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TRIAL FOR LIFE

"Oh heaven and earth, the old story—it is the old story," groaned the duke. "He loaned me books, he gave me instruction, he cultivated my taste in art and literature, he sought and won my love—may, do not start and frown—he won my love—no more."

"Go on, go on," said Mr. Hastings, indignantly. "Ah, my dear fellow, her passion did not go into a gentle decline in the natural death," said the colonel, with a shrug.

"Yes, yes, dearest, I know the particulars of that event; proceed, proceed."

"It was while this noble lady was still called the Baroness Etheridge, and upon the day preceding that fixed for her wedding with Mr. Albert Hastings, that William Lovell came down to our village. He sought an interview with me, and persuaded me, weak girl that I was, to consent to a private marriage."

"And you consented? Unhappy girl!" "Yes, I consented—weakly and wickedly consented—to marry him clandestinely that same evening."

"Unfortunate child! Oh, Rose, Rose!" "Bear with me, I consented, but I was providentially saved from the consummation of that folly, and at the same time forever cured of my dangerous infatuation."

"Thank heaven for that. Go on—go on!" "That same afternoon upon which I foster-mother with her last message to promised to meet him at a later hour to be married, I was sent by my poor Lady Etheridge, at Swinburne Castle. I was shown up into the library, where the lady sat, with the title deeds of the Swinburne estates before her, waiting for the arrival of her betrothed husband, Albert Hastings, that she might put them in his hands, and endow him with the whole property. While I was still with the lady, the expected visitor entered, and in Albert Hastings, the betrothed husband of Lady Etheridge, I recognized William Lovell, my lover."

"Good heaven!" "I was saved! My misplaced love died hard, but it did die. The man who could at the same time deceive the noble lady who endowed him with her princely fortune, and the humble maiden who gave him her whole heart—the man who could deliberately plan the destruction of that confiding maiden upon the very eve of his marriage with that high-souled lady, was unworthy of regret, unworthy of remembrance, unworthy of everything except total oblivion," said Rose, with a beautiful and majestic expression.

"Give me your dear hand! Rose, you are an angel!" "Rose shook her head with a sad smile, and said: "There never was a woman with more antecedents to acknowledge than I. There is yet another event that I must make known to you—an event connected with my earlier youth."

"What? another secret, dear Rose! a third secret?" "A third secret?" "I will not hear it! Only assure me that your hand and heart are now perfectly free, and that you are willing to bestow them upon my unworthy self, and I shall be happy."

"My hand and heart are free, and they are yours, if you want them; yet you should know this third secret of my life."

"I will not hear it! Dear Rose, you are mine as I am yours, let it not so!" "For all answer she placed her hand in his."

"And yet I would that you would hear what I have yet to tell you," she said, very earnestly.

"No more, dear girl, no more! Thus to pry you into the confessional were unmanly and ungenerous. What you have already told me is enough to prove the candor and purity of your heart. Say only that you are mine. Say it, dear Rose!"

"I am yours."

The same day the Duchess of Beresleigh was informed of the engagement, and a few days after, the betrothal of the Duke of Beresleigh to the Baroness was announced to the world.

CHAPTER XXII.

The announcement of the betrothal of the Duke of Beresleigh and the Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne surprised no one, for, as usual, the world knew all about the affair long before the parties most concerned knew anything of it.

Only Colonel Hastings was astonished, and Mr. Albert Hastings shrieked, "I am very sure that nothing which Colonel Hastings can have to communi-

cate can in any way affect the one or the other," replied Rose, in so haughty a tone that the old gentleman lost some measure of his temper and self-control, as he said: "We shall see that, madam. Your ladyship has heard of me, perhaps, as the lifelong, intimate friend of the late baron!"

Rose bowed haughtily. "You are also aware that I was left guardian of the person and property of the young lady who was brought up as his heiress."

"Ah, Rose bowed in cold silence. "You have also heard, perhaps, that upon the last day and night of the late baron's life, when he refused to see either physician or clergyman, he summoned me to his bedside, where I remained until he died?"

