

All teas look alike in a newspaper advertisement, but put them in your teapot and the superiority of Blue Ribbon is at once apparent.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"I can act no other way. It will be at least honest," George says, thinking deeply, and not noticing her in the least. "I will write to your father at once, and then I shall have time to receive his letter before the expedition starts. It leaves London about the first of September, in three weeks' time."

"Then, in that case, as you are leaving the country at once and I shall not meet again for two years or so," Gillian says, in a cold, decided tone, "of what use is it to inform my father of our acquaintance until you return?"

"Well—no, indeed, that is quite true," George admits, wavering. "It is of no use, as you say, Gillian, only it is scarcely honest or honorable to have either a tacit understanding between us."

"Let there be none," the girl interposes, with suppressed passion in her trembling voice. "There is no understanding. Let there be an end of it all."

"Certainly, if you say so, Miss Deane," George says, amazed and bitterly mortified and indignant as he rises to his feet. "You are but acting with worldly wisdom and prudence as you would act in a year or two hence, I care say, and I—"

And then his diatribe ends suddenly, at the sight of the little, fair, white-robed figure, in the freight by his hearth, with her head turned away, striving to conceal her tears with one trembling hand, whilst she is shaking with pitiful sobs.

"No, no, I won't say that, Gillian, my darling," he says, throwing himself on his knees beside her. "You said you loved me, my little wife. I can never leave you or forsake you now for all the fathers on earth."

"You won't go away from me?" she asks, eagerly, in tremulous hope and fear—"you won't go away from me for long, dreary years? I have no body in the world but you."

"Then you shall have me, my sweetest," George says, fervently and recklessly, "and I will stay and devote my life to you, and even if we cannot marry for a couple of years we can meet each other sometimes and write to each other sometimes, unless your father is quite unrelenting, and so we shall be happier than if we were parted by thousands of miles, shall we not?"

"I shall, Gillian," he says, sorrowfully; "and when I am twenty-one, will you let me give you all my own money?"

"On condition you give me yourself with it," George replies, smiling brightly.

And, indeed, a man may be excused smiling pleasantly at the prospect of twenty thousand pounds in excellent investments, and a fair, devoted young wife into the bargain.

"I will," Gillian whispers, hanging her head down.

And then George throws prudence and wisdom and restrictions to the winds for the time.

"Say, I will, dear George," and stop down and put your arm about my neck and give me a kiss. You have never kissed me yet, Gillian," he says, kissing her still, with his arms around her waist.

And the girl obeys him literally, trembling very much, and her pure, soft mouth burns like a fire as it touches his beneath the "knightly growth that fringed his lips."

"I will, dear George," she says.

"They do not hear or do not heed a sound or the echo of a footstep, but suddenly a voice out of the gloom of the dark hall starts them excessively."

"If you please, miss, Miss O'Neill's come from Mount Osory a bit ago," Nelly says, keeping well out of sight, and talking around the edge of the half-open door in tones of suspiciously unconcerned formality.

And then Mrs. Hagarty hears a low exclamation and a scramble, and her master's quick, loud step crossing the floor, and another step with her.

"The crutches! I've frightened the lives out of 'em," she says, remorsefully, but shaking her fat shoulders in silent laughter.

"Do her for an old nuisance," George mutters with savage ingratitude. "I believe she has been listening and spying on us all the time."

CHAPTER XX.

As has been stated before, Anne O'Neill's duties and occupations are of an extremely various and onerous nature.

The post of nurse and diuenna to Miss Deane, at Darragh Castle, has been added to them of late, and pleasant a situation as it is possible she may find this post, with the gentle girl who welcomes her cold companionship with loving cordiality, that it is a trying one to her health and spirits no one who saw Anne O'Neill, as she returns to Mount Osory on the following afternoon, would be likely to deny that.

