

IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

By Fitzgerald Molloy

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CHAPTER IV.

After being with some difficulty restored to consciousness Mrs. Dumbarton had, with the aid of an opiate, fallen into a profound sleep, from which she did not awake until midnight.

Moving her head, she saw Veronica seated beside her, pale from fright. Olive Dumbarton understood, and a fresh and poignant grief darted through her heart.

"Veronica—Veronica! I am innocent!"

A burden that seemed unbearable was suddenly lifted from the girl's life, the darkness which had brooded over her soul was dispelled, her whole being relaxed from torture and fear, now vibrated with gratitude and delight.

"It was not I, my child; you understand. I am innocent," Mrs. Dumbarton murmured.

"Mother," Veronica exclaimed, flinging her arms in a transport of joy and gratitude that was not without remorse around her mother's neck, while she kissed her pityingly, tenderly, lovingly.

"You believe me, Veronica?"

"Mother," the girl said, infinite trust and tenderest love expressed in that one word.

"Thank God!" Olive Dumbarton murmured.



"His face became livid, then I knew he was dead."

Veronica kissed her again and again before quitting the room, as if in this way she would convey the faith and affection which words failed her to express.

To refrain from thinking was an utter impossibility to that stricken woman, though thought was absolute pain.

As she lay there in the silence and gloom, heartsick and despairing, the story of her life rose in black outlines against the lurid tragedy which had crowned and intensified all her sorrows.

An only child, worshipped by her mother—her sole surviving parent—and caressed by her friends, she had entered society when she should have been in the schoolroom.

Followed and admired, praised and courted as she was, society was to her a land of enchantment, and before her second season ended she had wholly given her heart to a young lieutenant of officers but five years older than herself.

His handsome, daring and fascinating, graceful dancer, a skilled polo player, fearless in dress, winning in his speech, popular among women, hailed as a good fellow among men.

Then began her struggle for life, bitter and long maintained. She had always possessed a certain talent for writing, a facility of expression, picturesque of description, power of imagination, and she resolved to embrace literature as a calling.

Many a mile she walked, from office to office, which, with a fluttering heart and overstrung nerves, she entered to offer manuscripts over which she had spent much time, always hoping she might find acceptance.

A turn came in the tide of her affairs when they seemed most desperate. A tale retained by a magazine for over twelve months at last saw the light of publication. Reviews spoke of its truth to nature, pathos and originality of plot.

A second story was accepted by the same magazine and an editor who had returned her stories and essays unread requested her to send him some articles.

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slowly and gradually her name began to grow familiar to the public. With appreciation came courage to persevere, and, putting forth all her strength, she wrote a novel largely embodying in its pages her own life.

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"How long did you continue to read?" George Bostock asked.

"Probably for a couple of hours after you left. I know I was suddenly startled by hearing the garden gate flung violently back and sounds of footsteps rushing toward the house; but before I could realize what had happened a figure darted through the open window and stood within the room—a man's figure, whose actions were frantic, as if he were stricken with madness or made desperate from pain.

"I saw that the man before me was my husband. Scarcely had I understood this when he came staggering toward me, but before he reached me he fell, a cry for help and mercy on his lips. As he did not move, I drew nearer to him, fascinated, fearful, expectant, until, overcoming my terror and the sense of repulsion that filled me, I stood beside him, when for the first time I saw—I saw a knife had been thrust into his breast.

"As yet there was no sign of blood, no forewarning of death; my sense of dread was undefined. The sight of his white, haggard and distorted face appealed to me through all, and I had but one thought, to save him from danger, when, acting on impulse, I stretched out my hand and drew the knife from his breast. As I did blood rushed from the wound upon my hands, upon my dress, and he moaned as if stricken anew. Unable to grasp what had happened, I bent over him, to see his eyes grow glassy and his face become livid. Then I knew he was dead."

"Of what happened afterward I was but dimly conscious," Olive Dumbarton continued. "As one sees a figure in a dream I saw my maid rush into the room and as suddenly the servant returned with a policeman. At sight of him a fresh sense of horror and heavy forebodings of ill fell upon my senses, and I remember no more."

"Did you see no one else—no second figure pursuing him?" George Bostock asked, his anxiety plain to witness.

