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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

Won at Last

The doctor came quickly, and at once declared that life was quite extinct for that he had always anticipated a sudden death for his patient. Her heart was weak, and so much emotion as had tried her of late had rendered all exertion, all agitation, dangerous; and, probably the effort to rise and stand up was the final feather which broke the strained cord of life.

There was no more to be done. What desolation there is in that sentence! All the warmth of the most glowing love, all the force of the strongest will, are powerless to roll away the stone from the sepulchre of our hopes, one death has placed it there!

It seemed to poor, dazed Mona that Sir Robert and Lady Mary Everard appeared as if by magic. What a solace it was to throw herself into kind Lady Mary's arms, and tell her brokenly how deeply she mourned the thoughtful—if tyrannical—protection, to whom misfortune had linked her so closely.

"Well, dear, you may rest assured that the near prospect of your marriage soothed and brightened her last hours, and it is a great comfort to know she was in a happy frame of mind," said Sir Robert, who had always treated him with kindly deference. He was deeply sympathetic with his peerless Mona, but he was principally put out because he knew that in common decency his marriage must be delayed. Mona was not in the drawing room when he reached it, and he was somewhat discomfited when Lady Mary came and explained that Mona was too much overcome to see him—that she was in her own room.

"Dear old lady! Of course, at such a painful crisis, old friends count for a great deal. I think, dear, you must come back with me to Charles street. I cannot leave you alone."

"No, Lady Mary, I will not leave the house while my poor grannie lies helpless there. I feel bound to keep by her to the last."

A message from Sir Robert brought Waring as fast as a well-paid driver could urge his horse. He was quite sorry for the old lady, who had always treated him with kindly deference. He was deeply sympathetic with his peerless Mona, but he was principally put out because he knew that in common decency his marriage must be delayed. Mona was not in the drawing room when he reached it, and he was somewhat discomfited when Lady Mary came and explained that Mona was too much overcome to see him—that she was in her own room.

"But she will see me presently, will she not?" he asked, appealingly. "I thought it might be a comfort to her to talk to me."

"No doubt it will be. At this moment she is terribly upset."

It was not till considerably later—after Waring and Sir Robert had arranged the details of the funeral, and all that pertained to it—that Mona was induced to see her affianced husband.

Lady Mary thought it was kindest to leave them alone, for which poor Waring thanked her from the depths of his heart, but the interview was productive of little pleasure to him.

Mona was ready enough to speak of her sorrow. She was gently grateful for his sympathy, but she would not sit beside him, her head on his shoulder, and his arm around her, nor did she permit a course of consolation compounded of whispers, kisses and assurances that the whisperer would be brother and sister and grandmother and everything to do with her. She was so overwhelmed that Waring was gravely uneasy about her, and it was an immense relief to her to know that Mme. Debrisay (who had heard of the sad event in some occult manner) was in the house, and would spend the night with her favorite pupil.

Established custom gathers all things—the deepest grief—the wildest joy—went so swiftly—sped on, and poor Mrs. Newburgh was laid in her grave. Her will, leaving all she possessed to Mona, was duly read—her few jewels and personalities packed up. The former went with Mona to Harrowby Chase. Her books, her favorite chair, a few pieces of plate and china were taken charge of by Mme. Debrisay, and the Green street house, pending the action of the liquidators, was to be let.

Mona took cold on her journey, and for a fortnight was very unwell—so feverish, in fact, as to wander in her speech, and to cause her kind hosts a good deal of anxiety. Her nerves had been greatly shaken; she was weaker and more depressed than could have been anticipated. She was very averse to speak, and used to sit brooding for hours.

She was utterly lonely. She had no near relative. The Everards were more closely allied by friendship than by blood to Mrs. Newburgh. She had heard of many other consols in her grandmother's life-time, but she felt they did not count. Of Lord Sunderline, her nearest of kin, she knew but very little, nor was that little attractive.

Bondering these things, she grew affrighted at the stern aspect of the world she was going to face, for as she collected her faculties and studied her circumstances, she grew more and more averse to fulfill her engagement with Leslie Waring. The great motive was gone, and an irresistible longing for freedom, however poverty-stricken, seized her. The idea of so close a union with a mere good-natured sportsman, who in no way touched her imagination, whose personal appearance was unpleasant to

offensive affection feared her, whose eye, became infinitely repugnant as she dwelt upon it. It was hardly for him either to let him plunge into the irrevocable in ignorance of her aversion. Better let him bear a temporary pang now than incur the misery long drawn out of an ill-assorted, unsympathetic marriage.

