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An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF
"The Lone Wolf"
"Joan Thursday"
"The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(Continued from Tuesday's Daily)

"I will not be searched," she said with determination. "With Mrs. Gosnold present—yes, anything. Find her, and I'll submit to any indignity you can think of. But if Mrs. Standish and Miss Pride think I will permit them to search me in her absence—"

She laughed shortly. "They'd better not try it—that's all!" and on this vague threat turned away and threw herself back into the chair.

"I'm sure," Miss Pride agreed, "I'd much rather not, for my part. And dear Abrigail is so peculiar. Perhaps it would be best to wait till she gets back."

"Or hunt her up," Lyttleton amended.

"I guess you're right," Mason agreed, a trace dubiously.

"But what will you do with the girl in the meantime? Take her to jail?"

"No; I guess not yet—not until we see what Mrs. Gosnold thinks, anyway. She ought to be safe enough here. That door locks; we'll take the key. She can't get out of the window without risking her neck—and if she did make a get-away uninjured, she can't leave the island before morning. Let's move along, as you say, and see if we can't find Mrs. Gosnold."

Skirts rustled behind Sally's sullen back and feet shuffled. Then the door closed softly and she heard the key rattle in the lock.

She sat moveless, stunned, aghast.

Strangely, she did not weep; her spirit was bruised beyond the consolation of tears.

The wall upon which her vacant vision focused was not more blank and white than her despair was blank and black. She was utterly bereft of hope; no ray penetrated that black darkness circumscribing her understanding.

Now the last frail prop had been knocked from under her precarious foothold in the faith and favor of Mrs. Gosnold.

As to the identity of the enemy who had done this thing Sally entertained not a shadow of doubt, though lacking this proof she could not have believed she owned one so vindicitive, ruthless, and fiendishly ingenious.

But after what had happened it seemed most indisputable that Lyttleton, not content with avenging his overnight discomfiture by his unscrupulous lie, had deliberately plotted and planted this additional false evidence against the girl to the end that she might beat out her life against the stone walls of a penitentiary.

For who would not believe his word against hers? Lyttleton had stolen the jewels; what else had he carried so stealthily down to the beach? What else had those signals meant but that they had been left there in a prearranged spot? For what else had the boat put in from the yacht to the beach? As for the window of the signals, it might well have been Lyttleton's, which adjoined the row of three which Sally had settled upon; and she had delayed so long after seeing him disappear on the beach that he must have had ample time to return to his room, flash the signals, and come out again to trap the one he knew had been watching him.

And if he hadn't stolen the jewels, what else was that "private matter" he had been so anxious to keep quiet that he was willing to purchase Sally's silence even at the cost of making love to her? And if not he, who had been the thief whose identity Mrs. Gosnold was so anxious to conceal that she had invented her silly scheme for extracting an anonymous confession?—her statement to the contrary notwithstanding that Lyttleton had not stolen the jewels and that she knew positively who had! The man was a favorite of Mrs. Gosnold's; she had proved it too often by open indulgence of his nonsense. He amused her. And it seemed that in this milieu the virtue of being amusing out-weighed all vices.

Why else had Mrs. Gosnold refused to listen to the story Sally was so anxious to tell her about her precious Don Lyttleton? She must have known, then, that Sally was under suspicion. Miss Pride had known it, or she would not have found the courage to accuse the girl under the guise of fortune-telling, and what Mercedes knew her dear Abigail unfailingly was made a party to. And knowing all this, still she had sought to protect the man at the girl's expense.

And all the while pretending to like the latter!

Now, doubtless, the truth of the matter would never come out.

In panic terror Sally envisaged the barred window of the spinster's prophecy. To this, then, had discontent with her lowly lot in life brought her, to the threshold of a felon's cell.

Surely she was well paid out for her foolishness.

After some time she found that she had left her chair and was ranging wildly to and fro between the door and window. She halted, and the mirror of her dressing-table mocked her with the counterfeit presentment of herself, pallid and distraught in the petty prettiness of her borrowed finery.

In a sudden seizure of passion she fairly tore the frock from her body, wrecking it beyond repair.

Then, calmed somewhat by reaction from this transport, she reflected that presently they would be coming to drag her off to jail, and she must be dressed and ready.

Turning to her wardrobe, she selected its soberest garments—the blue serge tailored suit advised by Mrs. Standish—and donned them.

This done, she packed a hand-bag with a few necessities, sat down, and waited.

The minutes of that vigil dragged like hours. She began to realize that it was growing very late. The guests of the fete had all departed. The music had long since been silenced. Looking from her window, she saw the terrace and gardens cold and empty in the moonlight.

