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BLACK, GREEN and MIXED.

HOW ARABS FISH FOR PEARLS
A Record of Five Minutes Under
Water Has Been Established.

The pearl-fisher is an industry
that still retains the flavor of antiquity. None of its methods have been modernized; neither machinery nor the trust has yet intruded it. A pearl-buyer gives to The Youth's Companion this description of the way the Arabs fish the waters of the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf, and of the bargaining that follows when they dispose of the "catch":

A pearl-fisher's boat may contain as many as eighty Arab fisherman. Every two or three minutes thirty of the men dive madly to toposes that their companions hold. The only apparatus they use is a small bone clip that compresses the nostrils and leather finger-stalls to protect them from the cuts to which the fisherman is liable in tearing the shells off the pearls. Each man carries a small basket in front of him, and a stone is tied to his waist to help carry him to the bottom.

A dive usually lasts from two to three minutes, although a record for five minutes has been established. When the divers come to the surface, they are greatly exhausted; often they are half-suffocated. However, after a rest of five minutes they're ready to go down again.

Most of these intrepid toilers carry an amulet supposed to protect them from fish, but they are often bitten. At night, they have a meal of rice and dried dates. During the fourteen hours of their working day, they take only an occasional cup of coffee.

Many of the fishermen become deaf, and it is seldom that a man continues at the business over five years.

In the evening they open the oysters, among which it is rare to find a pearl of value. But when this happens, the joy in the boat is great. Pistol-shots announced the news, which spreads from boat to boat along the whole length of the fishing-bank, and finally to the mainland, where nothing is talked of except the water, shape and color of the newly found prize.

On his return to his native village, the master fisherman disposed of the pearls, he has taken to the man who has allowed him food on credit. This man, in turn, sells the pearls in the Gulf market, or at Bombay. Here the Arab broker takes a hand. In the presence of the buyer and the vendor, he offers up a prayer to Allah. Next, he complimented the owner of the pearl, commences his voice to that of a nightingale, and praises his family and his intelligence. So the transaction begins. For a pearl worth \$2,000, the broker does not hesitate to ask \$10,000. For a week, if necessary, he keeps his client in sight; he eats and sleeps with him. Finally, they come to terms: The dealer embraces the other, weeps over him, and, to set a seal upon the bargain, repeats a prayer. In the course of the negotiation, he never quotes a figure; a handkerchief over his head hides from prying eyes the movements of his fingers that indicate bids. Many a white man, unaccustomed to this way of doing business, has been robbed accordingly.

Old Coins Broken.
They had an ingenious plan for meeting a shortage of small change in the old days before copper coins existed. Until the reign of Edward I, the silver penny was the smallest coin minted in England, to the great inconvenience of the small purchaser of the period. But the difficulty was to some extent got over by the issue of pennies indented with a deep cross. The coin could then be broken into half-pennies and farthings. Our first real copper coinage only dates from 1672, and until the time of Edward VI, farthings of silver were coined, growing smaller and smaller as the value of silver increased.—London Chronicle:

In but a few short weeks she'll say: "My darling, grab thy mace And beat those rags for me, I pray, Housecleaning's taking place."

For Weal or for Woe; Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

Evelyn St. Claire's next move was to drive at once to the hotel nearest Gramercy Park, and while there to write a long letter to her mother, containing a cleverly imitating Gay's delicate chirography—setting forth that she was to accompany Miss St. Claire back to Passaic the next morning. She had no time to come home to tell them of it. "I shall stay three or four weeks, so do not come to see me," she added, "but forgive my Gay's sudden freak, and be sure to accord me your full parental return."

He had always thought it impossible for a great love to visit a man's heart twice, but here, the thought triumphantly hastened, and did not even wait for the messenger boy to bring the binker's resolution. "By the time they begin to grow uneasy, I shall have come home again, having detracted absence, shall have made my beloved blue eyes with my bonny bride." And the girl's picture, pinned to the blue seas with her bonny bride, was the last thing he saw.

Her cheeks were flushed as she threw down the pen, her eyes buried unnaturally bright, and she was about to push the inkwell from her when anything but steady.

"I will tell all about it when you come to see me again," she said, "but I have at least once engaged to Little Gay."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Not until the door had closed upon Evelyn St. Claire did Guy fully realize her meaning.

"Oh, my God!" wailed Little Gay, sinking down on her knees with the bitterness of her heart.

"It is true that I am to be betrothed in the horrid place among the shrieking maniacs where I live, but this very thought makes me sick."

