

## Woman Against Woman

or A Terrible Accusation.

### CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

"No! no!" she gasped. "Not for the world! I love you! I love you! Do you think I would stand in the way of his happiness? Oh, when I think of the misery I have caused him; when I think of all the shame and torture he has endured for my sake, I wonder that I live. It has only been the thought that through all he has loved me, only the poor belief that in some sort of way I was necessary to his happiness that has kept me alive at all. But if I thought he loved me, if I knew he would not for all this world stand in his way for one little minute. You would not deceive me, Ailsa. You would not make him hate me, because I kept him from happiness? You would not let me add that to the other sins that I have committed against him?"

The beautiful quivering face was hidden in the tangles of dishevelled golden hair. It seemed to Ailsa that she would have died to have spared that young wife the additional sorrow that must sooner or later come upon her. She almost hated Dunraven for his treachery to the little creature who trusted him so tenderly, who loved him so self-sacrificingly.

"Hush!" she whispered, soothingly: "you are exciting yourself uselessly when you will need all your strength. I have a plan for you which we will try—you and I—as soon as you are well; a plan to counteract this awful influence which is ruining you body and soul. You will help me, will you not? You will do all you can? There will never be any question then of your retaining—his love. You will be happy as in the early days of your marriage—you and he. You were happy then, were you not?"

Mrs. Dunraven had forgotten her former suspicions or she might have observed the wishfulness of the tone, and it might have told her the truth; but she was thinking of the days which the words recalled, and answered, gently:

"So happy! He worshipped me then; I know it; and let what may come, those days, that memory, can never be taken from me. I have seen the change come over him daily, hourly, and it has broken my heart, knowing it to be all my fault—all, all! I have no word of censure for him, no thought. He has been goodness itself—so kind, so thoughtful, so generous always—but I have watched the mad passion go out of his kisses; I have watched the light die from his eyes; I have felt his arms looser about my waist. I have seen the change daily, hourly. I have striven to close my senses to it; I would not let it in; but it has been pitifully true. And the fault is all mine; yet I am helpless to prevent it. You are the only person in all this world who believes in me, and I think I worship you next to him for it. I would give my life for you if you required it of me. Leslie loves me, but he does not believe what I have told him. He does not accept my word; you did, unsupported. I am not selfish enough to see those I love suffer because of me. Ailsa, let me look into your eyes."

She drew herself up, and taking the girl's face between her hands, looked into the dark, suffering eyes eagerly.

"Ailsa, she said, slowly, "do you love—my brother? Do you love him? Not for ten thousand worlds would she have answered in the negative. Not for life, nor even Heaven, would she have brought the sorrow into that empty life that the truth would have brought there."

She bore the ordeal unflinchingly. She returned the gaze steadily, and answered, stonily:

"There was a little cry of delight as Ethel sank back, and another exclamation of happiness, for Lloyd Ogden had entered the room unperceived just at that moment before. He knelt down and took his little sister in his arms, her eyes fixed upon Ailsa."

"Where are your congratulations, Ethel?" he asked, tenderly. "Are you not glad of my supreme happiness? Have you no word to say of reproach to the naughty girl who usurped your supremacy in my heart?"

Ethel Dunraven smiled. It was like the expression Ailsa had seen upon her charming, debonaire countenance when she had first entered that house.

"Not a word!" she answered, lightly. "I resign you to her with the greatest pleasure, because I love her, too. Neither of you will rob me of the other. Ailsa can tell you it was my plan from the first. If you are both as happy as I wish you—"

She did not complete the sentence. There were tears in her eyes. Lloyd bent his head and kissed her, and Ailsa escaped from the room.

She went swiftly through Ethel's boudoir to Dunraven's room, never pausing to knock, and found the doctor still there.

"How is he?" she asked him, breathlessly.

"Better," he answered, softly. "That is, he has regained consciousness; but I fear an illness. He is raving a trifle; speaking of—the past."

Her face grew pale.

"What part—of the—past?" she gasped.

"His meeting with you," answered the doctor, softly.

She seized his arm, and lifted her suffering face, contracted with pain.

"For goodness sake, do something—anything to keep them from knowing—Joyce and Mrs. Dunraven! Surely she has borne enough. You must believe—you shall believe—that I knew nothing of all this at that time; that I would die before bringing one unhappy moment into the life of that helpless woman. Find some way to prevent her knowing."

He placed his hand upon her hair and smothered it gently.

"She shall not know," he answered, softly. "Do you think I am not sorry for you both—that I would not help you if I could?"

