

The Cost "per cup" is what counts!

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# Red Label "SALADA" TEA

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## The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XX.

"And yet he ran away, and Mrs. Rutledge disappeared at the same time!" the man remarked, with a smile. "Mrs. Daunt, I do not wish to distress you—on the contrary, my only object is to spare you pain and suspense. Let the matter rest; it will be better for Mr. Greville and for all concerned. He has had a wonderful escape from punishment; the inquiry and search after him must have been of a very awkward kind, or he would have been long ere this. The matter has sunk into oblivion now. Do not reopen it."

"You think his guilty," she said passionately, "but I am convinced of his innocence. Oh, sir—she stretched out her hands with a little appealing gesture—"you do not know how gentle he was, how incapable of such a crime! He was as innocent of it as you are. I cannot give up this endeavour to prove his innocence," she added so earnestly that tears rose in her beautiful eyes. "No one ever tried before; he had not one friend here to defend him. His father believed him guilty. I could do nothing then; and all these long months he has been hunted and in misery and concealment. But now I am rich, I have plenty of money, and I cannot remain passive. Will you help me? Ah, do not make up your mind to his guilt! Surely your experience has taught you how very often innocent people have been condemned, and that even proofs are not always to be depended upon! Do help me, sir; I am so powerless alone!"

"But your husband?" he said, gently, touched by her passionate distress and by the lovely appealing face.

"He will not help me," she answered weeping. "He believes him guilty; besides, was he—Frank—not my lover once?" she added passionately. "Can you expect my husband to help him?"

"Ah, true!" he answered, gravely. "I had forgotten."

"Think what his life has been!" she continued, eagerly, feeling that her words had touched him.

"He is innocent, and he suffers as if he were guilty. He has no friends—no one whom every one liked once, for



**MAVIS de Vivaudou TALCUM POWDER**

Use Mavis Talcum Powder freely after your bath—it gives a luxurious sense of perfect comfort. Its sweet perfume adds to the effect.

V. VIVAUDOU, INC. Paris - New York

you is this, Mrs. Daunt. On what terms were you with Mrs. Rutledge?"

"I knew her but slightly."

"Before her marriage or after?"

"Both before and after."

"Was she a resident at Ashford, then, before her marriage?" She lived at Lamswood."

"At Lamswood?" he repeated inquiringly. "Is that in the neighborhood?"

"It is Mr. Daunt's residence. She was governess there in the neighborhood."

"It is Mr. Daunt's residence. She was governess there to his daughter."

"To your husband's daughter?"

"No, Sidney answered, with a faint smile at the thought—"to his sister."

"Ah, to his sister! She was a very beautiful person, I believe?"

"Yes, wonderfully beautiful."

"She was likely to have many admirers, I suppose?"

"Yes," Sidney answered slowly. "Mr. Greville and Mr. Rutledge included."

"Yes," was the faint reply from the flushed pale lips. Sidney was beginning to dread the questions of the detective who sat opposite to her so keenly and impassively.

"And others, I dare say. Mr. Greville's attentions could not have been very marked, however, since you tell me that he was engaged to you."

The color rose slowly in the lovely anxious face. Remembering his earnest injunction to tell him the truth, she hesitated for a moment, then said bravely—

"We were not engaged until Miss Nell was engaged to Mr. Rutledge."

"Ah!"

The monosyllable was full of meaning, for the questioner was keen enough to read on Sidney's face that there was something more to hear.

"Mr. Rutledge was a wealthy man?"

"Yes, very wealthy."

"And the young lady preferred wealth. All this seems no doubt very trivial to you, Mrs. Daunt; but we are accustomed to the fact that trifles are most important. How soon after did you become engaged to Mr. Greville?"

"Immediately," murmured Sidney.

"And you accepted Mr. Greville, then?"

"I was not very prudent; but I could not wait to be prudent," she answered, faintly. "And I am my own mistress to a great extent. But I am afraid of incurring my husband's displeasure and arousing his suspicions; he has a firm belief in Mr. Greville's guilt. Will an hour suffice, Mr. Hoppood?"

"Half that time will be sufficient; and that space will not be longer than an interview with your dress-maker or tailor," he answered—"and I believe ladies have tailors now. I need not trouble you with many questions," he added, glancing at his note book. "I can easily obtain the newspaper accounts of the murder and inquest; but, as you were intimately acquainted with the parties, I may glean some information which may be useful. You will tell me all the truth," he added, seriously, "and anything I do not ask you, but which you think it would be advisable for me to know. Pray do not hesitate. You need not look frightened," he continued, with a reassuring smile; "you are speaking in confidence and I will not make use of any information you give me against your friend."

"Thank you," Sidney said, timidly. "The first question I wish to ask

whom every one had a kindly word. His father is wealthy, and he has been starving; his sister is fading away, dying from a broken heart at his misery; and he has not a friend—not a friend but me, a poor helpless woman, baffled at every turn. Oh, do help us, do help us! You are so clever; you can prove his innocence; and we shall be grateful, so thankful!"