She tells wearily up the stairs, pallid, hollow-eyed, tired-looking, with the agreeable consciousness of having to set to work immediately on a dinner-dress of Lady Damer's, which she is to wear that evening, and which requires alteration. It is there ready for her on the table in her work-room—a dressing-room adjoining her ladyship's small room—

her quiet employment, "and nothing remained to me but the desperate and unpleasant remedy of marrying for money."

Anne's dark brows elevate themselves slowly.

"An honorable man seldom hesitates in seizing even a desperate and unpleasant remedy in order to ameliorate his position," she says, sentimentally, with the air of one quoting some trite copy-book morality.

Lacy's pale, delicate face colors darkly, and the veins rise up in his temples.

"That's right, Miss O'Neill. Sharpen the points of a few more barbed taunts," he says, laughing, bitterly. "I am not deservng of your consideration, I know well; but until to-day you have not been quite so hard on me. I didn't call my intended course of conduct 'honorable.' I never thought it was anything better than, as I say, a desperate and unpleasant remedy. If the remedy are fairly, I suppose as indeed I am almost sure since last night—that is no reason why you should add to my sense of defeat by heaping scorn on me."

Anne puts her work down for a minute and rises to her feet, moving a little way from him.

"I am very sorry for your defeat," as you call it, Captain Lacy," she says, gravely. "That is, if you accept it as a defeat. I suppose a brave soldier knows when he is beaten. If it be any consolation to you to know it, I think the odds were overwhelmingly against you from the first. Women are far from being unacquainted in correct judgment and sound taste, you know, and when they love deeply and passionately they nearly always love blindly and madly."

"As Miss Gillian Deane loves Mr. George Archer?" Captain Lacy adds, with a slight, scornful smile. "But I won't agree with you that she shows lack of taste, or perversity. George has five feet eleven of physical comeliness. That is an overwhelming argument with a romantic schoolgirl."

But as he speaks he meets Anne's eyes, and the passionate light of their smile and the transient flush that warms all her face into tenderness.

Lacy is a vain man, as men of his type are apt to be. He is selfish and self-indulgent, but through all his cold and surest calculations presenting the fatally weak, assailable point in his nature—flattery.

And the delicate personal flattery of a woman whom he knows to be mentally his superior in all things, who comprehends him and understands him and his follies and weaknesses better than he does himself, is like a draught of choicest wine to his taste, or perversity. George has well-nigh despising and well-nigh despising.

"In the present instance," she says, in a lower tone, "I cannot see how the argument should have been the prevailing one. I believe it is, and rapidly begins to unfold the silk dress, and to put the sewing machine into working gear.

"No nonsense! Anne! what is it?" he urges in a low tone still, drawing nearer. "Is anything the matter with you? She is downstairs with old Mrs. Blake, who called and is sure to stay an hour," he adds in a whisper. "I came up here on purpose to see you and to ask you what you know or have discovered."

His sentence remains unfinished, as Anne looks up at him suddenly, a flame of scorn lighting up her face and transforming it into a handsome fury.

"Nothing," she says with a fierce sneering laugh that shows all her white, even teeth. "Do you hear me? Nothing! I have played dupe, and fool, and Judas for the last time for you, or for any one."

He retreats a step or two involuntarily, in angry alarm.

"What are you talking about? You were never dupe, or fool, or Judas for me!" he says, thickly.

"I've never tried to make you an idiot at all events! You chose to mark out a certain line of conduct for yourself when you resented my behavior to you. I do not blame you—I never did. I know I was a brute and a scoundrel to do so."

"What unflattering names you bestow on an elegant person!" Anne sneers, carefully measuring lengths of ribbon. "One would really consider your manner."

"Had not that repose which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere?"

Why are you speaking 'certain truths' and 'bitter words' like the vulgar woman in the poem?"

"Anne, don't begin sneering and scoffing at me! Lacy says, hoarsely. "You have a merciless tongue, and a merciless temper, and I am all in the wrong, and humbled forever in your sight, and you take a cruel advantage of it!"

