

Woman Against Woman

or A Terrible Accusation.

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

He closed the door, and she found herself alone. She looked it behind him with the first semblance of life she had shown, then hurried across the room and huddled down beside the fire. It seemed to her that she was freezing. Every drop of blood in her body seemed to have been chilled to death by sheer despair.

She sat there watching beside the fire until it went out. The gray light of dawn was creeping through the window, and yet no one had come for her.

Was he still unconscious, that man who had sacrificed more than life itself for her? Or had he forgotten her in this awful affliction which she had brought upon him?

She wondered if she cared—wondered if it could make any difference in her bleak life—wondered if it would make any difference to her whatever if she heard that he was dead?

And then she dropped her cold, gray face upon her knees and groaned.

Then slowly the whole scene passed before her mental vision again. She heard the full, rich tones of his deep, manly voice as he exclaimed so bravely:

"Don't be afraid, sweetheart, I will save you!"

And he had saved her; but, oh, at what a cost to himself!

She remembered how gently and tenderly he had folded the coat about her, even in that moment of frightful daring, of how he had said:

"Hold your breath, dear. It will be barely a minute until you are safe!"

And then suddenly another memory came back to her—the shock of an explosion.

She started up at the remembrance, and threw back her head.

What was it? What terrible combustible had been there upon the stairs? And who had placed it there?

Muriel?

The name suggested itself to her with wild horror.

Did she wish to kill her own brother? And if so, what for?

And then Ailsa realized that she was committing a horrible sin in allowing herself to accuse one of a crime like that when there was no evidence whatever to base so heinous a charge upon.

She sat there panting with horror and fear, wondering how it would be possible to discover the criminal, if there had been a crime in the case, when the knock for which she had listened hour after hour sounded faintly upon the door.

She arose and staggered to it, a faint glow coming to her white cheeks.

She flung it open, and was grateful to find Dr. Paxton instead of Dunraven.

"Do you think you can endure the excitement of seeing him?" he questioned, kindly.

"He has recovered?" she panted, hoarsely.

"Consciousness—yes."

"But—the other. Tell me the truth!"

"You must be prepared for the worst," he answered, gently. "I can not understand it at all. He must have received a full charge of powder straight in the eyes. Why he did not fall there and be consumed by the burning building, no one can understand."

"What was it?" she gasped. "I heard the explosion. It was on the landing just at the turn of the stairs. Who could have placed it there? and why?"

But Doctor Paxton shook his head. "I can not answer," he said, gently. "But he is asking for you. If you can bear the strain, come!"

She followed him without a word into the room where the gas was turned low and shaded.

She saw the form upon the bed, and, looking neither to the right nor left, she went swiftly forward and fell upon her knees.

"Lloyd!" she murmured.

The tone was low and faltering, filled with names terror and fear, but he heard, and a wan little smile passed over his pinched, drawn features.

He put out his hand gropingly, with that pitiful helplessness so much intensified in the newly blind, and rested it upon her bowed head.

"My darling," he murmured, his voice tender and soothing in spite of his awful suffering, "do you think that I mind when I have saved your life? We must accept the good God has sent us without questioning the lesser evils. You are safe, dear Ailsa. Is it not enough?"

"No!" she cried, passionately. "Why did you not let me die? What was my life compared with this—the loss of your sight? Can't you understand how much easier it would have been to bear?"

An expression of pain crossed his face, pain that was not physical.

"Hush, dear!" he whispered. "It may not be for—always, you know. Medical skill has reached that point when everything is possible. Oh, Ailsa—"

For the first time an awful fear had arisen in his heart. He had meant to add, "Will you love me less because this affliction has befallen me?" but not for worlds would he have pained her by the doubt the words would have expressed. He loved her with the self-sacrificing devotion that gives all and demands nothing in return.

The doctor's hand had touched her shoulder, a warning look had been shot at her from the clear, unflinching eyes, and lifting herself upon her knees, she pressed her chill cheek against his burning one.

"It is only for your sake that I

regret," she answered, chokingly.

