

"SALADA"

Tea is Delicious and Pure

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BLACK, MIXED or NATURAL GREEN

HER HUMBLE LOVER

Pale and red by turns; Signa leans forward; the crowd suddenly grows silent, and amidst the sudden hush of all voices save the church-bells, Lord Delamere, in his deep, grave voice, that is faintly tremulous for a moment with emotion, says: "My friends and neighbors, in the name of my beloved wife and myself, I beg to thank you with heartfelt gratitude for your kindly welcome. I thank you all the more deeply and kindly inasmuch as I feel that I have done nothing to deserve it."

"Yes, yes," shouts a voice. "Us and ours have earned a sight of money at the Grange o' late, my lord!"

"Of late, perhaps," he says, gravely; "but I cannot forget that for years I have been a stranger to you, and that my house has stood in your midst desolate and deserted. But it shall be so no longer—"

A burst of cheering breaks in upon this promise. "I have returned to live amongst you, I hope, for many years; and from the bottom of my heart I trust that you will have no cause to regret the welcome which you have accorded my wife and myself. Friends and neighbors, you will increase this pleasure you have afforded us if you will visit us to-morrow; come with your wives and your children, and we will see if we cannot make merry in the old hall as your forefathers and mine used to do in the by-gone years. We will eat our supper together at eight o'clock. Once more we thank you most sincerely, most gratefully!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

There is not much eloquence in the speech, but plain and unvarnished as it is, it stirs the hearts of the simple village people, and they receive it with a tremendous shout.

"Well come, my lord!" shouts a sturdy voice. "God bless your lordship and send long life to you and her pretty young ladyship!"

At these last artless words, Signa, who has been listening, pale and excited, with tears trickling down her cheeks, flushes crimson; a young girl runs forward and drops an immense bunch of white roses into Signa's lap, the cheering bursts out again, a hurried murmur flashes through the crowd, and there is a sudden, swift rush to the front of the carriage.

In a twinkling the horses are led from the bar, and twenty stout fishermen and laborers grasp the pole, and with a shout start off with the carriage, leaving the horses prancing and pawing in the hands of the astonished but delighted coachman. In this triumphant fashion my Lord and Lady Delamere are conveyed to the entrance hall, where the Grange party, surrounded by servants, stand to receive and welcome them.

With innate good feeling and delicacy the crowd, having effected their purpose, give one another more and more quietly retire, leaving Archie dancing in a frenzy of delight on the top of the stone balustrade, and Signa clasped in Lady Rookwell's embrace.

For the first time in her life the old lady cannot find words, but still holding Signa by one arm intertwined around her, pats her on the back with a trembling hand.

"My dear," she says, at last, "this is the happiest day of my life. And—without somebody's knock that would cut that stone wall before he falls and breaks his neck!"

Hector laughing, lifts Archie from his perilous perch, and somehow they all manage to get into the hall.

"When you have quite done with me, I should like to say 'How do you do,'" says Laura Derwent. "How do you do, my dear?" Let me look at you. Why, you don't look a bit like an invalid—and he wrote and told us you had been very ill!"

Signa laughs, her eyes shining like stars, her cheeks flushed with pure, unalloyed joy.

"If I had been doing, I think those dear people would have cured me!" she says. "Ah! and I am so glad to get back. Aunt, uncle!" and she gives them a hand each, and kisses Mrs. Podswell's sharp face affectionately. She could love her bitterest foe, if she had one, this morning. Then she looks round quickly, and her color comes and goes as she sees Sir Frederic standing a little apart, his face very pale, his eyes grave and wistful.

With a quick impulse she slides toward him, and holds out her hand.

"Sir Frederic, it would not have seemed like coming home if you had not been here, and thank you, thank you, for all you have done."

He takes her hand, holds it for a moment, then presses it and releases it.

"Blythe, how are you?" exclaims Hector, grasping his hand and wringing it, almost like a schoolboy. "I've been looking forward to seeing you. You'll have to plead guilty to this

royal reception, I'm afraid. Never mind, I'll forgive you, you and Mr. Podswell; suppose we go and have a cigar while these ladies let off the superfluous torrent of chatter. Of course, they have enough to say to each other to last for a month; but we'll give them half an hour. I can just wait that time, and no longer, for I am almost starving!" and he leads them away.

"Where's your maid, dear?" asks Laura.

Signa laughs quietly. "I haven't one, you see, I don't care about it, and Hector—"

"Well, Hector, what?" demands Lady Rookwell, as they make their way to Signa's dressing room.