"No."

"And he mentioned no name—spoke no word that would lead you to know or suspect why he had been murdered?" "The only words he spoke were those in which he asked for help and mercy."

ily, his face expressing the anxiety he felt.

"Appearances are all against me, I suppose."

"So far. But who knows? I came here at once to consult with you, if I may."

"If you will," she replied, quietly, pattingly. "My cousin, Valerius Galbraith, is now on his way to Egypt," she said, after a moment's consideration.

"He may be in Paris yet; perhaps it would be well to send for him."

"He will read of the—the occurrence in the papers and be sure to return. Meanwhile you must have the best legal advice you can get. If you approve, I will go and see Coris & Son at once."

"Do as you please," she answered. "I feel sure you will act for the best."

"There is no time to lose," he said, rising, and then adding, with some hesitation: "You know the inquest will take place to-morrow, when you will be expected to attend."

"You have not asked me how—how it happened—last night?"

"I didn't wish to distress you," he replied, "seeing how weak you are to-day. I will tell you," she murmured, turning pale at the recollection of the previous night's tragedy.

"Not now; it pains you too much—another time," he said.

"It's best you should know all as soon as possible," she responded, bracing herself to recount what had passed between her and the man whose lips were silenced forever.

CHAPTER V.

George Bostock was eager to hear Mrs. Dumbarton's account of the event. Not that he needed words of hers to confirm his belief in her innocence—of that none was more certain than he—but he was impatient to hear how it came to pass that she was found in a position and under circumstances that conveyed an idea of guilt.

Veronica, likewise, longingly awaited this narrative, which she felt certain would prove a complete vindication of her mother's innocence.

"When you had left last night," Mrs. Dumbarton said, turning toward the publisher, who sat at a little distance, his grave, anxious face expressing interest and sympathy, "I took up the book which had arrived by the last post and began to read. Feeling hot and feverish, I kept the lower window open. All within was perfectly silent; no sound came from without and the peace seemed restful to my senses.

"The book interested me and I felt no inclination to sleep," Mrs. Dumbarton continued, and then paused while a slight shudder passed through her frame, as if some distressing sight presented itself to her vision.

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"You are sure nothing has escaped your memory?" "Nothing. You think my case seems hopeless," she said, reading his thoughts.

"I have no doubt," George Bostock said, with the object of cheering her, "that the truth regarding this unhappy affair will come out—that is, that the truth of your innocence will be proved."

"God grant that it may," she cried; "but I cannot fail to see that my danger is great."

"You are not guilty," he answered, deeply moved by her words and the pain with which they were uttered. "Surely that can be proved."

"Only by discovering who is," she replied promptly.

(To be continued.)

Why He Didn't Look

Senator Hale, apropos of an awkward remark, said:

"It reminds me of the conversation of two ladies at a reception.

Household Suggestions.

Simple but Useful Recipes.

Cream Cake.—One cupful of maple sugar, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful sour cream, one and one-quarter cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful soda. Add the soda to the cream; when it foams add the egg well beaten, next the sugar and salt, last the flour. Bake in a quick oven.

Corn Sauté.—Place the contents of a can of corn in a saucepan with a third of a cupful of butter and allow it to simmer for five minutes. Then add a cupful of cream, a dusting of white pepper and salt and a little nutmeg. Cook gently for a few moments, then pour into a hot dish and serve.

Ham Salad.—Chop some ham very fine and slice twice as much cold potatoes very thin. Arrange the ham and potatoes in a salad dish in layers and sprinkle each double layer with chopped lettuce, then pour French dressing over all. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices or in fancy shapes.

Veal Soup.—Take a well-broken joint of veal weighing about three pounds and cover with four quarts cold water; boil gently for several hours, then add one-quarter pound macaroni, previously cooked tender, or a cupful of boiled rice, season to taste with salt and pepper, boil up once and serve.

Salmon and Celery Salad.—Flake enough canned salmon to make one cupful. Arrange lettuce leaves around with one cupful of celery cut in tiny crosswise slices. Make a mound of the mixture in the center of the lettuce and pour on a dressing made from two tablespoonfuls of oil, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a saltspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper.

