No Other Tea as Good

"SALADA" TEA

T54

We ask you to test this yourself.

Sifted Sunlight.

Softly the sunlight sifts through the green leaves, leaving but a pallid yellow dust on moist lichen, or a tiny nugget of flat gold scattered carelessly about the mottled floor in the vaulted stillness of the petit forest, preserved on an evergreen peninsula that is like a green medallion imposed on the waters of Lake Washington.

There are mingling scents of pine, of fir, of cedar, or wank, moist-laden earth where the sun has been so finely sifted by the leaves as scarcely to penetrate at all; to be dissipated in places by the closely woven screen of the leafy sieve, to become intangible, invisible; yet entirely palpable at noon of a clear day, when the forest is more green than dark, with an immutable, eternal greenness.

The lilting fragrance of the earth that delights the senses is the frank-incense and myrrh of a Northwestern forest, the fine flower of a summer day amid vast trees that stretch tall spindly summits from thick brownish columns towards the fleeting clouds. There is scarcely a bloom, merely leaves, of every shape and style, yet the air is redolent of earthy scents, of lingering treasure of faint wood perfume unrepressed and undistilled.

Green leaves are fluttering on the trees; brown leaf mould and the filagree of leaves, lacy outlines, are on the ground. Little pools of sun: little ponds of shadow.

Everywhere beyond the swirling breeze that scampers the ripples along the beach and the wayward leaves of the short, there is a majestic stillness, the silence of growing trees under a western firmament, that is lighted by a sun that only penetrates faintly a portion of the snug woodland.

Clematis Lane.

Wild clematis grew so thickly on one side of the narrow lane that the hedge seemed made of it. Trailing it clung; there were ferns deeper in over the low bushes, the leaves hid the hawthorn and bramble, so that the hedge was covered with clematis leaf and flower. The pale flowers gave out a faint odor and colored the sides of the highway. A cropped nut-tree hedge, again, low, but five or six yards thick, was bound together by the vines of the same creeping plant, twisting in and out and holding it together. No care or art could have led it over the branches in so graceful a manner; the lane was festooned for the triumphal progress of the wagons laden with corn. Here and there, on the dry bank over which the clematis projected like an eave, there stood tall campanulas, their blue bells as large as the finger-stall of a foxglove. The slender purple spires of the climbing vetch were lifted above the low bushes to which the hedge and yellow bedstraw by the gateways. A few blackberries were ripe, but the clematis seemed to have overcome the brambles and spoilt their yield.

In a little hollow where the rougher grasses grew longer a blue butterfly fluttered and could not get out. The grass was like a net to him, and there he fluttered till the wind lifted him out, and gave him the freedom of the hills. Another butterfly went over, large and velvety, flying head to the wind, but unable to make way against it, and so carried sidelong against the current. From the summit of the hill he drifted out into the air five hundred feet above the flowers of the plain. Perhaps it was a peacock, for there was a peacock butterfly in Clematis Lane.—Richard Jefferies in "The Life of the Fields."

THE VOGUE FOR STRAIGHT LINES.

Wherever you go, or whatever you plan to do, you are sure to find this attractive frock a boon on warm summer days. It is developed simply, as becomes such gayly printed material, and will prove to be an ideal garment for many occasions. The diagram pictures the front laid in three tucks and joined to a shaped yoke. A narrow box-plait extends the full length of the centre-front, and patch pockets add a further trimming note. The back is in one piece joined to the shoulders, and a trim little collar finishes the neck. The sleeves are short and finished with a cuff. The pattern also provides long sleeves. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 4⅛ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

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Minard's Liniment for Insect bites.

Livingstone's Tree.

A graceful act to a great memory has just been carried out under British auspices at Ujiji, in Tanganyika Territory, Africa.

Here it was that fifty-four years ago H. M. Stanley found the great explorer, Livingstone, who had reached the place in a state of great exhaustion after five years' travelling in "the Dark Continent." Livingstone had then been lost to sight for months.

Stanley's laconic greeting, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," when he finally met Livingstone face to face in the far-off African village, has gone down to history.

This meeting took place under a mango tree, where the tired Livingstone was resting, and around the tree the British administrative officer in charge of the district has now placed a simple rail and stone fence to preserve it and to commemorate the event.

The Few.

The easy roads are crowded;
And the level roads are jammed;
The pleasant little rivers
With drifting folks are crammed.
But off yonder where it's rocky,
Where you get a better view,
You will find the ranks are thinning
And the travellers are few.