"Well, Hector has got into the habit of coming in and out while I'm dressing, and sitting about to talk; sometimes he smokes a cigarette, and, of course, a maid would be scandalized. So—"

"As you couldn't live without him at you apron strings, you do without a maid," says Lady Rookwell, succinctly. "My dear, you are one of those anomalies we read about but seldom see."

"What is it that I am?" asks Signa, as Laura rids her of her furs.

"That ridiculous object, a wife who is in love with her own husband."

Signa laughs and blushes. "Is it so ridiculous?" she says.

"Well, it is true. I am very much, awfully in love with him, and so would you be if you knew him. I can't help it!" she adds, so naively that Laura bursts into a laugh.

"Nothing will ever alter you, my dear?" she says. "Here have you been queening it in Paris—oh, we heard all about it!—and going through the most awful scenes, and yet you come back to us just as you left, the simplest, dearest of children! What lovely salutes!" taking up the heavy, almost unique set, and holding them with awed rapture almost at arm's length.

"I saw them half a mile off. Wherever did you get them—"

"There she is!" exclaims Lady Rookwell. "Dress, dress, dress before all things. There is not much of the child about you, Laura!"

"Hector got them from a Russian Princess who had just all her money at Monaco. A lady who crossed with us said they were the most perfect she had ever seen."

"They must have cost a fortune!" exclaims Laura, under her breath.

"Yes; I never thought anyone could be so extravagant as Hector is. He buys everything he thinks that I have the slightest fancy for, and yet I have to scold him into ordering clothes for himself," and she laughs.

"Put those things down!" exclaims Lady Rookwell. "Now, my dear, don't pay any attention to her, but tell me about yourself. You have been very ill!"

"Yes," says Signa, simply. "But I am so glad, so thankful that I kept well until he had quite recovered. I suppose I was very ill. It was very hard upon Hector, for he had to nurse me; I said that we ought both to go into a hospital. And that dear, good doctor! I shall never forget him or his kindness. He never left me for a moment for a whole day! But I am all right. I have been quite well for a long time; I grow better from the day they told me that we could start for home. That was what I wanted. I wanted to see the hills, and to hear the sea—to know that we were in England. I hate—and her eyes flash—'I hate the continent!' But this—and she goes to the window—'this is Paradise!'"

"I wish to be again!" says Lady Rookwell, decisively. "All this will be too much for you, mark my words."

Signa laughs. "No! It is the new life to me! You will see! I am so strong! And I only want to be happy! It isn't much, is it?" and she laughs. "And I shall be, ah, so happy! What a lovely room this is! Does Hector's room face the south? He likes the south side!" with sudden anxiety.

"Make your mind easy," says Lady Rookwell, grimly. "His room adjoins this. He will be able to come in and smoke his horrid cigarette as usual."

"I am so glad!" says Signa, simply. "Yes, it is so nice to smell of tobacco smoke when you come down to dinner."

"Oh, cigarettes don't smell," says Signa, naively. "But is there no news?"

"None," says Laura, comprehensively. "Nothing happens in Northwell. You bring all the news with you. Oh, there is one piece of news," she says, with an air of indifference that is too marked. "Sir Frederic has lost a cousin, so that he stands next to the earldom of Rexlade."

"Really. Then he will be Lord Rexlade?" says Signa. "I shall always feel like calling him Sir Frederic. How altered he is! I don't mean facially so much as in manner."

"Do you think so?" says the beauty with affected carelessness. "Yes, he is altered—for the better. If you knew how hard he has worked! He has worked as hard for you as your Hector worked for me. I don't think Lord Delamere will find a single screw loose on the whole estate."

"A screw loose!" moans Lady Rookwell. "That's a lady-like expression!"

"How very good of him!" says Signa.

Then comes a knock at the door, and a demure servant hands in a bouquet of choice hot-house flowers.

"For me?" says Signa, as Lady Rookwell hands them to her.

"So it says," says her ladyship, pointing to the label.

"For Lady Delamere, with Lady Blythe's love and good wishes!" reads Signa. "How kind and thoughtful! Oh stop!" and she runs to the door and calls to the maid. "Tell the messenger to give my love to Lady Blythe, and that I will come and see her to-morrow," she says.

For some unexplained and mysterious reason, Laura jumps up and kisses her.

"You are a dear, good girl!" she says, with a vivid blush, and hastily disengaging herself from Signa's embrace, she hurries quickly to the room.

"What—what does she mean? Why should she be so pleased that I sent the message?" asks Signa, wondering; but Lady Rookwell only grins and grunts an unsatisfactory "Humph!"