"Oh, Lloyd, do you love me so well that you can bear this for my sake without a murmur of regret?"

He smiled again, a smile that would have touched the heart of stone.

"Yes, dear," he answered, tenderly. "If I could only look into your truthful eyes for one moment and be quite sure that it can make no difference in your love."

It had escaped him, however, that she leaned closer to him, even touched the bandage with her lips.

"My life is bound the closer," she answered, chokingly. "Some day you will look into my eyes and see—"

Was her answer kindness, or the greatest cruelty she could have shown? Would it have been better to have let him die, as he would have done, if the reply had been different?

Would murder have been less bitter?

CHAPTER XXI.

The shock of the fire seemed to have fully aroused Ethel, and had done her more physical good than all the doctor's stuffs that were ever invented.

She was nervous of course, and agitated about the terrible condition in which her brother found himself, but her mentality was fully alive, and the almost dense stupor that had fallen over her since she had ceased taking the awful drug was fully shaken off.

She walked up and down the room which had been assigned her, bitterly conscious of the ghastly pain and suffering which she had caused them all by ringing the bell frequently to inquire for her brother; but never once had Dunraven gone to her to quiet the fierce agony upon her.

It never occurred to her to censure him.

He was there with Lloyd as he should be. He had saved her life. She knew that from Doctor Paxton, and she worshipped him all the more for his noble self-sacrifice, if that were possible. She had heard that he had gone at the risk of his own life, and once more, even amid all the self-censure, the agony of self-abasement, the mental torture regarding the lost love, all of God's creatures, and strengthened with the thought of her husband's love.

"What am I that I should deserve it?" she asked herself aloud. "I am the most lost of all God's creatures, to earthly honor; but He has taken this means to prove to me that He has not deserted me. He will help me yet, and I shall be saved to happiness at last. I will not lose hope. God has not deserted me."

There was something almost exultant in the tone. Her beautiful blue eyes were uplifted, her tiny hands clasped in thanksgiving, but she was not a sweet sound that answered her. It was only a slow, strident laughter, a mocking discord that sent a shiver over her, and she turned swiftly to see that Muriel had entered the room.

She fell back as if it had been a demon who confronted her, her hands falling heavily against her breast.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, hoarsely. "Can I have no privacy against you? Am I always to be accused by your presence?"

Muriel threw herself leisurely into a chair, crossed her long, lithe limbs, and leaned back, her fingers interlaced behind her head.

"What a fool you are, Ethel," she said, calmly, her eyes fixed upon her sister with an uncanny stare. "I sometimes wonder how it is possible that you can be related to me. We are no more alike than—"

"It is one more thing for which I am grateful to God!" cried Ethel, passionately. "Will you leave my room, or shall I? I loathe and despise you for the crawling serpent that you are. I will not have your hateful eyes upon me. Again I ask, will you go, or shall I?"

The devil had taken her hands from behind her head, and leaning her elbows upon her knees, sunk her chin into her palms. Her burning eyes were fixed upon Ethel's. She saw that the girl was trembling, saw that she had shrunk back in absolute horror, and smiled with demoniacal mirth.

"Sit down!" she commanded again. "Fling out her hands with a gesture of weary deprecation, Ethel obeyed."

Once more Muriel threw herself back in her former position, her hands clasped behind her head, then looked straight at her sister for some moments before beginning.

"As I said before," she said, slowly, "I want to tell you something—you—Ethel Dunraven—was the other part of myself. Listen to me. Do you know that you are warning a serpent in your bosom? Do you know that you have given your affection and

your confidence to a woman who is using it to ruin you, to rob you of that which you value most in life, your husband's love?"

Ethel grew a shade whiter. She leaned forward, forgetting the glare of those protruding eyes.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, hoarsely.