And at this sight temptation to folly assailed her and the counsel of despair prevailed.

There was none to prevent the attempt—and the drop from the window-sill to the turf was not more than twelve feet. She risked, it was true, a sprained ankle, but she ran a chance of escapting. And even if she had to limp down to the beach, there were boats to be found there rowboats drawn up on the sand—and there was the bare possibility that she might be able to row across the strait to the mainland before her flight was discovered.

And even if overtaken, she could be no worse off than she was. Every one believed her guilty; there was no way for her to prove her innocence.

She might better chance the adventure.

On frantic impulse, without giving herself time to weigh the dangers, Sally switched off the light, sat down on the window-sill, swung her legs over, and let herself down until she hung by the grip of both hands upon the sill.

And then she repented. She was of a sudden terribly afraid. Remembering too late the high heels of her slippers, she discounted the certainty of a turned ankle—which would hurt frightfully even if it failed to incapacitate her totally. For the life of her she could not release her grasp, though already the drag of her weight was beginning to cause a most perceptible ache in the muscles of her arms.

She panted with fright—and caught her breath on a sob to hear herself called softly from below.

"Miss Manwaring! For the love of Mike—"

Trego!

She looked down and confirmed recognition of his voice with the sight of his upturned face of amazement. He stood almost immediately beneath her. Heaven—or the hell that brewed her misadventures—alone knew where he had come from so inopportunely. Still, there he was.

"What are you doing? What's the matter?" he called again—and again softly, so that his voice did not carry far.

She wouldn't answer. For one thing, she couldn't think what to say. The explanation was at once obvious and unspeakably foolish of her.

Her hands were slipping. She gritted her teeth and kicked convulsively, but decorously, seeking a foothold on the smooth face of the wall that wasn't there.

At this his tone changed. He understood what was happening. He came more nearly under and planted himself with wide-spread feet and outstretched arms.

"You can't hold on there any longer," he insisted. "Let go. Drop. I'll catch you."

Only the mortification of that prospect nerved her aching fingers to retain their grip as long as they did—which, however, was not over long.

She felt herself slipping, remembered that she mustn't scream, whatever happened, experienced an instant of shuddering suspense, then an instantaneous eternity wherein, paradoxically, part of her seemed still to be clinging to the window-ledge while most of her was spinning giddily down through a bottomless pit, saw the grinning moon reel dizzily in the blue vault of heaven—and with a little shock landed squarely in the arms of Mr. Trego.

He staggered to some extent, for she was a solidly constructed young person, but recovered cleverly—and had the impudence to seem amused. Sally's first impression on regaining grasp of her wits was of his smiling face, but over hers, of a low chuckle, and then, to her complete stupefaction, that she was being kissed.

(Continued in Thursday's Issue.)

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

Valuable suggestions for the Handy Homemaker — Order any Pattern Through The Courier. State size.

LADY'S DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

A style which is generally becoming to the slender type of figure is the long waisted effect, and one of the latest and most successful French models in this style is shown in No. 8,430. The panel effect forms the front of the waist. The rest of the waist is without fullness, and extends slightly below the normal waist line, where it is stitched to the skirt. The new Dutch neck is introduced to good effect and the collar is another attractive point in favor of the dress. The skirt is in one piece and is side plaited to the waist. A narrow sash finishes the waistline.

The dress pattern, No. 8,430, is cut in four sizes, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Width at lower edge is 2½ yards. As on the figure the 36 inch size requires 5½ yards 36 inch material, 1¼ yards 36 inch silk and ½ yard 27 inch organdie.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

Rye Gems.

Mix 1 cup of rye meal and ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, with 1-3 cup of molasses, 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk; if sour milk is used add a dessertspoon of shortening. Dissolve an even teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water, add to the mixture and beat till smooth; pour into greased gem pans and set on top of the range until they rise. Bake about 20 minutes.

Brown Bread.

One cup Indian meal, 1 cup rye meal, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teasponoful soda, ¾ cup molasses, ½ cup raisins, sour milk to make a thin batter. Steam or bake five hours.

Milk Bread.

One pint milk, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 heaping teaspoonful salt, 1 pint cold water, 1 yeast cake (dissolved in a little warm water). Put milk on stove and let boil, add butter, sugar and salt mix well together and add water; when cool enough add yeast and stir in bread flour to make very thick. (Stir with a spoon.) When raised to top of pan, cut down, and raise again, then cut down again and make into loaves.

White Bread.

