

From the Sweet Scented Island of Ceylon

TRY IT.

Natural Green Tea "A Positive Luxury"

40c Per Pound No Japan Tea Can Compare

Sealed Packets only, same form as the Famous Black Teas of "Salada" Brand

LOVE AND A TITLE

"I'll do it, Master Hal," said George, with great confidence.

"How?" demanded Hal.

"No matter, sir—give me the message."

"Or a letter," missed Hal.

"No, sir," said George, respectfully; "not a letter—that's dangerous—gets left about or misarrises. Let it be a message, sir; I'll give it to the young lady, never fear, Master Hal."

"Right," said Hal, and the curt "right" meant volumes. "Tell her, then, that I must see her, and soon, and that I will go or come anywhere, any time, to speak a word with her. I must see her, mind!"

George nodded, and tightened his lips. "She shall have them exact words of yours, Master Hal, before we're many hours older; the exact words. Anything else, sir—anything that may show I come from you, and ain't on the other side!"

"Yes; here, take this!" said Hal, and, with a sudden fluke, he drew a withered carnation from somewhere under his waistcoat. "You are a sharp fellow, George."

"That's enough for me, Master Hal—a word from you is enough!" with a flash of the eyes; then he laid his hand on Hal's arm and drew him back to the courtyard. Now's my time, Master Hal. Go along with him, sir, and let him see you're safe at home—go on, sir, and leave the other part to me," and, instantly resuming his usually respectful manner, he touched his cap and sauntered off.

Astounded and somewhat confused by the unsuspected display of George's talent for conspiracy, Hal was wise enough to do as he was bidden, and made for the courtyard.

"Perhaps he's brought the challenge himself," he thought. "If he has, I'll fight him on the spot, if he likes, confound him."

But once more Hal was doomed to bitter disappointment. All smiles and politeness, the count held out his hand with his courtly bow.

"I have had the unhappiness to miss Lady Ferrand's visit, and I have brought a message from the princess, who is, alas, a sufferer from that too universal ill, a nervous headache."

As he says this, he keeps his eyes on Hal with the gentlest smile, and Hal, well, while longing to know, and to hear, he is obliged to mutter the usual courtesies.

"My sister is in the castle somewhere," he says. "I'll help you find her."

The count is profuse in his thanks, professes to the point of gratitude, and actually slips his arm through Hal's, and so they go up the hall to the drawing-room, whence issue the well-known voices of Maud and Georgina, both talking at once in the old-style.

"I am intruding," says the count, hesitating at the door, but Hal leads him—almost shows him—in and introduces him.

If anything was wanting to complete Maud and Georgina's happiness, the presence of a Russian count would supply it.

Before five minutes have elapsed the count is the centre of an attentive group, literally basking in his charming manner. Mrs. Lambton has remained in her room to rest, but Mr. Lambton, in his tweed suit, and mock old English gentleman air, is amazingly polite with the count, and before five minutes have passed has given him an invitation to the park.

"You'll find us plain and home-like folk, Count Mikoff, but we'll give you a hearty welcome, and try and make you comfortable. Oh, here's Mr. Vane, I mean the marquis, and how do you do, my dear? A lucky thing for us that the Lady Jeanne and Mr. Hal should run up against us in that confounded teagarden."

"Papa!" ejaculates Maud, "tea-garden?"

"Very much like one, my dear, anywhere. And how do you find yourself? You don't look quite up to the mark. Ah, nothing like old England, as I tell the count—re-mark-able man, eh, my lord?" he says in a sharp smile, looks Vane, with his grave smile, looks around, and shakes hands, glancing, as he does, at Jeanne—Jeanne, so slim and graceful, and altogether lovely. He does not shake hands with her, but he might as consistently do so, for she is as much a stranger to him.

"A fine place this, my lord," says Mr. Lambton, looking around with awe and delight. "A regular foreign castle, something like the one in England, marquis, but what you might call Levant. And here's Mr. Fitzjames—I mean Lord Lane. How do you do?—delighted to see you, my lord."

"Did you see the princess?" breaks in Hal, scarcely restraining his anxiety. George nods with quiet satisfaction but evidently has made up his mind to tell his story in his own way.

"First I went to the stables, and I hung about Master Hal, a-praising the coachman's harness-polish—which is the best I ever saw—and a couple of princely manous like: 'Is her highness been down this morning?' and he says: 'Yes, and gone half an hour ago.' This put me out. Master Hal, for I reckoned to catch her, to being just her time; and I didn't know what to do. But at the moment, while I was sitting there admiring the beastly polish, in comes the gardener, and I fell to admiring his flowers, and he was so pleased that he asked me to walk around, which we did; but I didn't notice the flowers much, Master Hal—my eyes went around like sails in a wind-mill, but there wasn't a glimpse of her highness to be got. Presently the gardener looks around too, 'If was sure the princess wasn't about,' he says, 'I'd show you her own glass house; there's some flowers there as 'ud do your heart. Herre Shorshe—that's what he calls George, Master Hal.' Seeing nobody else, he says: 'Just as I was about to close the door, I catch sight of a lady's flock.'"

