

# Snider's TOMATO CATSUP

CHILI SAUCE, COCKTAIL SAUCE TOMATO SOUP

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Dear Madam: Although Snider's is served at the famous hotels, it costs no more than ordinary catsup.

## The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

OR

### "The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

#### CHAPTER II.

In Dr. Arnold's study, over the mantle-piece, hung the portrait of a lady, a curious old picture, all shadow and mist as it were, a clouded world of paint, out of which a woman's face peered with a pretty arch grace which seems to cling to such shadowy old pictures. It was the portrait of some long dead-and-gone ancestress of Dr. Arnold's; but it would have passed easily for a portrait of his only daughter, his only child Sidney, as she stood leaning her graceful head against the window-frame, a slender little figure in a soft clinging brown gown.

Quite a "study in browns" was Sidney Arnold, as she stood there in the sunshine, and as such Mr. Whistler would have liked to paint her. The soft graceful folds of her elegantly-fitting dress were brown; the pretty hair cut short upon her forehead and gathered into a close knot on the nape of her white neck was brown also, but touched here and there with gold; and he beautiful dreamy eyes, lovely eyes, soft and true and faithful, were brown also—dark velvety brown. If Sidney Arnold possessed neither Sibly Nell's wonderful beauty nor Dolly Daunt's parking prettiness, she had a delicate ovalness of her own which was perhaps more charming than either; and one glance at her beautiful steadfast eyes would have told one of whom Stephen Daunt was thinking when he looked into Rover's eyes as he rose to greet him in the hall at Lambwold.

Early as it was—the great bronze lock upon the mantle-piece pointed to the half hour after eight—Sidney had been down some time. She had gathered the roses in the old china bowl, and the ones which nestled close to her milk-white throat; she had made the tea and coffee, and now stood waiting for her father and his assistant to come into breakfast. Dr. Arnold's household was an early one, for he was a very busy man, with very few unoccupied moments in the day. The long hand of the great bronze

clock had traveled from the half hour after eight to twenty-five minutes to nine, when the door opened hurriedly and Dr. Arnold came in, a tall, spare man, still handsome in spite of his fifty-five years and gray beard.

Sidney turned round with a little start, the dreamy look fading from her eyes, and went forward to greet him with a little smile in her eyes and on her lips which would have brightened a duller frown than the dining-room at the Gray House.

"I am late, dear," he said, kissing her hurriedly. "And I have not much time for breakfast. I have had a telegram from Stroud, saying that old Squire Lanthony is very ill, and begging me to go at once, and I want to catch the nine o'clock train."

"Breakfast is quite ready, father," the girl answered, in a low, sweet, musical voice, which was one of her greatest charms. "I am sorry to hear the poor old squire is so ill."

"I am afraid he is almost at the end," remarked her father rather absently. "Are you quite well this morning? You look pale."

"I am quite well, dear," she answered, as she brought his coffee to him. "It is a lovely morning, is it not?"

"Yes; I should have enjoyed the drive to Stroud had there been time for it," he said, eating his breakfast in a hurried, preoccupied manner; while Sidney went back to her seat and began pouring out her own tea.

"Where is Dr. Elliot, papa?" she asked presently, as the third place at the breakfast-table remained unoccupied. "Is he in the surgery, do you know? Perhaps he does not know that breakfast is ready."

"Elliot is out," the doctor answered. "He went to Lambwold this morning."

"To Lambwold!" the young girl echoed, in a startled tone, the pretty color dying out of her face. "Who is ill there, father?"

"I don't know. There was a note from Stephen Daunt this morning, asking one of us to go over; and, as I could not go, Elliot went."

"Stephen did not say who was ill?" Sidney asked, the color coming back a little into her fair face.

"No; but I could think it was nothing serious, or he would have mentioned it," said the doctor.

There was a little silence, and then Dr. Arnold rose.

"I must be off. Is the dog-cart round, Sidney?" he said hurriedly, and the girl went over to the window and glanced out.

Dr. Arnold's dog-cart, a somewhat unprofessional but decidedly more healthy as well as more useful vehicle than the usual medical brougham, was waiting outside; and when he had left the room, Sidney stood still and watched him drive away, smiling and kissing his hand to the lovely little face at the window.

When the dog-cart had disappeared, Miss Arnold did not move away from the window. There was plenty of bustle and animation in the wide busy street to amuse and interest her, but there was an absent, dreamy look in her eyes which seemed to say that her thoughts were far away. Suddenly her face changed, and an expression of surprise and pain and anger flashed into her brown eyes, as a dog-

cart driven by a handsome fair young man dashed past the house in the same direction which Dr. Arnold's vehicle had taken, the gentleman driving not giving a glance at the Gray House as he passed. Sidney colored a little and moved away from the window, going back to her unfinished breakfast.