Her hand was on his arm now, the little trembling jeweled hand, and the beautiful impassioned face was raised to his in earnest entreaty. The keen stern face softened as he gently made her sit down.

"I will help you if I can," he said; and, used as he was to scenes of distress and suffering, he felt his lip quiver as he heard her passionate, almost incoherent thanks.

"Thank me when I have proved your friend's innocence," he said. "If he is innocent, I will show his innocence to the world, Mrs. Daunt; do not fear. And now to business," he added, changing his tone to one of coolness. "How much of your time can you spare me now?"

She glanced at the clock; it was only five, and the dressing-bell would not ring before seven; but she did not want her absence from the drawing-room to be noticed. She was beginning to dread the young barrister's keen inquiring glances, and she almost wished that his visit would come to a close.

"Will an hour be sufficient?" she said, timidly. "I dare not remain with you longer, lest my husband should suspect."

"Mr. Daunt is in the house then?"

"Oh, yes! But he is laid up from an accident in the hunting-field. We are safe from interruption."

"I wonder you were not afraid to receive me here?" he said, looking at her in some surprise.

"I was not very prudent; but I could not wait to be prudent," she answered, faintly. "And I am my own mistress to a great extent. But I am afraid of incurring my husband's displeasure and arousing his suspicions; he has a firm belief in Mr. Greville's guilt. Will an hour suffice, Mr. Hoppood?"

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knowing that his heart belonged to Miss Nell?"

"He was very unhappy."

"And you, as an old friend, wished to console him?" he said, the tone in which he spoke taking the sting from his words.

"It was not that exactly," she murmured.

"Will you tell me how it was, then?"

"Mr. Greville was very hurt and angry, and threatened to be revenged on Miss Nell, or—on her—lover, and when I tried to console him, he said, if I would accept him, he would forego his revenge."

"His revenge on Mr. Rutledge?"

"No," Sidney answered low.

"On Miss Nell?"

"No," Sidney answered low.

"On Miss Nell?"

"No"—in a lower voice. Then, looking up suddenly, she went on; "there was some mistake," she said, bravely. "I did not understand that Miss Nell was engaged to Mr. Rutledge; I thought it was to some one else."

"To whom?"

The question was asked very quietly, without the slightest eagerness; but his calm exterior veiled strong excitement—her answer meant so much to the keen detective.

"To Mr. Stephen Daunt."

"Any relative of your husband's?"

"My husband," she said, faintly.

"Was he, then, among the lady's admirers?"

"Yes, he admired her. Who could do otherwise?" She was most beautiful, the girl said, with a sudden ring of pain in her voice.

"Ah, just so! But still the lady's desire for wealth was great enough to be the principal motive of her actions and she preferred Mr. Rutledge's wealth. I presume it was greater than that of either of her other suitors?"

"I suppose so, then—that is, unless Mr. Daunt had given consent to an engagement between Miss Nell and his son."

"Did Mr. Stephen Daunt seem to feel Mr. Rutledge's success as much as Mr. Greville?"

"To be continued."

**JUST FOLKS.**

I have met the famed and mighty men of wisdom and of sense, and I never found them flatter with a vanity intense. They were simple in their manners, they were quiet, often shy, and they waved no gaudy banners to impress the passing guy. "We're just folks," their whole demeanor seemed to say, in modest tones, and they called for kraut and wiener just like Smith or Brown or Jones. "We're just folks, we grieve or frolic like the unknown passerby, and at night we have the solace if we've eaten too much pie. We have made some small successes since the day when we were born, but the best of us confesses that he has an aching corn. We are told we may have places in the nation's hall of fame, but we're pimpled on our faces and the goit has made us lame. We are only common mortals, we have sorrow, hope and gloom; walking sadly to the portals of the pride-effacing tomb." I have seen the selling-plater, I have seen him in his den, and he fancied he was greater than the common run of men: He had gathered transient glory that would flaze in a day, and he thought in song and story he would shine and thro' away. And his bearing was so regal, it was quite a holy show, and he thought himself an eagle while he struck me as a crow. Tip-horns, pikars, scowl and grumble if we bow not and adore, but the truly great are humble—they're just folks and nothing more.

**Fads and Fashions**

There is quite a vague for printed velvets.

Grey kimmer is a fashionable trimming.

This is undoubtedly a season for clo' dresses.

Very smart is the black coat worn over a bright dress.

The plain black satin opera pump is excellent for evening.

Your bag might match your dress and your hat your wrap.

Clo'g-fitting velvet hats are generally turned off the face.

Pique collar and cuffs are used on two-piece frocks of tweed.

An applied circular apron may give the new look fullness.

The drop shoulder is good with the long, close-fitting sleeve.

All through the mode runs that "gay little metallic thread."

One high-necked fall gown has swinging panels at the sides.

Harmonizing kid trims a high-cut pump of suede for afternoon.

