

FRESH FROM THE GARDENS
of the world's growing paradise
The Island of Ceylon.

"SALADA"
DELICIOUS—PURE—HEALTHFUL
Lead packets only. 40c, 50c, 60c per lb. (At all grocers.)
BLACK, GREEN OR MIXED.
Japan tea drinkers should try "Salada" Natural Green.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"So you see," says Hal, in conclusion, "his pale face with excitement, 'you see there was nothing else to be done, I love her with all my heart, and soul, and she she loves me, she says so—actually says so. And this old man, this count, was going to carry her off to-morrow—think, sir, to-morrow! And if I hadn't carried her off, myself, she would never have seen each other any more, and she would have been forced to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather. And now you'll marry us, sir. The white hand drops slowly from the white, peaceful face, and the father turns and looks at the handsome face of the boy with a pitying gaze. 'My son,' he says, putting his cool, white hand on Hal's hot, brown paw, 'it is impossible.' Hal starts back, white and agitated. 'Impossible, sir!' he echoes. The father looks at his white face with unfeigned, unexpressed pity. 'Impossible, my son,' he repeats. 'It is not I alone who says it; it is the law. There are obstacles—many—in the way; two alone will suffice: your age and your religion. She whom you love is of a different church. The ceremony would be incomplete, invalid; her friends could behead her from you as you left the altar. Besides this there are forms which are absolutely necessary, and with none of which you have conformed. My son, it is impossible.' Hal starts from his seat white, and if the truth must be told, trembling. 'Then they were lost!' he exclaims hoarsely. 'For you—of course you will feel it your duty to—' 'Betray you?' says the old father, with a smile, but with a faint sorrow on his face. 'Do I look like a traitor, young sir? Or do the priests of your faith betray those who come for counsel in their trouble?' 'Forgive me, sir,' says Hal, brokenly; 'I beg your pardon—I was wrong; I insulted you. Will you forgive me? You are right; I was judging you by what others would do. In England they would deem it their duty to communicate with the lady's friends, and make her unhappy through life. Heaven help us both!' The father bends his head. 'My lips are sealed, my son, on such confidences, but it is left to me to advise.' 'Advise me, sir,' says Hal. The old man rises and paces slowly but with bent brow and folded hands up and down the narrow path; then he stands before Hal and looks down at him. 'My son,' he says, with a world of pity in his voice, 'you must take her back.' 'Never!' exclaims Hal, starting to his feet and confronting him with compressed lips and flashing eyes, 'never, sir! I take her back to a fate worse than death; death in life; a life-long misery! Never! I would rather see her dead at my feet. I would rather—' He stops, smitten to silence by the up-lifting of the white hand. 'Pause—pause, my son, and reflect! What you wish is impossible. What would you then? Can she remain here with you? Would you blast the reputation of her whom you love so dearly? You would not, you could not. That face does not mask so black a heart. What then?' 'What then, indeed!' It is Hal's turn to strain up and down now, and he does so with dismay and despair tugging at his heart strings. What then? 'What am I to do? What am I to do?' he groans. 'Take her back I cannot! Keep her here with me I cannot, dare not! You are right, sir, such a thing is impossible. I love her—I love her! Take her back I cannot!' The father looks at him with gentle pity ringing his heart. From the moment the handsome, stalwart boy entered bareheaded by the gate, the good old man had taken to him a fate worse than death; the honest, unfeeling voice was making his confession the old man's heart was going out toward him yearningly, pityingly, and now—now, as he watches the white, working face that never ought to wear anything but a boyish serenity, toward a saddle from the loft, and the father feels as if he could give what remained to him of his short span of life to help him; but what can be done? 'What shall I do?' says Hal, for the tenth time. 'Tell me, my son,' says the cure, 'came you alone with her?' 'Yes—excepting my man, a faithful fellow,' says Hal. 'And she is at the inn?' 'Yes,' says Hal, 'at the inn.' 'She is safe there?' murmurs the father; 'but alone! If you had brought someone with her—a sister—' 'Stop!' he says. 'I—what do you think of this? I have a sister. I should conceal anything from you, sir; I should conceal an ungrateful wretch if I did! My sister is the Marchioness of Férndale; she is staying at the König's Schloss, Forbach. She is my own sister, and we have been great friends.' 'Is she married—oh, yes, a marchioness. Well,' says the father, 'you will send for her?' 'That's it!' says Hal. 'I'll send for her.' 'Will she come, my son? Nothing must be left to chance.' 'Will she come?' echoes Hal. 'Jeanne come; Ah, you don't know Jeanne, sir! She'll come for me, and wings, yes, I'll send for her.' 'And afterward?' says the father. 'Afterward!' repeats Hal, blankly.