"I have heard so," said Rose, coldly. "On that last day and night of his life, the late Baron Etheridge of Swinburne confided to me a secret," said Colonel Hastings, pausing.

"Well, sir?" "That secret, that fact, of which I am the only custodian, of which only I possess proofs, would, if proclaimed, cast you down from your present high position to your former paucity and obscurity," said the colonel, slowly, woechasing the face of Rose to see the effect which his words produced.

"She turned a shade paler, but made no comment. "You now know whether this secret concerns you or not," said the colonel, sarcastically.

"Pray go on, sir; play the play out," replied Rose.

"That secret, that fact, with all its proofs, which, once divulged, would cast you down from wealth and rank to poverty and obscurity, is mine alone! and whether it shall ever be divulged rests with me and you alone! I only have the power of dashing the coronet of Swinburne from your brow; you only have the choice of hiding me close my lips forever or open them upon this subject."

"Pray proceed, sir; tell me what is in your power to divulge, and the terms of your silence," said Rose, sarcastically.

"I will. The secret confided to me on the deathbed of the late Baron Etheridge of Swinburne, together with the proofs for establishing the fact, was the existence of another, the only true heir of the barony of Swinburne, before whose claims all others must shiver up as stubble before the flame," said the colonel, solemnly.

"I am not surprised. It is just what my heart prophesied," thought Rose, within herself.

"You believe what I state, Lady Etheridge?" "Yes, I believe it; I thoroughly believe it. Now, then, tell me the name of this rightful heir," said Rose, coldly.

"Nay, Lady Etheridge; the name of that heir is a secret that I dare not confide, even to yourself, as yet."

"Very well; then tell me the terms upon which you will forever close your lips upon the subject of this supposed heir," said Rose, with a sneering smile, as she escape the apprehension of the obtuse intellect of Colonel Hastings.

"Listen, then, Lady Etheridge—for Lady Etheridge you may remain to the end of your life, if you list. More than twelve months since, you were acquainted with my son, Mr. Albert Hastings."

"Nay, I never knew Mr. Albert Hastings," replied Rose, haughtily.

"Very well, then; that past. More than a year ago you knew a person calling himself William Lovell."

"A traitor, who had no right to the name that he assumed."

"Albert Hastings loves you, loves you only, has loved you ever," said Colonel Hastings, earnestly.

"You are wandering from the point, sir. Mr. Albert Hastings' sentiments can be of no importance whatever to me. That which I would learn from you is this—what are the grounds upon which you propose to suppress the existence of the true heir of Swinburne?" inquired Rose, coldly.

"I will suppress the existence of the real heir of Swinburne, and leave you in possession of your fictitious rank and wealth upon the grounds upon which you will at once break off your impending marriage with the Duke of Beresleigh, and contract your hand to your first lover, my son, Mr. Albert Hastings," said the old gentleman, firmly.

"Xavier!" exclaimed Rose, with impassioned emphasis. "Better any suffering from the sin of keeping the rightful heir out of the estate. Better any fate than the folly of joining my life with that of a doubly-dyed traitor as Albert Hastings has proved himself to be. To all of this I have only one thing to make. I will immediately request the presence of the Duke of Beresleigh here, and you shall repeat in his presence all that you have related to me," said Rose, pulling the bell-rope.

"Lady Etheridge, you are excited; calm yourself, please, reflect," exclaimed Colonel Hastings, anxiously.

The door opened and a footman appeared. "Take my compliments to the Duke of Beresleigh, and say that I request his grace to join us here."

"Lady Etheridge, you are mad! Command your order before it is too late," exclaimed the colonel, in an excited whisper.

But the servant had already bowed and withdrawn from the room, while the face of Lady Etheridge betrayed no signs of relenting.