"The gardener, he pulls up, and tugs at me to draw me out again, but I pretend that I don't understand, and presently the princess comes slowly down the conservatory and sees us. The gardener pulls off his hat, and I pull off mine, and he begins to stammer an excuse—satisfaction, and Maud and Georgina beside themselves with delight.

"Neighbors of yours, Mr. Bertram," says the count, going up to where Hal, leaning against the window, watches the comedy in profound silence.

"A charming specimen of the old English gentleman, eh?" says the count. Hal stares.

"You're wrong for once," he says. "Mr. Lambton is a gentleman, no doubt, and English, and a jolly good fellow, but he's not what you think—although he could buy up many of the real thing."

"Rich, wealthy, eh?" says the count, smiling.

"Rich as Croesus," he says. "And his family?"

"You see 'em," says Hal; "there's no more."

"In-deed," murmurs the count, with his sweetest smile. "What prizes for our sweetest sonnet compatriots?"

"Perhaps, I don't go in for heresias myself," says Hal, with red spots on his cheeks.

But the count does not take offense, although Hal's tone too plainly infers that he, the count, is a fortune-hunter; he merely shrugs his shoulders, murmurs "no," displays his wrinkles, and goes back to Maud.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

This may certainly be considered the happiest moment of Maud and Georgina's lives, to say nothing of Mr. Lambton's. In that gentleman's eyes, a lord was a being something more than human, something to make much of, to worship and to gloat over, and here they were as thick as currants in a Christmas pudding, and all as affable, as he remarked afterward, as if they were mere nobodies.

"Depend upon it, girls," he said, in the privacy of their own apartments, "the higher you go in the social scale, the more natural and simple you find 'em. It's a mistaken notion to suppose that the queen sits down to dinner every day in the crown and coronation robes, and I'm beginning to think that these swells are pretty much like everybody else." Then I told her, word for word, Master Hal, and waited.

"Well—well—well!"

"You are Mr. Bertram's servant, yes?" she said, so low and quiet like. Then I looked at her, and I saw a word, to show her that it was all right. She wasn't pale any longer, Master Hal, and to see the way she looked at that flower was enough to—make a man kneep that blessed count on the head there and then. Tell Mr. Bertram, she says, and by her face all drooped like, "that I will be by the large cedar at the end of the garden at 6 o'clock, and give him this," she takes this flower from her dress.

Hal snatches at it—very much as the monkeys snatch at biscuits in the Zoo. "Is that all?" he demanded, greedily.

"Every word, Master Hal," responds George, solemnly. "Then I told her, word for word, and she went and across the lawn like a fairy."

Hal paces up and down, his face working with excitement and passionate delight.

"George," he says, "you are a good fellow, a good, faithful old chap! You have managed wonderfully, beautifully, and I can't say how much I am obliged."

"All right, Master Hal," says George, flushing up. "If I had my own way, I'd don't say another word; I'm happy enough for one day—but, Master Hal, there's something else—I used my eyes, sir, and if something ain't up, I'm a Dutchman."

"What do you mean?" asks Hal, anxiously.

"I can't really say," replies George, scratching his head meditatively, "but there seemed an unusual and 'o' b'listle about the place, and especially, when I asked the coachman, he put me off, like, and didn't answer straight, as if he'd had his orders to keep quiet. But don't you be afraid, Master Hal; I've got an idea above the rest of 'em, and she will know it. And here's the man poking about again; better go now, sir," and Hal, sensibly following the advice, leaves the stable.

George falls to at his work as if he had a new idea above the rest of 'em, and grooming horses.

If there was a cloud overhanging the King's castle, as Bell declared, a casual observer would have needed to be very clear-sighted to detect or distinguish its nature.

Jeanne was not the girl, nor was Vane the man to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and if Jeanne looked a little pale and wistful to the Lambtons, they ascribed the slight change as natural results of the married state; and as for Vane, a slight pre-occupation and gravity befitted a man of his high position.

"The marquis' responsibilities," said Mr. Lambton signing with a complacent pomposity, "must be simply honourous. And he's a great artist, too, likewise, which alone is enough to make a man look serious."

Good-hearted and sensible, Mrs. Lambton was not so easily satisfied, however.

"What makes him so polite to Jeanne," she said; "husbands aren't, as a rule—"

"Thank you, my dear," laughed Mr. Lambton. "There's a difference between ordinary husbands and a husband that's a marquis—"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Lambton, shrewdly; "a man can't help showing his love, if he's a king. I'm always suspicious when I see a married man and wife, but I suppose it is because they're so high and grand, and I'm glad you're not a marquis, Lambton, if that's the effect of 'em."