"I mean that Dunraven no longer cares anything more for you than he does for me. Not so much, in fact; for you are in his way, while I am not. You are standing between him and happiness, while I am not. All his heart is given to that woman whom you call your friend. I have known it from the first, but I had no proofs with which to convince you. Now—"

"Stop!" cried Ethel, rising suddenly, and throwing out her hand with a commanding gesture. "I do not believe you! I will not believe you! You have ruined my life, and now you are trying to take from me the crumbs of comfort of which you have been unable to rob me. Go away! You have controlled me by the influence of your hateful will for the last time. I will cry out to all the world against you! You shall not make me believe who will have the power to help me. I defy you, and I will not listen."

But Muriel had risen.

Putting out her long arm, she extended her hand, and before Ethel was aware of her intentions, she had touched her upon the face. A long, quivering sigh passed through the girl's form, and she sank back into her chair helpless.

Muriel turned away with a slight exclamation of disgust.

"Pouf! What are you beyond a bit of wax in my hands to mold as I will? What power have you against me? Will you listen to what I have to say quietly, or will you make me compel you?"

Ethel did not reply, and after a momentary silence, Muriel continued:

"What I have told to you is the simple truth. Before that girl came into your home she had won your husband's heart. He did not bring her there to be your companion, but his own."

Stung to fury, Ethel cried out passionately:

"It is false—false as the very atmosphere from hell that surrounds you! Was it not my life he saved last night, instead of hers? Was it not I whom he thought—I for whom he risked his own life? She was there, perishing, yet it was to her he came, and she was his companion, but his own!"

A slow, scornful laugh answered her for a moment; then slipping her hand into the pocket of her gown, Muriel drew forth a letter.

"Listen!" she exclaimed, sneering: "then when I have finished reading I will show you the handwriting in recognizing it as that of your husband, the noblest man under all God's Heaven."

Once more the mocking laughter rang out, but Muriel hushed it, and read aloud, coldly, cruelly:

"My Ailsa—I have promised you to go to-morrow; but I can not without making one more plea for that which is more to me than life to me—happiness. Did I not know that you love me—I was not sure that, above and beyond all else in this world, comes your scorching, bewildering devotion to me—I would make the sacrifice, and I would do it. But I can not forget—I cannot forget those few days of ecstatic happiness we passed together. I curse myself now that I ever told you anything. I curse myself that I did not deceive you and take you to the other end of the world, where you need never have known of the hateful barrier that stands, worse than death itself, between us."

"First, then, in the name of my love, I beseech you not to condemn me to life-long anguish because of that fatal mistake. What is there, after all, in the sacrifice which you demand of me and of myself? You have confessed that you love me. I swear to you that I love you better than life, better than honor, better than the promise of the future life, and I can never live with you unless you refuse to go with me to-morrow, will mean death of life and soul to me, and my murder will be ever upon your conscience. Call me cowardly, if you will; I am not ashamed to confess it. I have lost everything but this mad, consuming passion, and I—"

The letter fluttered downward; the cruel words were concluded.

Once more Muriel looked into her sister's face. She saw clearly enough the cold, iron-like rigidity of the features, saw the blue nails of the clenched fingers, saw the straight line of the icy lips across the purple mouth; but her voice did not soften, as she continued:

"The fire cut the letter short. I never reached its destination; but I had seen him write it; I had read the words as they were penned, and it occurred to me that they might make interesting reading for you. Would you like to possess the letter? It is yours. You might like it as a souvenir of the noblest man under all God's Heaven, and the woman who is your only friend!"

Once more the laugh rang out; the letter fluttered to Ethel's feet, and having finished her infernal mission, Muriel left the room.

(To be continued.)

Three Gifts.

I brought my love a golden crown,

With jewels radiant and complete,

And, meekly kneeling, laid it down

At her dear feet.

I brought my love a laurel wreath,

Among the wisest and the noblest;

The rarest honor found beneath

The gracious sun.

I brought my love an orange wreath,

To tell what most my heart desired,

And heard the sweetest word lips breathe

By love inspired.

Choice Fruit Deserves

Redpath

EXTRA GRANULATED Sugar

to preserve its luscious flavor for the winter days to come.