"Nay, then, if you will be so frantic, I shall withdraw; yet I beseech you be careful; take time to reflect; do not commit yourself rashly; take time to weigh consequences, and, if you should come to a different decision, a note directed to my town house will always find me. Be cautious not to betray your own interests, and I on my part, shall be careful to guard this secret for yet a few days longer."

Footsteps were now heard approaching, and the colonel, bowing deeply, hastily withdrew.

He had scarcely made his escape when the Duke of Beresleigh entered. Rose was walking excitedly up and down the floor.

"Sit down and compose yourself, dearest Rose, and tell me calmly what has occurred."

"First, it is as my heart prophesied, dear George, and I am not the heiress of Swinburne."

"Forgive the question, dearest Rose, and tell me what reason, beyond your own fancy, you have for saying so."

"The old man who had just left me has said so. He declares that when he attended my late father in his last hours the baron confided to him the secret of the existence of an heir to the barony and castle of Swinburne, together with every proof necessary to establish his rights. Colonel Hastings offered to suppress these facts and destroy the proofs if I would marry his son, and threatened to produce the heir and establish his rights by the proofs in his possession, if I refused."

"And you, dearest, you replied to him as he deserved?"

"I requested him to say to your grace all that he had said to me, and I rang and sent a message requesting you to join us, whereupon Colonel Hastings hurried away."

"And what do you think of this strange communication, love?" inquired the duke, smiling.

"It confirms the prophetic feelings of my heart; I feel that it must be true," replied Rose, gravely.

"And I believe it to be essentially false! This man has probably heard of your morbid forebodings upon the subject of your inheritance, which is so secret to your friends, and he has sought to practice upon your credulity for his own purposes. That is all."

"But I credit this story, though I cannot trust him. And, believing the story as I do, pray tell me what I must do?"

"Nothing, simply nothing."

"Is there no way of compelling him to produce the heir and proofs of which he speaks?"

"No way in the world that I know, unless you know the name of that heir, which I cannot be compelled to divulge the name?"

"No, he cannot be compelled to give the name, or to produce the heir or the proofs even if such an heir and such proofs exist, which, I repeat, I do not believe. Your present policy is that which a great statesman has termed 'masterly inactivity.' If such an heir exists, let Colonel Hastings bring him forward and prove his claims to the barony of Swinburne, when you will at once yield up your possessions. I need not repeat to you that, if you do, your fortunes can vary any change in my feelings or purposes toward you. You are, under all circumstances and vicissitudes, my promised wife, the future Duchess of Beresleigh."

"With a beating heart, Rose placed her hand in his, and they went forth together to join the duchess at dinner, who was curious to know the nature of Colonel Hastings' communication to Lady Etheridge. When made acquainted with the subject, she was so impressed by her grace, smiled sarcastically at what she also considered only the empty threat of a weak and designing old man."

And in the course of the same day, the fourteenth of the ensuing month was fixed for the marriage.

(To be continued.)

BIRDS HAVE A HARD TIME.

Always Dodging Death and Have a Severe Struggle for a Living.

"I was sitting at my window the other day," said a bird lover, "while half a dozen sparrows were picking furiously and savagely crowding one another round a bit of bread about the size of a boy's marble. They were hungry, I knew by the way they pushed and shoved and elbowed one another around the bread and by the disputes and side fights that were constantly taking place."

"A carriage rolled by in the streets. In an instant every bird took wing and flew up to the branches of a tree overhead. After the carriage had gone by they came back, but had hardly got a bite of bread when a boy appeared, and away they flew again. Then a man, next a dog, and finally a woman, each in turn, passed by, so that ere the crumbs disappeared the birds at least a dozen times were frightened up into the tree, to come back and be scared off again."