This little conversation took place while the worthy people were dressing for dinner, to which meal the count had graciously consented to remain, and Maud and Georgina were chattering away in the disposition of a precocious meadow-land; but quite unessential. To the extent that it might be enforced it would work an unnecessary hardship not only upon the railroad companies, but upon such sufferers as might be brought under its application—Leslie's Weekly.

Clarence comes in, looking anything but delighted to see his old friends; then one after another drop in, and it seems such a cloud of nobility, that Mr. Lambton gets purple with importance and self-satisfaction, and Maud and Georgina beside themselves with delight.

"Neighbors of yours, Mr. Bertram," says the count, going up to where Hal, leaning against the window, watches the comedy in profound silence.

"A charming specimen of the old English gentleman, eh?" says the count. Hal stares.

"You're wrong for once," he says. "Mr. Lambton is a gentleman, no doubt, and English, and a jolly good fellow, but he's not what you think—although he could buy up many of the real thing."

"Rich, wealthy, eh?" says the count, smiling.

"Rich as Croesus," he says. "And his family?"

"You see 'em," says Hal; "there's no more."

"In-deed," murmurs the count, with his sweetest smile. "What prizes for our sweetest sonnet compatriots?"

"Perhaps, I don't go in for heresias myself," says Hal, with red spots on his cheeks.

But the count does not take offense, although Hal's tone too plainly infers that he, the count, is a fortune-hunter; he merely shrugs his shoulders, murmurs "no," displays his wrinkles, and goes back to Maud.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

This may certainly be considered the happiest moment of Maud and Georgina's lives, to say nothing of Mr. Lambton's. In that gentleman's eyes, a lord was a being something more than human, something to make much of, to worship and to gloat over, and here they were as thick as currants in a Christmas pudding, and all as affable, as he remarked afterward, as if they were mere nobodies.

"Depend upon it, girls," he said, in the privacy of their own apartments, "the higher you go in the social scale, the more natural and simple you find 'em. It's a mistaken notion to suppose that the queen sits down to dinner every day in the crown and coronation robes, and I'm beginning to think that these swells are pretty much like everybody else." Then I told her, word for word, Master Hal, and waited.

"Well—well—well!"

"You are Mr. Bertram's servant, yes?" she said, so low and quiet like. Then I looked at her, and I saw a word, to show her that it was all right. She wasn't pale any longer, Master Hal, and to see the way she looked at that flower was enough to—make a man kneep that blessed count on the head there and then. Tell Mr. Bertram, she says, and by her face all drooped like, "that I will be by the large cedar at the end of the garden at 6 o'clock, and give him this," she takes this flower from her dress.

Hal snatches at it—very much as the monkeys snatch at biscuits in the Zoo. "Is that all?" he demanded, greedily.

"Every word, Master Hal," responds George, solemnly. "Then I told her, word for word, and she went and across the lawn like a fairy."

Hal paces up and down, his face working with excitement and passionate delight.

"George," he says, "you are a good fellow, a good, faithful old chap! You have managed wonderfully, beautifully, and I can't say how much I am obliged."

"All right, Master Hal," says George, flushing up. "If I had my own way, I'd don't say another word; I'm happy enough for one day—but, Master Hal, there's something else—I used my eyes, sir, and if something ain't up, I'm a Dutchman."

"What do you mean?" asks Hal, anxiously.

"I can't really say," replies George, scratching his head meditatively, "but there seemed an unusual and 'o' b'listle about the place, and especially, when I asked the coachman, he put me off, like, and didn't answer straight, as if he'd had his orders to keep quiet. But don't you be afraid, Master Hal; I've got an idea above the rest of 'em, and she will know it. And here's the man poking about again; better go now, sir," and Hal, sensibly following the advice, leaves the stable.

George falls to at his work as if he had a new idea above the rest of 'em, and grooming horses.

If there was a cloud overhanging the King's castle, as Bell declared, a casual observer would have needed to be very clear-sighted to detect or distinguish its nature.

Jeanne was not the girl, nor was Vane the man to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and if Jeanne looked a little pale and wistful to the Lambtons, they ascribed the slight change as natural results of the married state; and as for Vane, a slight pre-occupation and gravity befitted a man of his high position.

"The marquis' responsibilities," said Mr. Lambton signing with a complacent pomposity, "must be simply honourous. And he's a great artist, too, likewise, which alone is enough to make a man look serious."

Good-hearted and sensible, Mrs. Lambton was not so easily satisfied, however.