Her resolution to break with him grew rapidly stronger almost before she was aware she had formed it. Then she began to see that she was enjoying Lady Mary's kind hospitality under false pretences. She did not for a moment doubt that her refusal to marry Waring would bring down, if not a storm of wrath—for Lady Mary and her family were far too well-bred to be violently angry—but an icy breath of disapprobation. She must remove herself from the shelter of their roof before she struck the blow that would give poor Waring so much temporary pain. (She felt sure it would be but temporary.) And where could she go? There was no one but her faithful Mme. Debrisay on whom she could count, and even she would be very, very firm as her nervous system began to recover the shock it had sustained.

"Pray, dear, did poor Mrs. Newburgh leave any ready money?" asked Lady Mary, coming into her husband's dressing room, where he was occupied with his toilet, after a sharp and satisfactory run with the Daleshire hounds.

"Yes; a few hundred, which she put in my hands to meet immediate expenses. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, Mona told me to ask you! I came downstairs to luncheon to-day, looking very white and miserable, poor child; she seems restless, and anxious to get out of the way of our Christmas gathering. She proposes to spend a short time with Mme. Debrisay—a very respectable person; she gave Eve a very nice lesson, and she said—"

"Why the deuce doesn't she marry Waring straight off, and go away with him? That's the sort of change that would set her up."

"I don't know, she feels it would be indecently soon after her grandmother's death."

"Pooh! nonsense! Why, nothing would please the old lady as much, even if she were in heaven, as to know the knot was solemnly tied. You make her reason. Let us send for Waring; she has her wedding gown, and we will marry them next week."

"I wish I could," ejaculated Lady Mary.

"By the way, what has become of Waring?"

"He has gone to see his old guardian about some business; to pass away the time, I fancy, till Mona is well enough to see him. He was quite distracted about her at first, poor fellow. I really do not think she is half as grateful to him as she ought to be."

"No; I dare say not—it would be unfeeling! But he ought not to put up with such rubbish. Who is this woman she wants to go to?"

"I told you, my dear. She is a professor of music, well known to us all."

"Well, you ought to ascertain what Waring thinks about it—he has a right to be consulted."

"I do not think he would object. Then he could stay in London and see her every day; whereas a man so much in love is rather a nuisance in a house."

"Oh, manage it your own way! Marry them out of hand, if you can. Perhaps it might be as well to let her go; for I want a really nice party to meet Lord Finistoun, who is a capital fellow, and it is his first visit here. Mind you, I don't think Mona is treating Waring well; you ought to influence her."

"That is not so easily done. She has some of the Newburgh blood, you know, and thinks she knows her own mind."

"Bah! I thought better of Mona." The jovial country gentleman was too much occupied with his pleasures and affairs to trouble about feminine crochets—all that was Lady Mary's work. Meantime, Mona had not been idle. She wrote to her "dear Deb," begging leave to visit her, as she felt herself an impediment to the party Lady Mary wished to assemble, and also because she had more to say than she could write. This brought a speedy, rapturous reply.

Then Mona applied herself to compose, rewrite, and copy her difficult letter to Leslie Waring.

It was even a worse task than she anticipated. All her selfish longing for deliverance was for the moment swallowed up in sorrow for the pain she was about to inflict. Nothing kept her steady to her purpose so much as her conviction that she was doing right—that she was delivering souls as well as herself. She was more than one day over her task; for Evelyn Everard, an exceedingly girlish girl, who had taken a violent fancy to her, was constantly running into her room with her work, or book, or for the avowed intention of "minding her pen."

It was accomplished at last, however, but Mona waited to post it till she was safe in town, even though she left two of Waring's epistles unanswered. Indeed, her replies had always been few and scanty—so much so, that even he had become restless and dissatisfied. He hoped, however, that a personal interview would put matters all right. Mona had had so severe a shock in the sudden death of her grandmother in her very

arms, that she must be shown all patience and consideration.