"I know! I know!" she answered. "But there is nothing under Heaven that can help either of us now. We must bear the burden and trust to Heaven. There is no happiness in all the world, so why should we expect it more than the rest? I am ready to continue in the way that fate has marked out for me as patiently as I can."

### CHAPTER XVIII.

It was a long, hard day to bear, long in its burdens, long in the terrible suffering that was sent upon that afflicted household, and perhaps Ailsa suffered most of all. Without making it apparent, she managed to avoid Lloyd Ogden, giving as an excuse that Mrs. Dunraven needed her, and it may be that she loved her all the more for her strict attention to the one he loved next to her.

The doctor passed silently from the room of one patient to the other, keeping his eyes open and observing everything that occurred.

Once or twice Muriel came in with that noiselessly uncanny tread, but observing that doctor Paxton was watching her with an attention that never flagged, she left again, concealing her discomfiture behind a smile which did not deceive the wise doctor as much as she had intended. It was late, perhaps nine o'clock in the evening, when Doctor Paxton entered Mrs. Dunraven's room, and stopping by Ailsa's side, placed his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"The other patient wants to see you for a moment, he said, gently."

She started, and shrunk back from him, her face whitening.

"I can't put my strength to it," she gasped. "You must understand how—impossible it is! I can't put my strength to a greater test—I don't dare!"

The doctor patted her head softly. "It is necessary," he said, quietly. "It is necessary! You will understand when you have seen him. Go, child. I will wait here until your desire need not be afraid. I will see that you are not interrupted by any one."

She seemed to realize to whom it was that he referred, but had not strength to combat his wishes. She bowed her head and rose to do his bidding, passing into the next room, beyond, and after only a momentary hesitation, into Dunraven's sitting-room.

He was lying upon a couch, his face so white and drawn, as to be almost unrecognizable. He looked up at her feebly as she entered, and with a little sob Ailsa went forward and flung herself upon her knees beside the couch.

"It is for the last time," she moaned. "The last time in all this world. Surely it can do no harm to those others who will demand all the years of our lives to come. We can't go through all this weariness, the unrest, the horror without one crumb of comfort. We can't give all and receive nothing."

There was a light almost of happiness in his eyes as he drew her head to his breast.

"You love me, Ailsa," he whispered. "In spite of all, you love me? You told me once that I must forget that you had ever spoken such words to me, but it is a curse upon me that I can not! From this night we are strangers to that thought, you and I, strangers to that feeling for each other."

"But you love me, Ailsa?"

"I have said it."

"And saying it, you can never change it, is that it? In spite of the duty that binds you, you love me? Tell me that that is true."

"God help me, it is true!"

He lifted himself suddenly, swiftly, and flung his arms about her, straining her to him madly.

"I will not let you make this horrible sacrifice!" he cried out. "Why should you—why should I? We have striven to do our duty. We can not! What recompense is there in it all? We go through what years are allotted to us here in misery too great for words, and then—beyond—what then? We do not know! Is the uncertainty worth it?"

"Oh, Leslie, do you observe duty for the sake of reward?"

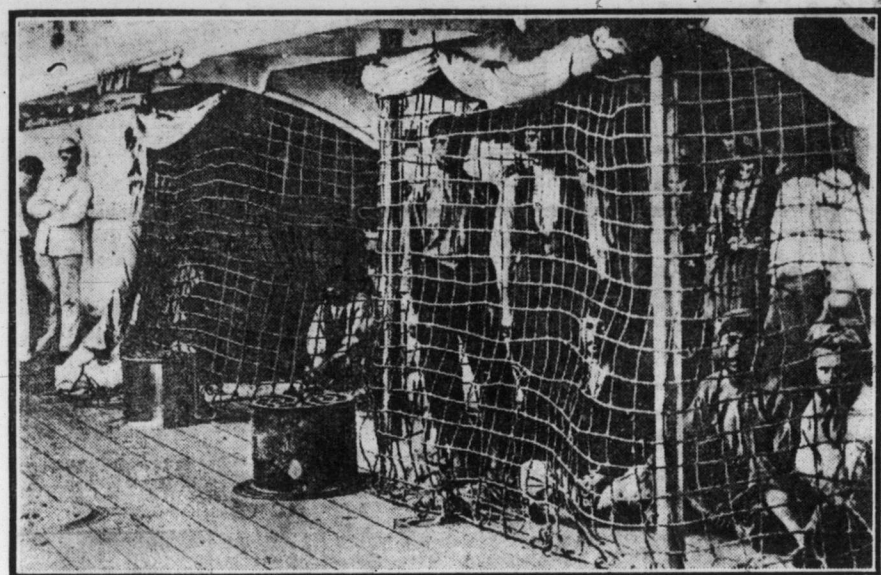
"Yes!" he cried, passionately; "the reward of happiness; what else? Do we wilfully and deliberately cut ourselves off from every joy because of an empty word? We are not gods, we are mortals. Divinity would not expect it, else would we be as great as Divinity Himself. Ailsa, why should I argue and plead? Let love be my prayer, nothing more. I love you so well that I would resign the whole world for your sake. I love you so well that I care for nothing above or beyond you. Do you love me less, dear?"