For over half a century **Redpath** has been the favorite sugar in Canada for preserving and jelly-making—and with good reason. Because it is absolutely pure and always the same, you can use it according to your recipes, year after year, with full confidence in the results.

Fruit put up right, with **Redpath** Extra Granulated Sugar, will keep as long as you wish, and when opened a month or a year hence will delight you with its freshness and flavor. "Let **Redpath** sweeten it."

Get your supply of sugar in Original **REDPATH** Packages, and thus be sure of the genuine—Canada's favorite sugar, at its best.

Put up in 2 and 5 lb. Sealed Cartons and in 10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

140 CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Of Interest to Farmers

The Care of Milk.

The first essential in the manufacturing of any dairy product is good clean milk. Many a good dish of dairy butter, cheese, or any other milk product has been spoiled by the milk from which it was made being tainted or having some foreign substance enter into it, and many persons have turned in disgust from using dairy products owing to the fact that at some time or another, they have been given some product manufactured out of tainted milk. To get clean, pure milk, there are certain rules that must be followed, and it must be borne in mind that there is only one reason for dirty milk, and that is carelessness.

First, then, in the name of my love, I beseech you not to condemn me to life-long anguish because of that fatal mistake. What is there, after all, in the sacrifice which you demand of me and of myself? You have confessed that you love me. I swear to you that I love you better than life, better than honor, better than the promise of the future life, and I can never live with you unless you refuse to go with me to-morrow, will mean death of life and soul to me, and my murder will be ever upon your conscience. Call me cowardly, if you will; I am not ashamed to confess it. I have lost everything but this mad, consuming passion, and I—"

The letter fluttered downward; the cruel words were concluded.

Once more Muriel looked into her sister's face. She saw clearly enough the cold, iron-like rigidity of the features, saw the blue nails of the clenched fingers, saw the straight line of the icy lips across the purple mouth; but her voice did not soften, as she continued:

"The fire cut the letter short. I never reached its destination; but I had seen him write it; I had read the words as they were penned, and it occurred to me that they might make interesting reading for you. Would you like to possess the letter? It is yours. You might like it as a souvenir of the noblest man under all God's Heaven, and the woman who is your only friend!"

Once more the laugh rang out; the letter fluttered to Ethel's feet, and having finished her infernal mission, Muriel left the room.

(To be continued.)

Three Gifts.

I brought my love a golden crown,

With jewels radiant and complete,

And, meekly kneeling, laid it down

At her dear feet.

I brought my love a laurel wreath,

Among the wisest and the noblest;

The rarest honor found beneath

The gracious sun.

I brought my love an orange wreath,

To tell what most my heart desired,

And heard the sweetest word lips breathe

By love inspired.

At the Athens, Ohio, State Hospital Farm four of the patients went into a silo to tramp the ensilage, and were overcome. The fifth one noticed what happened, and help was called. It was ten minutes before they were

might have brought in the first crop a decrease instead of the 25 per cent. increase.

At Langdon Substation it was found that wheat following corn matured 10 loads to the acre was increased seven bushels more than wheat on similar corn ground but not matured. And the next year barley grown on the same land was increased 7½ bushels, and the good effects of the manure will extend to one or two more crops.

The drier the climate the slower the manure decays, and so the good effects from it become available more slowly. When plowed under for corn the silo is well packed into the manure, which hastens its becoming available.

Pasture land that is to be plowed up soon is a good place to spread the manure. It stimulates the grass and the manure decays some so it is in good condition for being worked into the soil and for improving it when plowed under. The pasture also has the advantage that the manure can be spread on it at any time. Meadow that is to be plowed up is also a splendid place for applying the manure.

It has been found that better returns are secured from the manure when light applications are made. Six to eight loads per acre is a good amount to apply.

The application of manure is the cheapest means of returning organic or vegetable matter to the soil and the maintenance of a good supply of decaying organic matter is the first and most important step in the maintenance of the productive capacity of the soil. It gives the soil better tilth, increases the availability of the mineral elements of the plant food and improves the water-holding capacity of the soil, in addition to being a source of nitrogen as a plant food.—North Dakota Experiment Station.