It is a very happy party that sits down in the small dining-room that evening.

Hector is in the best of spirits—almost boyish in his cheerfulness—so much so that it is difficult to realize that he is my Lord of Delamere, with fifty thousand a year, and the ribbon of the order of the Knights of the Garter.

"Lady Bumbleby ought to be here," says Lady Rookwell, with a grin.

"So she shall, before long," he says. "I look upon Lady Bumbleby as a dear friend, who understands a good story to the fullest. I tell you what, Lady Rookwell, we will have high times this Christmas, so prepare yourself; long enough. Why, I've read how, in the old times, the old place was crammed with guests, and that the servants' hall was filled to overflowing half the nights of the year. Why shouldn't it be so now?"

"Why not? I know no reason against it," says Signa.

And he looks across the table at her gratefully.

"I expect it will be full enough to-morrow," he says.

"To-morrow?" demands Lady Rookwell.

"Yes," he adds; "I've asked all Northwell here to-morrow—men, women and children. We will have such a night of it as has not been known for the last twenty years—ah, the last fifty!"

"What!" shrieked Lady Rookwell. "Do you want to have your wife ill again?"

"I am not afraid," he says, looking at Signa. "Signa is never so happy as when she is making other people happy; and happiness does not kill—it cures, Lady Rookwell."

"How are you going to feed two hundred people?" demands her ladyship.

"This is for me, and Blythe, to find out," he says, laying his hand upon Sir Frederic's shoulder.

They solve the problem somehow, for on the morrow nearer three than two hundred present themselves for admission to the Grange, and Hector and Sir Frederic are ready for them.

As in olden times, the huge hall has long tables set up within it, and the tables are spread with good, solid food. There is food in abundance, and plenty of sound October ale and cider.

The crowd of guests file in in twos and threes, and "the gentry," taking the place of servants for the time being, wait upon them.



True to his word, and passing beyond the mere spirit of it, my Lord of Delamere and his friends join in the repast, at the upper end of the table, seven o'clock dinner having been dispensed with; and when, at the close of the meal, he rises, and announces that there will be a dance to finish the evening, a lusty cheer greets his words.

To set an example, he chooses the comely wife of one of his own tenants and opens the ball, and Signa, not to be behindhand, accepts a young farmer on the estate of her partner. No one enters into the spirit of the thing more thoroughly than her choice partner, and she leads to the quadrille the oldest farmer on the estate.

The hand is the village one, and it tries its hardest to eclipse the London one, which discoursed sweet music at Laura Derwent's ball; and if it does not quite succeed, it makes music familiar to the ears of the guests, and, therefore, quite as satisfactory.

Never, perhaps, has Signa been happier than she is to-night, and when, in a pause of the festivities, Hector finds time to approach and address her, she finds her laughing heartily at some fishing story told by a ruddy-cheeked young fisherman who had summoned up courage to ask her to dance.

The ball is kept up until midnight, and at its finish the guests group together to give a hearty cheer to my Lord and Lady Delamere.

"Are you tired, my darling?" he asks, as, alone, they stand in the deserted and silent ballroom.

"No," she says, "and yes I am a little tired, but, ah! so happy, Hector! After all, these simple people are ours. There is not one of them for whose comfort and happiness we are not answerable! I used to wonder what use a great lady could be. Now I understand. It is to make the people under her happy and contented. Hector, I shall be content to live amongst them for the remainder of my days!"

But she had not to do this. There comes a certain period of the year when my Lord of Delamere finds it imperative for him to be in London.

There is his seat in the House of Lords, and his brother peers, and at such periods Signa has to take up the role as the mistress of the great house in Grosvenor square.

And she plays it well. If she chose she could be the queen of the high society in which she moves; but she does not choose. It is not in her to be a professional beauty or a leader of ton. She leaves all that to less happy individuals.

Still her dances and her evenings are crowded by the best people, and to have a card for one of Lady Delamere's "at home's" is a passport to the best of society.

Laura Derwent still reigns. Her beauty undimmed, and unaged, is still the talk of the town, and her photographs may still be seen in the shop windows; but a change has come over this flighty damsel; and in her off-hours, as she calls the rare intervals when she has no party or ball to attend, she finds her way to Signa's house in Grosvenor square, and spends the evening there.

Sir Frederic is now Lord Rexlade. He bears the title nicely and modestly. He, too, is always to be seen at Lady Delamere's assemblies, always near her elbow, and ready to carry any message or undertake any commission. He loves her, but it is, as he told Lady Rookwell, the love of a brother for a sister.