"What makes him so polite to Jeanne," she said; "husbands aren't, as a rule—"

"Thank you, my dear," laughed Mr. Lambton. "There's a difference between ordinary husbands and a husband that's a marquis—"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Lambton, shrewdly; "a man can't help showing his love, if he's a king. I'm always suspicious when I see a married man and wife, but I suppose it is because they're so high and grand, and I'm glad you're not a marquis, Lambton, if that's the effect of 'em."

This little conversation took place while the worthy people were dressing for dinner, to which meal the count had graciously consented to remain, and Maud and Georgina were chattering away in the disposition of a precocious meadow-land; but quite unessential. To the extent that it might be enforced it would work an unnecessary hardship not only upon the railroad companies, but upon such sufferers as might be brought under its application—Leslie's Weekly.

George stops for want of breath, and wipes his forehead with the back of his hand, biting at his cigar furiously, with his eyes fixed on the man's face, draws a long breath.

"Go on—go on!"

"Well, Master Hal, it was just as if I had told her the world was going to end, she turned as white as snow, and her hand dropped to her side; then she raised her eyes and looked at me, so that I was struck dumb for a moment; they seemed to go right through me, soft and kind as they were. Then I told her, word for word, Master Hal, and waited."

"Well—well—well!"

"You are Mr. Bertram's servant, yes?" she said, so low and quiet like. Then I looked at her, and I saw a word, to show her that it was all right. She wasn't pale any longer, Master Hal, and to see the way she looked at that flower was enough to—make a man kneep that blessed count on the head there and then. Tell Mr. Bertram, she says, and by her face all drooped like, "that I will be by the large cedar at the end of the garden at 6 o'clock, and give him this," she takes this flower from her dress.

Hal snatches at it—very much as the monkeys snatch at biscuits in the Zoo. "Is that all?" he demanded, greedily.

"Every word, Master Hal," responds George, solemnly. "Then I told her, word for word, and she went and across the lawn like a fairy."

Hal paces up and down, his face working with excitement and passionate delight.

"George," he says, "you are a good fellow, a good, faithful old chap! You have managed wonderfully, beautifully, and I can't say how much I am obliged."

"All right, Master Hal," says George, flushing up. "If I had my own way, I'd don't say another word; I'm happy enough for one day—but, Master Hal, there's something else—I used my eyes, sir, and if something ain't up, I'm a Dutchman."

"What do you mean?" asks Hal, anxiously.

"I can't really say," replies George, scratching his head meditatively, "but there seemed an unusual and 'o' b'listle about the place, and especially, when I asked the coachman, he put me off, like, and didn't answer straight, as if he'd had his orders to keep quiet. But don't you be afraid, Master Hal; I've got an idea above the rest of 'em, and she will know it. And here's the man poking about again; better go now, sir," and Hal, sensibly following the advice, leaves the stable.

George falls to at his work as if he had a new idea above the rest of 'em, and grooming horses.

If there was a cloud overhanging the King's castle, as Bell declared, a casual observer would have needed to be very clear-sighted to detect or distinguish its nature.

Jeanne was not the girl, nor was Vane the man to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and if Jeanne looked a little pale and wistful to the Lambtons, they ascribed the slight change as natural results of the married state; and as for Vane, a slight pre-occupation and gravity befitted a man of his high position.

"The marquis' responsibilities," said Mr. Lambton signing with a complacent pomposity, "must be simply honourous. And he's a great artist, too, likewise, which alone is enough to make a man look serious."

Good-hearted and sensible, Mrs. Lambton was not so easily satisfied, however.

"What makes him so polite to Jeanne," she said; "husbands aren't, as a rule—"

"Thank you, my dear," laughed Mr. Lambton. "There's a difference between ordinary husbands and a husband that's a marquis—"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Lambton, shrewdly; "a man can't help showing his love, if he's a king. I'm always suspicious when I see a married man and wife, but I suppose it is because they're so high and grand, and I'm glad you're not a marquis, Lambton, if that's the effect of 'em."

This little conversation took place while the worthy people were dressing for dinner, to which meal the count had graciously consented to remain, and Maud and Georgina were chattering away in the disposition of a precocious meadow-land; but quite unessential. To the extent that it might be enforced it would work an unnecessary hardship not only upon the railroad companies, but upon such sufferers as might be brought under its application—Leslie's Weekly.

George stops for want of breath, and wipes his forehead with the back of his hand, biting at his cigar furiously, with his eyes fixed on the man's face, draws a long breath.

"Go on—go on!"

"Well, Master Hal, it was just as if I had told her the world was going to end, she turned as white as snow, and her hand dropped to her side; then she raised her eyes and looked at me, so that I was struck dumb for a moment; they seemed to go right through me, soft and kind as they were. Then I told her, word for word, Master Hal, and waited."

"Well—well—well!"