"Poor, injured gentleman!" she laughs, tauntingly. "Because I refuse, absolutely refuse, to play liar and traitress for you any longer, I am taking a cruel advantage of you! Very well! I approach me, if you please, if I will amuse me whilst I run the lace on these finousness."

Bingham Lacy drags his carefully curled moustache savagely through his fingers, as if he would pull it out by the roots, and his cold, gray eyes glitter with suppressed rage.

"I never thought you would turn on me and fall me, whoever did," he says, trying to emulate her composure and indifference of tone. "I thought we had said all that could be said to each other long ago, and you agreed in the most cold-blooded prudence that you would help me in a strait of this kind, because we had agreed you could help me in no other way. I want money desperately, and you know it, and you know it now, as you know more of my affairs than any one in the world—even myself. I believe you know I am in debt and keeping away from my creditors and Jews and 'douce knows what'—"

"The deuce—as you call him—may I don't," Anne interposes with an icy smile, and her deft fingers, knitting lip ribbon bows as if she had no other care in life. "The tradesmen that are tired of your debts and the money-lending Jews I do know about, as well as your aunt, Lady Jeannette does. I know of nothing else."

"And I thought 'd' enough!" Lacy demands, angrily. "You're like all the women! Turn on a man as soon as he is down, and say, 'I told you so!'"

Anne makes no reply, and seems absorbed in tacking lace on the edge of the finousness.

"You know well enough how desperate my circumstances are," he continues, resentfully, looking at

on," she says, with a slight, bitter smile, and yet with a suppressed wistfulness in her eyes and voice, which might possibly be interpreted as "and as your position can't be maintained without the desperate and unpleasant remedy of marrying some pretty girl with plenty of money—I don't quite see the purpose of all this waste of emotion. You'll want it all to supplant George Archer, I assure you."

"So I should imagine," Lacy says, twisting his moustache. "Judging from a scene I caught a glimpse of in the firelight yesterday evening."

"So you told me when I met you in the village," Anne says, calmly scornful, her brilliant eyes looking him through and through. "Well, you can judge of the difficulties in your path, can't you? I was not favored by any glimpses, or overheard conversations or confessions of any kind, but I am quite sure you have decided obstacles in the way of winning Miss Deane's heart."

"I don't want her heart," Lacy says, almost brutally; he can feel Anne's unspoken contempt stinging him like a scorpion. "If she marries me with her heart in somebody else's keeping, we'll be all the better matched."

"I'll make you a wedding present of your property, provided it is of any value in my keeping," Anne says with a cold laugh, sitting down to her work again.

"You can't, Anne—you never can," he says, in a low tone, coming back to staring down. "You can't, Anne—any more than you can give me back all the kisses I have given you, and that you have given me. Give me one more Anne—my gentle Anne—my darling Anne."

"Don't touch me!—don't dare to touch me, Patrick Lacy!" she says fiercely, between her close-shut teeth; and as he persists in knowing his power over her, and the tender love of which he is all unworthy, and comes closer to her until his blonde moustaches touch her brow, she wrenches herself away, and holds one hand up menacingly.

"As sure as the Heaven is above me, if you do I will strike you across your face!" she says, panting and with rage.

He draws back then, flushed and smiling angrily.

"You're half an angel, half a tigress, Anne!" he says, stroking his chin with the delicate white hand of which he is not unreasonably vain, so perfect is its size, shape, and color, and which represents at this moment a very heavy debt in bad street gives her the splendid three-stone diamond ring, which flashes on one finger. "And you are in bad temper, I know, or you would not call me 'Patrick,' he adds.

"When you know that I detest my first husband, and that I have forsaken it altogether."

"And forsown your country and your birthright as an Irishman, along with a few other trifles."

Anne amends, setting the machine to work.

Lacy makes some reply to this, but the flying treadle and the whirr of the machine drown his voice.