"The incident set me to musing over the vicissitudes of nature's life and the comforts men enjoy, but do not appreciate. Suppose that all the borders of a first class house had to rush away from the table and run into the third storey half a dozen times during the dinner, to keep out of the way of the doorman, and the birds seem happy in spite of their constant danger from boys and stones and guns by day and from cats and owls at night. Maybe birds have no memory for dangers past. If a man runs the risk of being killed by falling off a street car or his acquaintance says to listen to the story at intervals for weeks, but a bird dodes death every ten minutes through the day, then mounts a twig and sings as cheerily as though there were not a stone nor a gun in the street, or a regret for the past, no foreboding for the future, no panty and no fear that anything will spoil in keeping—who wouldn't like to be a bird?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cheaper Than in New York. Down at Euflavia last week a man was given a \$10 fine and thirty days in jail for murder, which is certainly a whole lot cheaper and less better than the Harry Thaw method of getting a gang of doctors to prove emotional insanity, with a fair chance of being sent to the madhouse.—Broken Arrow, I. T. Ledger.

A SPRING DANGER.

Many People Weaken Their Systems by Dosing With Purgative Medicines.

A spring medicine is a necessity. Nature demands it as an aid to enriching the blood and carrying off the impurities that have accumulated during the indoor life of the winter months. Thousands of people recognizing the necessity for a spring medicine, dose themselves with harsh gripping purgatives. This is a mistake. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicines weakens the system and cannot possibly cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives weaken. The blood should be made rich, red and pure—purgatives cannot do this. What is needed is a tonic, and the best tonic medical science has yet devised is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new, rich blood, and this new blood strengthens every organ and every fiber of the body. That is why these pills banish pimples and unsightly skin eruptions. That is why they cure headaches, backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, and a host of other troubles that come from poor watery blood. That is why the men and women who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well and sleep well and feel active and strong. Miss Mabel Synnot, Lisle, Ont., says: "I was pale and weak and suffered greatly from headaches, and I found nothing to help me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have completely restored my health and I bless the day I began taking them."

But be sure you get the genuine Pills, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" plainly on the wrapper around each box—all other so-called pink pills are fraudulent imitations. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MEXICO LIKES PHONOGRAPHS. "Greaser" Peon is as Fond of Music as His Master.

The Mexican is a lover of music. It is nothing strange to hear a "greaser" peon whistling selections from the latest operas. Music to be popular in Mexico must be such as is or can be understood by the people, whose taste in this direction is the direct result of Spanish teachings. Mexico boasts of a number of good composers and the so-called folk songs are very numerous and in many instances pleasing even to foreigners. Dance music is preferred by the masses and this is almost universal, if the national dances peculiar to the different sections of this country are accepted.

Consul W. W. Canada, of Vera Cruz, writes concerning the sale of musical and other instruments in Mexico as follows: "There are two music dealers in Vera Cruz. In all the larger towns throughout the interior musical instruments may be purchased, but there are few who make this a special business; it is generally conducted in combination with other goods. Mexico City is the central point in this country for music dealers. This consular district offers a splendid field for the sale of talking machines, having a population of not less than 3,000,000, which number is increasing daily. It must not be supposed that the machines are unknown, but they have never been put before the public systematically. It is extremely doubtful if an old established business house here could be induced to send in an order, pay for the same at the place of shipment, take all shipping and packing risks, pay duties and take its chances on wrong declarations of merchandise on consular manifest, usually resulting in fines and double duties, and finally spend from four to seven days in clearing the goods from the custom house, on the unsupported statement of the manufacturer in his circulars."

"It has repeatedly been said that the American manufacturer who desires to cultivate trade with this country must do so in a systematic and thorough manner with a representative. After the manufacturer has established the business at this port he could proceed to another town, and so the entire field could be covered, and it is a large one."

LIGHTS OF OLDEN TIMES.

Lanterns, Lamps and Candles Have an Interesting History.

The science and the lantern were in general use throughout the middle ages. The science was a light, covered and guarded from the wind, lifted down by a handle and distinct from the lantern, serving somewhat the same purpose, but hung by a chain. Lanterns in the thirteenth century were made of gold, silver, copper or iron, according to the means of the owner. The light in the latter was shielded from the wind by thin sheets of horn. Lantern making was an important industry in Paris.