"You are Mr. Bertram's servant, yes?" she said, so low and quiet like. Then I looked at her, and I saw a word, to show her that it was all right. She wasn't pale any longer, Master Hal, and to see the way she looked at that flower was enough to—make a man kneep that blessed count on the head there and then. Tell Mr. Bertram, she says, and by her face all drooped like, "that I will be by the large cedar at the end of the garden at 6 o'clock, and give him this," she takes this flower from her dress.

Hal snatches at it—very much as the monkeys snatch at biscuits in the Zoo. "Is that all?" he demanded, greedily.

"Every word, Master Hal," responds George, solemnly. "Then I told her, word for word, and she went and across the lawn like a fairy."

Hal paces up and down, his face working with excitement and passionate delight.

"George," he says, "you are a good fellow, a good, faithful old chap! You have managed wonderfully, beautifully, and I can't say how much I am obliged."

"All right, Master Hal," says George, flushing up. "If I had my own way, I'd don't say another word; I'm happy enough for one day—but, Master Hal, there's something else—I used my eyes, sir, and if something ain't up, I'm a Dutchman."

"What do you mean?" asks Hal, anxiously.

"I can't really say," replies George, scratching his head meditatively, "but there seemed an unusual and 'o' b'listle about the place, and especially, when I asked the coachman, he put me off, like, and didn't answer straight, as if he'd had his orders to keep quiet. But don't you be afraid, Master Hal; I've got an idea above the rest of 'em, and she will know it. And here's the man poking about again; better go now, sir," and Hal, sensibly following the advice, leaves the stable.

George falls to at his work as if he had a new idea above the rest of 'em, and grooming horses.

If there was a cloud overhanging the King's castle, as Bell declared, a casual observer would have needed to be very clear-sighted to detect or distinguish its nature.

Jeanne was not the girl, nor was Vane the man to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and if Jeanne looked a little pale and wistful to the Lambtons, they ascribed the slight change as natural results of the married state; and as for Vane, a slight pre-occupation and gravity befitted a man of his high position.

"The marquis' responsibilities," said Mr. Lambton signing with a complacent pomposity, "must be simply honourous. And he's a great artist, too, likewise, which alone is enough to make a man look serious."

Good-hearted and sensible, Mrs. Lambton was not so easily satisfied, however.

"What makes him so polite to Jeanne," she said; "husbands aren't, as a rule—"

"Thank you, my dear," laughed Mr. Lambton. "There's a difference between ordinary husbands and a husband that's a marquis—"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Lambton, shrewdly; "a man can't help showing his love, if he's a king. I'm always suspicious when I see a married man and wife, but I suppose it is because they're so high and grand, and I'm glad you're not a marquis, Lambton, if that's the effect of 'em."

This little conversation took place while the worthy people were dressing for dinner, to which meal the count had graciously consented to remain, and Maud and Georgina were chattering away in the disposition of a precocious meadow-land; but quite unessential. To the extent that it might be enforced it would work an unnecessary hardship not only upon the railroad companies, but upon such sufferers as might be brought under its application—Leslie's Weekly.

George stops for want of breath, and wipes his forehead with the back of his hand, biting at his cigar furiously, with his eyes fixed on the man's face, draws a long breath.

"Go on—go on!"

"Well, Master Hal, it was just as if I had told her the world was going to end, she turned as white as snow, and her hand dropped to her side; then she raised her eyes and looked at me, so that I was struck dumb for a moment; they seemed to go right through me, soft and kind as they were. Then I told her, word for word, Master Hal, and waited."

"Well—well—well!"

"You are Mr. Bertram's servant, yes?" she said, so low and quiet like. Then I looked at her, and I saw a word, to show her that it was all right. She wasn't pale any longer, Master Hal, and to see the way she looked at that flower was enough to—make a man kneep that blessed count on the head there and then. Tell Mr. Bertram, she says, and by her face all drooped like, "that I will be by the large cedar at the end of the garden at 6 o'clock, and give him this," she takes this flower from her dress.

Hal snatches at it—very much as the monkeys snatch at biscuits in the Zoo. "Is that all?" he demanded, greedily.

"Every word, Master Hal," responds George, solemnly. "Then I told her, word for word, and she went and across the lawn like a fairy."

Hal paces up and down, his face working with excitement and passionate delight.

"George," he says, "you are a good fellow, a good, faithful old chap! You have managed wonderfully, beautifully, and I can't say how much I am obliged."

"All right, Master Hal," says George, flushing up. "If I had my own way, I'd don't say another word; I'm happy enough for one day—but, Master Hal, there's something else—I used my eyes, sir, and if something ain't up, I'm a Dutchman."

"What do you mean?" asks Hal, anxiously.