He looked into her eyes eagerly, yearningly.

For a moment it seemed that her strength would fail, that the test had been too great, that she would yield to her own desire which was only a little less than his, then the innate purity of her nature conquered.

She tore herself from him, and stood up.

"I love you less!" she cried, desperately. "I love you less! It is not the world I fear to lose, but the respect of your wife, of my future husband, of my God, and—my own self! I could not look into the eyes of my own conscience knowing that I had done her that wrong. I am utterly wretched now, so utterly wretched that I would welcome death, and yet that would be sweet compared with the happiness you promise me. Do you think there is any happiness in guilt? We should grow to loathe each other and hide our faces in darkness eternal, in a vain endeavor



Turks Confined Behind Netting on the Deck of a British Warship.

Particulars are lacking (doubtless for censorial reasons) as to the exact circumstances or locality in which these Turkish prisoners were taken, but the photograph came from a certain place in the Mediterranean. Presumably, therefore, they were captured during the naval operations in the Near East. The photograph is interesting in itself as showing the ingenuity of the British sailor in arranging an improvised prison on board. Although there may be a certain loss of personal dignity in being confined behind netting, yet this open-air prison is decidedly more humane than would be some dark corner below decks, and we may be sure that the prisoners are treated with the customary humanity and courtesy which the men of the British navy invariably display towards their foe.

to shut out the crime we had committed. I would not look into the honest eyes of the man whose wife I had promised to be and see the look of disgust and reproach in them for all the happiness the earth might hold."

"It was late, perhaps nine o'clock in the evening, when Doctor Paxton entered Mrs. Dunraven's room, and stopping by Ailsa's side, placed his hand gently upon her shoulder."

"Do you value his respect more highly than my love?" he questioned, hoarsely.

"Yes," she answered, fearfully. "I value his respect more highly than your love. But, above and beyond that, I value the trust your wife has placed in me. Goodness knows I regret the wrong that I have done her, but with God's help and the strength I shall pray of Him, it is all past and done with. Leslie, I—I am going to ask you something—a favor. Will you grant it?"

She was looking at him beseechingly, prayerfully. She even leaned her hands heavily upon his breast.

"What is it?" he asked, hoarsely. "Go away for a while. Out of the country, if you will. You will need change of air, change of scene. I promise you that I will remain here, that I will take your place beside Ethel, that I will save her for you, that nothing shall happen while you are away. It would be the greatest kindness that you could show to me or to yourself. Will you go, Leslie—for my sake?"

He hesitated a moment, then turned away sorrowfully.

"Will you promise me one thing in return?"

"That you will be no man's wife until I come back and give you my permission. Promise that, ad I will go. It will be like death, and yet, perhaps, you are right. Promise that, and I will go."

She lifted her eyes pleadingly, then slowly said:

"That you will be no man's wife until I give you my permission."

"That I will be no man's wife until I have your permission."

"I will go to-morrow!" he returned, exultation ringing in his voice.

He did not even offer to bid her good-night as she turned and staggered from the room. As she went, he had entered her own, she met Lloyd Ogden coming up the stairs.

His eyes lighted happily, and he put out his hand to her.

"What a pleasure it is to see you for one moment," he said gently. "You look so tired, little one. Go to bed and rest. How white and drawn your beautiful face is. My darling, you are sacrificing your whole life to others."

She shivered slightly and answered nothing at all.

His protesting love seemed to soothe and comfort her after that fiery ordeal through which she had passed. It was like a breath of fresh air after the overpowering sweetness of a hot-house. She allowed him to take her scorching fingers into the palm of her cool hand.

She looked at him.

How honest and trustworthy he looked! There was not a line of treachery in all that strong, handsome, glowing face. She thought how it would change if he had known where she had been and why. She imagined the look of reproach that would darken those eyes. A sob arose in her throat and choked her, yet she tried to smile as she said, unsteadily:

"I think I am nervous, overwrought. Let me go, Lloyd. To-morrow I shall be myself again."

He detained her only to press a little kiss upon her brow, to murmur "God bless you," and open and close the door behind her.

She threw herself upon the bed fully dressed in the darkness.

