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HIGHEST AWARD
ST. LOUIS, 1904.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"Yes, my lady," answered Marie, with alacrity. "I will. What business has that George to carry messages and interfere? He is clever—oh, very clever, but he shall not hoodwink me."

Lady Lucette laughed again. "So," she murmured, "Master Hal has his little love affair, and the devoted sister is plotting with him. It will amuse me, at least to talk them."

"Yes, Marie," she added, aloud, "you must find out the mysterious affair and let me know."

Quite unconscious of the condescending interest which Lady Lucette was taking in this affair, Hal waited the approach of six o'clock with that bitter impatience which distinguishes love in his predicament.

He wandered about the grounds, puffing at his pipe, and carefully avoiding any human being; then he betook himself to the interior of the castle, and counted on from room to room, settling matters and to nothing. If he could have found Jeanne to unbend his mind to, it would have been some comfort, but Jeanne had gone out with the Lambtons and Clarence.

Then he ran against Vane on his way to the studio, and if he had been a very little less in love than he was, he would have noticed the haggard look on his old friend's handsome face; but as it was, it passed unnoticed, and to Vane's good-natured inquiry if he would come and smoke a cigar with him, Hal muttered some excuse, and hastened on. Vane looked after him with a vague curiosity, and sighed as he turned into his quiet, sequestered room.

"Something wrong with the boy," he murmured, "has he been getting into debt?" At the thought, he stepped out again into the corridor and called after Hal.

Hal turned back, and Vane put his hand on his shoulder.

"Come and smoke a cigar with me, Hal," he said, in his old affectionate manner, and they turned in together.

"Let me see, you like these Cubans—do you care? Now tell us what's the matter."

Hal looked up and colored.

"Nothing," he said, of course.

"You mean nothing I can help you in," said Vane, and he put his white hands on Hal's broad shoulders and looked at him wistfully. "Don't say that unless you are quite sure, Hal. Is it money—any little or big debt?"

"No—no," said Hal.

"Are you sure?" said Vane, with kindly scrutiny, "don't hesitate with me, Hal—don't let a question of money trouble you. Honestly, dear boy, there is more than I know what to do with—great deal more. Out with it, Hal—or else," he said, sealing himself at his writing-table, "suppose I write a check for a thousand—couple of thousand—without asking any questions?"

Hal jumped up and put his hand on Vane's arm, and his eyes grew suddenly moist.

"What a dear, generous old man you are, Vane!" he said, huskily. "I'm not in debt—I don't want money—I wish I was, just for the pleasure of taking it from you, though heaven knows you are liberal enough; sometimes I'm ashamed at the check when I cash them."

"Why should you be?" said Vane, quietly. "All I have is Jeanne's—how he lingered on the beloved name—and yours. I would give all the world, if I had it, to make you too happy!"

"Don't I know that?" said Vane, smiling, at very, very wistfully; "there is nothing you can do. If I am not happy, it is my own fault; remember that, Hal," for Hal had jumped up.

"That's the five o'clock bell going, isn't it?" he said, "I must go."

And with a confused excuse, he hurried out.

Vane looked after him, and raised his hand to his forehead, with a troubled expression on his face.

"What all the boy?" he said; "what is it that seems to hang about us like some dark cloud?" Then he went to the window and leaned out for air. "Something seems to press down upon the place like a nightmare. I am not superstitious, or I should think something was going to happen."

With a shake of his broad shoulders and a smile, he threw off the feeling and went to work. On the easel was an unfinished historical picture of the time of Charles the First; the figure was draped with a cavalier costume, and artistic properties of the same period were scattered about the room.

Vane took up the brush, but only to fling it down again, and absently turned over the faded velvet tames, lace hats, rapiers and swords which lay in a heap on a chair. But nothing would interest him, and at last he went up to his room to dress, his hands thrust into his pockets, and his head drooping moodily. Just as he put his fingers on the handle of the door he heard a voice that always ran through him; it was Jeanne; she was coming slowly up the stairs, talking to someone in a low voice. The someone replied in a still lower voice, and Vane hit his lip.

Mechanically, unthinkingly, he looked over the balustrade. There stood Jeanne and, of course, Clarence, the former with an anxious look on her face, the latter with his eyes always sought Jeanne's face.

Vane could not hear a word; would not have paused a moment if he could have heard; had he done so, how much anxious pain would have been spared to him!

