



## When I Studied Flour

LIKE many other women, some of the things I have used most I have known least about. Flour is one of them.

When I studied flour, I was surprised to learn that only about 72% of a grain of wheat is fit to go into flour; and only about 40% goes into Rainbow Flour, which is the very best flour made.

That is why it pays to remember the name of the most carefully made flour and insist on having it.

I heartily recommend Rainbow as being all that a good flour should be.

The great difficulty of the miller is to separate perfectly the waste particles from those that belong to good flour.

If he is too zealous he takes away much of the good gluten without which flour will not raise properly. If he is careless he is not particular about leaving in some part of the five skins, the germ and the "crease dirt," and the fibre. His make of flour would be impure, bad in color and poor in keeping qualities.

It is only the expert miller who can make perfect flour.

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Makers of Tilton's Oats—Rainbow Flour—Star Flour



## Beautiful Cynthia;

OR

## Victory After Many Defeats.

### CHAPTER XXVI. THE WILL.

"My lady! Oh, my lady! Her ladyship—"

Cynthia and Parsons rushed to Lady Westlake's room, and Cynthia, the moment her eyes fell upon the old woman's face, knew what it was that had struck terror to the maid's heart. Lady Westlake was lying motionless, with her eyes staring vacantly at the ceiling, her hands clutching the counterpane.

In an instant, as it seemed, the household was convulsed with excitement and horror. Kneeling beside the bed, with some of the servants crouching behind her, Cynthia was conscious of a tall, purple-clad figure at her elbow. It was that of Percy, with haggard and ashen face.

"Is—she—?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly.

"My Heaven!" he said. "It—it was the powder!"

The doctor arrived in the midst of the confusion, the room was cleared, and he made his examination.

Lady Westlake had been dead some hours; in his opinion, she had died from syncope of the heart, caused by— At this point he stopped abruptly and took possession of the powders. And when, later on, he was told of Percy's seizure, he knew that an analysis of the concoction would crystallize conjectures into a certainty.

The doctor was an elderly man with a good and fashionable practice, and like professional men of his class and standing, knew that the exalted family of which Lady Westlake was a member would be most anxious to avoid any such fuss or scandal as would be inevitable if the cause of the death were made the subject of a public inquiry.

He questioned Percy about the purchase of the powders, and appeared to be satisfied that the death was caused by an overdose of the narcotic. And he opened his eyes widely after peering shortsightedly at Sir Alford's formula.

"Much stronger than I should be inclined to prescribe," he said gravely. "But no doubt, Sir Alford knew

Lady Westlake's constitution," he added, with professional caution and courtesy. "Her ladyship was in a precarious state of health; syncope might have occurred at any moment, and without the impulse given to it by the powder. For myself, I deprecate the use of narcotics, especially those of this character; but— He shrugged his shoulders.

"There will have to be an inquest," said Percy.

They were seated in his room, and his face was half hidden by his hand, which shook like a leaf.

"No, I think not," replied the doctor. "Fortunately I had the honor of being consulted by her ladyship a few days since—"

"I did not know that," said Percy, quickly.

"Her ladyship did not wish it to be known. She came to my house in reference to seeing me here. No doubt, with the consideration always displayed by persons of her ladyship's position, she desired to avoid alarming those near and dear to her. No need be no inquest. I am quite satisfied as to the cause of death, and can therefore give a certificate. And now, Mr. Standish, I must not forget that you require my attention. You are still feeling the effects of the poison—of the powder, I should say. I will send you a draft—yes, yes! Terribly sad, terribly! Pray let this be a warning to you to avoid these drugs which, though apparently harmless, are, on the contrary, in cases, most—er—dangerous."

A week later, Cynthia, in her deep mourning, sat in the library at the

house in Belgrave Square; for Lady Westlake's body had been brought home, and was lying, and the world, seemingly none the poorer for its loss of "this, our sister," was gliding on in its accustomed way.

To Cynthia, as she gazed out of the window on the familiar square, the passers-by on its aristocratic pavement, it was hard to believe that the self-willed, cynical old woman who had played so dominant a part in Cynthia's life had disappeared from the little circle of human beings for whom she had been at once a source of amusement and a scourge.

To many of her acquaintances—for the Griffin had no friends—her death

came as a positive relief; but Cynthia had no room for anything but tender feelings toward the woman who had, according to the lights afforded by her social code, done her best for the girl she had adopted. Cynthia forgot all she had suffered at Aunt Gwen's hands, and remembered only the occasional, spasmodic kindness.

Even if Cynthia had known of Lady Westlake's conspiracy with Lady Alicia, which had separated Cynthia from Darrel, she would have found it possible to pardon her; for death wipes out all offences.

Her thoughts were turning to Darrel, as the dove turns through storms and stress of wind and weather to its rest, when Suppley opened the door, and in the sepulchral tone which he had assumed since his mistress's death announced Mr. Percy Standish.