ing, rather, in loving truthfulness, as she comes in, blushing and smiling, and yet with the high-bred calm and composure which are her birthrights. Hal would like to take her in his arms, but the maid is in the room, and instead, he is forced to put the commonplace question: "Are you hungry?" "Yes, very," she says, candidly. "And are you comfortable—are they kind?" inquires Hal, anxiously. "Very—very kind," she answers. "They could not be more so if I were one of their own daughters. And where have you been?" Hal looks down. "Never mind," he says; "I will tell you directly. Let us have some dinner. Oh! are you going to sit all that way off?" for Verona has taken her seat at the bottom of the table. "Yes," she says, with a smile. "And see, here is a fine trout," says Hal. "Happy augury! Let me give you some trout." "As you did weeks—was it weeks or years ago?" murmurs she. "They were both hungry; they are young and in good health, and have had a long ride. The trout is cooked to perfection, so is the fowl; and when the maid brings in apricot tart, Hal's satisfaction is unbounded. "Where is George?" "Suddenly Verona says: "Where is George?" "George?" says Hal, blankly, but he is spared from explaining, for the next moment Verona flies to the window. "Look, there's a peacock! What a beauty! What a splendor! And, yielding to Hal's entreaties, sips a little of the red wine which he has ordered. "Well," says Hal, "and how do you like the inn?" "Oh, it is beautiful," she answers, "and is larger than it looks. There is a balcony running around the back, to which you ascend by some wooden steps, just as you do in the Swiss houses. "I've never been to Switzerland; but I'll go, we'll go all over the world, darling," he adds; "that is, if you like." Verona looks down. "I should like to go to England." "So you shall, my darling," said Hal. "There's no place like England, after all. Here's a health to merry England," she says, raising her glass. "All his affected gaiety she-love's eyes are keen—sees beneath the mask, and, as she stands side by side by the window, she puts her hand on his shoulder and looks at him. "What is the matter?" she asks, with a light, but earnest, smile. "Matter!" says conscience-stricken Hal. "Nothing! Look! there is the sun going down!" She turns her head and looks as bidden, but presently her eyes come back to his face. "Where is George?" she asks again. "George," says Hal, hesitating. "George is all right. Come, darling, you are not afraid, you are not unhappy?" "I'm afraid! No! not when you are near," she says, in the simple language of love, and her head sinks upon his breast. Hal presses his lips on the silken hair, and kisses her passionately; but from his heart arises the cry: "Jeanne—Jeanne!" CHAPTER XXXIX. The sun—the same sun which shines upon the dinner table at which Hal and Jeanne are seated, emerges behind the König's Castle, and sending its red rays into Jeanne's boudoir. The day has been hot, almost as hot as mid-summer, and has been trying and exhausting in other ways. For one thing, it has been a day of exodus. Four-fifths of the guests have taken their departure. None is left but Parliament, gone are half a dozen other notabilities, and Jeanne has, in the course of her duties, had to superintend their departure and wish them God-speed. Of all the guests that crowded the King's table, perhaps she shall have it. Yes, there is one other, Clarence Lane. His time has been up this week past, but, under one excuse or another, he has lingered on. A word has done it; he would have gone this morning but for the words of the countess, who, when Lady Lucelle is in her boudoir, and Marie is at her elbow. It wants two minutes and a half of dinner time, but her ladyship is exhausted, making so many adieux, and she lies back with half-closed eyelids, when the countess, listening to Marie's chatter— "Marie chatter of everything, anything, and my lady listens listlessly. But suddenly Lady Lucelle becomes all attention. "And Master Hal," says Marie, "Master Hal has gone out with the grays, and taken the countess's horse; he has a horse, no, he hates the grays! But the bays, they are gone to the blacksmiths. And Master Hal has gone to shoot eagles!" "To shoot eagles!" says Lady Lucelle, on the alert; "nonsense!" "That is not nonsense!" and at the name pretty Marie's teeth shut close—"that is what that villain says!" "He—does not speak the truth," says Lady Lucelle; "no one but an idiot would go to shoot anything on such a day as this. There is not a bird to be seen." "And he has taken the two grays, my lady," says Marie, eagerly, "and that scoundrel George has gone with him." Lady Lucelle sits bolt upright. "Marie," she says, "you are a fool! There is more in this than you think." "Marie closed the door after her, and sped on her errand, and Lady Lucelle stepped lightly to the looking-glass. "No, my young friend," she murmured. "Shooting eagles, or anything else, will not deceive me. If you have the grays, and the bays are missing, something is in the wind. Shooting eagles, indeed! I shouldn't wonder." So suddenly did an idea enter Lady Lucelle's head that she started. "I have it!" she cried, flushing; "the foolish boy has run off with the princess. It was not an idea it was an inspiration. I suddenly her subtle brain went to work. Which course should she take? Should she communicate her suspicions to the count, or Vane, or institute a pursuit, or—what? Without knowing it, the countess has arrived at the most critical moment of her by no means eventful life. Without