"Matters went on from bad to worse, and one day after a bitter quarrel I was struck here, while under the influence of a woman whom I had met in the street, when I awoke and found myself here, the horrors of it turned my hair snow-white."

"One day a letter came to me from Evelyn St. Claire; it was to the effect that her father had died some time ago, and with him all his wealth—which was supposed to be his, and with his death perished all hope that I might inherit it. I showed the letter you wrote him, and that letter told me that you had absolutely abandoned me."

"I see it all now! If I see through it all now, I will tell you what I have discovered that my love was true to me, too late!" Oh, Percy, Percy, too late!

"I charged him to come to me and weep, and when he did I told him, 'Please me, that I whom my husband had given out and sent away—was confined in a madhouse until death finds him.'

"'Oh, my love!' she cried wildly, starting to her feet, and clutching her hands together in the most heartrending agony. "I will not believe her curse that you are to be wedded to her or the 20th of June! I will not believe it!"

"I do not suppose the message was ever delivered, but the man who delivered it, the man who had been tricked and went away—he never returned; the days have come and gone; hope is dead now, and now, unless it comes in the shape of death—there is no escape!"

"I am getting up from her seat, her lovely face all aglow with little hands working, involuntarily."

"We shall escape!" she cried excitedly: "Her companion only shook her head; she had been just asanguine once herself, but could never be so again."

The dark dragoon's silent lengths of the fortnight had waned, and the dread had begun to force itself upon the man who had wedded the girl for glittering gold; yet he spared the girl who was my evil genius."

"In vain she tore at the iron bars with her little, slim, white hands—wailing,

"Of what? evil were her tears and pity, the sobs; those heartrending moans, 'Oh, Percy, my love, my love!' could never reach my heart, but when, when almost worn his life out in covering her little Gay—his lost bride; the young husband, too late was drifting further and further away from her, with each step, not heeding for the companion ship of Agnes St. Claire poor, little gay."

(To be continued.)

BROOK TO LIGHT VILLAGE.

Yorkshire Stream to Supply Light and Power for 300 Persons.

Back to the days of the stage-coach—that is what it means if you want to reach the pretty West Riding village of Kettlewell, Yorkshire, England, which is soon to have the smallest village in the kingdom owning an electric light installation.

Kettlewell, in the heart of Wharfedale, has as its nearest station Grassington, six miles distant.

The beautiful country round is streaked with foaming streams.

But these streams are now to be more than beautiful—they are to be harnessed in order to make electricity for Kettlewell, a village of seventy-seven houses and about 300 inhabitants.

It was the Kettlewell beck (or stream), which first suggested the idea to Mr. Inman, the village postmaster, that here close at hand was a ready means of obtaining an electric power station.

The course of the rushing stream which is to supply the power is in the centre of the village, and just below a stone bridge a weir is to be erected. The water will then run into a 15-inch steel pipe to the power-house, about 100 yards distant.

Tests have already been made in the driest part of the season, and it is calculated that the force of the water even then will be sufficient to drive a 10-h.p. turbine, producing enough electricity to light 400 lamps of twenty-five candle-power each.

The capital of \$1,425 has already been subscribed, and the cost of the light to users will be twelve cents per unit.

An important decision is that, in order to avoid unsightly standards, the power will be carried by wires which will be attached from chimney to chimney in the village street.

Work is shortly to be begun, and by Easter Kettlewell hopes to have its electric light.

Greater Capacity.

"What do you mean by getting drunk when I send you out with a prospective customer?" asked the merchant.

"You told me to take the man's measure," explained the profligate son. "This man had a greater capacity than I had."

Why does not a successful man always give his friends the same brand of advice that he uses in his own business?

A man may have great conversational abilities, says one who is married, and still have few conversational opportunities.

Aids When Cleaning.

If there are spots on paper try rubbing them with bread.

Often most marks may be removed.

Marks caused by matches on painted surfaces

be rubbed vigorously with lemon.

A wooden skewer will help for taking dirt out of crevices.

window panes. So over

a second time with a sponge.

The dirt from the

not be carried on to the

the window-washing is done.

In washing windows,

that alcohol

quickly, and has a

age over water in this

successfully used in cold

without danger of freezing.

Combs and brushes

clashed by dipping them

down vigorously in water

which borax and ammonia

been added. Wipe frequ-

ently with a cloth.

and the

post

to have on

the cloth.

and the

post

to have on