Where the going's smooth and pleasant
You will always find the throng,
For the many, more's the pity,
Seem to like to drift along.
But the steeps that call for courage,
And the task that's hard to do,
In the end result in glory
For the never-wavering few.

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves an unhappy one. When war is declared Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly under the care of Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart, Robert Durham.

Dolly and Robert sail for America and word comes of the sinking of their ship. When Nigel's brother, David, calls to see Nigel's widow, Mary is ashamed to tell him of Dolly's marriage. David mistakes Mary for his brother's wife and asks her to come to live at Red Grange with him and his aunt. Mary is very happy in her new home. David asks Mary if she believes in ghosts. He tells her Red Grange is haunted.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The ghost lady only came when shame or disgrace threatened the family. Panic seized her; she took a step forward.

"David!" She thought she cried his name aloud, but in reality it was only a whisper on her burning lips. And then in a flash all her control deserted her; she felt like a frightened child, waking into darkness and silence from a bad dream.

She started to run across the room towards the archway through which that patch of moonlight shone; her breath came pantingly; she felt as if she were choking.

And then—then something stayed her steps, and for a moment seemed to still her heart.

Across the long music-gallery—across the patch of bright moonlight—she thought she saw the slender outline of a woman's figure; a woman in a loose gray robe of some thin, soft material; a woman who walked with her white hands before her face as if to hide it in shame or sorrow.

It was but for a second that Mary saw it, and then it had gone—melted away into the oaken walls.

And then the icy hand and chain of fear that had held her a prisoner seemed to release its hold, and she ran—ran screaming sobbingly across the room.

David had left her—she was shut in here alone, forever. She would have to die in this empty, silent room, with only the gray ghosts for company.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DAVID'S SUGGESTION.

"David! David!"

She could not believe her ears when his voice came in answer to her cry.

"Mary! Good heavens! What has happened?" And the next moment his arm was round her, and she was sobbing hysterically on his shoulder.

"Take me away! Take me away! I can't stay here; I'm afraid of this place!"

"My dear child!"

He half led, half carried her back to the inhabited part of the house; he took her into his own study, and shut the door; then he put her gently into an armchair and knelt beside her, keeping an arm round her shuddering frame.

"You are quite all right; nothing can hurt you. What frightened you? I was only gone a moment; I couldn't find the light. I wouldn't have left you for worlds if I'd known you were nervous!"

Something in his voice stopped her sobbing; she looked up at him, trying to smile.

"You were so long, and I got lonely. I—I—oh, I believe I saw the ghost!"

"Nonsense!" He laughed a little. "It's just your imagination. I am sure you never saw any ghost; it must have been the moonlight."

His quiet voice reassured her; she wiped her eyes vigorously. Presently David took his arm away and rose to his feet.

He had turned on all the lights in the room; now he stopped, and poked the fire into a blaze.

"And a few moments ago," he said whimsically, "you told me that you would like to live in that part of the house."

"Then I have changed my mind; I shouldn't like it at all."

He stood with an elbow on the mantelshelf, looking down at her with thoughtful eyes. Then:

"Do you think you could ever care for a man who was not—Nigel?" he asked suddenly.

The startled color dyed her cheeks.

"I—I—care for a man?"

"Yes."

"I don't know. I—I haven't thought. Why do you ask me?"

"Because I think you would be much happier if you were to marry—again."

"Mary! Good heavens! What has happened?"

The last word sounded like an afterthought.

Mary said nothing; she sat screwing her wet handkerchief into the palm of her hand; her face looked somehow pathetic.

"I hope you are not angry with me?" said David gently.

She shook her head.

With everything he did and said, he seemed to nail her to her lie, she thought wretchedly. She had not imagined it would be so difficult to go through with it when she first started on this venture.

She had wronged a dead man's memory as much—more than the wife who had so soon forgotten him; and now she was cheating his living brother.

She raised her eyes to David's face, but he was no longer looking at her; he was staring out across the room with rather sombre eyes.

Mary rose to her feet.

"I think I will go and find Miss Varney." She hesitated, and added nervously: "You won't—you won't tell her that—that I have been so silly?"

He looked at her then.

"You have not been silly, and, anyway, I shall not tell her."

Mary went away then. She went to her own room, and bathed her face and smoothed her hair. She was ashamed of her emotion; she [illegible] she had behaved like a cow[illegible] yet—she could not believe that that shadowy gray figure had been only imagination. She was sure in her own heart that she had really seen the gray ghost.

She only came when shame or danger threatened the family! Was that danger or shame to come through her—Mary?