Three pints of good bread flour, stand in warm place over night where it will get dry and light. In the morning make a sponge; ½ cup of flour, ¼ cup of milk, in which dissolve the yeast; let rise until ready to fall, then add 1½ pints of warm milk, 1 even tablespoon of sugar, 1 tablespoonful lard, 1 teaspoonful of salt; knead 10 minutes. Let rise until ½ as large again as when mixed, taking care always it does not get hot in rising. Knead 5 minutes more in bowl, let it rise twice as large, then form into loaves. No extra flour should be used while shaping the loaves. Let rise about 30 minutes in a warm place, then set in a cool place 5 minutes to cool the surface. Bake 1 hour if large, 45 minutes if small. Bake rather slowly, not hot enough to scorch. If the sponge is made at seven o'clock, the bread should be ready for the oven at 11 o'clock. There is no danger of having sour bread with this recipe. One secret in having light bread is drying flour before using.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH [illegible] CAMERON

WHEN YOUR WORDS COME BACK.

I had a startling and mind opening little experience the other night.

A group of us were talking about a man who is not at all popular with us.

Said the Authorman, "He is a mean kind of a cuss. Why they say he takes advantage of his brother's poor eye sight to fix over the accounts and help himself to all the money he wants. No wonder his brother grumbles about how poor business is. They say he doesn't know a thing about that expensive sail boat Philip's bought.

I listened with a guilty conscience.

No, I Didn't Alter The Accounts

Not that I had assisted in changing the accounts.

But I was "They."

That is, I had been the one who told the Authorman that about Philip. And he had forgotten and was telling it back to me(as sometimes happens.)

And I didn't at all like the sound of it.

In the first place it came back as such things do, in a very much stronger form than I had put it. I had said, that "they said" that it seemed as if Philip must have some way of getting more money than his brother paid him because he spent money so freely. Also I had heard that his brother didn't seem to know about the sail boat.

In the second place. I searched my mind for the authority from whom I had gotten the information, and when I found who it was I did'nt feel entirely satisfied with his reliability. I never should have repeated it without corroboration from some other source.

Is It True, Is It Kind Is It Necessary

"Of the unspoken word thou art master but the spoken word is master of thee."

"They Say" is surely a Franklinstean.

I made up my mind that I would be careful how I started "they says" in the future.

I wonder if I shall.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvers

HASTE MAKES WASTE

Now Teddy, take your time. Always remember—haste makes waste," said Mamma, as she handed him the pail of milk to deliver to their customers.

"All right" replied Teddy and whistling for the dog, Towser, he went out the gate and down the road.

He had'nt gone far when he met his boy friends.

"Hey, come here, Teddy!" cried the boys. "What do you say about a fishing trip? We're going just as soon as we can dig enough worms."

"I can't go until I deliver the milk" replied Teddy. "But I'll hurry. I've only five more customers, then I'm through."

"Hustle and we'll wait for you," said the boys, and Teddy hurried on.

From a fast walk he broke into a run and when he reached the first lady's house his hand shook so he spilled almost a pint of milk on her front porch.

"The boys won't wait unless we

hurry," he said to Towser, and away they ran.

In his mind Teddy pulled out one fish after another, and he was so busy thinking of the fishing trip that he went right past one house and had to go back.

He did'nt see Towser as he dashed in front of him—down went Teddy in the dusty road his bucket landing in the bushes beyond.

"Now see what you've done!" cried Teddy giving Towser a kick that sent him home with a howl.

It was a sorry little boy who entered the gate and slowly walked up the path of the house. Mamma listened to his tale of how Towser did it all. And Towser, willing to take the blame, hid in his house.

Then Teddy burst into tears and confessed

Just then the boys called from the gate, but Teddy did'nt answer. He couldn't; he loved to fish and he had'nt the heart to ask his mamma to let him go after he had disobeyed her, and he hated to tell the boys couldn't jion them.

"Teddy!" Called his friends.

Teddy's mamma stepped to the doorway, and Teddy swallowed a sob.

"Wait a second boys, and Teddy will go with you," answered mamma.

Two chubby arms caught her and drew her head down. Two repentant lips kissed her cheek. Teddy did' nt have to promise anything, mamma understood.

"Always remember, dear, haste makes waste, said Mamma, kissing him goodbye. She knew she would never have to scold him again for dis-obeying her. "I shall always remember what she tells me," Teddy told his friends.

"If she punished me I would'nt have minded, but she did'nt, and from now on I'll be more careful and remember what she tells me," Teddy told his friends.

"She's some good mother, all right," agreed the boys, "and you ought to mind her."

"I'm going to!" replied Teddy and he never forgot his promise.

How Much Whole Wheat do you eat? You have never thought much about food. You have eaten what you liked regardless of food value—and you may continue to eat what you like but you are certain to like the foods that nourish and strengthen if they are prepared in an appetizing way. Thousands now eat **Shredded Wheat Biscuit** as a substitute for meat, eggs and potatoes and they have learned many palatable ways in which to serve it. It is 100 per cent. whole wheat. For any meal with milk or cream, sliced peaches or other fruits.

