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MOTHER: Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying at her with intense pity and compassion, felt all the helplessness a man usually feels in presence of a crisis de morte.

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The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

She had to change twice, the guard told her, and she would have a long wait at one of the stations; but she was on her way at last—at last!

It began to snow soon after they left the outskirts of London; and, as the day wore on, it came down more and more thickly.

At Bishopstow, where Sidney had to wait, the snow lay thickly on the station roofs and on the surrounding country, and her heart sunk with fear as she thought that the train might be delayed by snow-drifts, and that she would not reach her destination that night.

She was cold and weary and faint; but she never thought of obtaining any refreshment, although Bishopstow station was a large one and there was a refreshment-room to which most of the passengers hastened as soon as they left the train. Sidney sat by the waiting-room window, longing to go on her way once more.

The train came up, its red lights gleaming, its carriage-roofs white with snow. Sidney hastened, as fast as her trembling limbs would allow her, to the nearest carriage, and got in stumblingly and awkwardly in her agitation. One gentleman was its occupant; he was leaning back in one corner of the carriage, his coat well pulled up about his ears, and he was reading by the light of a little travelling lamp, which threw its light upon the grave, handsome, rather worn face. He did not glance up from his book as Sidney got into the compartment of which he had been the sole possessor. Apparently his fellow-traveller had no interest for him; and it was only when the door had been shut and the train was once more on its way that Sidney glanced over at the quiet absorbed face, and then a little cry—half of joy, half of fear—broke from her. She held out both her little trembling hands toward him, uttering his name—"Stephen!"—and

then sunk forward, half swooning, half sobbing, at his feet.

CHAPTER XXXV.

For a moment Stephen Daunt was so overcome with surprise at the unexpected appearance of his wife that, without moving, he stared at her over his book, half uncertain whether he was not dreaming, whether he had not fallen asleep in the carriage can coiled up the beautiful, pale face of the woman who was rarely absent from his thoughts; but the surprise was only momentary, and gave place to alarm as he saw how terribly agitated she was, how the little trembling hands clung to him for a moment and then fell away in their weakness, how the slender form quivered and shook like one stricken and wounded unto death.

Stephen Daunt had all a man's and an Englishman's horror of scenes, and since his marriage he had had enough and to spare. Life had been quite a tragic business, he thought wearily, ever since that June morning when he had made Sidney his wife. It was not her fault, poor child, since so long as she had been well, she had been calm and languid and self-passioned as a queen; but there had been that scene in the waiting-room, at Ling which had preceded her serious illness; and now, when he had thought her safe in Brighton with his aunt and Dolly, she made an unexpected appearance in a railway-compartment of which—fortunately, most fortunately—she was the only other occupant.

All these thoughts passed like lightning through his brain, as, lifting her tenderly in his arms, he placed her upon the cushions of the carriage, and still holding her within his arm, tried to soothe her with a few gently-spoken words.

But all power of self-control had deserted her; the intense relief she felt at sight of her husband safe and

free as yet, the self-reproach she had exercised so long, which had cost her such an effort, the agitation, the long night's vigil, the anxiety and suspense, had broken her down; she could not have spoken a word to save her life or Stephen's. She lay back against the cushions, supported by his arm, sobbing, gasping, trembling, and exhausted, fighting against her emotion as best she could, poor child, but utterly powerless to overcome it. She was not weeping; there were no tears in the great burning eyes or on the pale cheeks, and the sobs were great dry, choking sobs which shook the slender frame within his arm with a force which seemed as if it must kill her; while Stephen, looking at her with intense pity and compassion, felt all the helplessness a man usually feels in presence of a crisis de morte.

But through it all one thing struck him, that she did not now shrink from him as she had done in the waiting-room at Ling, that she rather yielded to his arm, and let her weary head rest against his shoulder, as if it were good for it to be there, that the little hands clasped him with convulsive force for a moment, and that, if they fell away then, it was from failing power, not from repulsion. And when at last, from sheer exhaustion, the sobs ceased and the gasping breath came more evenly, though very feebly, she rested against him as a weary child worn out with suffering might rest against its mother's breast.