Potatoes with Cheese.—Pare and cut into small cubes enough potatoes to make a pint; lay them in cold water half an hour, drain and cook in salted water until tender. Place a layer in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, pepper and salt, with bits of butter and a little celery salt; fill the dish in this way; pour over a cupful of milk, bake fifteen minutes and serve hot.

Red Kidney Beans.—Soak one pint of red kidney beans overnight in two quarts of cold water. Add a small amount of fresh, cold water. Add a small amount of onion with one clove stuck in it and a rounding tablespoonful of butter. Cook until tender, but not broken, and add water as it boils away. Season with salt and pepper. Take out the onion and turn the beans on to a platter to make a bed on which to serve broiled chops, sausages, or roast pork.

Devilled Eggs.—Boil a sufficient quantity of eggs hard; when cold, peel and dip the first into beaten raw egg, next into oil, and roll them in salt and a small quantity of cayenne. Make a little

tray by twisting up the corners of half a sheet of oiled writing paper, place the eggs in it, put on a gridiron over a clear fire, and shake it about until the eggs are quite hot. Meanwhile prepare equal quantities of olive oil and chutney sauce around them; garnish with parsley and serve.

Banana Desert.—Slice half a dozen ripe bananas, and three tart oranges, arrange a layer of bananas and then a layer of oranges in a glass dish; sprinkle each layer of fruit with powdered sugar, and then spread over the top a thick layer of sweetened whipped cream which has been faintly tinged with a few drops of strawberry extract. Have fruit and cream very cold, and serve as soon after preparing as possible passing with it fingers of sponge cake or macaroons.

Brown Bread.—One cupful Indian meal, one cupful rye meal, one cupful flour, mixed together. Add one-half cupful sour milk, one-fourth cupful of molasses, pinch of salt, heaping teaspoonful soda, dissolved in warm water; their hands to mix brown bread. Add warm water to make a thin batter and bake one hour in tin cans. Be sure to bake in small cans; the little round slices look appetizing and taste like the brown bread of brick oven fame.

Cocanut Pie.—Heat four cupfuls of milk and add two cupfuls of grated fresh cocanut and let it sit for ten minutes. Cool and add four eggs well

beaten with half a cupful of sugar. Roll one cracker very fine and pour into two paste-lined plates. Put a rounding teaspoonful of butter cut into bits on each and bake. Cover with a meringue made from the whites of two eggs beaten stiff with one-half cupful of powdered sugar and brown in the oven. Cool the pie before putting on the meringue.

Daffodi Pudding.—One cupful of butter, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of granulated sugar, a cupful of milk, three level cupfuls of flour in which is thoroughly mixed three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cupful of finely chopped raisins and the same of small seedless raisins and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Whip the mixture until as light as possible, pour into individual pudding dishes and steam for one-half hour. Serve with a rich lemon sauce.

Raisin Roll Cake.—Beat one cupful of sugar with the yolks of three eggs. Sift one cupful of flour with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add to the sugar and egg, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs. Add a teaspoonful of lemon flavoring, and, last, three teaspoonfuls of boiling water. Beat well and pour into a long, shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven. Turn on to a cake rack and spread at once with a mixture made from the full of powdered sugar and one cupful whites of two eggs beaten with one cupful of chopped raisins.

COPPER IS KING

THOMAS W. LAWSON Says: "Copper stocks offer the biggest opportunity for money making in the world today" JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER Says nothing, but puts millions of dollars into Amalgamated and other Copper stocks. H. H. ROGERS Says: "Lawson, we have verified your conclusions as to the value of Copper stocks as an investment." SENATOR CLARK Does not talk but draws \$20,000,000 a year. It dividends from one Copper mine, the United Verde.

The world's greatest financiers have seen the possibilities of Copper; they are piling up their dollars mountain high with dividends from Copper stocks; gold mines no longer interest them; the cry is—"Copper!"

Copper is the Safest—the Most Profitable—the Most Permanent Investment in the World Today

Copper is a Safe Investment Copper is a Permanent Investment Copper is a Profitable Investment

The uses of Copper are extending every year. The demand is far ahead of the supply. All the present production of Copper in the world cannot supply the demands of electricity alone. All scientists agree that we are just beginning to learn the uses of electricity. As these uses multiply, so will the demands for Copper increase. The price is steadily going up. In the last few years it has risen from 11c to 19c a pound.

