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

CHAPTER XIII.

"There is plenty of time," Dolly said, brightly. "Mind you write to me often, Sidney, and tell me all about your travels; and don't stay away too long. I dare say that selfish brother of mine will not be very willing to come home, he will be so glad to have you all to himself. Poor fellow, he has had a hard time of it lately between dressmakers and milliners. Why, here is a letter for you, Sidney! It has been waiting on your table; it is the first, I suppose, that you have addressed to Mrs. Stephen Dant."

"A letter—for me?" Sidney questioned, starting a little, and going hastily over to the dressing-table. "Oh, yes!" she added, her voice changing a little, in spite of all her efforts. "More congratulations, I suppose."

She took up the letter; but her fingers were trembling so violently that she could not open it; and she put it down hastily, glancing at Dolly to see if she noticed her intense agitation. But Dolly, in her self-imposed labors of lady's-maid, was busy replacing the diamonds on their soft satin beds, and had not perceived Sidney's pallor and trembling limbs, and she had a minute or two in which to recover herself.

"Dolly!"

Dolly turned quickly—for, notwithstanding all her efforts, Sidney could not control her voice.

"What is it, dear? Are you ill?" she asked, running to her.

"Ill"—with a little laugh. "Oh, no! But I wonder if, amid all the confusion and bustle down-stairs, it is possible to get a cup of tea?"

"Of course! Why not?" said Dolly laughing. "I will ring."

"No, don't ring," Sidney opposed, hastily. "Will you run down yourself, dear, and ask Bessie to make it for me? She knows how I like it, you know. It is a shame to trouble you."

"A great shame!" laughed Dolly, as she departed on her errand; and, as soon as the door closed behind her, Sidney snatched up the letter, and tore it open.

It bore no signature; but Sidney knew the handwriting too well to need one. Many a tender little note that she had received in time past had been written by the same hand, and by it too had been written the words which

collection that he was in the house among the wedding guests, when his son must be near. There was no other way of accounting for the note upon her table than by Frank's proximity; and, if his presence in Ashford should become known to his father, the consequences would be most terrible. And in a few minutes she must go; the carriage was already at the door to take the "happy pair" to the station, and Sidney could have cried out loud in her anguish and dread. How could she go away in this terrible uncertainty? How could she leave Frank, her old friend and playmate, in this strait? And yet she was powerless—she must go—she must go! And, above all, she must strive to let no one guess, no one suspect her fear, lest suspicion should be aroused.

What did he mean by saying that he had come too late to save her? Had trouble and privation turned his brain? she wondered. Why was she to be pitted now?

It was all strange and bewildering to her. Only one thing was clear, that Frank was in the neighborhood; and that alone was sufficient to cause terrible fear and dread.

She crushed the note and hid it in her breast as she heard Dolly's voice in the passage, and in a minute Miss Dant entered the room, carrying the tea.

"You must drink it quickly, Sidney," she said, lightly. "The carriage is round, and Stephen is in a fever, saying you will miss the train."

"I don't think I care for it," Sidney answered, forcing a little tuneless laugh. "I won't wait, Dolly. Is that my hat, dear?"

"You are in an awful hurry now," Dolly pouted; "and there is plenty of time to drink your tea, if you care to have it. They are all in the hall waiting to say good-by."

But Sidney did not heed; she was putting on her hat with unsteady hands, preparing for the wedding-journey, and surreptitiously rubbing her cheeks to bring some color into them. She had not minded her pallor before; now it increased her fear of arousing suspicion. In her terror she felt as if every one must know the secret weighing so terribly upon her, and dared not meet Dolly's eyes, lest she should see suspicion and distrust in them.

"Have I all my belongings?" she said, with the same attempt at cheerfulness. "Yes, I think I have; besides, if I forget anything, I can easily get it in London—Stephen has made me rich, you know! Shall we go down now, Dolly? I am ready, and you say that Stephen is impatient."

"All bridegrooms are impatient, I should think," remarked Dolly, laughing, and putting her arm round Sidney as they left the room together.

