

"I Was a Fright!"

"Nothing I Could Take Made Me Any Fatter."

"Up to the time I was seventeen years old, I believe that I was the most miserable and unhappy girl that ever lived. Honestly, I was a fright. I was the most ungainly looking creature you ever saw. I was thin and scrawny—straight up and down. My height was five feet nine inches and I weighed exactly ninety-one and three quarter pounds. No matter what kind of clothes I put on I looked like a fright. I was clumsy and awkward. I used to stand before the glass and study my features. I found I had a good nose, good eyes and a good mouth, but my cheeks were sunken and my face looked like a skull with a piece of parchment stretched over it. But nothing I could do or take made me any fatter. Men rarely even glanced at me. When they did, they merely gave me a casual, amused or pitying look—an expression which I am sure meant, 'why is a being like that allowed to live?' I used to lie awake at night for hours at a time wondering why there were so many beautiful girls in the world and I was so hideous. I

met a friend of mine one day, Elsie W. and I hardly knew her. While she had never been as thin as I was, a year or more ago she ran me a close second, but when I met her she had taken on flesh and had developed into a fine handsome girl with one of the prettiest figures I had ever seen. I asked her what had caused the big change. She said Carnot. She told me she had begun to put on flesh. I was so encouraged by what she said that I couldn't get to the druggist fast enough. I bought a bottle and since then I have been taking it regularly. It has made the greatest change in me you ever saw. I now weigh 165 pounds and all my friends tell me what a wonderful figure I have and I know that I am admired."

Carnot is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund you money.

"you," she said. "I have hungered and thirsted for one look at your face, for one word from your lips. My heart craved for you, so that I could not die. I am breaking my oath, but it was a cruel one; besides, I must know what answer to give when I stand before the great white throne. God gave me a precious jewel and I left it with another. He will ask what I did with it. What shall I say?"

Lady Hilda thought the poor woman was raving, and she laid her cool hand upon the hot brow. Still those sad eyes seemed to drink in every change on her face.

"When I gave my jewel away," she continued, "I swore that I would never reclaim it; but I cannot die until it is mine again. She will know perhaps in the other world that I have broken my oath; it must be so. Hilda, look at me. Have you no memory of me? Have you never seen me before?"

"Your face is familiar to me," replied Hilda, wondering at the strange address; "I have seen something like it in my dreams."

"Nothing more?" cried the woman, a wild sob bursting from the pale lips. "Is there no memory of the long days when I nursed you in my arms; of the hot tears I have shed over you—is there nothing that tells you of my love, my sorrow, and despair? Ah, how many years is it since I clasped my little child in my arms and took what I believed to be my last look at her! Hilda, I should rise, I should kneel there at your feet and ask you to pardon me, but I did all for the best."

Lady Hilda's face had grown very pale, her lips quivered, and her eyes grew dim.

"I do not quite understand you yet," she whispered; "tell me more plainly who you are."

The white face turned to her, the lips trembling, the large, sad eyes filled with tears.

"I have hungered and thirsted for you," she continued; "my heart burned within me, parched and withered for one glance at that face. Oh, darling, bend over me, lower still; look at me, pardon me. I am your own unhappy mother—you are my only child."

"My mother!" said Lady Hilda gently; "is it possible? Can it be true?"

"It is true," said the dying woman; "eighteen years ago my heart broke when I gave you, my only child, my love, my comfort, to another. I could not die until I heard you call me mother once again. Oh, darling—my own, my only child—do not turn from me. Say you forgive me, then I can die in peace."

Lady Hilda bent over the drooping face, so full of wild sorrow.

"Tell me about it," she said gently; "I do not understand."

Then by the gray light of the winter morning Magdalen Hurst told her story—told of her simple, beautiful girlhood spent in the bonny woods of Brynmar; of the fate that came to her there when she met handsome, reckless, unprincipled Stephen Hurst. She told the sad story of her married life, with its wretched ending, when the gay, handsome lover of her youth stood in the dock and the fatal sentence was pronounced against him—how he wanted her to join him in that far-off land; and in order to do so she had parted with her only child.

"It was not that I did not love you, darling," pleaded the sweet, faint voice. "I died in that hour; life has only been a burden to me since. I had nothing to give you but shame, misery, and reproach, the burden of a tainted name, poverty and toil. She gave you wealth, honor, and all that the world esteems. I knew you would be happy with her, for she loved you. Still, I could not face my Maker until I knew from my child's own lips that she was happy and well cared-for. I am dying fast; call me mother once again."

Lady Hilda laid her face upon her mother's, she touched the pale brow with her warm, loving lips.