To-morrow! What would to-morrow be like to her? Would not the whole world seem dark and empty when there was no longer a prospect of seeing the face of the man she loved? She remembered how she had steeled for his footstep almost unconsciously. How her heart had trembled at the sound of his voice! What a thrill of ecstasy had passed through her at the touch of his hand! How would it be when, by her own will, she had put all that out of her life forever?

She groaned aloud.

Surely life had been empty enough before. Could she endure this change and live?

More than once she was tempted to go to him, to tell him that she had

measured her strength beyond her possession.

And then suddenly the whole struggle ended in the most merciful provision of God's wonderful creation—sleep!

(To be continued.)

### Skull as Drinking Cup.

You may have heard reference made to the human skull as "a soldier's drinking cup." But do you know the origin of this expression?

The barbarous custom of converting the skulls of enemies into drinking cups was a common one in ancient times among the fierce tribes of ancient Europe, and was not unknown to the more civilized regions of the south. The Italian poet, Marino, makes a conclave of friends in Pandemonium quaff wine from the skull of Minerva. In his "Wonder of a Kingdom" Torrent makes Dakker say:

"Would I had ten thousand soldiers' heads."

Their skulls set in silver, to drink to healths.

To his confusion who first invented war.

The old Scandinavian sagas represent as among the delights of the immortals the felicity of feasting and drinking to drunkenness from the skulls of the foes they had vanquished on earth. Mandeville goes further, and represents the Guebrs as exposing the dead bodies of their parents to the fowls of the air until nothing but the skeletons remained, and preserving the skulls to be used as drinking cups.

Salisbury Plain has an area of about 200 square miles.

When wind travels a hundred miles an hour or over, it is called a hurricane.

The total progeny of a single fly in one summer amounts to over two million.

When crossing rivers, the Cossacks to avoid getting wet, throw the left stirrup-leather across the saddle and the right stirrup-leather in the opposite direction. Then, placing their feet in the reversed stirrups, they stand upright.

### A Brave French Child.

The remarkable adventures of a twelve-year-old boy, Andre Guede by name, on the battle field beyond the Marne, were told in a letter that Alexandre Millerand, the French minister of war, has made public.

When the troops were passing through the village of Neuilly-en-Thelle, little Andre said to his mother, "I'm going to follow the soldiers!" Off he went, and the regiment he followed was soon in the thick of the fight. Sub-Lieutenant Grivelet took the boy under his protection.

During the three days of the Battle of Boulliauc the youngster remained by the side of the lieutenant on the firing line, and would not leave him, even though the German artillery and machine-gun fire swept the ranks.

Lieutenant Grivelet was wounded, and, still under fire, Andre carried the officer's sword, revolver, maps, and equipment while they looked for an ambulance.

The lieutenant was picked up by the Red Cross wagon and driven to the railway station to take the hospital train. Andre ran for miles after the vehicle, and succeeded in hiding himself in the train. So he accompanied Grivelet to Riva Bella, where he remained happy in the companionship of his wounded friend.

Although she is past 80 years of age, Mrs. Rebecca Smith continues to work every day in a Hagerstown, Md., paper mill.

Of the nearly 17,000,000 families in the United States, only 1,000,000 can afford to keep servants.

Miss Pauline Siebenthal, a co-ed at the University of Indiana, recently made a world's record when she vaulted six feet and one inch.

Margherita, Queen Mother of Italy, has a fond of collecting gloves and shoes that have been worn by distinguished sovereigns of the past.

Women ticket collectors on the London railways wear becoming uniforms of tight-fitting dark blue and regulation railway cap with deep visor.

If the proposed constitutional amendment becomes a law in California, every bachelor girl in the state between the ages of 21 and 30 will be taxed every year.

Since the war began Russia has given the Order of Saint George to eighty women, all of whom served in the ranks either as fighters or were under fire as Red Cross nurses.

Mme. Eugenie de Reus Jancoulesco, president of the Rumanian Woman Suffrage society, has received the highest decoration possible for a woman in that country, the Bene Merenti, first class, in recognition of her literary and social work.

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## ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

Marriages are contracted very early in Persia.

Over 1,000,000 of the 2,750,000 women in New York are foreign born.

Canada has three policewomen—Toronto with two and Ottawa with one.

There are 62 policewomen in the United States at the present time.

Russia furnishes more woman fighters in war time than any other nation.

Kenilworth, B.C., school teachers have put on three quarters' pay.

It is claimed that women are drinking to a greater extent than they used to.

Nineteen women are now serving as members of councils in England and Wales.

The average wages of 125,000 working women in Chicago are less than \$6 per week.

The moving picture censorship law in Pennsylvania provides for a woman censor at a salary of 20,500 a year.