"I can't really say," replies George, scratching his head meditatively, "but there seemed an unusual and 'o' b'listle about the place, and especially, when I asked the coachman, he put me off, like, and didn't answer straight, as if he'd had his orders to keep quiet. But don't you be afraid, Master Hal; I've got an idea above the rest of 'em, and she will know it. And here's the man poking about again; better go now, sir," and Hal, sensibly following the advice, leaves the stable.

George falls to at his work as if he had a new idea above the rest of 'em, and grooming horses.

If there was a cloud overhanging the King's castle, as Bell declared, a casual observer would have needed to be very clear-sighted to detect or distinguish its nature.

Jeanne was not the girl, nor was Vane the man to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and if Jeanne looked a little pale and wistful to the Lambtons, they ascribed the slight change as natural results of the married state; and as for Vane, a slight pre-occupation and gravity befitted a man of his high position.

"The marquis' responsibilities," said Mr. Lambton signing with a complacent pomposity, "must be simply honourous. And he's a great artist, too, likewise, which alone is enough to make a man look serious."

Good-hearted and sensible, Mrs. Lambton was not so easily satisfied, however.

"What makes him so polite to Jeanne," she said; "husbands aren't, as a rule—"

"Thank you, my dear," laughed Mr. Lambton. "There's a difference between ordinary husbands and a husband that's a marquis—"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Lambton, shrewdly; "a man can't help showing his love, if he's a king. I'm always suspicious when I see a married man and wife, but I suppose it is because they're so high and grand, and I'm glad you're not a marquis, Lambton, if that's the effect of 'em."

This little conversation took place while the worthy people were dressing for dinner, to which meal the count had graciously consented to remain, and Maud and Georgina were chattering away in the disposition of a precocious meadow-land; but quite unessential. To the extent that it might be enforced it would work an unnecessary hardship not only upon the railroad companies, but upon such sufferers as might be brought under its application—Leslie's Weekly.

DODDS' KIDNEY PILLS

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. DODDS, NEW YORK

George stops for want of breath, and wipes his forehead with the back of his hand, biting at his cigar furiously, with his eyes fixed on the man's face, draws a long breath.

"Go on—go on!"

"Well, Master Hal, it was just as if I had told her the world was going to end, she turned as white as snow, and her hand dropped to her side; then she raised her eyes and looked at me, so that I was struck dumb for a moment; they seemed to go right through me, soft and kind as they were. Then I told her, word for word, Master Hal, and waited."

"Well—well—well!"

"You are Mr. Bertram's servant, yes?" she said, so low and quiet like. Then I looked at her, and I saw a word, to show her that it was all right. She wasn't pale any longer, Master Hal, and to see the way she looked at that flower was enough to—make a man kneep that blessed count on the head there and then. Tell Mr. Bertram, she says, and by her face all drooped like, "that I will be by the large cedar at the end of the garden at 6 o'clock, and give him this," she takes this flower from her dress.

Hal snatches at it—very much as the monkeys snatch at biscuits in the Zoo. "Is that all?" he demanded, greedily.

"Every word, Master Hal," responds George, solemnly. "Then I told her, word for word, and she went and across the lawn like a fairy."

Hal paces up and down, his face working with excitement and passionate delight.

"George," he says, "you are a good fellow, a good, faithful old chap! You have managed wonderfully, beautifully, and I can't say how much I am obliged."

"All right, Master Hal," says George, flushing up. "If I had my own way, I'd don't say another word; I'm happy enough for one day—but, Master Hal, there's something else—I used my eyes, sir, and if something ain't up, I'm a Dutchman."

"What do you mean?" asks Hal, anxiously.

"I can't really say," replies George, scratching his head meditatively, "but there seemed an unusual and 'o' b'listle about the place, and especially, when I asked the coachman, he put me off, like, and didn't answer straight, as if he'd had his orders to keep quiet. But don't you be afraid, Master Hal; I've got an idea above the rest of 'em, and she will know it. And here's the man poking about again; better go now, sir," and Hal, sensibly following the advice, leaves the stable.

George falls to at his work as if he had a new idea above the rest of 'em, and grooming horses.

If there was a cloud overhanging the King's castle, as Bell declared, a casual observer would have needed to be very clear-sighted to detect or distinguish its nature.

Jeanne was not the girl, nor was Vane the man to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and if Jeanne looked a little pale and wistful to the Lambtons, they ascribed the slight change as natural results of the married state; and as for Vane, a slight pre-occupation and gravity befitted a man of his high position.

"The marquis' responsibilities," said Mr. Lambton signing with a complacent pomposity, "must be simply honourous. And he's a great artist, too, likewise, which alone is enough to make a man look serious."

Good-hearted and sensible, Mrs. Lambton was not so easily satisfied, however.