"Mother," she whispered, "I begin to remember you. I love you, and have nothing to forgive."

There was a strange likeness between the two faces—one wearing the pallor of death, the other rich in youth's best beauty.

"Mother," whispered Lady Hilda, "let me send for my husband to see you."

"No, my dear child," said her mother starting, "that cannot be. I have not come to drag you down to my level, Hilda—to bring shame and disgrace upon you—to humble the pride of those who claim you now. Keep my secret as I have kept it. I only came to see you once more—to hear you call me mother, to kiss your face, and touch with my hand the golden curls I remembered and loved so well. I shall be buried where you can come at times to see my grave, but the story of my life must not be told. Hilda, swear to me that you will never reveal what you now know."

Standing by her mother's deathbed, Lady Hilda Bayneham made a vow to keep her secret faithfully and truly, and never to reveal one word of what had passed.

"You are very beautiful," said Magdalen Hurst fondly, as her hand fingered on the golden curls; "tell me, are you very happy, darling?—does Lord Bayneham love you very much?"

Hilda told the simple story of her love—told it with sweet, shy blushes that gladdened the weary woman who gazed upon them.

"Has he never asked who your parents were?" she said.

"His mother did," replied Hilda; "but all that seems to be forgotten now."

(To be continued.)

Uncovers Copper Deposits.

STOCKHOLM.—A discovery of new mineral wealth in Sweden is announced by Director Axel Gavelin, head of the Government Geological Research Department, who has asked the Riksdag for an appropriation to cover the investigation of the newly-found ore deposits. These lie in central Sweden, and consist of iron, zinc and copper ore. Mr. Gavelin does not give exact details as to the total size of these deposits, but he considers them extremely promising, and says that if further research fulfills his expectations, the copper find especially is valuable and will form a national asset of great importance. The total iron ore deposits of Sweden already known are calculated to contain nearly 1,400,000,000 tons, running an average of 60 per cent. iron, which is said to be over 25 per cent. more than the average for all iron ore mined in the rest of Europe, and 16 per cent. more than the average for the world as a whole. Although much of Sweden's iron ore is used for the domestic manufacture of iron and steel, the export is considerable. In 1913 the total export was six and one half million tons, while last year the figures were four and a half million. Copper mines and export, which is hundreds of years old in Sweden, has declined of recent years, and the familiar copper ware seen in every Swedish home was in a fair way of becoming valuable antiques. Now, however, a revival of the Swedish copper industry may result from the newly-discovered deposits.

To make foamy sauce, cream a half cup butter, add a cup powdered sugar gradually. Then add a well beaten egg and cook over hot fire, beating continually. Cool and add a half-teaspoonful vanilla.

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London, New York and Paris Assoc. of Fashion

The Heir of Bayneham

—AND—
Lady Hutton's Ward.

CHAPTER XVII.

White and worn, with a deep shade upon it, lay the same beautiful face she had seen in the summer. The woman before her was the one who had asked her so long ago for a flower at the lodge gates. The sad, large eyes seemed to burn as they looked at her, the lips trembled and quivered, but could not utter a word.

"You wished to see me," said Lady Hilda, bending over her. "I came as soon as I could. I have disturbed you wait a few minutes and then you will be better able to speak to me."

The burning eyes closed as she spoke, and Lady Hilda stood silently gazing at the beautiful face, wondering what was the story it told. Deep lines of sorrow were on the broad, white brow and round lips. As she gazed upon the face it seemed in some strange way to become familiar to her, as though years ago she had seen and loved it in her dreams; then the faint, sweet voice was heard again.

"Are you Lady Hilda Bayneham?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am Lord Bayneham's wife."

"You were Lady Hutton's ward?"

continued the sick woman.

"Yes," said Lady Hilda quietly, "she was my adopted mother; I knew no other."

She stopped abruptly, for the dying lips uttered a wild cry and the white face was turned to her with a look of deadly anguish that was almost despair.

"Hush!" said Lady Hilda gently; "what is it? You will make yourself worse. What can I do for you?"

The woman held out a thin, white hand and clasped the soft fingers of the young girl; she held them up to the light, looking at the costly rings that glittered there.

"Let me see your other hand," she said.

Lady Hilda gave it to her and she glanced eagerly at it. On the third finger shone a plain gold ring. When the sick woman saw it she pressed it eagerly to her lips.

"Who gave you that ring?" she asked.

"Lady Hutton," was the reply. "She placed it on my finger on my sixteenth birthday. Why do you ask me these questions? What do you know of me?"

For all answer the sad, sweet eyes looked into her face, as though trying to read every thought of her heart.

"I could not die until I had seen

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