Woman-suffrage leaders claim that 49 1/2 per cent. of the territory of the United States is suffrage territory.

Two women will be on the committee that will grant pensions and allowances to disabled British soldiers and sailors.

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First Steamers Built on the Clyde.

This year marks the centenary of the establishment of steamboat communication between Glasgow and Rothesay. The Dumbarton Castle, built in 1815 by Archibald McLachlan & Co., Dumbarton, was the first steamer to take up this service, and the magistrates of Rothesay marked the occasion by presenting the master of the ship, Captain James Johnston, with a punch bowl. The Dumbarton Castle was a vessel of 108 tons and of 30 n. h. p.; the engine was built by D. McArthur & Co., of Glasgow.

When aboard this steamer in 1816, James Watt, during a conversation with the engineer, discovered and personally demonstrated the practicability of reversing the engine.

### No Free Bugs.

One of the sources of that widely read story, "Pigs Is Pigs," was, according to the Bookman, an anecdote that Ellis Parker Butler, the author of the story, brought from England.

Dogs, it appears, are carried free on English trains. A traveller, who was returning from Africa with a tortoise, wished to have the animal accommodated under the somewhat elastic rule as to dogs. But the Irish station master interpreted differently. "Dogs is dogs," he said, "and cats is cats, and squirrels in cages is dogs; but that there animal is an insect, and must pay."

On an average, Scotsmen are the tallest in the United Kingdom, Irishmen come second, Englishmen third, and the Welsh last.

## NEWS ACROSS THE BORDER

WHAT IS GOING ON OVER IN THE STATES.

Latest Happenings in Big Republic Condensed for Busy Readers.

Thirteen banks in St. Louis show aggregate deposits of \$252,605,592. New York and New Hampshire again fear a grasshopper raid in the fields.

New York police carnival will have its own aviator showing by Patrolman Murphy.

One hundred pupils of Iola, Kan., high school said they had never seen a saloon bar.

Wanamaker has bought a building at Atlantic City as a sanitarium for store employees.

After the review of the fleet at New York, three U.S. submarines went on the crippled list.

John Sperandio, of Collinsville, Ill., though without hands, has qualified as a school teacher.

A Minneapolis man, to show belief in Union wages, left \$5 in his will to each of his palbearers.

Pittsburg magistrates refused to convict for gambling some Syrians playing cards for beans.

Former financier Addicks, once political power in Delaware, at 74, has been jailed for debt.

Excitement over the wedding of her son caused the death of Mrs. Elias Lyman at Burlington, Vt.

Some tourists cancelled their passages on the Minnehaha as she carried munitions to England.

A German glove firm is being sued by United States for \$232,367 fraud in customs undervaluations.

After 20 years in Sing Sing the jail rascal, John Bowman, has been released; he was a murderer.

Jonathan Huber, of Jassamville, Pa., has completed his forty-second term as public school teacher.

Ida Woods, of Pangburn, Ark., while at a picnic was bitten by a rattlesnake, walked 50 yards, and died.

Chas. Frohman, play producer, lost on the Lusitania, was once a newsboy on Philadelphia streets.

A hobo told Chicago judges that the city could not be prosperous as cigar ends now thrown away are shorter than usual.

The ex-circus of West Virginia pen, at Moundsville, 1,927 in number, are to have Saturday half holidays in summer.

Mrs. S. Vandever claims to possess the axe with which Abraham Lincoln once split rails. She lives at Montgomery, Mo.

Almost every farmer in Montgomery County, Alabama, has stopped work to look for a hoard of train robbers buried gold.

A dying message was sent from Margate, Eng., to his sister at Hubbell, Mich., by Herbert Thomas with the Canadian contingent.

A Pennsylvania man was freed of a white slavery charge because he conveyed his victim into the State by auto and not by rail.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

"And," said the sergeant, as he ceased his humming and turned away from the squad of recruits to whom he had given a free and easy lesson in French, "we have to look after 'em, and no blooming error. Times is different, ain't they? . . . Stand easy, you fellows, and cast your eyes over them phrases. And don't grin. This ain't no hippodrome. Mebbe you'll thank God when you get over there that He brought you into contact with a man who could teach you to ask for your grub in a foreign country instead of having to waggle your fingers and point and scratch your sides like a lot of chimpanzees."

"Eh?"—as one of them asked a question in a subdued voice—"If you wanted coffee? Well, didn't I pronounce it a dozen times? 'Donny moir caddy olly.' 'Struth, Where was you educated, me lad? Back parlor of some pub. I shouldn't wonder. And don't forget the sixty plait, either. If the French likes anything mor'n another it's manners. . .