"Oh, Sidney, how glad I am that you are indeed my sister! We thought once that Stephen would have married Sibyl Nell! Thank Heaven, he did not! I wonder where she is now?" went on little Dolly, thoughtlessly.

"Don't, Dolly, don't!" Sidney said, with a little sob of pain; and Dolly apologized lovingly and penitently; and the girls went down-stairs together to the old stone-paved hall, where the wedding-guests waited to bid the newly married pair God-speed.

In the same strange, mechanical manner Sidney went through the farewells, while Stephen waited impatiently, anxious to get her all to himself, and fearing every minute that she would faint, her movements were so slow and unsteady.

"Surely no prier bride had ever started on her lifelong journey than Sidney, when her husband lifted her at last into the carriage! But Lloyd Milner was perhaps the only one present who noticed the swift look of terror with which she glanced around, as if she feared that something terrible was going to happen to prevent her going. It reminded the young barrister of the look he had seen sometimes in the eyes of criminals standing in the dock awaiting their doom. A strange look, he thought, to see in the eyes of a woman on her wedding-day! (To be continued.)



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SIDE TALKS.
By Ruth Cameron.

HOW THEY LOVE THOSE BREAKS.

How much a touch of sympathy and imagination in parents does help to make a happy childhood!

There was a birthday in my neighbor's family recently. Two visiting cousins and her own four children had planned to take their lunch and go down the road two miles for a picnic. The lunches were all put up in little individual packages when the day, as the best of days so often will, turned out rainy. "Well, you can have your little individual packages just the same, that's something," said mother. "But just sitting down to the table with you and Aunt Louise just like any day," they waited resentfully, "that isn't a picnic." "Well, you needn't sit down to the table then," offered mother. "You can go down cellar and pretend you're miners or something like that."

Their faces lit up. "All right," they cried, "let's be miners. Can we take the electric flashlight? And the girls can come down the shaft to bring us lunch."

Such little things make adventures for children! Small children, when you stop to think of it, lead lives that are pretty much of a routine. No wonder they crave a bit of difference and are thrilled at any little irregularity. One of my most vivid childhood memories was coming home from school in the spring and finding that the dining room carpet was up and we were to eat in the kitchen. I loved it. It was something different—an adventure.

It doesn't always mean such a great deal of trouble to plan these little breaks for children. Just a little more sympathy, a little more imagination, a little willingness to do something unusual now and then. And, oh, the difference to the child!

from a distant station that he has been arrested.

The publication contains details of a crime in a summarized form, and only sufficient information is given to help in the work of catching criminals.

There is another publication (the Police Gazette) issued from Scotland Yard twice weekly, and this deals more exhaustively with the deeds of criminals. Petty crooks do not figure in its pages, but no "first-class" man or woman is ignored by the editor. The Police Gazette contains photographs, the age, birthplace, convictions, and, most important of all, the methods of the criminal.

Long before Patrick Mahon murdered Miss Edith Kaye he had a prominent place in the "Gazette." Under his good-looking face the story of his criminal career was told. His record belied his striking appearance, although he was described as "smartly dressed, well spoken, and of good education."

PAINS ACROSS THE BACK

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The merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is told by women to each other. Many women know by experience what this medicine will do and they are anxious for other to know. Such testimony should cause any woman suffering from the troubles so common to her sex to try this well-known medicine a fair trial.

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Scotland Yard's Daily Paper

Information About Criminals—How Smart Arrests are Made.

"Informations" is the prosaic name of one of the most interesting "news-papers" published in London. Once upon a time it bore the title of "The Hue and Cry." It is issued twice daily, but only a police officer is entitled to read it contents. For a civilian to possess a copy is an offence under the Official Secrets Act.

Printed at Scotland Yard, it is distributed by motor-cyclists to all police stations in the London metropolitan area.

"Informations" is responsible for many a smart capture. Every zealous police officer prides himself, and a few hours after a crime is circulated from a police station regarding a wanted criminal, news may be dashed through

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