It was with a nervous sense of guilt, of being a deceiver, that Mona took leave of Lady Mary and her daughters. She took advantage of the vicar's wife's company, as she was going to town for a rare visit, and she thus avoided the cost and worry of having a smart lady's maid sent with her.

It was a gray, blustering afternoon when she reached St. Pancras, and found Mme. Debrisay waiting for her.

"My dear, you do look bad. Come, get into the cab. I will find your things."

"I have only this small portmanteau and bonnet-box for the present."

"That's right. I am sure you are not fit to be out in such weather; get in, dear."

"I must post this letter, first," said Mona, her lips quivering.

"Very well; give it to me. Oh, yes; quiet right," glancing at the address. "You must keep him informed of your whereabouts. It's hard times for him, poor fellow, all this delay."

The long drive to Westbourne Villas passed almost in silence on Mona's side. To Madame Debrisay silence was abhorrent, and she poured out much information respecting the changes she had made in her dwelling—the additional pupes promised her next month. "I am glad I have the rest of this one comparatively free. I can give a little time to you, my dear child. And here we are, thank God. You will be the better of a cup of tea."

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he insists on keeping me to my word, I will keep it; but—but after reading my letter, I do not think he will."

"Don't be too sure of that. Now tell me, have you told Lady Mary?"

"Not yet. I thought I would wait till I had his answer."

"That's right. He'll come and speak his answer himself, or I am much mistaken, and—well, we'll wait and see what it will be."

"He will not hold me to my word?"

"I am not so sure. Any way, I'll talk no more to you about him this day. You are just tired and done for. We'll leave the matter to Heaven and you must rest. Do you remember what you said in your unlucky letter?"

"Yes, I told him I was driven by my grandmother's position to accept him; that I was heartily ashamed of having misled him; that I felt it was only just to tell him that I did not and could not love him as a wife ought to love; that I deeply deplored the pain I gave him, and humbly begged his forgiveness; that I thanked him for his goodness, and prayed that he would soon forget me, and soon be happy with some one more worthy than myself."

"Ah! I know—the usual sort of thing. It would serve you right if he never replied. Ah, Mona, Mona, this is the biggest mistake ever you made. Still, I'll not turn my back on you, my poor child, and may be—may be your luck won't leave you yet."

CHAPTER VI.

The change from the luxurious elegance of the Chase to Mme. Debrisay's London lodgings was about as great as can be imagined.

Yet the house was not mean. The "widow woman" who owned it was a certain refinement. Instead of the usual extremely unplaced and unkempt "sawey," she had an elderly servant of neat and imposing aspect, who had been with her for years, and who was rather a terror to Mme. Debrisay.

(To be continued.)

A SPRING TONIC.

Weak, Tired and Depressed People Need a Tonic at this Season to Put the Blood Right.

Spring blood is bad blood. Indoor life during the winter months is responsible for weak, watery, impure blood. You need a tonic to build up the blood in the spring.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a tonic you need, and the greatest blood-making, health-giving tonic in all the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new, rich, red, healthy blood, which reaches every part of the body, and every organ in the body, bringing health, strength, and energy.

Weak, despondent, ailing men and women. Here is proof: Mrs. Charles S. Aylesford, Station, N. S., says: "For the past ten years Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine I have taken. Just as much as I needed a medicine. Last spring I was feeling poorly, was weak, easily tired and depressed. I got three boxes and they made me feel like a new person. These pills are the best medicine I know of when the blood is out of order."

Thousands of people not actually sick need a tonic in the spring, and to all these a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will bring new energy and new strength.

Who may be more seriously ailing, who are suffering from any of the ailments due to bad blood—a fair treatment with these pills will bring new health and vitality. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

COMES NOW A ROCKOPHONE.

Musical Instrument which is Likely to Be Long a Curiosity.

About seventeen years ago Alonzo R. Gilman of South Berwick, Me., while driving in New York with his wife was passing a stone wall. He stopped, got out and tested the tones of several rocks by tapping them with his penknife. He decided to his wife's idea that he had been suggesting itself to him for a long time. He wished to collect thirteen rocks of the right tones to make a scale of one octave, semitones included. He could play upon them with mallets, he thought, like a xylophone.

