

A Sure Cure for the Blues!

Brew one cup of Fragrant, Delicious

Blue Ribbon

Tea in freshly boiled water, add sugar and cream to taste and drink slowly. In bad cases take another. That's all. Only One Best Tea—Blue Ribbon.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"Good morning, Miss Bertram!" he said. "I have surprised you; you thought it was your brother, perhaps? I hope—I am not unwelcome?"

Jeanne smiled and also stared, as she answered: "I am glad to see you. Did you ride over?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes—may I come in?" Jeanne stood aside, and sat down, looking at him. Yes, certainly he was changed.

He sat down for a moment, then got up and stood at the door, wiping his forehead, and looking around the garden with what seemed an effort to regain composure.

"What a pretty place!" he said, at last. "I—I have never been in this part of the grounds before. Is this your arbor—do you often sit here?"

"Yes, very often," said Jeanne. "It is pretty, isn't it? Did you see Aunt Jane, Mr. Fitzjames or uncle?"

"No," he said. "—the fact is—I looked in the drawing-room and came straight through into the garden, I thought I should find you here."

Jeanne laughed softly. "If I had kept quiet still you would not, perhaps."

"I should have been very sorry," he said; "for I came to see you—that is, of course, I should have missed you."

Jeanne smiled and stole a glance at him. His handsome face—for it was handsome enough now in his earnestness—was still flushed, and his white hand, as it pulled at his moustache, trembled.

"It is very hot," he said, suddenly. "You rode fast," said Jeanne. "I heard your horse gallop."

"Yes, I came over at once," he said. "I wouldn't wait for breakfast."

"Oh," said Jeanne, rising, "why didn't you tell me at once? Will you come and get some?"

"No, thank you, no," he said quietly. "Don't trouble, don't go; indeed, I could not eat any yet. Don't go; it is so cool and—"

Jeanne sank back again, and he came and sat opposite her, fidgeting with his white driving gloves and looking as un-likely like the usual cool and self-assured Fitzjames as it was possible for one man to look like himself.

"Yes, I rode over," he said, breaking a pause, during which Jeanne had sat listening for those other footsteps; "I rode over because I couldn't wait."

Instinctively Jeanne glanced at his legs. "I mean," he said, "I couldn't waste the time, and I wanted to see you at once."

"To see me!" exclaimed Jeanne, opening her eyes to their widest.

"Yes," he said, looking at her with an earnest admiration and eagerness in his eyes, which now that they were not some and elegant enough. "Yes, to see you. I want to say something to you, to tell you something, Je—Miss Bertram."

"Me?" said Jeanne, innocently. "Won't Aunt Jane do as well—and better?"

He smiled uneasily. "Miss Bertram," he said, "I'm afraid I've done myself an injustice—I'm afraid that I haven't appeared to the best advantage—down here under—under the peculiar circumstances, and—"

"Indeed," said Jeanne, her forehead wrinkling itself perplexedly; "you have always been very kind to me, Mr. Fitzjames."

"No; you have been very kind to me," he said, earnestly. "I feel that now, when I think what a consummate idiot you must often have thought me. I don't mind other women, or what they think; but you are different, and I want you to think well of me."

Jeanne at that moment, if the truth may be told, thought that he had taken leave of his senses; but she sat quiet and silent.

"The fact is, the truth is," he went on hurriedly, and bending toward her, with his hands clasped on his knees, "I haven't known my own mind—no, I mean that I knew what I wanted to do, and what my people wanted me to do, and—"

"Let me say what I have to say, though I tell it so badly. The truth is, Miss Bertram—Jeanne—I love you most devotedly, and I will do my very best to win your love. I—"

"Stop—oh stop!" cried Jeanne, finding her tongue at last. "Let me pass—let me pass!"

"No, don't go, I implore you!" he pleaded. "I know what you think, but I swear that I have thought of no one else than you, and that I feel certain that it could be no other than you. Stop! Jeanne, I swear I love you, and I have loved you all through; and I've wished that I'd never seen that beastly

city, "that I shall tell no one what you have told me this morning." "You will not!" he said; "you are sure?"

"I am quite sure," said Jeanne, her lips curling with the haughty scorn of her passionate nature.

"Thanks—thanks," he exclaimed. "—of course, of course, fellow doesn't like to be thoughtful of you."

"You may rest quite assured," said Jeanne. "And good-bye."

"You will tell no one?" he said, trembling; "I won't hear any more."

"But you must!" he cried, excitedly. "I love you, Jeanne, madly; I can't lose you!"