**WALT MATON**

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**WORKING GIRL'S EXPERIENCE**

Read how She Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Arnprior, Ontario.—"I must write and tell you my experience with your medicine. I was working at the factory for three years and became so run-down that I used to take weak spells and would be at home at least one day each week. I was treated by the doctors for anemia, but it didn't seem to do me any good. I was told to take a rest, but was unable to, and kept on getting worse. I was troubled mostly with my periods. I would sometimes pass three months, and when it came it would last around two weeks, and I would have such pains at times in my right side that I could hardly walk. I am only 19 years of age and weigh 116 pounds now, and before taking the Vegetable Compound I was only 108 pounds. I was sickly for two years and some of my friends told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken a bottle of it I felt a change. My mother has been taking it for a different ailment and has found it very satisfactory. I am willing to tell friends about the medicine and to answer letters asking about it."—Miss HAZEL BUCKLEY, Box 700, Arnprior, Ontario.

"A day out each week shows in the pay envelope. If you are troubled with some weakness, indicated by a run-down condition, tired feelings, pains and irregularity, get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound help you.

**PURE FOODS**

Purveyor of English Fruits and Canned Jam's, Jellies and Kings Majesty.

**Chivers' Olde English Marmalade**

"The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table"

Only Selected Seville Oranges and Refined Sugar, but so skillfully blended as to preserve the valuable tonic properties of the fruit. "Your Olde English Marmalade... makes breakfast worth while," writes a user.

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Flavoured with Rice Fruit Juices. The family and visitors, children and adults, all delight in CHIVERS' JELLIES—they are delicious, wholesome and refreshing.

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A Packet makes 1 Pint. A Dozen makes over 100 cups.

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Many of the new long sleeves are fitted to a cuff at the wrist. Black is used in combination with metal or brocade for evening. The finest dress coats are lavishly trimmed with long-haired furs.

## On the Air To-Day

WPG ATLANTIC CITY.

Wave Length 299.5 Meters—Kilocycles 1000.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Thursday, Oct. 15, 1925.

1.30 p.m.—Hotel Morthon Luncheon.

2.00 p.m.—World Series Baseball Game. Play by play description.

2.30 p.m.—Chalfont-Haddon Hall Trio.

3.30 p.m.—"Billy" Roccop, Dean of Sports Writers, Weekly Review of Sporting Events.

4.45 p.m.—15-minute Organ Recital (Request Selections). Arthur Scott Brook, City Organist.

7.00 p.m.—Hotel Ambassador Dinner Music.

8.00 p.m.—World-Wide Excursions.

8.15 p.m.—Organ Recital, Auditorium of Atlantic City High School, Arthur Scott Brook, City Organist, assisted by Dora Davies Williams, soprano.

8.15 p.m.—Hotel Ambassador Concert Orchestra.

10.30 p.m.—Dance Orchestra, "The Silver Slipper."

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**WILLARD BATTERY SERVICE STATION**

M. Madigan, Manager

Cliff's Cove. Phone 1806, feb21,17

**Just Folks.**

By EDGAR GUEST.

LAZY.

The just lazy through and through, shirking tasks I ought to do, Letting fruitful hours drift by Like the white clouds in the sky; Caring little what is lost, Dreaming dreams at any cost.

Duly stamps her foot and shrills; "You've been idling here for weeks; You have health and strength and should Rise and serve your neighbourhood." But I shake my head and say: "Let me waste another day."

Even profit some would seize. Strangely has no power to please; "Come," it shouts, "I've gold for you. If your work you'll only do." But I wag the chance away Just to dream another day.

I have no excuse to give For the idle days I live; No excuse save this, that I Let the golden hours go by Seeing nothing here which seems So important as my dreams.

It is nothing but a fit. Shortly I shall come from it, And perhaps regret the cost Of the golden chances lost; But I'm lazy and it seems I have only strength for dreams.

**My Many Enemies**

A GAMEKEEPER ON HIS JOB.

Some people seem to think that a keeper has nothing to do but tramp about the woods with a gun on his shoulder. Actually, his jobs are nearly as varied as those of the farmer. His hours are long, and his position is one of great responsibility. If he has any slack days they are just at the turn of the year, but from the time that the partridges and pheasants begin to lay there is little rest for him.

Pheasant chicks are not easy to rear. They must be fed four times a day for the first eight weeks of their lives, and three times after that. The food—biscuit meal, barley meal and game meal—needs careful mixing and preparing. And the feeding is the lightest part of his task, for all the time the young birds must be guarded against the many enemies that beset them, more especially against stoats and prowling cats. In August he gets busier than ever, for then human poachers begin their operations.

Keeping ferrets fit. In February the keeper has to catch pheasants and pen them for stock. In March he begins killing rabbits and opens a great campaign against vermin. Through May, June and July he is busy with young pheasants and partridges. In August he has to watch the birds that will soon be ready for shooting. In September partridge shooting begins, and in October comes the busiest time of all, when shooting is in full swing. This continues almost up to Christmas.

Then all through the year he has his dogs and ferrets to feed and train, and there is never a month when there are not vermin to destroy. He has to be an expert in traps and snares. The keeper's life is a healthy one and not unpleasant. But it is full of hard and responsible work.

**FURLONG MY VALET** for Cleaning, Repairing, Altering, Pressing, Dyeing and Turning; Ring 697.—sept23,1mo

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