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**The Mystery of Rutledge Hall**  
—OR—  
**"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"**

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, no!" he objected, eagerly. "They will not find yet; and you must enjoy this pretty sight."

"Yes, it is very pretty," Dolly said; but as her white lids were downcast and her golden lashes rested on a very pink cheek, it is doubtful whether she was contemplating the pretty sight just then; and the pretty sight which the young barrister was enjoying was not the meet, with the gay coats and satin coated horses, but a slender golden-haired girl on a pretty roan mare, who looked just frightened enough to add to her prettiness.

There were several ladies in the field, most of whom "looked like business," as Lord de la Poer said in his languid tenor, as he glanced at their short hunting-habits, tightly-braided hair, and business-like appearance. Most of them too were surrounded by riders chatting and laughing and discussing the probabilities of a good run. But presently, as the bounds began to work, the horsemen forgot the excitement of their little flirtations for the greater one of the chase, and cantered about or took up positions which they considered most favorable.

Lord de la Poer was still in Dolly's immediate vicinity, looking somewhat sulky and annoyed, and casting occasional looks of sovereign displeasure at the young man whose hand still rested lightly on Dolly's bridle; but Miss Daunt, if she perceived his vexation, did not take the slightest heed of it. She sat, feeling pleasantly excited, and just sufficiently alarmed to make Lloyd Milner's protection delightful, and looking like a rose in June with her sweet rose-hued cheeks and smiling blue eyes.

At last a fox was found at the other end of the cover, and away galloped the field, Lloyd Milner lingering for a moment by Dolly's side, reassuring her with a bright tender smile as he saw the anxious look she cast on him, satisfied himself that Lady Golightly would behave perfectly; and the next minute Dolly and her groom were left sole possessors of the field.

Dolly looked after the swift horses and fast-disappearing scarlet coats, and then with a little sigh turned Lady Golightly's head, and rode quietly homeward, with flushed cheeks and sweet lips which looked as if they held a happy secret.

"Is Mrs. Daunt in the morning-room?" she asked, as she stood for a moment in the pretty oak-paneled hall, her habit caught up over her arm.

"Mrs. Daunt is out, ma'am," was the servant's unexpected reply.

Dolly stared.

"Out?" she repeated in surprise.

"Walking?"

"No, ma'am. Mrs. Daunt is driving." The mystification on the pretty face deepened.

"Driving!" she repeated. "In the pony-carriage?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Daunt went quite alone."

"Without Hart?" asked Dolly, quickly, almost incredulous, knowing that Sidney was a timid character.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How foolish—how imprudent of her!" Dolly thought, as she went slowly upstairs, to change her habit. "Those ponies are so uncertain, and Sidney seemed so unwell this morning. It was worse than foolish!"

Thoughts of Sidney's imprudence occupied her for some few minutes; then pleasanter thoughts came—thoughts of the gray eyes which had looked so tenderly and reassuringly into hers, of the hand which had touched hers so kindly; and Dolly forgot everything else in the absorbing delight of that vision than which there is nothing in life so sweet—love's young dream.

Meanwhile the Cotley hounds were having a fairly good time of it. After a burst of some fifty minutes, which left some of the field in the rear the fox got into a dense beech-wood and kept dodging about it for an hour and a half, puzzling the scent repeatedly. Keeping the huntmen winding in and out among the trees, risking their horses' legs in rabbit-holes, and finally coming out at the other side of the wood, allowed them to sight him for a moment as he disappeared over the crest of some rising ground.

The excitement was intense, and shared equally by dogs, horses, and men. Lady Cotley, on her large-boned chestnut was well to the fore, Sir John Cotley and Stephen Daunt were leading. The Hunt had thinned considerably, for some had been thrown out, and one or two of the less enthusiastic had been alarmed at the pace and the stiff ground; but Lloyd Milner was keeping up well with the rest, although his horse was showing signs of distress, while the earl was riding beside him neck and neck.

Straight before them were two meadows, separated by a thin hedge from a plowed field, into which the fox dashed, the hounds yelping at his heels; but Reynard had cunning as well as speed by which to escape from his pursuers. He doubled; the hounds dashed on, and for a minute the scent was lost, then found again; and they went on pell-mell over the stiff ground.

Midway across the field many of the riders pulled up, deterred by a leap which awaited them at the end—a high quick-set hedge on a bank between two ditches—a leap which not many could take. Some turned back, one of two turned to find another way; only three rode at the jump—Sir John Cotley, his wife, and Stephen Daunt. It was a foolish, daring leap, one only justifiable by the intense excitement of the moment. Lady Cotley's horse took it like a bird; her husband followed, slipped, but regained his footing and scrambled up, Lloyd Milner, glancing back at the moment, saw the three horse stumble and go headlong into the ditch, throwing his rider over his head. The next minute the horse was careering madly after the hounds; but Stephen Daunt lay where he had been thrown, stunned and motionless.

CHAPTER XIX.