"What makes him so polite to Jeanne," she said; "husbands aren't, as a rule—"

"Thank you, my dear," laughed Mr. Lambton. "There's a difference between ordinary husbands and a husband that's a marquis—"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Lambton, shrewdly; "a man can't help showing his love, if he's a king. I'm always suspicious when I see a married man and wife, but I suppose it is because they're so high and grand, and I'm glad you're not a marquis, Lambton, if that's the effect of 'em."

This little conversation took place while the worthy people were dressing for dinner, to which meal the count had graciously consented to remain, and Maud and Georgina were chattering away in the disposition of a precocious meadow-land; but quite unessential. To the extent that it might be enforced it would work an unnecessary hardship not only upon the railroad companies, but upon such sufferers as might be brought under its application—Leslie's Weekly.

George stops for want of breath, and wipes his forehead with the back of his hand, biting at his cigar furiously, with his eyes fixed on the man's face, draws a long breath.

"Go on—go on!"

"Well, Master Hal, it was just as if I had told her the world was going to end, she turned as white as snow, and her hand dropped to her side; then she raised her eyes and looked at me, so that I was struck dumb for a moment; they seemed to go right through me, soft and kind as they were. Then I told her, word for word, Master Hal, and waited."

"Well—well—well!"

"You are Mr. Bertram's servant, yes?" she said, so low and quiet like. Then I looked at her, and I saw a word, to show her that it was all right. She wasn't pale any longer, Master Hal, and to see the way she looked at that flower was enough to—make a man kneep that blessed count on the head there and then. Tell Mr. Bertram, she says, and by her face all drooped like, "that I will be by the large cedar at the end of the garden at 6 o'clock, and give him this," she takes this flower from her dress.

Hal snatches at it—very much as the monkeys snatch at biscuits in the Zoo. "Is that all?" he demanded, greedily.

"Every word, Master Hal," responds George, solemnly. "Then I told her, word for word, and she went and across the lawn like a fairy."

Hal paces up and down, his face working with excitement and passionate delight.

"George," he says, "you are a good fellow, a good, faithful old chap! You have managed wonderfully, beautifully, and I can't say how much I am obliged."

"All right, Master Hal," says George, flushing up. "If I had my own way, I'd don't say another word; I'm happy enough for one day—but, Master Hal, there's something else—I used my eyes, sir, and if something ain't up, I'm a Dutchman."

"What do you mean?" asks Hal, anxiously.

"I can't really say," replies George, scratching his head meditatively, "but there seemed an unusual and 'o' b'listle about the place, and especially, when I asked the coachman, he put me off, like, and didn't answer straight, as if he'd had his orders to keep quiet. But don't you be afraid, Master Hal; I've got an idea above the rest of 'em, and she will know it. And here's the man poking about again; better go now, sir," and Hal, sensibly following the advice, leaves the stable.

George falls to at his work as if he had a new idea above the rest of 'em, and grooming horses.

If there was a cloud overhanging the King's castle, as Bell declared, a casual observer would have needed to be very clear-sighted to detect or distinguish its nature.

Jeanne was not the girl, nor was Vane the man to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and if Jeanne looked a little pale and wistful to the Lambtons, they ascribed the slight change as natural results of the married state; and as for Vane, a slight pre-occupation and gravity befitted a man of his high position.

"The marquis' responsibilities," said Mr. Lambton signing with a complacent pomposity, "must be simply honourous. And he's a great artist, too, likewise, which alone is enough to make a man look serious."

Good-hearted and sensible, Mrs. Lambton was not so easily satisfied, however.

"What makes him so polite to Jeanne," she said; "husbands aren't, as a rule—"

"Thank you, my dear," laughed Mr. Lambton. "There's a difference between ordinary husbands and a husband that's a marquis—"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Lambton, shrewdly; "a man can't help showing his love, if he's a king. I'm always suspicious when I see a married man and wife, but I suppose it is because they're so high and grand, and I'm glad you're not a marquis, Lambton, if that's the effect of 'em."

This little conversation took place while the worthy people were dressing for dinner, to which meal the count had graciously consented to remain, and Maud and Georgina were chattering away in the disposition of a precocious meadow-land; but quite unessential. To the extent that it might be enforced it would work an unnecessary hardship not only upon the railroad companies, but upon such sufferers as might be brought under its application—Leslie's Weekly.

George stops for want of breath, and wipes his forehead with the back of his hand, biting at his cigar furiously, with his eyes fixed on the man's face, draws a long breath.

"Go on—go on!"

"Well, Master Hal, it was just as if I had told her the world was going to end, she turned as white as snow, and her hand dropped to her side; then she raised her eyes and looked at me, so that I was struck dumb for a moment; they seemed to go right through me, soft and kind as they were. Then I told her, word for word, Master Hal, and waited."

"Well—well—well!"

