



Good Luck in baking is usually due to good judgment in using

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

OR

"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XIX.

Dolly started up nervously. "I do not know," she said, in some distress. "I have not heard—indeed, I had forgotten. I will inquire at once."

"I am afraid she cannot have returned," he remarked doubtfully. "You would have seen her; she would have come."

Dolly did not heed; she hurried out of the drawing-room, and the young man followed her into the hall, where a stolid footman assured her that Mrs. Daunt had not come in.

"Are you sure, are you sure?" Dolly repeated anxiously, unable to conceal her distress, and turning away to hide her tears before the man could again repeat his former assertion, leaving Lloyd to pursue the inquiry with an equally unsatisfactory result.

Mrs. Daunt had not returned, and of the two grooms who had been sent to make inquiries and prepare her for the tidings of her husband's accident, one had returned unsuccessful, and had gone out again on the same errand.

"It is very strange," the young man said musingly, as he walked across the hall, and, pulling aside the heavy curtain, looked out into the autumn evening.

The gray dusk had gathered thickly, early as it yet was, and it was impossible to see far into the grounds; but there was no sound of approaching wheels; and he himself began to share Dolly's anxiety, which had now risen to a terrible pitch.

"She is killed, she is killed!" the girl moaned, as she came to his side, leaning heavily against the window-frame as she stood there; and Lloyd hastened to reassure her.

"You foolish child!" he said earnestly. "How can you imagine such absurd things? What is to hurt her? If she had met with any accident, we should have heard it by this time; and it is just as well that she is away now and will be spared the shock which

you have borne so bravely. It will be far less alarming to see Stephen comfortably settled, and probably asleep, than to see him come in as you did if you will give me some tea. I will go out and meet your sister, so that she may not be startled by any untrue account of the accident."

Although he had eaten nothing since breakfast, Lloyd Milner did not really want any tea; but he saw that the young girl was weak and faint from anxiety, and in need of some restorative; besides, to enjoy tea at this time, when it was usual to have it, seemed to him a far more matter-of-fact proceeding and one more likely to reassure her than if he had suggested wine or some other restorative.

Mr. Daunt was with his son, and Dr. Arnold was also with his patient; so Dolly and the young barrister had tea tete-a-tete in the pretty oak-paneled hall, where Dolly had ordered it to be served, with a childish feeling that they would hear and see Sidney return sooner than in the drawing-room. Lloyd drank his tea leisurely, notwithstanding his secret anxiety, and brought more than one smile to Dolly's sorrowful little lips by his quaint remarks; his quiet cheerfulness and apparent unconsciousness of her trouble did more to reassure her than any amount of consolation and comfort would have done; and he had the satisfaction of seeing her look far less anxious when he set down his tea-cup and prepared to start.

"I think I had better walk," he said quietly. "I don't suppose I shall have to go very far; and I am a good walker. Good-bye for the present, Miss Daunt."

"Miss Daunt!" the girl repeated, with a little reproachful glance. "It was Dolly a minute ago!"

"I beg your pardon," he said gravely, but with a little smile. "That was a great liberty, was it not?"

"A liberty!"

The reproachful look in her innocent blue eyes deepened. Lloyd Milner's heat beat faster under his splashed hunting coat; but with a strong effort he restrained the eager words which rose to his lips. What right had he, a struggling barrister, to speak of love to the only daughter of John Daunt?

"May I compromise the matter, and call you Miss Dolly?" he said lightly. "Thanks for the permission, and au revoir."

"You will be very tired," Dolly murmured, following him to the door.

"Not at all," he answered cheerfully, lifting his hunting-cap to her as he strode away quickly in the gray drizzling dusk of the October evening.

But, once out of sight of the lovely tender eyes which had such power to make his heart throb fast, Lloyd Milner felt a strong feeling of resentment against Sidney Daunt for thus adding to the trouble and anxiety they were

all enduring just then—an unjust resentment, and he felt it to be so; but he felt angered and vexed nevertheless. Moreover, the uncomfortable feeling of distrust of his friend's beautiful young wife was returning. It had been forgotten in the excitement of the hunting-field, and in the subsequent anxiety; but now it returned with redoubled force. Even before he had witnessed her agitation at breakfast when he had mentioned the sounds he had overheard, the rendezvous he had seen in the moonlit grounds, he had connected Sidney with his nocturnal experience. It was true he had tried to laugh away his notion, but it had haunted him. He had not seen the face of the woman in the grounds but something in the perfect grace of movement had reminded him of Sidney. And yet it was impossible that a young woman gently born and bred, and but three months wed, should have a meeting at midnight in the grounds of the beautiful house of which her husband had made her mistress. It was impossible, and yet—

As he passed out of the avenue into the high-road, the drizzling rain was falling thick and fast, and he stood still for a few moments, hesitating which way to take. The prospect of a tramp down the muddy road in the closely falling, wetting rain was not a very inviting one. As he stood, he heard a horse's footsteps coming toward him, and, as the rider drew nearer, he saw that it was one of the men sent to look for Sidney.