Since then his spare time has been spent in searching stone walls and heaps. He has carried stones miles which outdoors gave as sweet and correct tones as could be imagined, but which were useless when placed beside the others of the instrument, the difference in tone being caused by the confining walls or the aid of a wind or clear atmosphere outdoors.

The result of days of searching, testing, carting and clipping now lies in the "rockophone room" of Mr. Gilman's home on Young street, the only rockophone in this country and probably in the world. Fifty-two rocks or four octaves, are placed in a case resembling a square piano case in height and shape, about 12 feet long and 3½ feet wide. The rocks vary in size from six inches to three feet, the general shape is oblong, the average thickness about an inch.

Mr. Gilman and his sons, aged 16 and 11 respectively, stand at the instrument and play upon it with mallets. The heads of these are lignum vitae or boxwood, one edge tipped with rubber for piano effects. The tones of the rockophone is unlike that of any other instrument; there is not the metallic ring of the metalophone nor the hollow sound of the wooden xylophone. There is a rippling natural tone quality that first astonishes the hearer and then becomes very pleasing to the ear. It has been recently tested by a professional tuner and declared to be in perfect tune. After being especially arranged by Mr. Gilman any music in the form of a play can be played upon it. Mr. Gilman still devotes his spare time to the perfecting of his unique instrument adding to and changing the rocks.—Boston Transcript.

From the Plantation to Store

We watch Blue Ribbon Tea. Unslept vigilance selects the tenderest leaves, scrutinizes every process of their manufacture, and carefully seals them in lead packets to preserve the flavor. No wonder the best is

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Strange Cases of Dual Personality

Cases of dual personality are not so rare as might be supposed. Many such are related in Dr. Sidis' book. The most remarkable is that of the Rev. Thomas Carson Hanna, a young clergyman of Plantersville, Conn.

One day when stepping from his carriage his foot slipped, and he fell forward, striking on his head. He was picked up unconscious. When he regained his senses his former personality had disappeared. He was practically a newly-born babe. He remembered nothing of a previous life. He could not talk or understand anything that was said to him. In former times it would have been thought that he had become idiotic, and he doubtless would have been sent to a home for imbeciles, there to spend the rest of his life.

Dr. Sidis, then in New York, heard of this peculiar case. Here was an opportunity, he thought, to test his theory of dissociation of ideas. He believed that Mr. Hanna's brain cells had merely been dislocated, and that if they were brought back into proper position and working order the lost personality might be restored.

Under Dr. Sidis' direction, the young minister was "relocated" from his A. B. C's upward. His faculties were as keen as ever; even keener, it seemed, than before the accident. In a week he learned how to read as well as a child reads at the end of its first year in school. In three hours Mr. Hanna learned how to play the piano. In a few weeks he had been taught the meaning of words and language so that he could carry on intelligent conversation.

The first assurance that some traces at least of his former personality remained was "the dress which he retained. He told of incidents and places seen in dreams which were really experiences of his past life. He spoke of seeing a square house with the sign upon it, "New Boston Junction." This was a place in Pennsylvania where he had once been. Yet in his new personality he could not recognize the church of which he was pastor; nor did he remember the young woman to whom he was engaged. It looked as if he would never again be able to take his former place in society. An entirely different man was growing up from the former Rev. Mr. Hanna.

But still he could not remember his past life. He did not even imagine what his wife was like. When he was asked to guess what Boston meant, he replied: "It might be the name of the building."

Resurrection of the Mr. Hanna.

Dr. Sidis, not at all discouraged, began a most unusual course of treatment. When Mr. Hanna was asleep he passed naturally into a hypnotic state, which was not a hypnotic condition, but was a resuscitated dead personality of his own life experiences. Then something happened that in other ages would be thought miraculous. The patient began to talk of one of his old friends, Mr. Baster, and told incidents about him just as he would have done before the accident.

The Rev. Mr. Hanna had returned; he was himself again! This was the joyous thought that first flashed into the minds of his father and attendants. "Do they ever mistake?"

As the hypnotic state passed away the young minister relapsed into the secondary state, as Dr. Sidis called it. Again and again the patient was brought back to glimpses of his first life. Finally, Dr. Sidis afforded an example in real life of how a man may actually fall into a Rip Van Winkle sleep, and be utterly unconscious of the progress of events, for a long period of time.