"And you will do this for me?" said Jeanne, her eloquent face upturned to his questioningly. "If the princess comes, you will keep the count away from her, and leave poor Hal a chance of speaking to her—will you?"

"There is nothing I would not do for you," replied Clarence, his handsome face flushed.

"Thank you—thank you," said Jeanne, "I feel like a conspirator; it will be a little fun."

Then it was that Vane stepped back, but too late to spare himself the sight of Clarence's eager flush, and the long, passionate kiss which he impressed on the little hand. Jeanne started and turned pale, then, without a word, hurried up the stairs, just as Vane closed and sternly, with an anguish on his face beyond description.

Had Hal been a Frenchman, there is no doubt that he would have found some vent for his impatience and excitement by arraying his handsome person in the most becoming toilet he possessed; but his personal adornment at any time received but scant attention at his hands, it was certainly not likely it would attract him now. Dashing into his room, he filled the basin with cold water and plunged his head into it, rubbing himself dry with a towel as if he meant to scorch off his short curls, and after a vigorous application of two brushes, he turned to scrub a floor with, contented that he had done sufficient. The peaceful tinkle of the vesper bells floated softly through the valley, singing a requiem for the dying sun, as Hal strides through the park which surrounds the castle. Not a human being in sight, saving a herdman slowly driving his cows to the farm on the side of the hill, and he scarcely bestows a glance on the young Englishman as he strides across the valley.

Thinking it best to visit the villa gardens a while berth, Hal makes a detour, and as the clock strikes six, comes upon the great cedar. It is a soft, delicious evening, which valleys alone know of; the precious odor of the ferns, at a little distance is the tinkle of a sheep-bell and the lowing of the cows on their homeward way, through it all comes the ripple and splash of the little bubbling stream—the stream which Hal will see while memory holds her seat.

Hal is warm, for, though there was no occasion—seeing that he had all the afternoon before him—for walking fast, he has done his mile in a very few minutes, and, as he throws himself down on the grass, for he does not know where the companion may not be watching the ground, with a field-glass, he takes off his hat and wipes his brow, and tries to possess his soul in patience. Five, ten minutes—ten years, seemingly, pass, and he is about to groan aloud, when, suddenly he hears the rustle of a dress, and springing to his feet, sees Verona close beside him.

For a moment he is speechless; she has come, for all his expectancy, so like a vision, in her wonderful beauty, that he can do nothing else than stare, with his honest, boyish eyes beaming from his dark eyes. As he does so, he notices unconsciously, and with a pang, that she is changed somehow; by the stream there where he had nearly seen her, it was a child's face, a child's frank smile that had been captured; now—now—it was because she was paler and her eyes seemed darker and deeper than she seemed older?

Hal is no analyst, no philosopher, only a love-smitten boy, and didn't know that with his passionate kisses—the first that had ever fallen on her lips—she had slain the child in Verona, and had created the woman, loving, passionate, and shy.

"You have shy—sweetly shy, and when she held out her hand, Hal could not have missed up courage to kiss it to save his life. But he holds it tightly, though it trembles faintly for freedom, and so he stands looking at her. At last he has a faint smile, with one swift flash from her deep depths that goes straight into Hal's heart—and says:

"Did you want to see me, Mr. Bertram?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Did he wish to see her? Had he ever wished for anything as much since his life began—

"Verona," he says, "his voice all a quiver, as Shakespeare says, 'Verona, are you angry with me because of—because of last night?'"

"Angry?" she lifts her long lashes and looks at him.

"You have been ill, are still ill," he goes on to say, "I want to know if you are better."

"I know," says Verona, softly, turning away her head and revealing a profile like one of those cameos one finds in ancient jewels.

"And they told her you were ill," Verona says with a flushed, eager face with a gentle sadness. "I was not ill," she says.

"I knew it!" he rejoins, drawing a long breath of relief, combined with indignation. "I knew it, was not true. Princess—Verona—who told them to tell Jeanne that, and put her off?"

Verona looks down silent.

Hal groans aloud, and, dropping her hand, leans against the door to control himself.

"Now you are angry with me!" she sighs.

Hal turns to her eagerly, and takes her hand again.

"How can you say that?" he says. "Don't you know that I am almost out of my mind?—and indeed, he looks like it—how would you feel if you were as I love you, if I were shut up away from you, and not allowed to see you, and that in a beastly foreign place, and one doesn't know the language—and the girl is instead of standing up like me to fight it out, and to look on as if nothing was the matter?"