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LANGFORD

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Rev. Mr. Down preached on Sunday Morning. There will be prayer meeting on Monday evening at the Church.

Sheriff Westbrook's mother spent part of last week at Mr. David Westbrooks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hunter spent over Sunday at Waterford with friends.

Miss Hazel Mattice, Simcoe, is the guest of Misses Alva and Blanche Kendrick over the holiday.

Mr. J. Reed, Caiusville spent Sunday with John and Leslie Langs.

Mrs. D. Westbrook visited in Hamilton over the week end.

Sheriff Westbrook and Mr. John Westbrook, city, spent Thursday evening at Mr. David Westbrook's.

Mr. and Mrs. E.R. Langs spent Sunday afternoon at Burford.

HATCHLEY

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

County machines are grading the 12th. concession.

A few from here attended the recent Graduation Exercises at the General Hospital Brantford. Miss Grace Powell, of this place is a member of the graduating class. Many friends here wish her success in her profession.

Mr. Keith Dean, of Otterville, is spending a month with his parents Mr. and Mrs. V. Dean.

Webster Emigh is attending the Brantford Business College.

Mr. Ross Burtis, of Toronto, was home for the holiday.

Mr. Emerson Morris and Mr. Harwood, of Brantford, spent a few days here last week.

Several from here attended Burford Fair.

Last Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. J. Silverthorne attended the marriage of Miss Freda Gilbert, of Dereham Centre, to Mr. Charles Stoakley. Mt. Elgin.

Mrs. Savage spent Thanksgiving with relatives in Brantford.

Born—On Oct. 2nd. in Brantford Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Kipp, a son.

HARLEY

Mr. and Mrs. David Shellington and children and Miss Ella Pamplin and Edith Shellington mortored and spent Sunday Sept. 30th, at the home of Mr. David Secord, Cathcart.

Rally Day here on Sunday Oct. 14 at 10.30.

Miss Mabel and Dora Force and Miss Vera Hammond spent Sunday last with Miss Nyburg, Cathcart.

Miss Marion and Clarence Cline spent over the holiday in Beverly.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hartley and children of Brantford spent over the holiday here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Cline Sr. Mr. and Mrs. Cline Jr., of Stony Creek, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Marshall, of Currie, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Underhill of London and Mr. Wm. Marshall of Sarnia motored and were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs Harvey Bennett motored and spent over the holiday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter O'Rielly and daughter Hazel, spent Sunday last with his parents near Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Wedge spent Sunday in Scotland.

Master Henry Knutson and Hursel Harding of Brantford spent over the holiday here.

Mrs. Dean and grandson Clifford spent over the holiday here.

A number from here attended the kitchen shower at the home of the (bride to be) Miss Maude Givens Northfield on Monday Night.

SOLDIERS MURDERED

By Courier Leased Wire

Hamilton, Oct. 9—According to word received to-day by Rev. George Tebbs, two members of his congregation at St. James Church. Privates R. Jones and W. H. Jones were deliberately murdered by the Huns. The letter from Pte. H. Hanson, one of his flock, also tells of those who escaped and others reported as prisoners in Germany.

"Fritz apparently had too much to do to look after his prisoners," writes Hanson, "for we found the two men mentioned with their throats slit."

BODY FOUND

Hamilton, Ont. Oct. 9—The body of fourteen year old Albert Sharp, John street north, missing many days and for whom search was made by his parents was taken from the bay this morning. The lad evidently fell into the water while playing around the edge.

This week the Collingwood Shipbuilding Co. gave the fourth oil tank steamer, the Reginolite, which they are building for the Imperial Oil Co., its official trial trip.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Women Once Invalids

Now in Good Health Through Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Say it is Household Necessity. Doctor Called it a Miracle.

All women ought to know the wonderful effects of taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound even on those who seem hopelessly ill. Here are three actual cases:

Harrisburg, Penn.—"When I was single I suffered a great deal from female weakness because my work compelled me to stand all day. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for that and was made stronger by its use. After I was married I took the Compound again for a female trouble and after three months I passed what the doctor called a growth. He said it was a miracle that it came away as one generally goes under the knife to have them removed. I never want to be without your Compound in the house."—Mrs. Frank Knobl, 1642 Fulton St., Harrisburg, Penn.

Hardly Able to Move.

Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my back and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My head would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. E. Yost, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Three Doctors Gave Her Up.

Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 18 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. Clementina Duerring, 34 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice,—it will be confidential.

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