As he came across the room to her Cynthia felt a thrill of vague apprehension, for his face was so haggard and drawn, so absolutely colorless that he had the appearance of a man on the verge of a serious illness. And the apprehension was intensified by the touch of his icy-cold hand.

"You have got back, Percy?" she said, for he had gone away from town directly after the funeral, for an obviously imperative need of change and rest. "Are you better—stronger?"

"Yes," he said, and his tone was as colorless as his face. "Oh, yes; I am much better. And you, I trust, dear Cynthia, are stronger? I am early I know; but I thought you would like me to come before the others. There might be something you would like to say to me. Of course, we all know that you will be—that poor Aunt Gwen must have made you her heir—"

Cynthia shook her head. "Why should you think so?" she said, in a low voice.

He smiled sadly. "There can be little doubt that it is so," he said, in a matter-of-fact voice. "With all her faults, Aunt Gwen had a strong sense of justice, and everybody knew that she had regarded you as her adopted daughter. But what I wanted to say was really to advise you to seek a change—a complete change—as soon as possible. You must not, you really must not, remain in this gloomy house any longer. You must go away to the seaside, or abroad. If I can help you with the estate, the house, and the rest of it, you know I shall be only too glad to do so."

Cynthia thanked him. "But," she reminded him, with a mirthless smile, "there is an old and useful adage about counting one's chickens, Percy."

"Well, we shall soon know," he said, looking at his watch.

He stood beside her, his eyes fixed vacantly on the street, and again Cynthia noticed the change in him. It was not only that he was paler and thinner and looked terribly worn, but the old, only half-concealed air of self-satisfaction and sufficiency had gone, and in its place was an expression of brooding unrest. The look a man wears when he has lost self-reliance and is suddenly doubtful of his own powers.

But Cynthia attributed the change in him to the suddenness of Lady Westlake's death, and the worry consequent upon the tragic circumstances surrounding it. Though no inquest had taken place, the story of the powders had leaked out, and a certain amount of curiosity, had been displayed by society, but the interest stopped at curiosity, and no suspicions had been expressed. Death by an overdose of one of the too popular and easily procured drugs is too common nowadays to occasion much comment.

Presently they both heard steps and subdued voices in the hall, and at short intervals Suppley announced the

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persons whom Cynthia expected. Mr. Lorton, the Westlakes' lawyer, was the first to arrive.

He was an old man, but of the new type of family solicitor—bland, but keen, and with the exceedingly polished manner which is necessary of a solicitor whose clients belong to the aristocracy. After greeting the two young people, he went to the table and arranged his papers.

Lord Spencer Standish was the next to arrive; he looked rather more rakish than usual in his mourning suit, and he brought with him an odor of the strong cigar he had flung away as he entered, and the stiff whiskey and soda he had taken at the club to brace him for the occasion.

A distant relation of Lady Westlake's, a cousin who had long looked forward to this moment, with the hope that some crumb from the table of her august relative might fall to her share, entered, in company with a still more distant cousin—a remote Standish—inspired by the same hope. Cynthia whispered to Suppley to call the servants, and they filed into the room timidly and with respectfully lowered eyes.

Mr. Lorton glanced round and opened the will. Cynthia's eyes were still fixed on the square; Percy had drawn almost behind the curtain, his eyes directed to his boots, his arms folded. He had the air of a man who had no special, personal interest in the proceedings.

Mr. Lorton began in the dry, monotonous tone which is always adopted by a lawyer reading a will, and the servants flushed and stirred with an irrepressible satisfaction as he came to their names and slowly enumerated the sums left them by their dead mistress; there followed bequests to one or two of the well-known charities. Then, after a pause, the monotonous voice read on calmly, and Cynthia heard her own name and the sum of one thousand pounds. A moment afterwards the stir that the other auditors had made was increased. For they understood that Lady Westlake had left the bulk of her enormous fortune to her nephew, Percy Standish.

The faint movement, murmur of surprise, were followed by an intense silence; every eye wandered from Cynthia to Percy, and back again. Suppley was the first to recover, and, with a stunned and shocked expression, he rose and marshaled the other servants out of the room.

The maiden cousin was the first to speak. "I—I'm afraid I don't understand," she stammered, quivering with disappointment and indignation. "Isn't my name mentioned at all?"

"No, madam," replied Mr. Lorton, gravely.

"Nor mine?" said the male Standish cousin.

"No, sir," he replied, in the same tone.

They rose up in their wrath, and in silence departed, shaking from their feet the dust of the unhallooed Westlake mansion.

Mr. Lorton got up, and, approaching Percy, held out his hand with the conventional smile.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Standish," he said; and, in the same breath, he added to Cynthia: "At the same time I may be allowed to express my surprise, and to sympathize with you, Miss Drayle."

"But—but—I don't understand," said Percy hoarsely. "Do you mean—is it possible that my aunt—"

"Has made you her ladyship's residuary legatee? Certainly it is," replied Mr. Lorton.

(To be continued.)

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