"Anne," he says softly, "I am going now. Forgive me if I have annoyed you."

But Anne makes no response to this either, and gives undivided attention of feet, eyes and hands to the rapid machine which is devouring the work she supplies.

He leaves the room with a backward glance, but she neither pauses in her work nor turns her head; and even from so slight a cause Captain Lacy's sense of defeat and mortification is added to the greater cause, and both sting him into an unusual recklessness and determination.

He bitterly tells himself, as he goes down-stairs, that whatever he does now he does for his own sake.

"If Anne had listened tenderly to his avowal of undying love for her, and bewailed with him the impossibility of their ever being more to each other than unhappy lovers, and pledged him for his debts and sorrowed over the hard-heartedness of his creditors, and flattered with her sweet, appreciative flattery, and let him steep his selfish, sensuous nature in an atmosphere of sentimental woe and self-pity, and soothed him by her bitter tears and her agony of grief at the prospect of surrendering him, as she had done many times before, Anne would have been a good and away comparatively happy, bland, self-possessed and averse to decisive action as usual.

As it is he is angered, revengeful, determined to die, but after an injection of morphine I gradually recovered. From that time on the cramps increased in frequency and violence. Nothing gave me relief except the temporary immunity from pain afforded by morphine. I became so weak from pure starvation that death stared me in the face. Finally a friend said: 'Why don't you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' 'What's the use?' I said, 'I've tried everything and just got worse all the time.' 'Well,' she said, 'you try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, they cured me, and I believe they will do you good.' Well, I purchased a box and started taking them. After a little I thought they helped me, so I kept on taking them for a couple of months after so many years of suffering. My strength came back, my stomach recovered its power, and I was able to eat anything I fancied, and once more could enjoy life. This is nearly two years ago, but I was cured to stay cured. I have never had a sick day since or known the slightest stomach trouble. I am confident I would be a dead man now if it were not for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—nothing else ever helped me."

The old adage, "experience is the best teacher," might well be applied in cases of dyspepsia, and if sufferers would only be guided by the experience of those who have suffered but are now well and happy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, there would be less distress throughout the land. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had at all dealers in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Fair Offer.

Mr. Oldbear—Now, please, don't say you will be a sister to me.

Mrs. Vera Young—No, I was about to remark that I shouldn't mind being a widow to you.

"There is such a thing, Lady Damer, my dear, as 'shutting the stable door when the steed is stolen.' Take my advice—'I'm older than you—keep that innocent, charming little cousin of yours under your eyes, or my word for it, you'll find that good-looking young Archer will keep her under his eye, and that for good and all. She has plenty of money if he hasn't, and some of the fine mornings you'll find he has persuaded the innocent little creature into marriage by special licence, and an early morning train to Killarney for the honeymoon and the hundred thousand pounds!"

Lady Damer fairly grinds her teeth as she recalls this warning, and she is too disturbed and wrathful to be able to quite refrain from angrily repeating Mrs. Blake's prophecies to her nephew.

"I pay not the slightest attention to that old gossiping woman's insolence," her ladyship says, fanning herself; "but you see how I am annoyed. It is all on your account, Bingham. I should never have troubled to bring the girl here, if it were not on your account; and I must say you have disappointed me bitterly; you have had opportunities, I am sure."

"Plenty, but not a chance on the board. The game was up long ago as far as the young lady is concerned," retorts Lacy, laughing, feeling rather gratified by Lady Jeannette's vexation.

"I wish you would drop your detestable slang and speak plainly," her ladyship says, with a flash like sword-blades in her cold, clear eyes. "Be good enough to remember you owe me some consideration, no matter how indolent and self-indulgent you may be."

(To be continued.)

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 Not Bad for Good Teeth!
 Sozodont 25c
 Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c
 Large Liquid and Powder 75c
 HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

Homely Philosophy.
 By Simon Frost.