"Now, dear, can you tell me what the matter is?" he said, after a pause, as they sped onward through the gathering gloom of the wintry dusk. "How is it you are here and alone? Is this the care they have been taking of you at Brighton? Surely they must have seen and known that you were utterly unfit for such a journey?"

"They did not know I was coming," she answered, faintly, pausing between each word as they fell slowly from her white and tremulous lips.

"Have you run away again then?" he said, in the gently chiding tone one might adopt to a spoiled child.

"No," she whispered.

"Where were you going, dear?" he asked, bending his face down over hers as he spoke, and putting his strong hand over the little trembling helpless fingers upon her lap.

"I was coming—to you!"

Her voice was so low and faint that the words were almost inaudible; but they thrilled Stephen Daunt with joy. She was coming to him! Could it be that at last she had learned to love him, to appreciate his love for her, and that brighter day was dawning for them after the long dark night of distrust and pain?

"You were coming to me, Sidney?" he replied softly, drawing her still closer to his side. "You wanted me then? Why did you not send or telegraph, dear child? I would have come to you so gladly—how gladly you will never know, Sidney."

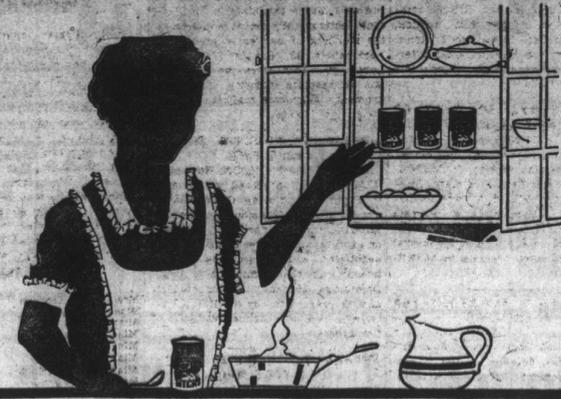
"I—I dared not!" she whispered; and, turning her face suddenly, she hid it against him, pressing it against his fur-lined coat with a sudden passionate pain.

"You dared not?" he echoed, in a voice so full of tender reproach that it almost destroyed Sidney's composure—"You dared not. Why? Surely you were not afraid of me, my child?"

"No, no—wait!" she murmured, still with her face hidden. "Give me a little time—and I will tell you—if you need telling. I have no strength—and yet—I must find strength—or it may be—too late!"

"Too late! What did she mean? Stephen wondered, with a curious dread. Did she think she was going to die, poor foolish girl? And yet was the thought such a foolish one? She had been so ill, and was still so far from strong, that this great agitation and subsequent exhaustion must be terribly weakening and hurtful to her. Desperately the poor woman struggled against her exhaustion, knowing how precious the time was and how she was losing it; but she could not find strength to speak, to tell her husband of his danger, to confess that she believed him guilty of a dreadful crime. Two or three times she tried to utter the words of warning and entreaty to fly; but the words died away on her white lips, and she pressed against him like a wounded thing, conscious, indeed, yet utterly strengthless and exhausted.

(To be continued.)



Some People Have Funny Ideas

What do you think Carnation Milk is like? Do you think it is "thick as molasses in January"? *It isn't.* Do you think it is syrupy sweet? *It isn't.* Do you think it has a funny taste? *It hasn't.* Do you think something is "put in" to make it keep? *There isn't.* Do you think some of the food value is taken out? *It isn't.*

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CARNATION BREAD
1 1/2 cups water, 1/2 cup Carnation milk, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 table-spoons shortening, 7 cups flour, 1 cake compressed yeast, 1/2 teaspoon sugar. Dissolve yeast in a small amount of lukewarm water. Measure the sugar into a measuring cup into a mixing bowl. Add the milk and water. When lukewarm add the yeast and mix thoroughly. When stiff enough to handle, turn the dough on a floured board and knead until smooth and elastic. Put into a bowl, cover and let rise in a warm place about one and one-half hours or until double in bulk, then divide into loaves and put in baking pans. Cover and let stand in a warm place about one hour or until it has doubled in bulk, then bake about forty-five minutes. This makes two loaves of bread.