It was a foolish speech. Transfixed for an instant Jeanne paused, the fire in her cheek and eyes. "You have not got me yet," she said proudly; then she wrung her hands; "oh let me go—I won't hear any more!"

"Won't you?" he said, hoarsely, thoroughly astounded by her persistent refusal to hear him. "Let me tell you all—everything. If—if you think that I am poor—"

"Let me go!" cried Jeanne, below her breath, and with clenched teeth.

"If you think me still blocking her way," you are mistaken. I was last night, but that is changed; the money I received was—"

Jeanne put her hands over her ears. "Hear me!" he pleaded; "I am no longer a younger son; I am no longer Clarence Fitzjames; my brother is dead and I am Viscount Lane!"

Jeanne's small pink hands dropped from her ears, and she looked at him with an indignant fire in her beautiful eyes.

"And you can come—and say this to me with your brother just dead?" "Jeanne!" he pleaded.

"Jeanne—Jeanne!" she cried, passionately, her eyes full of tears. "How dare you call me 'Jeanne'!"

"What have I done or said that you should do so? And if you will make me say it, then I say that it would make no difference to me if you were a duke or a king. Now let me pass, Mr. Fitzjames."

"But, Jeanne—Miss Bertram," he stammered; "I am taking advantage of your amazement and confusion, pushed past him, and before he can recover himself, is flying toward the house, and safely locked in her own room."

Clarence, the new Viscount Lane, started stupidly after the retreating form for a full minute, then he passed his white hand over his brow, and growled out an oath.

Amazement, chagrin and mortified vanity strove with his passion, as he picked up his hat and tried to smooth it.

That he should be refused as the Honorable Fitzjames was hard to believe, but that any one should decline the honor of picking up the handkerchief thrown by the Viscount Lane, hair to an ear-drum, was simply incredible.

But he had to believe it at last, and, after standing for a few minutes to realize it, walked off, by a path, to the gate.

For a few less than before would one have recognized in this gloomy brow and sullen mouth the exquisitely calm and cheerful Clarence.

"What an ass I have been," he muttered; "and all to no purpose! What will my people say when they hear this? How beautiful she looked as she stood stamping her feet. By jove, I thought she would strike me! A child, too—a child. Could she have understood? Yes, she could. I put it plainly enough. And she refused a coronet. 'How! I must be as ugly as sin, or—something. And now there's that confounded pillmaker and his gang!' he exclaims, with a shudder. "That's a lucky escape, anyhow. I can't go back there, and I won't, that's that. They'll hear of this—everybody, my people, too, and the old earl will rave like a madman, and—"

He stopped muttering, for he heard the rustle of a muslin dress behind him, and looking around, saw, to his astonishment, Jeanne hurrying down the path.

He raised his hat and slipped his feet in the stirrup to beat a hasty retreat, when he heard her call him.

Instantly the blood rushed to his face. She had thought better of it. But a glance at Jeanne's face as she stood at a little distance, sent him cold again.

She stood for a moment to gain her breath, just long enough for him to note with longing pangs the exquisite grace of her little figure; then she held out her hand.

"Mr. Fitzjames," she said, with a little remorseful tone, "I am very sorry if I have been rude—or—or unkind—no!"

For encouraged with a wild hope, he had dropped the bribe and taken a step nearer. "No, only came because I felt—because I did not like you to go away without saying good-bye, and thinking that I had been ungrateful. Indeed, I am very much obliged."

"Is that all?" he said, sullenly. "That is all," said Jeanne; "except—"

and her eyes dropped; "I am very—very sorry."

"Why should you be?" he said, with a sneer. "Young ladies are generally proud enough."

Jeanne's eyes flashed, and her graceful figure drew itself as straight as an arrow. "I am not proud of anything you have said," she breathed, quickly. "I shall not remember it—I shall forget it in five minutes."

"There will be plenty to remind you," he said, sullenly. "No," said Jeanne, firmly; "for no one will know."

"You mean—"

"I mean," said Jeanne, with sweet dignity, "that I shall tell no one what you have told me this morning."

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you your real identity proclaimed to the simple and confiding inhabitants of Mudeum-olop—I beg your pardon, Newton Regis. She leaves here in about five weeks' time, so you have plenty of time to pack up your traps and decamp, that is if you do not care to remain in the near vicinity of the divine Lucille.

