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## At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit

STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Through the open window came the peal of muffled bells—clear, distinct. "It is for papa," replied the girl. "All these years they have believed him guilty, and now they are endeavoring to outrun each other in doing him honor. All the church bells around will ring muffled peals for him; but, ah, mamma, no Christian in those churches stood up and said, 'Think twice before you pronounce judgment on an absent man!'"

They went down together. Outside the sun shone warm and golden, the birds sang gaily; inside, all was dark and solemn. The great entrance-hall was transformed into a chapel ardente. It was draped in black and great tapers shone like stars in the darkness. In the middle of the hall stood the funeral bier, covered with a black velvet pall, and upon the daken coffin which contained all that remained of the once handsome, genial baronet, lay a wreath of white roses, and in the midst of the flowers was the ruby ring. Dolores and he had parted sixteen years before, on a sweet summer night, with loving words and caresses. Sixteen years of doubt and pain, of anguish and desolation lay between them, and she was living, he was dead. They were together again. Dolores did not utter a word. She went straight to the coffin and laid her fair head upon it, clasping her arms around it as though she would never leave it.

"Oh, my darling, my love," she said, "I think of your face as I

first in heaven!"

It was Lord Feilden who at length went to her.

"My dearest Lady Allanmore," he said, "there are many who wish to pay their last respects to Sir Karl. Would you like to go away first?"

The face she raised to his struck him with awe and wonder.

"No," she said, "I will not leave him until he is carried away."

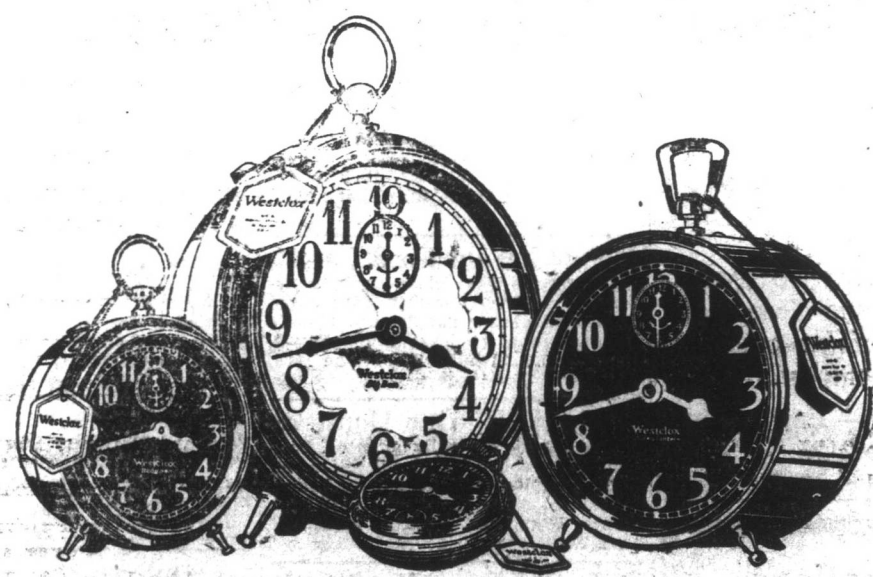
And she did not. It was a terrible sight that Lady Allanmore kept by her husband's coffin; for, though there were times when she felt fainting by it, she would not leave it until it was borne away.

His kindly face would never bend over her again, his arms would never be pressed to hers; she would never rest again with her head on his breast, feeling that her sure refuge was there; but she would rather have knelt there by his coffin than have sat by another on a throne. Lady Feilden came to her at last on the day appointed for the funeral.

Nearly the whole country had been to do him homage; men, women and children had crowded round the bier, and people had wept as much to see the fair-haired wife beside the coffin as they had wept for him who lay within it.

"My dearest Dolores," asked Lady Feilden gently, "will you come away? I have not asked you before. I have felt that if you liked to spend these hours with your beloved dead, you had a right to do so; but now the day

# Westclox



## For a sound sleep

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## A QUEEN UNCROWNED

### THE STORY IN THE LONE INN

CHAPTER I.

"Why, what an independent young gentleman we have here, so self-conscious and wise that he declines all help, and is going to begin life in a land he never set foot in before on the principle of letting every tub stand on its own bottom. If you were a dozen years older, I would twist your neck for you, for your insolence. A Spaniard more or less is no great loss in the world; and I have settled the hash of many a better man than you will ever be for less than that!"

Dolores raised her white, worn face to that of her old friend.

"Where will they lay him?" she asked.

"By Gertrude's desire he will be buried at Scarsdale. There is an open space of ground in the park, and she says that it will be your wish to have a mausoleum erected there. She thinks to have him buried so near to you, where you can go every day and strew some flowers on his grave, will be like some little atonement for letting him lie all those years unburied."

Again Dolores bent her head over the velvet pall; and Lady Feilden heard her murmur—

"I did not know, my darling, I did not know!"

"You will like that, will you not, Dolores?" said Lady Feilden.

And she answered meekly, "Yes."

"You will come with me my dear?" continued her friend. "Gertrude, come and help me—come and persuade your mother to go away."