SUNSHINE CAKES
3 eggs whites, 1 cup sugar, 7 egg whites, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon orange or lemon extract. Beat the yolks of eggs thoroughly. Sift flour twice, with sugar once. Beat whites until foamy, add cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Fold sugar in lightly, add beaten yolks then mix thoroughly and put in a warm place about one hour or until it has doubled in bulk, then bake about forty-five minutes. This makes two loaves of bread.

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War Corpse Factories

General Charteris on False British Propaganda—His Story Disproved.

Indignation and astonishment have been caused in this country by the statements which Brigadier-General John Charteris, Conservative M.P. for Dumfriesshire, is said to have made at the National Arts Club in New York. He is reported to have alleged that the

British Staff invented as propaganda the story that Germany in 1916 and 1917 was boiling down the bodies of soldiers in order to obtain fat for making glycerine which was to be used in ammunition.

The following is the report of the speech, published by the Times: According to General Charteris, the story began as propaganda for China. By transposing the caption from one of two photographs found on German prisoners to the other he gave the impression that the Germans were making a dreadful use of the bodies of their own dead soldiers.

This photograph he sent to a Chinese newspaper in Shanghai. He told the familiar story of its later republication in England and of the discussion it created there. He told, too, how when a question put in the House was referred to him he answered it by saying that from what he knew of German mentality, he was prepared for anything.

Later, said General Charteris, in order to support the story, what purported to be the diary of a German soldier was forged in his office. It was planned to have this discovered on a dead German by a war correspondent with a passion for German diaries, but the plan was never carried out. The diary was now in the War Museum in London.

"Hitting Below the Belt." General Charteris was Director of Military Intelligence in France in 1916 and 1917, down to the close of the Third Battle of Ypres, having been promoted, when 39, in January 1916, to succeed General Macdonagh.

According to the Daily News New York correspondent, he has admitted that the report of his statement was accurate and that the statement was made in a lecture for which he was to show the dangers of propaganda, so as to prevent its use in future years and to prove "how easily it gets out of hand and degenerates into hitting below the belt."

Search at the War Museum has so far failed to reveal the "forged diary" to which the original report of this extraordinary speech referred. General Cockerill, who was in charge of the War Office military propaganda during the war, stated last night that the War Office were clearly not responsible for the corpse factory story. Their policy during the war was to give as accurate an account of the British effort as was possible, and not to give currency to any statement concerning the enemy unless it was believed to be true. It is understood that a serious view

of General Charteris's statement is taken by the War Office, and it is certain that matters will not be allowed to rest where they are.

Origin in Germany.

The report that the Germans were utilizing human corpses arose from the statements of the German Press itself. On April 19, 1917, the Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger published an article from its war correspondent before Rheims referring to "the great corpse-conversion establishment at Everaumont." The word used was "Kadaver-Verwertungsanstalt." Similar statements appeared in other German newspapers.

An order issued by the Command of the 8th German Army, dated December 21, 1916, was captured about this time and photographically reproduced.

Delivery to the Corpses Utilization Establishments: It is necessary again to call attention to the fact that when corpses are delivered to the Corpses Utilization Establishments details are to accompany as to which troops units they are from the date of death, illness, and information as to any epidemics.

The Germans maintained that the order had reference to a factory for

utilizing the bodies of dead horses, but the real truth has never been cleared up.



Turkish Women Unveil

In the middle of the first official dinner and dance at Angora, the Turkish capital, at which Cabinet Ministers, foreign Ambassadors, and many deputies were present, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, Turkish President, started the party by inviting all the Turkish women guests at a given signal to take off the silken Muslim head-dress which covers the neck and hair, and to which the veil is attached. They eagerly complied, as a symbol of progressiveness.

The evening frock may use the new triple yoke-line front and back. The more "antique" a piece of jewelry looks, the more fashionable it is.

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