Mr. Hanna's case was even stranger than that of Washington Irving's sleep for forty years, for in this instance the man was living an entirely different life while the former personality was asleep.

Mr. Hanna is now entirely restored to his normal condition. After recovering he married the girl to whom he was first engaged, who nursed him through his pitiable state of lost personality, when he looked upon her as a stranger. So an element of romance is lent to this very strange case.

Strange Case of a Russian Woman.

Similar instances of forgetfulness or lost personality, though usually in mild form, are chronicled in the daily press every little while. Amnesia is the term Dr. Sidis applies to this form of aberration.

Another kind of case which Dr. Sidis relates is that of a pretty young Russian woman of 22. She suffered from violent headaches, which seemed to be located in a spot about as large as a half dollar just back of the left temple.

Upon questioning her, Dr. Sidis learned that when she was a child an insane woman living across the street rushed into the house one day when her parents were away, caught up the child and kissed her on the left side of the head. It gave the little girl a violent fright, and ever after that she had headaches on the spot where the insane woman kissed her.

Now comes a still queerer development. It was learned that this insane woman's delusion was that two women in white were always following her and pointing their fingers at her. This hallucination was transferred to the girl by a species of mental contagion. While under the spell of this delusion the girl was really as crazy as the insane woman. She was cured by hypnotic suggestion, and afterward had neither headaches nor hallucinations.

Another example of the practical use of psychological methods occurred when Dr. Sidis was director of the Psychological Institute in New York. An 18-year-old girl was brought to him. She had been found wandering aimlessly about the streets in a seemingly dazed condition. The police were puzzled; so were the doctors at Bellevue Hospital.

Dr. Sidis put her through a severe psychological test. His suspicions were aroused. He tried an unusual experiment by administering to her some cannabis, or Indian hemp. In this relaxed condition which followed he plied the girl with questions. Thrown off her guard by the subtle effects of the medicine, the girl confessed that the whole thing was a deception! It had been done on a wager that she could fool the New York police. Her name was Lulu Schneider.

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN.

Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine that gives the mother the guarantee of a government analyst that it contains no poisonous opiate and is absolutely safe. This is worth more to every mother who cares for the future welfare of her child. The Tablets are good for the tenderest baby or for the well-grown boy or girl, and cure the minor troubles that are inseparable from childhood. Mrs. W. J. Macintosh, Clam Harbor, N. S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation, vomiting and colds, and have found them a splendid medicine. I give the Tablets all the credit for the splendid health my little one now enjoys." The wise mother will always keep a box of these Tablets on hand. They can be got from any druggist or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25 cents a box.

ALL HE WANTED.

The Grecian Winner of the Race From Marathon to Athens.

He was a poor man, mark you, who had to live most economically to live at all. They offered him 25,000 francs in gold—25,000 francs in a country where a stout laborer earns less than two francs a day. He refused it. To sustain the honor of Hellas was enough for Lones Spiridon, he said, and only asked that he be given a water privilege in his native town of Monrass, that he be allowed every morning to fill his gaskinks in Athens and drive his little cart to his own little village and there sell such of the water as his own people might care to buy from him. The money? They set it aside for the physical training of the boys of the Lous village. James R. Connolly in "The Spirit of the Olympic Games," in The Outing Magazine for April.

Scraping the Surface.

"Don't merely scrape the surface of your business chances. Probe them. Then take your coat off and dig." This is the advice of an exchange devoted to publicity. If you do not advertise—if you trust to the drawing power of the sign over your front door for new customers—if you bury the good things in your stock in obscurity, you are merely "scraping the surface." But to get the new trade that can be had by going after it you don't have to take your coat off. The newspaper will do the digging for you. Put your hand to the advertising lever and set the steam shovel to work.

As Good Now as Then.

At Christie's great auction rooms in London one day last week there was sold the autograph order issued by Nelson to captains of his fleet just previous to the battle of Trafalgar. The concluding sentence of this historic message is worth the entire copy. It says: "In case signals can neither be seen nor perfectly understood no captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." Could there be any better gospel for human activity than is here expressed? No one can make a mistake who confronts his enemy face to face. It is as applicable in morals as in maritime warfare. It is as pertinent to the man of business as to the man of the sword.