"Well!" he said impatiently, as the man pulled up.

"I have not seen my mistress, sir," was the reply. "I was told that she drove into Ashford this morning; but I have not been able to obtain any further information."

"It is very strange!" Lloyd said, thoughtfully.

"I was thinking that I would ride to Everleigh, sir. My mistress often calls on Mrs. Grant, and she may be there."

"Do so," answered Milner, and, as the man rode away and was lost to sight in the gray mist, Milner strode off down the high-road.

He had gone about a couple of hundred yards when he came to a part where the road branched off into two ways, one to the right, the other to the left. At one corner there was a finger-post; but there was not sufficient light to see the directions it gave, and, after two or three ineffectual efforts, Lloyd was obliged to give up the attempt. As he stood still, in his uncertainty as to his next movement, his ears were saluted by the sound of wheels coming swiftly toward him, and he went forward hurriedly to meet them.

As in the dim gray light the vehicle became visible, he saw the two diminutive animals so well matched, and knew that his search was over.

Sidney was not driving quickly—the ponies seemed fagged and tired—and in the gray light she did not see the young man as he advanced to meet her.

"Mrs. Daunt!"

Sidney pulled up suddenly, the ponies stood still, and their mistress leaped forward in the gray dusk.

(To be continued.)



The Only Child

How careful you are to see that he is warmly dressed, that he has regular meals.

Yet—and you cannot quite understand it—he is not as strong as he should be, and he often falls ill.

There is something missing. He needs "something extra." He needs Virol, which is easily digested and is rich in vitamins and precious food substances that promote growth and development.

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Royalty and Prophets

This is the time of the year when all the professional astrologers, and other wizards who express themselves in almanacs, provide their annual forecasts. The new times have produced a new crop of wizards, and some of these have not the discretion or good taste of Old Moore and the mysterious Zerkell. It is a question for consideration whether the authorities should not exercise censorship over this business of profitable forecasting. Among some of the disturbing guesses now being offered in the streets is a forecast of a serious illness of the Queen; while another obscure newcomer in the astrological market predicts an attempt on the life of the King in which His Majesty will be injured, but not fatally. Various unhappy happenings are foretold in connection with our royal family. All this unfeeling and dangerous guesswork is being disseminated widely, and it can only work harm. The majority of people take the "penny prophets" as a source of amusement, but there are many who have a touching faith in their "predictions."



Sea Sleuth Dead

THRILLING CAREER OF LLOYD'S "GRAND OLD MAN."

Hero of sensational sea exploits, whose history would fill volumes, Captain John Millbank, the "grand old man" of Lloyd's, died at the ripe age of 91. Born at sea, he spent his life in his service, sailing all over the world, and never having a mishap. For 35 years he performed the duties of a salvage officer. Once he was engaged to watch a Greek steamer supposed to have been loaded with mohair, oil, and opium, but actually filled with a worthless cargo. She was insured for £200,000, and there was a plot to run the ship ashore and claim the insurance. "Millbank of Lloyd's" shadowed the vessel around the Mediterranean, but her under arrest in Greece, got her brought back to London, and finally produced evidence which put the captain in prison. Another time he was sent to the Gulf of Mexico to catch a Mexican steamer suspected of the same game. He caught her at New Orleans, but the captain and the crew hatched a plot to escape to Mexico. Captain Millbank frustrated this by placing armed police aboard and fixing a tug each side of the ship ready for emergencies. Lloyd's also put him on the famous mystery of the *Alfonso XII*, a ship which foundered off Point Gando, in the Canaries, in 1885. The vessel was supposed to contain ten cases of gold, each worth £10,000. Nine of the cases were recovered, but the tenth was never traced, although Captain Millbank made exhaustive inquiries all over Europe to find it.



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Soft finished sateen, deep flounce with accordion pleated, ruffle, in large and small sizes.

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Poke shape Hat of Duvetyn, full gathered crown, embroidered shield front with fur trimming, elastic back with ribbon rosettes; colors: White, Rose, Red and Fawn.

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Infants' All Wool Booties.

With Pale Blue and Pink trimming.

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With large pom-pom, on top or side, in shades of Blue, White, Emerald, Brown and Fawn.

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