Seriously, there is still danger, old man! She has mentioned your name once or twice, in that deliberately careless tone which means mischief with her. Of course I don't know where you are any more than the man in the moon. But she doesn't believe me. If you are not quite cured, run for it, or by the living Jingo, she'll have you yet! This is a long letter, and has nearly killed me; but I'll be sworn you won't give me a "dash you or it." Such is friendship! If you decide to run, come over here, and we'll go on to Germany for some fishing. Can't write any more.

CHAPTER XL

Meanwhile, where was Vane? It was very near morning before he started. Mrs. Brown from her beauty sleep by creeping on tiptoe up the narrow stairs to his room, and long before Jeanne had awakened from her first love dream, he was striding like a sea gannet, his hat and boots on his arm.

The draught of happiness which he drank so heartily the preceding night had wrought a great change in him, and as he half ran, half trotted, along the beach, he found his mind clear, and a thing had not done in the open air for months. As for Jeanne, so with him; the whole of nature seemed rejoicing in his joy.

He jumped into the boat, rowed out to sea, took his swim, and returned, giving a good morning to Griffin, with a "Good-bye" to the Nancy Bell.

"Fine mornin' for a sail, sir," says the old man, pulling his forelock. "Spect we'll see Miss Jeanne soon, 'cording to the wind, God bless her!"

"Aye—aye," echoed Vernon Vane, catching up the benediction in his heart. "God bless my darling!"

Then, having made Old Griffin happy with a cigar, and half a crown so buy a light for it, he started homeward, still thinking about the Nancy Bell, and I shall see my Jeanne—my little Jeanne," he thought.

Mrs. Brown stared at her eccentric lodger very much as Aunt Jane stared at Jeanne, for he came in whistling "one of those merry tunes" as Mrs. Brown called it, and "seemed like a boy," as he pitched the towels on a chair and strode up and down the room, while she arranged his simple breakfast.

Like every one else, he had come into the world with a good deal of money, and grown attached to her handsome lodger, and was never so pleased as when she could get a few words with him.

"I'm afraid you haven't much appetite this morning," she said, gathering up the wet towels to hang for him.

"Why not?" asked Vernon Vane, looking guiltily.

"You wasn't home till so late. Oh, I heard you go up, sir, begging your pardon."

"All right!" he laughed. "Yes, I was late, but I've the appetite of a tiger, Mrs. Brown, for all that. It's the salt water, I suppose."

"Perhaps it is, sir," said Mrs. Brown, with a sigh; "but I do tremble when I hear you go down to the beach, for the old people say you be so reckless."

"Nonsense!" he said, laughing again. "Don't be afraid, Mrs. Brown, there's no danger. I value my neck, beyond a doubt, I assure you. No, I shan't drown myself."

And leaving the bewildered Mrs. Brown to puzzle over his new mood in the kitchen, he fell to breakfast.

It was not a long time, for all his thoughts were of Jean, and before very long he had caught up his hat and was starting to plead his love with Aunt Jane.

Just as his hand was on the gate, however, the post came down the street, and in a short, and with a touch of his hat, gave him a letter.

Vernon Vane glanced at it, and was thrusting it carelessly in his pocket, when, as if by a magic thought, he took it out again and opened it.

For a few lines he read hurriedly, humming the while, then suddenly the air ceased, and he looked thoughtful, and at last he hurried back into the house, and took the letter in his hand, fell to reading it.

It was not a very long letter, and it was not in a lady's handwriting.

This was it: "My Dear Vane,—I write this, though not feeling at all sure, with my knowledge of how you will receive it, to correspondence, whether you will read it, or indeed, if it will reach you; for, if I know my man, you have, I fancy, grown heartily sick of playing the recluse and the mysterious visitor of Newton Regis, and have let that delightful but dreary spot for fresh fields and pastures new. Where are you now, I wonder? The Nile, the Hartz mountains or up in the lochs with a salmon-rod glad to your wrist?"

I am still in this confounded Paris for the best of all reasons—that I don't see any use, at present, of going anywhere else.

Don't pitch this letter into the fire, under the fearful impression that I am going to love you with an amount of all my doings, good and bad. Seriously, I have been trying to amuse myself, and should have succeeded better if I had not missed your sweet, granting, cynical growl. I am like a man who has grown fond of a dancing bear and lost him. We've had a pretty good gathering lately, and among 'em—who do you think? None other than the divine Lucille herself! The last captive of her bow and spear, the old duke, accompanied her, and reined just a month. He has gone, no one knows where. They parted, it is said, in a rage, and all broken off; whether that is true or not, I don't say.