Gas in Silo.

Gas may form in a silo at the time of filling, and for a week or so afterwards. This gas is heavier than air, and so will settle in the silo. As soon as filling the silo is started the falling silage will stir up enough air currents to drive out the gas. A good way to determine if there is gas in a silo is to lower a lighted lantern. If it goes out it will not be safe to go into the silo.

At the Athens, Ohio, State Hospital Farm four of the patients went into a silo to tramp the ensilage, and were overcome. The fifth one noticed what happened, and help was called. It was ten minutes before they were

might have brought in the first crop a decrease instead of the 25 per cent. increase.

At Langdon Substation it was found that wheat following corn matured 10 loads to the acre was increased seven bushels more than wheat on similar corn ground but not matured. And the next year barley grown on the same land was increased 7½ bushels, and the good effects of the manure will extend to one or two more crops.

The drier the climate the slower the manure decays, and so the good effects from it become available more slowly. When plowed under for corn the silo is well packed into the manure, which hastens its becoming available.

Pasture land that is to be plowed up soon is a good place to spread the manure. It stimulates the grass and the manure decays some so it is in good condition for being worked into the soil and for improving it when plowed under. The pasture also has the advantage that the manure can be spread on it at any time. Meadow that is to be plowed up is also a splendid place for applying the manure.

It has been found that better returns are secured from the manure when light applications are made. Six to eight loads per acre is a good amount to apply.

The application of manure is the cheapest means of returning organic or vegetable matter to the soil and the maintenance of a good supply of decaying organic matter is the first and most important step in the maintenance of the productive capacity of the soil. It gives the soil better tilth, increases the availability of the mineral elements of the plant food and improves the water-holding capacity of the soil, in addition to being a source of nitrogen as a plant food.—North Dakota Experiment Station.

Gas in Silo.

Gas may form in a silo at the time of filling, and for a week or so afterwards. This gas is heavier than air, and so will settle in the silo. As soon as filling the silo is started the falling silage will stir up enough air currents to drive out the gas. A good way to determine if there is gas in a silo is to lower a lighted lantern. If it goes out it will not be safe to go into the silo.

At the Athens, Ohio, State Hospital Farm four of the patients went into a silo to tramp the ensilage, and were overcome. The fifth one noticed what happened, and help was called. It was ten minutes before they were

might have brought in the first crop a decrease instead of the 25 per cent. increase.

At Langdon Substation it was found that wheat following corn matured 10 loads to the acre was increased seven bushels more than wheat on similar corn ground but not matured. And the next year barley grown on the same land was increased 7½ bushels, and the good effects of the manure will extend to one or two more crops.

The drier the climate the slower the manure decays, and so the good effects from it become available more slowly. When plowed under for corn the silo is well packed into the manure, which hastens its becoming available.

Pasture land that is to be plowed up soon is a good place to spread the manure. It stimulates the grass and the manure decays some so it is in good condition for being worked into the soil and for improving it when plowed under. The pasture also has the advantage that the manure can be spread on it at any time. Meadow that is to be plowed up is also a splendid place for applying the manure.

It has been found that better returns are secured from the manure when light applications are made. Six to eight loads per acre is a good amount to apply.

The application of manure is the cheapest means of returning organic or vegetable matter to the soil and the maintenance of a good supply of decaying organic matter is the first and most important step in the maintenance of the productive capacity of the soil. It gives the soil better tilth, increases the availability of the mineral elements of the plant food and improves the water-holding capacity of the soil, in addition to being a source of nitrogen as a plant food.—North Dakota Experiment Station.

Gas in Silo.

Gas may form in a silo at the time of filling, and for a week or so afterwards. This gas is heavier than air, and so will settle in the silo. As soon as filling the silo is started the falling silage will stir up enough air currents to drive out the gas. A good way to determine if there is gas in a silo is to lower a lighted lantern. If it goes out it will not be safe to go into the silo.

