report on the general finance of unemployment insurance and on the best means of preventing abuses by dole-drawers.

The members, numbering twelve, will include representative employers, trade unionists, departmental officials, and members of the general public. The chairman will probably be found in City financial circles.

Under the provisions of the Unemployment Insurance Amendment Act, considerable reductions are being made in the numbers of people drawing the dole. The Minister of Labour took discretionary powers to withhold payment from

Sons living with parents able to support them.
Married women living with employed husbands.
Certain part-time workers, and Aliens who have not resided long enough in this country to make it certain that their residence will be permanent.

Steady Combing.
Instructions were issued to local employment exchange officials to begin the "comb-out" of these classes on August 20th, and the operation has continued steadily since then.

In the case of aliens the qualifying period of residence has been fixed at ten years.
The section of the Act which provides that six days' unemployment instead of three as before must precede the dole payment is being rigorously observed.

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9th Bachelor Bishop

DR. BURROUGHS FOR RIPON.
The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Very Rev. Edward Arthur Burroughs, Dean of Bristol, to the Bishopric of Ripon, vacant by the translation of Dr. Banks Strong to Oxford. Dr. Burroughs, who will not be 43 until next week, will be one of the youngest bishops on the episcopal bench. Son of the Rev. W. E. Burroughs, prebendary of Exeter Cathedral, Dr. Burroughs won many coveted distinctions during a brilliant career at Oxford.

He was ordained in 1903 and was appointed Dean of Bristol in 1922. During the war he wrote a series of letters on "The Eternal Goal" which attracted much notice. He is the author of "The Fight for the Future," "A Faith for the Firing Line," "The Creed of a Churchman," and other publications.

Dr. Burroughs is a bachelor. His recreations are travelling, music, cycling and tennis.
The Archbishop of York, Dr. Lang, is unmarried, and other bachelor bishops are:
Truro—Rev. W. H. Freer.
Southwark—Rev. C. F. Garbett.
Oxford—Rev. T. B. Strong.
London—Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram.
Norwich—Rev. Bertram Pollock.
Ewensay & Brecon—Rev. E. L. Bevan.
Salisbury—Rev. St. Clair Donaldson.
Worcester—Rev. E. H. Pearce.

First Type of Man

HISTORIC SKULL AS EVIDENCE OF OUR CANINE ANCESTRY—SECRETS OF A CAVE.

How the famous Broken Hill skull was found and brought to London was revealed by Dr. Hrdlicka, in a lecture to the Royal Anthropological Institute, recently.

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ture to the Royal Anthropological Institute, recently.

Dr. Hrdlicka said that the discovery of the skull, Mr. Swigler, a Swiss, was working deep down a mine when his pick went through the wall of a cave, and there, as if on a shelf in front of him, was the skull.

The mine superintendent, recognizing the importance of the find, brought the skull undamaged to England in his suit case, and it was now in the British Museum.

It was not the skull of a negro or of a monster, but something which represented the most primitive type of man yet discovered.

They needed additional discoveries, especially of the lower jaw and teeth of this form of humanity, and as there was a similar keple to that of Broken Hill to be excavated more discoveries might be expected.

He thought the cave was one in which some kind of man-lived, and brought animals to cook and eat. There were plentiful traces of fire. The fact that human bones were found fractured suggested that cannibalism also existed there.

Referring to the "Taung skull," Dr. Hrdlicka said it was not the missing link between "man" and "the other primates," but one of "the unknown missing links" in man's history, although not in the direct line of man's evolution.

Crevices in the quarry where this skull was found were full of the bones of baboons whose brains had been perfectly preserved by the sand. He himself recovered five skulls while suspended by a rope.

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