Verona fixes her dark eyes with a frightened, pleading look upon his handsome, flushed face.

"I know!—and what else can I tell you everything? I feel like a man tied hand and foot, prisoner. Are they really keeping you a prisoner in—in this beautiful room?"

"I don't know," she says, hesitatingly, and with a little quick shudder. "I do not know—but I am afraid they do not like me to go out, or to see any one."

"And I—the cause?" says outspoken Hal. "Who is it, the prince, your father?"

Verona shakes her head.

"The count, then?"

"So I and Hal draws a long breath; that for, and what else he do that for, and are you going to admit it to? Think, Verona, a prisoner!"

She turns pale, and her lips quiver.

"I know; but what can I do? I am a girl—a helpless woman, and—"

"And the count has some right!" says Hal, fiercely; "and if he treats you like this before, what would he do after, when he has you entirely in his power?"

Verona shrinks, and the slight shudder runs through her again.

Hal sees it; there is not an expression of her face, her eyes, her lips, that he does not note; and his face flames.

"Where is he now?" he asks.

"Verona, 'Do you not know?' says Hal, eagerly.

"And are you not coming?" says Hal, eagerly.

She shakes her head.

He takes two or three impetuous strides, and comes back to her, his face working, and his eyes alight.

"Verona," he says, and he takes her hand, and looks at her hungrily—there is no other word for it—"listen to me. Don't turn your head away; I can't see your eyes."

Verona, with a faint blush, raises her eyes, and lets them drop again.

"Verona, I am only a boy; I don't know anything about the world; I'm as ignorant as a black crow, and I'm as poor as a church mouse! But, oh, Verona! I love you—I love you as well as any man could do—better, a thousand times better; and if you do not love me, if we are to part, I would rather die than live without you!"

Hal gives something that sounds like a sob. "Verona, my beautiful Verona, I love you!"

And, as he speaks, he draws her toward him; she flushes, then suddenly grows pale; her lips open, her bosom heaves beneath the muslin, and with a little cry, she drops upon his broad breast.

White-hot, not red, Hal presses her closely to him, and touches her soft brow with his lips, as reverently, although passionately, as if she were a saint.

"My darling, my Verona! Are you really mine?—do you really love me?"

"With an effort she raises her head, and looks up at him, her eyes moist, and beaming with that look of ineffable passion which all women may feel, but only Italians can show.

Breed as a Factor in Feeding Animals.

BY PROF. G. E. DAY.

(Press Bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada.)

Nearly every farmer who feeds stock has his favorite breeds, and is firmly convinced that certain breeds are more profitable to feed than others. While there is little doubt that some breeds of stock are better adapted to certain conditions of climate, systems of management, and environment than others, it is a significant fact that when different breeds of flesh-producing animals have been fed side by side, under the same conditions, no constant difference in favor of any one breed has been discovered, so far as ability to make economical gains is concerned. It is only when it comes to marketing the cattle that the difference between the different classes becomes apparent, the beef breeds producing much superior beef, and consequently selling for a much higher price per pound.

Comparisons of the breeds of sheep have not been very fully worked out, but so far as they have gone, the indications are that the same rule practically holds true.

In swine the most extensive experiments that have been conducted by the Ontario Agricultural College, six breeds of swine were compared as to the cost of producing 100 pounds gain live weight, and the tables which follow show the standing of the breeds with regard to economy of production.

Ontario Experiments.
Breeds arranged in order of economy of production.
First Experiment—1, Berkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Poland China; 4, Duroc Jersey; 5, Chester White; 6, Poland China.

Second Experiment—1, Berkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Poland China; 4, Chester White; 5, Yorkshire; 6, Duroc Jersey.

Third Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Berkshire; 3, Duroc Jersey; 4, Tamworth; 5, Chester White; 6, Poland China.

Fourth Experiment—1, Berkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Yorkshire; 4, Chester White; 5, Duroc Jersey; 6, Poland China.

Fifth Experiment—1, Berkshire; 2, Yorkshire; 3, Duroc Jersey; 4, Chester White; 5, Tamworth; 6, Poland China.
Breed is not a factor in influencing

the economy of production. Further, there is only one way of accounting for the variations which occurred in each experiment, and that is on the ground of the individuality of the animals. There is little doubt, therefore, that animals possessing good constitution and quality will make economical use of their food, no matter what breed they may belong to.