At the Athens, Ohio, State Hospital Farm four of the patients went into a silo to tramp the ensilage, and were overcome. The fifth one noticed what happened, and help was called. It was ten minutes before they were

might have brought in the first crop a decrease instead of the 25 per cent. increase.

At Langdon Substation it was found that wheat following corn matured 10 loads to the acre was increased seven bushels more than wheat on similar corn ground but not matured. And the next year barley grown on the same land was increased 7½ bushels, and the good effects of the manure will extend to one or two more crops.

The drier the climate the slower the manure decays, and so the good effects from it become available more slowly. When plowed under for corn the silo is well packed into the manure, which hastens its becoming available.

Pasture land that is to be plowed up soon is a good place to spread the manure. It stimulates the grass and the manure decays some so it is in good condition for being worked into the soil and for improving it when plowed under. The pasture also has the advantage that the manure can be spread on it at any time. Meadow that is to be plowed up is also a splendid place for applying the manure.

It has been found that better returns are secured from the manure when light applications are made. Six to eight loads per acre is a good amount to apply.

The application of manure is the cheapest means of returning organic or vegetable matter to the soil and the maintenance of a good supply of decaying organic matter is the first and most important step in the maintenance of the productive capacity of the soil. It gives the soil better tilth, increases the availability of the mineral elements of the plant food and improves the water-holding capacity of the soil, in addition to being a source of nitrogen as a plant food.—North Dakota Experiment Station.

Gas in Silo.

Gas may form in a silo at the time of filling, and for a week or so afterwards. This gas is heavier than air, and so will settle in the silo. As soon as filling the silo is started the falling silage will stir up enough air currents to drive out the gas. A good way to determine if there is gas in a silo is to lower a lighted lantern. If it goes out it will not be safe to go into the silo.

At the Athens, Ohio, State Hospital Farm four of the patients went into a silo to tramp the ensilage, and were overcome. The fifth one noticed what happened, and help was called. It was ten minutes before they were

might have brought in the first crop a decrease instead of the 25 per cent. increase.

At Langdon Substation it was found that wheat following corn matured 10 loads to the acre was increased seven bushels more than wheat on similar corn ground but not matured. And the next year barley grown on the same land was increased 7½ bushels, and the good effects of the manure will extend to one or two more crops.

The drier the climate the slower the manure decays, and so the good effects from it become available more slowly. When plowed under for corn the silo is well packed into the manure, which hastens its becoming available.

Pasture land that is to be plowed up soon is a good place to spread the manure. It stimulates the grass and the manure decays some so it is in good condition for being worked into the soil and for improving it when plowed under. The pasture also has the advantage that the manure can be spread on it at any time. Meadow that is to be plowed up is also a splendid place for applying the manure.

It has been found that better returns are secured from the manure when light applications are made. Six to eight loads per acre is a good amount to apply.

The application of manure is the cheapest means of returning organic or vegetable matter to the soil and the maintenance of a good supply of decaying organic matter is the first and most important step in the maintenance of the productive capacity of the soil. It gives the soil better tilth, increases the availability of the mineral elements of the plant food and improves the water-holding capacity of the soil, in addition to being a source of nitrogen as a plant food.—North Dakota Experiment Station.

Gas in Silo.

Gas may form in a silo at the time of filling, and for a week or so afterwards. This gas is heavier than air, and so will settle in the silo. As soon as filling the silo is started the falling silage will stir up enough air currents to drive out the gas. A good way to determine if there is gas in a silo is to lower a lighted lantern. If it goes out it will not be safe to go into the silo.

At the Athens, Ohio, State Hospital Farm four of the patients went into a silo to tramp the ensilage, and were overcome. The fifth one noticed what happened, and help was called. It was ten minutes before they were

might have brought in the first crop a decrease instead of the 25 per cent. increase.

At Langdon Substation it was found that wheat following corn matured 10 loads to the acre was increased seven bushels more than wheat on similar corn ground but not matured. And the next year barley grown on the same land was increased 7½ bushels,