Having devoted nearly an hour to her pretty innocent dream of girlish love and future happiness, Dolly roused herself, with a little self-reproach at her idleness, and, leaving her room, ran down lightly to the conservatories to gather flowers for the reception-rooms, a task she had arrogated to herself when Sidney, who at the Gray House had made it an unflinching duty, being such a pleasure—had languidly given it up, saying the gardeners might do it.

It was a labor of love to Dolly, and she lingered over it, toying with the fragrant blossoms, arranging them with an artistic appreciation of their colors and hues, filling the old china bowls with roses and the slender Venetian specimen-glasses with buds of rare loveliness, until the drawing-room and Sidney's boudoir were fragrant and beautiful with bloom.

She was still lingering over her pleasant task when a footman came to ask her if luncheon was to be served, or whether they were to wait for Mrs. Daunt; and Dolly started violently to find that the luncheon hour had chimed some twenty minutes previously and that Sidney had not yet returned.

"Are you sure Mrs. Daunt has not returned?" she said, in dismay, looking up from her flowers.

"Quite sure, ma'am," replied the man decidedly.

"I will wait half an hour," Dolly said, hesitatingly. "Mrs. Daunt did not tell me that she would not be at home for luncheon."

She spoke quietly, hiding her dismay as much as possible, with a vague consciousness that her fears were absurd and ridiculous; and, when the man had left her, she tried to resume her occupation. But the effort was vain; the fragrant blossoms had lost all charm for her, and she threw them aside and went over to the window, anxiously looking out and listening for the sound of Sidney's carriage-wheels.

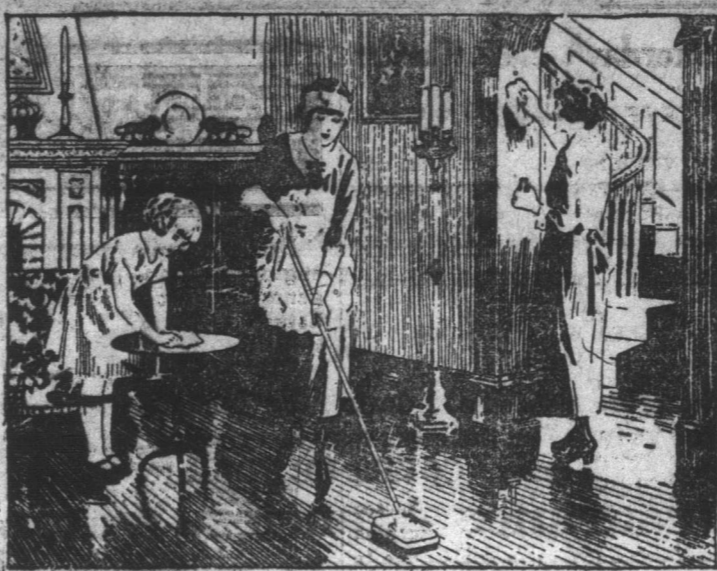
The gray misty morning had grown into a dull dreary day; the mist had become rain—a fine, drizzling, wetting rain, which hung heavily over the trees in the avenue, and made everything look somber and melancholy. The sky was leaden-hued and scowling, and, early in the day though it was still, the rooms looked dark and gloomy, notwithstanding the cheery firelight.

Whither could Sidney have gone? Dolly wondered anxiously, going to the window for the twentieth time in as many minutes, and peering out anxiously into the misty rain. She had said so decidedly that she would not go out, that her head ached too much to allow her to drive to Cotley, and now she was out in her pony-carriage, without a servant, in the rain. Oh, surely there was some mistake—she had left a message which they had forgotten to deliver!

Ringing the bell, Dolly desired the servant who answered it to tell Mrs. Daunt's maid to come to her; and, when the coquettish little French-woman appeared, she questioned her closely, but obtained no information likely to lessen her anxiety.

(To be continued.)

If marshmallows are allowed to soak in cream, then whipped slightly and chilled, they make an excellent sauce.



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There are many cases in art, architecture and sculpture where the artist or the designer purposely distorts or makes false lines, in order to overcome what otherwise would appear an error.

In painting, this well-known increasing or diminution of a limb is called "fore-shortening." It is done so that a figure or a portion of a figure projecting towards the spectator shall appear to be nearer than other parts of the picture.

In sculpture also this principle is sometimes applied, particularly in the case of figures much larger than life-size standing on high pedestals.

In such a case the portions farthest from the spectator are enlarged a little beyond their proper size. This is because of the principle that the apparent size of a thing diminishes the farther off it is viewed.

A common illustration is seen in amateur photographs of persons sitting on the ground. Their feet, being nearer the camera than their body, come out unduly large and ugly. These intentional errors, however,

are more commonly practised in architecture.

If a column were made the same thickness all the way up, to a person standing beside it and gazing upwards, it would appear to spread.

So to correct this optical illusion, the Greek architects in designing their wonderful columns deliberately made the upper part curve inwards slightly.

The steps leading up to the doors of Saint Paul's Cathedral, London, are not perfectly level. They curve downwards towards their ends.

But owing to the law of diminution by distance, the steps appear perfectly level. If they were actually made level, they would appear to dip in the centre.

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