The carcasses from swine used in the Ontario experiment were sent to the slaughter house and critically compared by experts, and the following tables show the breeds arranged in order of their suitability for the manufacture of bacon for the English market.

Breeds arranged in order of suitability for the manufacture of Wiltshire sides.

First Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Duroc Jersey; 5, Poland China; 6, Chester White.

Second Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Chester White; 5, Duroc Jersey; 6, Poland China.

Third Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Poland China; 5, Chester White; 6, Duroc Jersey.

Fourth Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Chester White; 5, Duroc Jersey; 6, Poland China.

Fifth Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Berkshire; 3, Chester White; 4, Tamworth; 5, Duroc Jersey; 6, Poland China.

Sixth Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Duroc Jersey; 5, Poland China; 6, Chester White.

There is much consistency about these tables about the preceding ones. The Yorkshires and Tamworths hold their place at the top of the list in each of these tables, except one, where the Tamworths were placed as low as fourth place. The Chester Whites, Duroc Jerseys, and Poland Chinas appear at the bottom of the list in nearly every case, being essentially fat-producing breeds and suitable for the production of the type of hog popular in the United States, but entirely unsuitable for supplying the markets which Canadian packers enter.

The farmer can not afford to shut his eyes to the requirements of the market, and the facts brought out in these investigations are certainly worthy of his consideration.

Songs and Their Writers.
How the popular song days past all resurrection is emphasized by the notice of the death in Providence of Samuel N. Mitchell, who was the author of some of the most widely known in their day. We suppose that not one thousand of the young people who greet with avidity the new songs of this day ever heard of Touch the Harp Gentle, My Protty Louise, and yet it had a sale in this country of more than four million copies, to say nothing of its immense popularity in England. That must have been thirty or forty years ago. Mr. Mitchell wrote Sasin Day for a popular minstrel performance, and it was sung and whistled and tam-tanned on pianos in every nook and corner of this country. Most of the copies long since went into the ash barrels and the rest are in the attic. Look at the titles of some of Mr. Mitchell's most popular songs: Dear Sunny Days of the Past; Dance, My Papa, on Your Knees; Amber Tresses Tied in Blue; The Lane That Led to School; My Love Sleeps Under the Daisies; Speak to Me Kindly; Little Bright Eyes at the Window; Maggie (The Soft Brown Hair); Our Country's Wealth the Sod; The Swaney Scale of My Darling; Sleeping in Death's Camping Ground; We Deck Their Graves Alhke To-Day; When My Love Comes Home to Me; Put My Little Shoes Away.

There are persons who recall them, but for the most part their singing days are over, and rag-time is more to the taste of the younger generation. Mr. Mitchell's verses were largely of the saccharine type that was affected by the tenor soloist of the negro minstrel company, the choruses lending themselves effectively to the pianissimo of the tenor soloist, and they thrilled many and many a susceptible heart. As poetry they were not, of course, pretentious. Their author never dreamed that they were. They did give innocent pleasure to thousands of persons, and when they had served their purpose they were pushed aside by the incoming of a new school—New Bedford Standard.

Entertaining Sister's Deed.
While the swain was waiting in the parlor of a Lexington avenue home for his innamorata, that lady's younger sister ventured into the room to entertain the caller.

"Sister! be down soon, Mr. Swallow!" she said. "Say, can you tell me when a door is not a door?"

The young man looked surprised at the ancient conundrum.

"That's a chestnut," he said. "A door is not a door when it is a jar of jam."

"That's right," said the young sister cheerfully. "Now, here's another: What makes more noise than a pig under a?"

"Little girl," interrupted the young man somewhat testily, "why are you asking me to guess those old rags?"

"Why, to entertain you till sister comes in. Isn't that the way Belle talks to you when she's here?"

"What makes you think so?" asked the young man.

"She told me that you had proposed several times, but that she was going to keep you guessing every time you called."