The white, worn face from which all light had gone, and the quivering lips, were piteous to see. Lady Allanmore kissed the velvet pall.

"If I must go," she said, "good-by, dear love, good-by!"

As she bent over the coffin, she saw the ring for the first time; a low cry came from her lips.

"Who brought this here, Gertrude?" she cried, clinging to her daughter.

(To be continued.)

### Household Notes.

Very often when cold, cooked cereal is stirred into fresh cereal it causes lumps. To avoid this, first put the cold cereal through the potato ricer.

You will find it convenient to have a yard of silence cloth material covered with clean muslin, and ready for use in pressing embroideries, laces, etc.

"Indeed! perhaps I may. What is this wonderful sheet-anchor called?"

"Captain Nick Tempest, sir," said that individual, drawing himself up and fixing his flashing eyes on his companion's face. "I've trusted in him, sir, and I'll back him against luck and Providence, and all the other sheet-anchors in the world. Look! ugh!" said the captain, with a look of disgust, as he let fly a last volley of tobacco juice.

The boy would have smiled, but there was a warning gleam in the eyes of the captain that forbade it; so he said nothing, and again they walked on for a short distance in silence, and sulkiness on the part of the gallant commander of the Fly-by-Night.

Is that the inn we are to stop at?" at length inquired the boy Jaclinto.

"Yes," said the captain with a sullen growl, "that's the inn I'm to stop at. I don't know anything about yours; and what's more, I don't care. You may go where you please."

Again that slight and seemingly irrepressible smile flickered for a moment around the lad's handsome mouth; but it was gone directly, and he was standing with his hand on the captain's arm, and his dark, bright eyes fixed on his gruff, surely face, saying, in his soft, musical accents:

"Come, Captain Tempest; forget and forgive; it is hardly worth your while to be angry with me. We have been good friends since the day we met merry England until this; and as there is no telling how soon we may part now, it will never do to quarrel at the last moment."

"Quarrel!" said Captain Nick, contemptuously. Quarrel with a little pinch of down like you! Why, I'd as soon quarrel with a woman! Not much fear of you and I quarrelling, my young shaver!"

"Well, let me be friends with you as we were before. Come, captain, shake



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**1st** Boys just take to the snappy Kellogg's. It's their favorite dish.

**2nd** It is taking ten. Builds flavor and crisp strength, and doesn't tax the digestive tract.

**3rd** No waiting for meals when Kellogg's is handy on the pantry shelf. It's ready to serve. It's good any time.



### Russia Again Faces Famine

London. (The Canadian Press)—Soviet Russia is again faced with famine, says Prof. S. Procopovitch, a well known Russian economist who was a member of the Famine Relief Committee formed in Moscow in 1921, in a communication to the London Times. Professor Procopovitch was a member of Kerenky Provisional Government in 1917. The Famine Relief Committee of 1921 was dissolved by the Bolsheviks, many of its members arrested, and some, including Prof. Procopovitch, were exiled from Russia. The Professor writes to the Times as follows:

Soviet Russia is again faced with famine. The south and southeast are under the influence of prolonged heat and drought, while the north and northwest are suffering from continuous cold and rainy weather. Under normal conditions this would only result in a bad harvest, a calamity which would be merely local, and which, like that of 1891 could be overcome by local means. But now it is otherwise.

For seven years the country has been under Communist rule. The national revenue has fallen below 40 per cent. of its pre-war figure. Professor Liashchenko, a well known corn industry expert, writes in a Soviet publication, the Consumers' Co-operative and Rural Economy, that the cereal harvest per head of the population in Russia was 10.6 cwt. in 1913-14 and 4.7 cwt. in 1920. The year 1920 was the last of a systematic Communist policy. Lenin's partial renouncement of Communism in March, 1921, resulted in an increase of the cultivated area and in the size of the harvest. The extent of this increase we do not, unfortunately know, as Soviet statisticians are wont to increase the figures given them by 10, 20 and even 30 per cent. Even Stalin, one of the Triumvirate which at the moment rules Russia, has expressed his disapproval of Soviet statisticians on account of their unworthiness. This, at all events, is certain, that after the export abroad in 1923-24 of 2,700,000 tons, the population is left almost entirely without a supply of grain.

The failure of the harvest in south and southeast Russia is spread over a wide region. According to the Soviet press the harvest has failed completely in many areas. It was found by the expert commission that the local June showers lasted only from 15 to 40 minutes without any change in the temperature, with the result the crops were completely blighted by the sun. The winter crops there have perished completely, while in those districts where they still survive the harvest will not be above that of 1921—4a., 15-20 lb. per acre. Of the spring crops the fall below the normal will be as much as 50 per cent. There follows in the same issue another communication from the Northern Caucasus: In the Sarar district, in the north-eastern portion of the Stavropol and Terk provinces, and in the whole of the Kislar region the winter crops have perished and have been cut down as hay.

It is hardly likely that any future rains can materially alter the state of affairs in the Provinces mentioned above. The population of these provinces is 24 millions. They will not, of course, all starve. There is a fraction of well-to-do peasants in Soviet Russia. This fraction, however, is negligible.

Whence can we expect help now? The tragedy of Russia is so pro-



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