THE PUREST TEA
Cannot be bulk tea in open chests, exposed to the mixed odors of a grocer's shop, but the kind that comes in Air Tight Lead Packets, fresh from the plantations. That's



from the East Indies endure the climate much better, but the zebra, which is a native of that zone, would be even more useful if it could be domesticated.—Chicago Record-Herald.

REDUCES ROLLING IN VESSELS.
German Invention Which Aims to Prevent Seasickness.
According to German newspapers, Otto Schlick, of Hamburg, has invented an appliance which reduces the rolling of ships to a minimum. He calls it "Schiffskreisler" (ship top). It is stated that if it fills expectations it will prove of great importance, not only that seasickness would be done away with, but the efficiency of war ships would be greatly enhanced, as the hitting ability would be vastly increased. Much interest appears to be manifested in this invention in shipbuilding circles. Recently larger experiments with this "top" took place at the works of the Hamburg-American Line, in the harbor of Hamburg, before a company of interested parties. The apparatus was set in motion, a ship top had been built into the boat amidships. This top has turbine paddles and is so constructed that it can make simultaneously rotating and pendulous motions. By the combined motion the rolling of the ship is to be averted. The apparatus was set in motion, an steam power, making 2,300 revolutions per minute, and the result is said to have been such as to justify the belief that it would accomplish what is claimed for it.

THE PRIVATE CAR AND THE FAVORED SHIPPERS.
Roy Stannard Baker in the January McClure's talks about the private car and the beef trust. He begins by considering the legitimate use of private cars, and shows how, as originally planned, they were of great benefit to the railroads, the shippers, and the consumers; how they became the fruit industry, and brought to the great cities of the north the delicacies of the south and west.

TO BREED FROM ZEBRAS.
Government Plan to Create New Species of Draft Animals.
Secretary Wilson and officials of the bureau of animal industry of the agricultural department, with the co-operation of the National Zoological Park, are about to engage in the most curious zoological experiment that has ever undertaken by the government. A German, who has obtained, through the Ras Mankon at Herar, Africa, a pair of Grey zebra stallions, they are large, powerful and comparatively rare animals, which range in color from the black to the white.

FLAVORING PURITY
IWANTA
Signifies purity, strength and economy.
A 25c TIN WILL EQUAL \$1 WORTH OF THE COMMON ALCOHOLIC PREPARATIONS SOLD GENERALLY. QUOTED BY THE TRADES CONTAIN FROM 50 TO 100 PER CENT OF ALCOHOL OR PRODUCTS OF COAL TAR. IT IS PURE, HIGHLY CONCENTRATED AND IS LESS LIKELY TO LOSE ITS AROMA THAN FLAVORS MADE FROM ALCOHOLIC BASES.—DR. R. A. PYNZ, DOMINION ANALYST.

Dream Foretold Son's Death.
His foot fastened in a frog, Irvine Smith, 21 years old, a brakeman, was run down and instantly killed by a train yesterday at Waverly. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Smith, of this city.