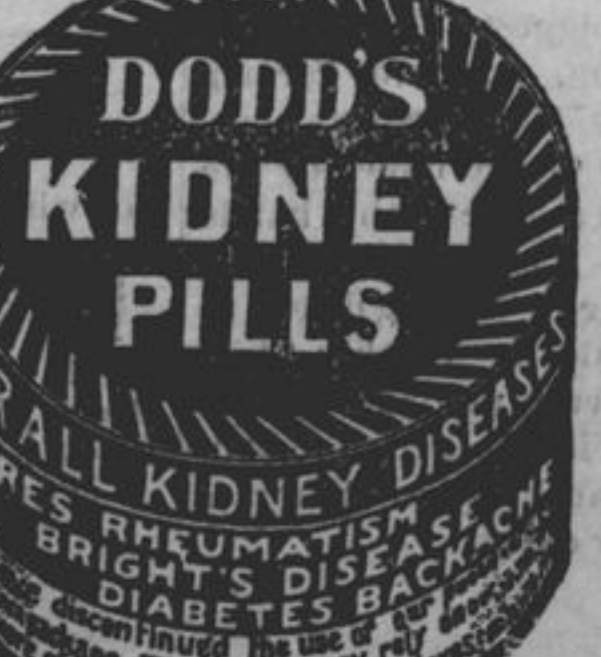
CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS AND THEIR DANGERS.

Far be it from us to detract in the smallest degree from the joys and amusements which are commonly indulged in at Christmas time for the sake chiefly of the little people. But previous experience has taught us unhappily that Christmas time is prone to bring a sad chapter of accidents, much sadder than usual because of their occurrence at a peculiarly joyous time, which with a little forethought might have been avoided. Perhaps it is in connection with domestic theatricals that the worst accidents have arisen. Children and adults alike have been dressed up, for example, and almost buried in a profusion of cotton-wool intended to represent snow, without the least regard having been paid to the ready inflammability of the material and without any precautions to keep it from coming into contact with a naked flame. Some most heart-rending scenes have resulted from this want of care, and a very sad sequel to happy moments has been the consequence. It cannot be too well known that cotton-wool burns with the fierceness of spirit,

Cost of Ammunition.

The cost of ammunition in a modern battle is much greater than is commonly imagined. With the increase in the range of modern ordnance the expense has naturally gone up steadily. The first rifled cannon of 10 centimetres (6 1/2 inches) calibre could not carry further than 6,000 yards, and in 1871 a range of 8,500 yards was attained. In 1873, by using steel guns, 12,000 yards was reached, and, by increasing the calibre, 15,000 yards was attained. Since this time, by using new powders and by the lengthening of the guns, the range has steadily grown. In 1888, on the occasion of the jubilee of Queen Victoria, the English artillery at Shoeburyness fired a celebrated round of shots under the name of the "jubilee round," which attained a range of about 20,000 yards. The Germans imitated the English and reached about 23 yards further under the same conditions. The French artillery is not behindhand. It has now a cannon of 13 1/2 inches, which, firing with an initial velocity of 900 yards a second, can send a projectile a distance of 13 miles. A longer cannon, which is not yet in service, could, it is thought, send its shell 14 1/2 miles with an initial speed of 1,200 yards. When this initial speed shall have been attained with the 34 calibre the range will reach 30 kilometres—just the distance from Dover to Calais.

The expenses of making a cannon and of firing each shot have enormously increased of late. There are in Germany cannon of one hundred and ten tons that the Krupp factory has turned out which cost every time they are fired, exactly \$1,700. The projectile is worth \$650, and the powder not less than \$100. But this is not all; there must be added the proper fraction of the value of the gun, which can be fired only twenty-five times before it is completely out of order. Now a hundred and ten ton gun costs



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For Correct Answers to this Puzzle

ONTLERAM	No. 1	The first word when the letters are properly arranged spells the name of a large Canadian city. The second word when the letters are properly arranged spells the name of some thing we all use. The third word when properly arranged spells the name of something we all do. The fourth word when properly arranged spells the name of something we all have.
LHOTSEC	No. 2	In order to help you a little we have put a mark under the last letter of each word. Now can you make them out.
LEPES	No. 3	
AERTNSP	No. 4	

It does not cost you one cent to try and solve this puzzle and if you are correct, you win a large amount of Cash. We do not ask any money from you and a contest like this is very interesting. It does not matter where you live, we do not care one who gets the money. You must send us three of these words, write them plainly and mail your answer to us, with your name and address plainly written, and if your answer is correct we will notify you promptly. We are giving away \$100.00 for correct answers and a few minutes of your time. Don't delay in sending us your answer at once.

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