One day, late in spring, Laura comes to Signa's dressing room, where she is in the hands of her maid, who is attiring her for the coming levee.

"Signa," says Laura, impulsively, "I want to speak to you. Send the girl away."

Signa gently dismisses the maid, and waits all attention.

"What is it dear?"

"Signa, you will be surprised; I know you will!"

"Shall I? What is it, Laura, dear?"

"I don't know how to tell you, and yet I feel as if I must! Frankly, I feel as if I couldn't do it, unless you concurred!"

"What are you going to do?" asks Signa, smiling.

"Something very dreadful and conclusive! Signa, you know how many offers I have refused?"

"Nearly all," says Signa, smiling.

"You know I could have been a marchioness if I had liked?"

"Yes, dear!"

"But I didn't like!" says the spoiled beauty, "and now I have got an offer that I do like!"

"Really? My dear Laura," and she takes a step toward her.

"Stop! You have not heard me out! You don't know who it is! It is Sir Frederic—I mean Lord Rexlade!"

"With a joyous cry Signa hugs her

to her bosom; then she holds her out at arms' length, and laughs.

"You dear, stupid creature! Why I guessed it long ago! Any one could see he was madly in love with you! Dear Sir Frederic—I mean Lord Rexlade! Oh, I am so glad!"

"Are you really?" demands the beauty. "I thought—forgive me, Signa—that you would be—well, jealous! He has been your slave so long!"

"My slave!" says Signa, with a blush. "I only want one slave, and that is Hector. And here he comes! Good-bye, dear! I am happier than I can tell you! You will be Lady Rexlade, and we shall be close neighbors! And they say there is no such thing as Fate! Kiss me, Laura! You and I will be that anomalous article which dear Lady Rookwell called unique—wives in love with their husbands!"

(The End.)

UNIQUE IN ANIMALS. Raccoons Have a Curious Habit of Washing Their Food.

Few American wild animals are more widely known or excite more popular interest than the raccoon, which occupies most of the wooded parts of North America from the southern border of Canada to Panama, with the exception of the higher mountain ranges.

Its diet is extraordinarily varied and includes fresh water clams, crawfish, frogs, turtles, birds and their eggs, poultry, nuts, fruits and green corn. When near water raccoons have a curious and unique habit of washing their food before eating it. Their fondness for green corn leads them into frequent danger, for when bottom land corn tempts them away from their usual haunts raccoons are especially favored at night, becomes an especially favored sport. Raccoons are extraordinarily intelligent animals and make interesting and amusing pets.

They began to figure in our frontier literature at an early date. Coonskin caps, with the ringed tails hanging like plumes, made the favorite headgear of many pioneer hunters, and coonskins were recognized articles of barter at country stores. Now that the increasing occupation of the country is crowding out more and more of our wild life it is a pleasure to note the persistence with which these characteristic and interesting animals continue to hold their own in so much of their original range.—National Geographic Magazine.

THEATRE AUDIENCES. A Sermon for Those Who Arrive Late and Depart Early.

It is one of the most hallowed national customs not to go into a theatre until the curtain has risen. If by some stupid blunder we have arrived punctually we smoke a cigarette in the lobby.

So the cunning playwright takes care not to start his story until at least five minutes later. He occupies these five minutes with a colorless scene of some kind just to keep the groundlings amused. In some cases he will begin each act in the same way. It depends on how fashionable his audience is and how thirsty. For a converse reason he must finish his play five minutes before the final curtain falls.

Another of our national customs is to leave the theatre the moment Edwin has embraced Angelina, although the author may have reserved a quaint comedy touch or a dramatic surprise for the actual end.

It is no use altering the hour of performance. Begin at midnight if you like; we shall not come until five minutes after. Leave off at 10; we shall go out five minutes before. It is in the blood. The idea that an audience owes any consideration to authors or actors is entirely foreign to us. The very suggestion of it is almost an impertinence.—Louis N. Parker, in New York Times.

The Wild Pigeon Mystery.

That the wild pigeon, once so common in the United States, has become extinct is one of the strangest mysteries in American natural history. It is a puzzle which has baffled scientists and which probably never will be solved. Half a century ago wild pigeons were abundant in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and all the states of the middle west. In their migrations they travelled in flocks numbering tens of thousands, and it sometimes took a single flock the better part of an hour to pass a given point. Vast numbers of the pigeons were killed every year by gunners, but many investigators hold that the complete disappearance of the species must have been due in part at least to other causes. No other bird was ever so numerous in this country as the pigeon.