She was still sitting at the breakfast-table, when, some minutes afterwards, the dining-room door opened and a gentleman entered, bringing with him a gust of fresh cool air from without.

"In time for breakfast?" he said cheerfully. "Capital! I did not expect to be. Good-morning, Miss Arnold. The doctor has gone, of course?"

"Yes," Sidney answered, giving him her hand, with a smile. "You must be quite ready for breakfast, I should think?"

"Yes; I must plead guilty to a ravenous hunger. Nelly and I came back from Lambwold in twenty-five minutes."

"Good riding," Sidney remarked carelessly, giving her attention to the coffee. "You have been to Lambwold, then?"

"Yes. They were kind enough to ask me to breakfast; but I had not time to stay."

"Lady Eva is well, I hope?" the girl said, with an elaborate attempt at carelessness.

"I believe so. I did not see her," he replied.

Sidney's heart beat quickly as she sat behind the urn. Why did he not say who was ill at Lambwold? she wondered, some feeling of shyness she could not explain keeping her from asking a question which would have seemed perfectly natural to Dr. Elliot. He must know she was anxious, she thought impatiently; but Dr. Elliot was eating his breakfast with the excellent appetite of a hungry man after a sharp ride, and was apparently not in a communicative humor.

Presently he pushed aside his plate and glanced up at her, noticing her pallor with a little anxiety.

"You are not looking well, he said gently. "I am afraid you do not get enough fresh air. You have been lazy about going out lately."

"I have been busy at home," she answered, carelessly. "But I am very well; I am generally pale, you know. Shall I give you another cup of coffee, Dr. Elliot?"

"Thank you, no. I have no time for it; the surgery is full of patients." He rose from the table, pushing back his chair as he spoke. Sidney rose also, her cheeks no longer pale now in the sudden rush of color which came into them.

"You have not told me who is ill at Lambwold," she said, with an attempt at carelessness and indifference.

"Did I not?" he said, smiling. "Do you want to know? It is Miss Nell."

"Miss Nell! Is she seriously ill?"

"Oh, no—hardly ill at all—just a little indisposed, and inclined to make the most of it!"

"What is the matter with her?"

"A slight feverish attack," he replied, carelessly. "It seems that she was frightened in the park yesterday, and—"

"Frightened in the park!" Sidney interrupted, growing very pale. "Who could have frightened her?"

(to be continued.)

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Life is so exacting that if we waver in our task, or fail to keep our hold on things, we shall lose. That means that we become marked out as of those who have had their chance and let the opportunity go by.

The only royal road to success is that of unceasing effort. They are wrong who think it comes only by uncommon brain power. This misapprehension of old world of ours has more frequently been lifted up by those who toiled and never got tired than by the exceptionally gifted ones who had the power to do so much but never did it.

We have to make good by the sweat of hand, brain, heart, and soul. Unless we keep at it we shall be nothing more than mediocre. The world rarely takes its hat off to any man who didn't take his coat off.

The fountain head of success for such of us, then, is getting a reasonable belief in "I". Never mind what others say about that. They will suggest we are egotists, but whilst they criticize we may comfort ourselves by the truth that the critic doesn't know all, although he often thinks he does.

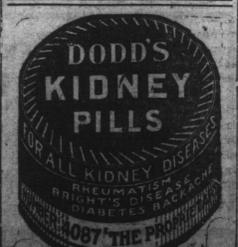
Every man is important. Every man has something to do that no one else can do. A big belief in the big work of life that we have to do is perfectly legitimate.

Sometimes, when we have done our

best, we shall find that we are wrong. That is inevitable. There is no eternal harm in making a mistake. The greatest mistake of all is to linger there and not pick up and not go on again. There is always the chance to make good. It is sometimes a greater thing to try than to win. Earth is made glorious by the triers rather than the victors. We must keep on pushing. Don't shove, but push! Shoving suggests unfairness, getting someone out of his rightful place.

It is said that "To see things through we must first learn to see through things," and the first lesson life teaches is that of persevering. If we stumble we must follow on. If we have not the mental ability of others, never mind. Just cultivate gumption and show grit.

Everything is on the side of the one



who determines that, come what may, he will keep moving forward. We are largely creatures of habit. We are each other and do much as others do. Thus many a man sticks his hand where he finds others are doing so, just because he shrinks from appearing singular. But then, seeing that we cannot live without influencing one another, it is essential that we should not retire, but encourage others to fight on and not grow weary.

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