She went down to the drawing-room, where Miss Varney sat.

"Well, dear?" She looked up at the girl smilingly. "Did you see all the wonders?"

"Only some of them; it was cold, so we came back." She held her hands to the fire. She was surprised to find that she was still trembling.

Miss Varney went on knitting. The little click, click of the needles got on Mary's nerves. All at once they ceased.

"By the way, dear, there is a letter on the shelf for you; it came after dinner, by the last post."

"For me?"

Mary looked up in surprise. There was nobody from whom she was expecting to hear. She rose to her feet.

The letter stood against the clock; it was addressed in a hand Mary had never seen before. She opened the envelope curiously.

"Mrs. Nigel Bretherton." It was the first time she had received a letter so addressed; it made her pulse flutter guiltily.

There was a short note and an enclosure inside.

The note ran:

Dear Mrs. Bretherton—The enclosed was forwarded to me from your late address. The letter presumably is for your friend Miss Furnival, who, I believe, died some weeks back.

Yours faithfully,
Montague Fisher.

Mary stood quite still for a moment; she had a horrible feeling of disaster. Presently she stooped and mechanically picked up the enclosure which had fallen to the floor. It was a letter with the Argentine stamp, addressed in Dolly's handwriting.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DOLLY'S LETTER.

Miss Varney was not very discerning. She never noticed the pallor of the girl's face when presently Mary made some excuse and went off to bed. She kissed her affectionately, and went on with her eternal knitting, quite unconscious of the tragedy in Mary's heart as she sat down on the bed behind her locked door, with Dolly's letter clutched in her hand.

In the last few days she had forgotten all about Dolly. Her old life seemed to have slipped away from her so utterly since she came to the Red Grange; and now, like a menacing voice from the past, came this letter from across the sea.

She felt a curious repugnance in opening the envelope, but she forced herself to do it, and slowly drew out the many sheets.

Dolly began:

Dearest Mary—and the writing was very scribbled and blurred, as if she had written in a great hurry—

I haven't written to you for some time because we have been in such fearful trouble. Oh, Mary, it seems as if my luck will never change; just when I was so happy, too! Robert has had a bad accident, and they say that he will never walk again. We haven't a shilling in the world except what he had saved, and that won't keep us for more than a few weeks.

So I am going to write to David Bretherton. After all, I have some claim on him, and he was always stingy with us even when Nigel was alive, and he has so much money himself. He can't refuse to help me a little—even a hundred a year would be better than nothing.

I don't know if he has found out that I am married again, and I don't very much care. I always loved Robert, and I still love him, though I suppose he will be an invalid all his life.

I am sending this letter to the old address, and hope it will find you. Write to me as soon as you can, and say what you think about my chances with D. B. Have you seen him?

I haven't heard from you at all since I left England. If you sold our furniture and things, you might let me have the money for them after all, as I really am most fearfully hard-up; and it's terrible being out here amongst strangers, though they have been very kind to us through all this trouble.

Write to me, Mary. Whatever has happened to you all this long time?

Your poor unhappy
Dolly.

Mary let the letter flutter to the floor. Her chief feeling at the moment was indignation.

(To be continued.)

"Tom, what is a night club?"

"It's one of those places the police raid with night-clubs."

Lux Laundered Lingerie Lasts Longer

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Four Things.

In the gospel set down by the physician, Luke, is this wonderfully illuminating comment on the boyhood of Jesus:

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

The centuries accumulating since have yielded no better guidance for youth. And it calls for no far or difficult departure from the natural human bent. A wise physician of this day, Dr. Richard Cabot, has written that long experience has taught him that four things go to make up a normal life—work, play, love and worship.

These are the materials out of which is built that fourfold development exemplified by the boy, Jesus, in this picture given by Luke. For, rightfully employed, work will implant increased wisdom; from healthful play will come increased stature; and love and worship, if they be in the spirit of the two great commandments, will bring favor with God and man.

Lower Than Animals.

What a commentary on human nature, with a reflection on the minds and souls of those created only a little lower than the angels, that nowhere in the animal world is there needless and wanton cruelty comparable to that of which man is persistently guilty. True, man is capable of heights not to be reached by his most loyal and intelligent dumb animal friends; it is not less true that he can sink to a lower level than the worst of them.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Richness.

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and shine of the sea.

—Browning.

"In China, my dear friends," said the lecturer, "human life is regarded as of little value. Indeed, if a rich Chinaman is condemned to death, he can easily hire another to die for him. In fact, many poor fellows get their living by thus acting as substitutes!"

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