It is rumored that the divine Lucille was tired of him, and that she could not resist him, not even a duke, with false teeth! He has gone, at any rate, and here she is, a beautiful and as popular as ever. There are three Italian counts, a French marquis, and an English baronet at home with an account of her, and as usual she looks as innocent and serene as a sucking dove. I tell you this, not because I think you are at all interested in her—oh, dear, no, "we have cured that wound," of course, but because I'm a little bit of a gossip, and because she is sweeter than honey—that she was going next month to Leigh's. If I remember rightly, I won't be sure—you know my sublime ignorance of my private life, but I think she is within a day's march of your present hermitage, and you might run against her.

Perhaps it would not be convenient to

While systems are now being developed to increase the height of those not satisfied with their inches, France has a medical wonder in a patient of the Paris Academy of Science who suffers from that extremely rare disease, osteomalacia, or softening of the bones.

Normally five feet four inches in height, the sufferer is now but three feet two, and the shrinkage continues. It is the only instance where the shrinkage has not terminated fatally, and the case has aroused the interest of the Continental physicians.

Cases of ossification, wherein the bones harden into a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the reverse of the other complaint, is seldom known from observation, and elaborate radiographs have been made of the sufferer at various stages for the benefit of those who will not have the opportunity to observe the actual patient.

Private John Jones.

When they mustered Private Jones, I out of the service he was covered with glory and scars. Otherwise he had little to show for his experiences as a soldier.

He had blistered at Durban, his teeth had chattered in the rain which swamped the Veldt, and when he and his fellows with a ringing cheer drove the enemy away from the blockhouse a bullet whose billet was "Jones, I. Y.," had found its destination, and the young volunteer lay before the stretcher-bearers found him where he fell.

When they did pick him up most of Private Jones' life had oozed through a hole in his right breast, and it seemed hardly worth while to carry what remained of it to the big tent which served as a field hospital.

But out of a sense of duty they bore him in, perfunctorily, for at each new step the stretcher men suspected they were lugging "a dead 'un." As for Jones, his pleasure had not been contented. He had said just one word when they found him—"water"—and after that he fainted quietly and gently, and lay quite still and white.

Now the leak in Private Jones' side had moistened much soil with rich blood, and had very nearly done for poor Private Jones, but the whole pharmacopoeia holds no remedy for gunshot wounds quite equal to youth, and when it comes to doctors the best in all the profession is Doctor Hope.

These two pulled Jones around. After some burning pills they bundled him roughly aboard an overcrowded transport, on which he got precious little that was fit for an invalid to eat, and put him ashore at Southampton.

Only the constitution of a draught horse could have survived this double infliction, but Jones shut his teeth tight and stood it as best he could. He seemed even to pick up a bit.

The truth is that the hope which had drawn its bow across the thrilled strings of his eager heart was the hope that in the dear home-land Private Jones would see Mary Farrell.

He thought of her soft voice and the calm-bearing touch of her dear lips—if only these could be his to know once more, just once, why then he could die happy. It wouldn't matter so much—al least not to him.

How Mary would feel about it he never paused to think. The fever had most of the time, you know, and fevers and calm thinking are not clock-bell-fellows.

The big minute hand of the big clock in the hospital dragged slowly around its Roman dial many weary times before Private Jones parted company with delirium and pain. Perhaps this battle against odds might have been sooner won and youth fought alone.

Hope became a deserter early in the action, for Mary did not come. When in his sane moments Private Jones realized her neglect his heart grew bitter within his bosom and rosy life looked gray as ash.

He obeyed his nurse sullenly, and once his feeble hands tore off the bandages of his wound. After that he watched him closely, which was quite foolish, for when one doesn't care to live it is well to let him die, the bees and the blood that they strike at the root of all common ailments of life, such as headache and sideaches and backaches, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, kidney troubles, sciatica, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance, and paralysis.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do just as much for every weak, nervous, pale-faced young woman, who is slipping from anaemia into deadly decline. They make new, rich, health-giving blood, and that is what every growing girl and woman must have to retain their health. It is because these pills actually make new blood that they strike at the root of all common ailments of life, such as headache and sideaches and backaches, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, kidney troubles, sciatica, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance, and paralysis.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box. Don't let anyone persuade you to take anything else. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mirrors Cover His Walls.

A rich man has the walls of his house covered with mirrors instead of pictures. In every room he can see himself in profile, from the rear, from the left, from the right—in twenty different ways. He claims that these mirrors promote good cheer and good health. He took about eighteen boxes in all, and they fully and completely restored his health, and I have had no sickness since."

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