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The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

—OR—
"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XXIX.

And, even if, to suppose an impossibility, her father were willing to give his consent, to allow his daughter to marry a poor man for the reason that she loved him and he loved her, would it be wise to accept such a sacrifice? Would it not bring with it a punishment in Dolly's discontent at her narrower surroundings? Would it not be terrible to him to see her unhappy and ill at ease and dissatisfied in her humble home, to see her beauty fade and her sweet bright disposition alter in her new life?

Thinking thus, he reached Lambwood in a very depressed and depressed state of mind. All Sidney's cheerful prophecies were merged in his own dismal forebodings as he entered the stately hall where, every evidence of wealth served only to imbitter his reflections and to make him feel more hopeless as to the result of his suit.

Mr. Daunt was at home, a servant told him; he was in the library, and Lloyd was preparing to join him there, feeling that he ought not to see Dolly until he had received her father's verdict when a slender little figure clad in black velvet, the broad square linen collar edged with embroidery round the throat adding considerably to the picturesque quaintness of its appearance, came lightly and swiftly down the wide oaken staircase. At sight of it all Lloyd Milner's resolves and forebodings melted into thin air; and he went forward eagerly to meet Dolly with a love-light in his gray eyes and a bright smile which were certainly not in accordance with the dismal view he had been taking of his love affair since he had turned his horse's head toward Lambwood. Nothing lovelier than little Dolly, with her shy smiles and shyer blushes, could have been imagined—cer-

tainly the young barrister had never seen one half so lovely.

"I will take Mr. Milner to papa," she said to the servant, who bowed and disappeared; and then Dolly looked up expectantly into her lover's admiring but disturbed countenance.

"What is the matter?" she asked coquetishly. "You do not look very pleased to see me. There is nothing wrong at Easthorpe, is there?" she added, eagerly, her voice changing in quick anxiety. "Sidney is not ill?"

"No—at least I think not," he answered, in some embarrassment. "I saw her this morning, and she said she was not ill; but she looks very pale and delicate. Dolly, she sent you her love and spoke so kindly—may I dare hardly tell you all she said?"

"Why not?" Dolly said, shyly. "They were standing by the great hall fire now, and he was looking tenderly and sadly down at the pretty picturesque little figure in black velvet."

"Because I feel that I have not acted as an honest and honorable man should," he answered gravely. "Dolly, when I spoke to you last night, I forgot the great difference in our positions—I forgot that I was a poor man."

"You have forgotten something indeed this morning," she said, reproachfully. "You have forgotten that you said you loved me, and that I—I love you, and—"

"I shall never forget that," he answered, softly—"never. If I live to be an old man, I shall always remember those words until my dying day, and they will always give me the same great pleasure, the same intense happiness! Dolly, if my love for you were less than it is, I should not be so fearful of your father's reception of my suit. As it is, I am—"

"Very foolish," Dolly put in, gravely and reprovingly. "Come into the library now, and you will see that papa is not such a terrible personage."

"Mrs. Daunt gave me a note for him," Lloyd said, as they crossed the hall together; "and, Dolly, I think it would be well if you could go and see her to-day. She seems very much depressed and out of spirits."

"I will go this afternoon," Dolly answered, as she opened the library door; and they entered the stately old room together.

Mr. Daunt was sitting at a writing table covered with letters and papers of various kinds. He looked up as Dolly appeared, his grave absorbed face softening into a sudden tender smile, which faded again almost immediately, and was replaced by a grave but kindly look of inquiry as the two young people came up to the table together. The next moment Dolly's white arms were round his neck and her sweet lips close to his ear, and she was whispering something there which made her father know that the little daughter whom he had hitherto thought of more as a child to be petted than as a woman, had not only won the young man's love, but had given her own nature.

"Was not ours a love-match, Eva?" he said, smiling. "I was always under the impression that it was, and it turned out very happily, I think. It is too late to talk of refusing consent; I have already given it; and to say the truth, I have no wish to retract. Come, be reasonable, and remember your own young days."

Notwithstanding her foolish, Lady Eva was too sensible a woman to persist in an opposition which could do no good; and she yielded, though with a very bad grace.

Dolly felt more like a culprit waiting for a sentence, when she went to receive her mother's kiss, than a young lady on her promotion; but Lloyd's happiness was too great to be damped even by her ladyship's reserve and coldness; and the young people spent a happy hour or two in the morning-room, notwithstanding the prospect of separation.

When Stephen Daunt drove over to luncheon-time, it needed no explanation to show him how matters stood. Dolly's shy conscious blushes, the close clasp of her arms round his neck as he kissed her, and Lloyd Milner's radiant face were quite sufficient proofs; and his congratulations, so evidently sincere, relieved Mr. Daunt's mind from any misgivings his wife's words might have caused. Stephen was unfeignedly pleased at the engagement and showed his pleasure so frankly that Lady Eva became far more reconciled to the match than would otherwise have been the case; and luncheon was a pleasant informal meal served in the morning-room, for the dining-room had not yet been rescued from the men sent from London by Gunter, in charge of the commissariat department for the entertainment of the previous evening which of course was the prevailing topic of conversation.