"You are Mr. Bertram's servant, yes?" she said, so low and quiet like. Then I looked at her, and I saw a word, to show her that it was all right. She wasn't pale any longer, Master Hal, and to see the way she looked at that flower was enough to—make a man kneep that blessed count on the head there and then. Tell Mr. Bertram, she says, and by her face all drooped like, "that I will be by the large cedar at the end of the garden at 6 o'clock, and give him this," she takes this flower from her dress.

Hal snatches at it—very much as the monkeys snatch at biscuits in the Zoo. "Is that all?" he demanded, greedily.

"Every word, Master Hal," responds George, solemnly. "Then I told her, word for word, and she went and across the lawn like a fairy."

Hal paces up and down, his face working with excitement and passionate delight.

"George," he says, "you are a good fellow, a good, faithful old chap! You have managed wonderfully, beautifully, and I can't say how much I am obliged."

"All right, Master Hal," says George, flushing up. "If I had my own way, I'd don't say another word; I'm happy enough for one day—but, Master Hal, there's something else—I used my eyes, sir, and if something ain't up, I'm a Dutchman."

"What do you mean?" asks Hal, anxiously.

"I can't really say," replies George, scratching his head meditatively, "but there seemed an unusual and 'o' b'listle about the place, and especially, when I asked the coachman, he put me off, like, and didn't answer straight, as if he'd had his orders to keep quiet. But don't you be afraid, Master Hal; I've got an idea above the rest of 'em, and she will know it. And here's the man poking about again; better go now, sir," and Hal, sensibly following the advice, leaves the stable.

George falls to at his work as if he had a new idea above the rest of 'em, and grooming horses.

If there was a cloud overhanging the King's castle, as Bell declared, a casual observer would have needed to be very clear-sighted to detect or distinguish its nature.

Jeanne was not the girl, nor was Vane the man to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and if Jeanne looked a little pale and wistful to the Lambtons, they ascribed the slight change as natural results of the married state; and as for Vane, a slight pre-occupation and gravity befitted a man of his high position.

"The marquis' responsibilities," said Mr. Lambton signing with a complacent pomposity, "must be simply honourous. And he's a great artist, too, likewise, which alone is enough to make a man look serious."

Good-hearted and sensible, Mrs. Lambton was not so easily satisfied, however.

"What makes him so polite to Jeanne," she said; "husbands aren't, as a rule—"

"Thank you, my dear," laughed Mr. Lambton. "There's a difference between ordinary husbands and a husband that's a marquis—"

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Lambton, shrewdly; "a man can't help showing his love, if he's a king. I'm always suspicious when I see a married man and wife, but I suppose it is because they're so high and grand, and I'm glad you're not a marquis, Lambton, if that's the effect of 'em."

This little conversation took place while the worthy people were dressing for dinner, to which meal the count had graciously consented to remain, and Maud and Georgina were chattering away in the disposition of a precocious meadow-land; but quite unessential. To the extent that it might be enforced it would work an unnecessary hardship not only upon the railroad companies, but upon such sufferers as might be brought under its application—Leslie's Weekly.

George stops for want of breath, and wipes his forehead with the back of his hand, biting at his cigar furiously, with his eyes fixed on the man's face, draws a long breath.

"Go on—go on!"

"Well, Master Hal, it was just as if I had told her the world was going to end, she turned as white as snow, and her hand dropped to her side; then she raised her eyes and looked at me, so that I was struck dumb for a moment; they seemed to go right through me, soft and kind as they were. Then I told her, word for word, Master Hal, and waited."

"Well—well—well!"

"You are Mr. Bertram's servant, yes?" she said, so low and quiet like. Then I looked at her, and I saw a word, to show her that it was all right. She wasn't pale any longer, Master Hal, and to see the way she looked at that flower was enough to—make a man kneep that blessed count on the head there and then. Tell Mr. Bertram, she says, and by her face all drooped like, "that I will be by the large cedar at the end of the garden at 6 o'clock, and give him this," she takes this flower from her dress.

Hal snatches at it—very much as the monkeys snatch at biscuits in the Zoo. "Is that all?" he demanded, greedily.

"Every word, Master Hal," responds George, solemnly. "Then I told her, word for word, and she went and across the lawn like a fairy."

Hal paces up and down, his face working with excitement and passionate delight.

"George," he says, "you are a good fellow, a good, faithful old chap! You have managed wonderfully, beautifully, and I can't say how much I am obliged."

"All right, Master Hal," says George, flushing up. "If I had my own way, I'd don't say another word; I'm happy enough for one day—but, Master Hal, there's something else—I used my eyes, sir, and if something ain't up, I'm a Dutchman."

"What do you mean?" asks Hal, anxiously.

"I can't really say," replies George, scratching his head meditatively, "but there seemed an unusual and 'o' b'listle about the place, and especially, when I asked the coachman, he put me off, like, and didn't answer straight, as if he'd had his orders