Holding Court in Missouri.
(Kansas City Star.)
Scene: Mayor's court at Bartlesville, Lawyer Clevering to Lawyer George: "Oh, go ahead with the trial; you own the court anyhow." George: "You going to stand for that, you honor?" He ought to be sent to jail for that." Clevering: "Oh, can't you take a joke? I didn't mean it." George: "You are a liar; you did mean it." They fight, Clevering scratching George's face, and George chewing Clevering's thumb until Clevering howls "enough." A bucket of water is brought by the janitor, the fighters wash their hands, and the trial proceeds.

NOT WHILE HE LIVED.

I worked with a gang in the Nine Pits colliery about fifteen years back, and there was one man there who hailed from South Wales as I got pretty friendly with him. I've called him a "man," but I don't know if the title comes right. He was more like a stunted boy than a man, and more like some sort of queer animal than either. He had a monstrous large head and shoulders, and a pair of little, bowed, twisted legs, no bigger than a child's of 9.

THE PRIVATE CAR AND THE FAVORED SHIPPERS. (Continued)
Roy Stannard Baker in the January McClure's talks about the private car and the beef trust. He begins by considering the legitimate use of private cars, and shows how, as originally planned, they were of great benefit to the railroads, the shippers, and the consumers; how they became the fruit industry, and brought to the great cities of the north the delicacies of the south and west.

Evolution of the Pianoforte.
George Rose, in the Connoisseur, writes an article on the Evolution of the Pianoforte, from the early Persian dulcimer, the wires of which were struck with two sticks, for which Bach wrote his preludes and fugues, to the pianoforte of to-day—and the ingenious mechanical or automatic pianoforte players, which have lately become popular.

EDING
Desdale
ER'S SUICIDE.
ATED IN WAR STORES
SCANDAL.
master of the 2nd
ds, and Was Found Dead
Colonial Colony, Jan. 8.
ains, quartermaster of
on Guards, whose name
ned in connection with
scandal, was found dead
over circumstances point-
er the close of the South
was alleged that officers
army had worked in col-
ructors so as to enable
recharge superfluous stores
be prices and afterwards
the military authorities
ntains, establishing a loss to
of very large sums of
al commission was ap-
plied into the charge and
committee was appointed.
A five-foot
board of the War Office
remains a number of ad-
Army Service corps, and
at who were alleged to
collected with the non-
value of the stores in
the transactions was stated
to be between £20,000 and
£25,000, and the police hope
a great deal more than
in their possession. They
for the losses taken and
Lugdina.
Underman, the Queen street
place the goods and
nd, is alleged to have paid
Charles Goodman. The
by him in the country, a
and the police say neither
knew the goods were sto-
appeared in the Police Court
and was arraigned on two
receiving stolen property,
anded till to-morrow. Hal

Desdale
ER'S SUICIDE.
ATED IN WAR STORES
SCANDAL.
master of the 2nd
ds, and Was Found Dead
Colonial Colony, Jan. 8.
ains, quartermaster of
on Guards, whose name
ned in connection with
scandal, was found dead
over circumstances point-
er the close of the South
was alleged that officers
army had worked in col-
ructors so as to enable
recharge superfluous stores
be prices and afterwards
the military authorities
ntains, establishing a loss to
of very large sums of
al commission was ap-
plied into the charge and
committee was appointed.
A five-foot
board of the War Office
remains a number of ad-
Army Service corps, and
at who were alleged to
collected with the non-
value of the stores in
the transactions was stated
to be between £20,000 and
£25,000, and the police hope
a great deal more than
in their possession. They
for the losses taken and
Lugdina.
Underman, the Queen street
place the goods and
nd, is alleged to have paid
Charles Goodman. The
by him in the country, a
and the police say neither
knew the goods were sto-
appeared in the Police Court
and was arraigned on two
receiving stolen property,
anded till to-morrow. Hal

RODD'S
IDNEY
PILLS
KIDNEY
DI
RHEUMATISM
GOUT
DIABETES
MELLITUS
PAIN
IN THE
BACK
AND
NECK
AND
HEAD
ACHES
AND
PAINS
AND
ALL
THE
SUFFERING
FROM
THESE
AFFECTIONS
WILL
BE
RELEASSED
BY
RODD'S
IDNEY
PILLS
SOLD
EVERYWHERE