A Gargle for a Sore Throat.

The kind of sore throat which annoys one when the weather is unpleasant and the air feels raw and damp, is not difficult to treat, and a speedy cure is always possible. The red appearance of the throat indicates a mild degree of congestion, which may be relieved by gargling the throat with hot (as hot as can be borne without burning) soda water. Dissolve a teaspoonful of sodium bicarbonate in a tumblerful of hot water. Use this strength and gargle thoroughly every three hours. Also take a saline laxative—such as Rochelle salts, a heaping teaspoonful in a tumblerful of cold water—at bedtime, and another dose upon arising in the morning. It is always advisable to remain indoors for 24 or more hours when having a mild attack of sore throat.

Imitation Gems.

The opal is more difficult to imitate than is the diamond. But, from artificial alum, rubies which really are rubies can be made, and very cheaply. If the coloring agent is titanium oxide the product becomes a genuine artificial sapphire. Only in interior structure do these stones differ from those made by nature.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS KILL LITTLE ONES

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little one Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours he may be beyond cure. These Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to the well child and will promptly cure these troubles if they come on suddenly. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. There is no other medicine as good and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that they are absolutely safe. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IRISH SPANIARDS. America Did Not Get All Emigrants of the Emerald Isle.

"You are, perhaps, too much inclined to think," said a Spaniard recently, "that America is the only foreign country where Irish emigrants land. But there is an Irish element in Spain, though less numerous, also important. It is probable that the special conditions of this old country, its Catholic faith, its monarchical spirit, and noble traditions, particularly attracted the more distinguished Irish families in search of a new home, while the middle and poorer classes preferred to sail to more democratic and English-speaking lands."

"This would explain why most of the Irish-Spaniards belong to the army. The Spanish army lists abound with names like O'Shea, O'Connor, MacKenna, O'Neil, earl of Tyrone, and became a Spanish field marshal, and in the Carlist wars won the title of Marquis del Norte. His son, though an officer in the Spanish infantry, was better known as a poet. Another poet of Irish descent died recently in Madrid, Fernandez Shaw. And the name of General O'Donnell is as famous in Spain as that of Wellington in England. General O'Donnell was in command of the Spanish troops which invaded Morocco in the last years of Queen Isabella's reign, and his triumphant march was only checked by the diplomatic opposition of England."

"Most of these Irish-Spaniards emigrated during the first half of the nineteenth century. They were quickly absorbed by Spain—a country which quickly stamps her character on newcomers—and hardly any of their present representatives speak English, or have any knowledge of English and Irish life. But they carry everywhere their family tales of a dark past and their names as witnesses of their family romance, and their influence is no doubt overwhelming on the general opinion which Spain, ignorant of the progress of later years still entertains on the 'oppressed sister island.'"

"Another important link between Ireland and Spain is the Irish seminary for Roman Catholic priests still existing in Salamanca. It creates a continuous channel of the two countries. It must be added that the very numerous wealthy families who wish to give their daughters an English education generally place them in English-speaking convents, either in Spain or in England. These convents are generally Irish."—Exchange.

We're All Like Her.

Terence V. Powderly, of labor fame, was talking about compulsory arbitration.

"The trouble with the world in general," he said, thoughtfully, "is that we all know just what the other fellow ought to do, but we take little account of what we ought to do ourselves."

"I found a young bride one day bending, with a stern and severe air, over a dry looking volume."

"What are you reading?" I asked.

"An excellent work," she replied, called 'Happiness in Marriage.'"

"What advice," I asked, "does it give to wives?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I'm reading the advice to husbands."

Compressed Air Pressure.

The highest known pressure to which air has been compressed is 4,000 atmospheres (about 60,000 pounds) per square inch, but this was a laboratory experiment. The safe limit of pressure for use in the arts to-day is largely determined by the strength of the retaining vessel, or 3,000 pounds per square inch. To obtain these great pressures especially designed air compressors have to be constructed.

Cheese Salad.

'Tis easily made. And very nutritious. Have you some cottage cheese? Well, season it with melted butter. Add to this a little paprika and mustard.

Roll into balls with pitted cherries in the centre. Place each on a disk of nicely toasted bread.

Mixed mayonnaise makes a very tasty and effective dish.

Bella—I wonder who was the first woman to get her gowns from Paris? Stella—Helen of Troy, no doubt—Froth.

was a favorite name among the long-forgotten food products of half a century ago, just as it is among the live ones of to-day. Only exceptional quality can explain such permanent popularity.

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