(To be continued.)

Magic Aids to Beauty

So long as soft cheeks beguile, and pretty lips, mysterious fragrances and dancing eyes bewilder—just so long will women gaily accept the magic aids to beauty discovered by those who love to explore for them. Richard Hudnut's passion for the witchery of perfumes presented to the world the captivating Three Flowers odor. Delicate—subtle—epicy with the breath of Oriental vapors—this dainty perfume charms the fastidious ladies of all lands. You may now obtain this fragrant scent in talcum, face powder or vanishing cream. Every toilet requisite bearing the Three Flowers name contains this beautiful scent. To use Three Flowers is a sign of good taste.—oct30,ta,tt.

POOL POLICY.

There are some men in gaudy raiment, men who ride in costly cars, who are slow in making payment for the coffee and cigars. Oh! I heartily hate a merchant prince in a k a complaint of such as they; "They come in and buy our quinces, run up bills and do not pay. We can see them ride in splendor, savoring on the sunlit hills, but they bring no legal tender for our empty, yawning tills. These misguided men go toiling by the woods and cataracts, but no person are they fooling, all the village knows the facts. All the people know they're dodging bills they should have long since paid, beating bills for board and lodging, for plug hats and lemons." Oh, the butcher and the grocer shudder when they see these men, for they shudder at their drawing closer and they do not get their cash." These poor dead-heads, much deploring as they go their way, think the voters are admiring all their splendor and display. But, as solemn as a Druid, the mortician says, says he, "Owing for embalming fluid, still they scamper o'er the sea." And the druggist sadly twitters, as he sees them pass his shack, "They have purchased jars of bitters and they let me hold the cork." And the hardware man is saying, and he weighs a "three-inch" nail, "They have 'time for pump and playing, but no time to bring the kals." Better wall, obscure and humble, than to know a driver's thrills, while the merchant prince grumbles, wishing you would pay your bills.

WALT MATON
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DOCTOR ADVISED AN OPERATION

Read Alberta Woman's Experience With Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Provost, Alberta.—"Perhaps you will remember sending me one of your books a year ago. I was in a bad condition and would suffer awful pains at times and could not do anything. The doctor said I could not have children unless I went under an operation. I read testimonials of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the papers and a friend recommended me to take it. After taking three bottles I became much better and now I have a healthy baby girl four months old. I do my housework and help a little with the chores. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and am willing to let you see the testimonial letter. Mrs. A. Adams, Box 64, Provost, Alberta.

Britain to Probe Propaganda Work

CHARTERS GAVE LABOR A CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE
LONDON, Oct. 28.—Although several members of Parliament have rushed into print with declarations that they want to lay bare Britain's propaganda work during the war as a result of statements attributed to

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General Chamberlain about an alleged German hadover factory, many leading politicians here, irrespective of party, are opposed to any such step being taken because they believe great mischief would ensue.

Some left wing Laborites would welcome such an inquiry, for it would give them a chance again to demand full inquiry into the Zinoviev red letter incident, which played such a remarkable part in last year's Tory landslide.

The "Evening Post" declares today, however, that nothing can be gained by the resuscitation of these gruesome controversies, and the Manchester Guardian comments caustically on the corpse factory and remarks: "It is pure hypocrisy for those who were prominent in such practices to attempt the suggestion that General Chamberlain introduced an element of falsehood and distraction into a truth loving war world. The whole propagandist atmosphere in every combatant country during the war was an atmosphere of falsehood and distraction."

There are, nevertheless, many who would like to see the propaganda book revealed, for it holds out promise of being a thriller. Propaganda, for instance, was an element of secret service work. It might also show how truthful are many of the current stories about the alleged use of British money to subsidize certain continental papers, both in allied and neutral countries.

There is also a chance that some noteworthy continental had a pecuniary interest in furthering the allied cause. It might be disclosed also whether it is really true that a faded edition of a prominent English newspaper is taken daily to Holland in destroyers with many columns devoted to faked political, naval and military crises here.

SUGAR PRODUCTION IN CANADA
Production of sugar beets in Canada during 1923 amounted to 129,300 tons, valued at \$1,922,468, and grown on 17,341 acres, according to the Bureau of Statistics. 6,000 acres have been planted to beets this year in Southern Alberta, due to the establishment of a sugar beet factory.

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YESTERDAY LATE
FRENCH POLITICS

The Painleve Cabinet will confront Parliament in an atmosphere of electric air. Not since the 1914 has any been faced by a situation, Syria had been destined to a financial problem acute.

TURKS CROSS

A despatch from Beirut, Syria, states that Turkish troops, crossing the Muslim of the British have France. Other that the situation of hand of authority are terrorizing.

LATEST CANADIAN

With only Quebec at nine o'clock, the press reported standing: Liberal eyes, 117; Progressives, 117; Independent, 45.

ELLERBAU

The Dutch steamer bound in being beached by hon. N.A., after her own voyage. The ship from Montreal, train laden, was October 4th.

DAMASCUS
HALF
One-eighth of the army, and the thousand, and recent reports, 1.

SIR JAMES
Senator Sir J. here this morning has been a member of the 889 and was theervative group.

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