Thomas W. Lawson says: "A good Copper mine is really a safe-deposit vault of stored up dividends which cannot be stolen or destroyed by fire, flood or famine."

Investment in Copper Stocks Offers the Safety of a Government Bond with the Speculative Element of a Gold Mine.

More than that—Copper Creek, the greatest untapped water supply in the district, runs through our property for 180 feet, and as water is absolutely essential, its value cannot be estimated. We offer you a ground-floor proposition. With the ore actually exposed we can run a concentrator of 300 tons capacity, as quickly as we can erect, for an indefinite period. Unless every geological sign fails, within two years, with our capital, we should be manufacturing enough to supply a 500 ton concentrator.

Our property is favorably located in the heart of a great copper district. The Consolidated Copper Creek Mining Company's property is located in Yavapai County, fifty miles Southwest of Prescott and twenty-four miles South of Jerome, Arizona, and in the same range with the great United Verde mine, which pays \$200,000 in dividends yearly to its stockholders. The Crown King Mine, a great producer, just West, has produced hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Richbar, which pays good dividends, is near us. North, South and West of our property are located mines of unlimited value, as well as the smelter plants to handle their output. At Humboldt and Mayer are located independent smelters, with a capacity to handle the entire output of the district. Cordes, our railroad station, is but 20 miles west of us, and it is from that point, when connected by the completion of a good wagon road, we will deliver our output and receive freight.

These were selected samples, and we are frank to say that no such ore exists in the deep workings of copper mines. On the property adjoining, however, on a vein which is traceable to a depth of 97 feet, we were taken out which cannot be distinguished from the ore at the 400 and 500 feet levels in the United Verde Copper mine, which runs 6 per cent in Copper. This is above the average of the ore of the world's greatest producers, the famous Anaconda producing ore which averages only a little over 3 per cent.

Price of Stock Now 10c. a Share—Par Value \$1. The Executive and Finance Committee of the Consolidated Copper Creek Mining Company has authorized the sale of a limited amount of treasury stock at 10c a share. Par value of this stock is \$1.00 a share, and we believe that within one year it will be worth a dollar a share on the markets of the world; nor will it stop there. A good Copper stock will rise as our shafts go down. THIS STOCK WILL GO UP IN VALUE. We therefore, reserve the right to advance the price without notice. If you are wise, buy stock now and thus secure the benefit of future advances in price.

OUR EASY PAYMENT PLAN WHY WE SELL STOCK We have a great property, but we need money to develop it. If a farmer owned a quarter section of land and had only a spade to cultivate it with, it would take years of toil for him to get money enough to buy proper machinery to work it to advantage. So he would demand the help of a capitalist. We believe that the American people will be glad to come in with us and help us to make this property the greatest of the great enterprises of the continent. So we go to YOU, asking for your judgment and sound common sense, and ask YOU to join with us, man to man, share for share, in this great enterprise. With YOU in, we should make a second United Verde of this property. With unity there is hardly any firm that can be accomplished. The day will come when we will be proud to be a stockholder in the Consolidated Copper Creek Mining Company.

WRITE TO-DAY--OR, BETTER, TELEGRAPH--ORDERING NUMBER OF SHARES YOU DESIRE.

At the rate subscriptions are coming in the present allotment will not last long. The price will then advance, and its rise should be rapid and permanent. No order will be received for less than 100 shares. Should you at any time desire to discontinue payments on your stock, the Company will issue a certificate for the amount you have paid.

If you wish any further information, fill out the coupon opposite and we will gladly furnish you with full particulars, assay certificates, samples of ore, etc. Address all Communications and make all Remittances Payable to I. W. DUMM, Financial Agent, Consolidated Copper Creek Mining Co. 221 Shukert Building, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL TO-DAY I. W. DUMM, Financial Agent, Consolidated Copper Creek Mining Co. 221 Shukert Building, KANSAS CITY, MO. Dear Sir--Please send me full particulars concerning the Consolidated Copper Creek Mining Co., including Assay Certificates, Samples of Ore, etc. NAME..... ADDRESS..... S.P.....