Don't slow up, even if things does look as if ye was a-goin' to win easy. There ain't nobody thet's all bad, an' there ain't nobody thet's all good, neither.

Sometimes a minit' o' forgetfulness 'll cause a lifetime of sorrow.

A mind thet ain't got nothin' in it kin easy be filled with badness.

Some folks 're like an echo; they kin only holler back somethin' thet somebody else told 'em, an' they're en git even thet much twisted.

If ye don't pull out the root the weed 'll soon grow up ag'in.

It's a blame sight easier to be rich an' git poor than it is to change 't'other way.

A fellow thet borrows money don't never hev to worry 'bout how slow the time goes by.

A fellow thet loses opportunities won't never hev nothin' else to lose.

Trust a woman thet's liked by other wimen, an' a man thet's pop'lar with other men.

Lots o' golden opportunities 're only gilded.

It don't make no difference how much ye toll a horse, he's got to hev the belly-ache hisself afore he'll quit eatin' green apples.

I've knowed some folks to git well becuz they didn't like the taste o' the medicine thet they had to take.

Some folks never git over the childish ways; ye kin always depend on in they they're in mischief when they're quiet.

Them thet wait till they git to the crossroads before they begin to turn, gen'ally turn the wrong way.—Philadelphia Record.

THE RENT RAG.
 Queer Way the Poor Tenants Have of Helping One Another.

It was about 10 o'clock at night and on Wells street not far from Fourth that a man saw a Chinese lantern swinging outside a third-story window of a building across the way. The building was a boxlike structure prematurely run to old age and he knew it to be a tenement house occupied almost exclusively by poor colored people.

In the daytime the sidewalk, swarmed with little black children, and there were dark faces peering over every sill all the way up to the roof. He knew the corner pretty well, but he couldn't understand why a Chinese lantern should be hung out of a window. It had little decorative value, swinging against the lonesome front, and the man who saw it couldn't remember that the day was an anniversary calling for the illumination.

A policeman happened along and the man asked him about it.

"What's the meaning of that lantern up there?"

"Don't you know?"

"Why, no. The windows up there are lighted, and there seems to be something going on."

"That's a rent rag."

"Yes, but what's a rent rag?"

"Well, when some man gets down on his luck and can't pay rent, he has a kind of benefit dance. The other tenants come to it and chip 10 or 15 cents apiece. They get lots of fun out of it and he raises \$3 or \$4 to pay his rent. That's a rent rag."

"What's the lantern got to do with it?"

"That's the way a rent rag is advertised. When that lantern is out the colored people know that some one is giving a dance to raise rent money. When some one else gives a rent rag it is supposed to come around and put in his bit. It's a good scheme only they say some of them try to work it too often."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

COW SPORTED FALSE TAIL.
 That Novel Appendage Was the Cause of a Prolonged Law Suit.

A cow with a false tail figured the other day in a suit for damages before Alderman William A. Means, and because the tail was bogus the suit was withdrawn and the costs were paid by the prosecutor.

Charles Campbell, of Mohler street, entered suit against Henry Meller, of Wheeler street, for damages alleged to have been caused by the ravages in Campbell's garden by a cow, which was said by neighbors to belong to Meller. It was Campbell's own cow, but he did not recognize it without the tail. The case was to have come to a hearing one morning, but at the appointed hour because the tail was bogus the suit and paid the costs. He then explained the reason to Alderman Means.

Early in the week Campbell bought a cow from John McGuire, who, he said, lives in Frankstown road. He brought the cow home and turned her loose in his garden, but was astonished Thursday morning to find what appeared to be a strange cow in his patch. The animal had no tail. He was told by some neighbors that the animal belonged to Meller, and the same morning he entered suit before Alderman Means. He also caused the cow out. When he returned to figure up the extent of damage done in his garden he discovered a cow's tail with bits of white sticking to it. This and other information convinced Campbell that the cow was the one he had bought and had switched off her tail. For this reason he withdrew the suit.

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 Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.