Noblemen and rich merchants took to having luxurious little traveling equipments made for them, and among these were traveling candlesticks and wash-basins in fine enameled work, the secret of which is now lost.

The custom of having servants carry flambeaux at festivals also became general about this time, and a strange and tragic incident is connected with this fashion. At a ball given by Charles VI.

CRYING BABIES.

Babies do not cry for the fun of it, nor is it always because they are hungry, as so many young mothers think. Nine times out of ten baby's cry indicates that his little stomach is out of order. Mothers will find instant relief for their suffering little ones in Baby's Own Tablets. A few doses will cure the most obstinate cases of constipation, indigestion or vomiting, and a Tablet given now and then to the well child will keep it well. Mrs. Mary Pollock, Gawan, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets have been a great benefit to my baby. They have made him happy, peaceful and contented, when before he used to cry all the time. I have more comfort with him since giving him the Tablets than I ever had before. He now sits and plays and laughs while I do my work. What greater praise can I give Baby's Own Tablets." For sale at druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HELPS THE BLIND. Portable Printing Outfit for the Benefit of Sightless People.

An apparatus of widespread importance to the blind has been invented by Mr. Ernest Vaughan, whereby the blind can correspond freely, either among themselves or with their friends who are not so afflicted. The device has been described by the Scientific American, and is a portable printing apparatus. There is a small box about 4 inches in length, by 3 inches wide and 2 inches deep divided into two compartments, one containing a rack containing the type, and the other which is used to be secured by which the printing is to be completed, and the other a small empty printing frame.

The type is of special design, having the Braille character at one end and the corresponding Roman letter at the other. At the end of each letter is a small notch, by means of which the blind operator can ascertain the meaning of the particular type provided in the small rack, so that the characters may be stored vertically in the rack in form words, one by one from left to right.

When the rack has been thus filled, owing to its working upon a hinge, and by slightly raising it, the sheet of paper can be inserted in position between guides beneath. The rack is then dropped down into position, and by slight pressure the characters are embossed upon the paper beneath. If a copy of the communication is desired, a sheet of paper is placed upon the uppermost composition of letters, and by a slight pressure the duplicate or copy is thus produced.

The operator can correct his composition line by line, and effect any revisions that may be required. In this instance, the type having the Braille letter uppermost, the resultant printing is in Roman characters, so that the ordinary person can easily read the communication.

In corresponding with a blind friend the operator sets the characters with Braille letters downward. In the case of an ordinary person desiring to write to a blind friend, the characters are set with the Roman letters uppermost, so that they can be seen by the operator. The resultant impression below is of course in Braille, and the recipient can readily read the message from left to right by the touch.

Local Option at the South.

(Washington Herald.)

The temperance movement at the south is characterized by such persistence and intelligence that it cannot be placed in that category of spasmodic reforms which at times stir the mercantile people of the South to a frenzied enthusiasm. In every state on the other side of the Potomac has been perceptibly influenced by the movement. In Kentucky the only counties that have not adopted local option are those in which large cities are situated and in them the fight is being kept up in a most determined fashion. In Texas quite as large a proportion of counties has swung into the local option movement as in Kentucky. About the same conditions exist in Alabama, South Carolina and Mississippi. In the latter two states, however, but not on the side of the opponents of temperance. Tennessee is just now the theater of determined activity against the easy public drinking place.

What Makes the Sky Blue.

It is the atmosphere that makes the sky look blue and the moon yellow. If we could ascend to an elevation of forty miles above the earth's surface we should see that the moon is a brilliant white, while the sky would be black, with the stars shining as brightly in the day-time as at night. Furthermore, as a most picturesque feature of the spectacle, we should take notice that some of the stars are red, others blue, yet others violet, and still others green in color. Of course all of the stars (if we bar the planets of our system) are burning suns and the hues they wear depend upon their temperature.—Reader.

Consumption is less deadly than it used to be. Certain relief and usually complete recovery will result from the following treatment: Hope, rest, fresh air, and—Scott's Emulsion. ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.


