

Beyond Criticism

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA

Is a perfectly pure tea of the highest quality

LEAD PACKETS ONLY. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c. AND 60c PER LB. AT ALL GROCERS. Highest Award St. Louis 1904.

Shadow and Sunlight

Tonight his face, his tone, the expression of his eyes and the thin, clear-cut lips, form an admirable study for any young man starting in fashionable life and desirous of acquiring the Chesterfield manner. With the step of a young man, and the gait, which, alas! few young men of the present day can boast, he goes across the room and bends over Lady Carton.

"My dear lady, hold me accountable for our long tarrying, and grant me your pardon. If you belonged to our sex instead of the fairer one, you would understand how great a charm Chateau la Rose of '88 has for a man who is weak enough to cling to the old axiom that woman, wine and wit are the three best things on earth. Lashwood has been good enough to entertain me with an account of their travels (as a matter of fact, Guy has not said one word about them). They must have had a glorious time. Ah, my dear lady, youth, youth!"

Lady Carton grins. "Come and sit down beside me," she says. "Madge, give your father a cup of tea. I want him to talk to me." The Honorable Francis takes his tea and bows gratefully, though it is over his daughter's hand, and seats himself with an air which plainly suggests that if there is anything that would give him complete happiness, it is to sit beside Lady Carton.

"Will you have some tea, Guy?" says Madge. He is close at her elbow—he seems always close at her elbow when he is in the same room with her—looking down at her with the deep, passionate love shining in his dark-gray eyes.

"Yes," he says. She fills him one of the dainty Sevres cups, and he takes it, and stands with one foot on the marble fender, gazing at the fire; presently he misses her from the table behind him, and instinctively looking round for her, sees that she has gone to the other end of the room to arrange some card which had arrived that morning, and, as instinctively, he follows her.

"Rusky, Madge?" he says, and he puts his hand on her shoulder—a favorite caress of his. "Pretty faces, all of them." "Are they not?" she assents. "Mary and Jane are both beautiful girls—they were the belles of Miss Tetbury's."

"When the other young lady was out—nothing raspberry tarts, for instance," he says, and his hand wanders to her smooth, warm cheek. Madge laughs, and glances around furtively at the two worldlings, gossiping over the fire.

"Hush, sir. Don't you know that it is very bad manners to flatter your wife? I never was good-looking—really, I have not a single good feature." "No," he says, gazing at her with his grim smile, a world of admiration in his eyes—"no, now, I come to look at you closely, I see I was mistaken. Your nose is crooked, you squint a little, don't you? And your mouth goes under your left ear."

Madge nods. "That's better—that's more like a husband! Why, Guy, you ought to have grown quite tired of me by this time, you ought, indeed."

"I suppose I ought," he says. "By the way, you have made the same remark before. But I am not tired of you, strange to say. What have you and Lady Carton been talking about?"

"About the castle," says Madge. "She is delighted with it. It is a grand place, Guy. It seems too big and too grand for me. Lady Carton says it was quite a show place, and that there is only one other like it in England. Guy, it's nice to have such a home."

He nods. "Familiarly breeds contempt. It was never home to me till you came, Madge," he says simply, "but I'm glad you like it. You would like to make it headquarters?"

Madge nods. "Oh, yes, certainly if you don't mind, and the people don't bother us too much. Guy, you'll have to help me to play my part; you won't forget that I was only a school-girl a few months ago."

He laughs curtly. "You look like a great, big, school-girl, now," he says. "But you won't need any help from me, Madge. The folks will find their match in you if I am not mistaken. I suppose we shall have to give some feeds and to eat some at other places. You need not trouble, you know. You've got Chateau la Rose—this is the celebrated chef, with five hundred a year and a private brougham for his own use—call you will have to do well to tell Mrs. Hunter, the housekeeper, the number of people who are coming, and wash your hands of it."

Madge laughs. "It sounds very easy." She is beginning to realize the power of immense wealth. "And what is left for me to do?"

He smiles and shrugs his shoulders. "To be amiable and look pretty," he says, "not difficult for you, Madge." She laughs. "I think I know. I think I can manage it, Guy. I remember how Lady

Carton used to receive each guest with a pressure of the hand and a special smile as if each was the particular, dearly beloved friend.

"That's it," he assents, "and if, in addition you really want to do the thing thoroughly, you can dress the part; put on that velvet gown St. George used to admire so profoundly, and mount the diamonds—oh, speaking of that, I'd nearly forgotten," and he crosses the room and rings the bell. "Go to my dressing-room and bring me down the leather box from my table," he says to the footman. "I've got something for you to show you," he says, as the man reappears, and he takes a key from his pocket and unlocks the box.

Madge utters an exclamation of amazement as a flash of many-colored lights blazes upward.

"Guy!" He laughs, and taking out a handful of diamond ornaments, lays them on the table.

"There are more underneath. Do you like them?"

Madge eyes the magnificent gems, speechless, for a moment, then she looks over her shoulder.

"Lady Carton!" "What is it, my dear?" says Lady Carton; and she rises and comes across the room, the Honorable Francis following her. "My dear child, what have you got there? Oh, the Lashwood diamonds!"

And she eyes them through her glasses with an admiration which is almost devotional. Madge—she'll be stolen before the month's out.

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculates the Honorable Francis with pious horror. "My dear Lashwood, they are sublime—simply sublime." And his keen eyes twinkle with appreciation. "They must represent an enormous sum of money. I trust, my child, you will take every care of them."

"Don't drop them down areas or give them away to the first beggar you meet," says Guy carelessly. "Did I tell you that she gave away a diamond bracelet to a beggar in Rome?"

And he laughs as if the deed was something extremely clever and to be proud of.

"No," ejaculates the Honorable Francis with genuine dismay. "But really—bless my soul!"

And he shudders; Lady Carton stares incredulously, Madge colors, and then laughs.

"It is all Guy's fault. He taught me to be extravagant. Poor girl!" "Rich girl!" says Lady Carton, emphatically. "If it were the bracelet that matches your necklace. How could you be so wicked, Madge? It was worse than wicked—it was foolish."

"If you had only seen her," Madge says, her eyes expanding pensively as she recalls the slight figure and wan, miserable face. "And I saw and heard her, too."

"And where were you, my dear Guy, to allow her to do it?" remonstrates Lady Carton. Guy smiles.

"Oh, I wasn't on the spot. But it didn't have made any difference, I'm afraid. She is a terrible tyrant and despotically fond of her own way."

"The diamonds had better go back to the bank," says Lady Carton. Guy laughs.

"Put them on, Madge," he says, "and let me see how you look." Madge draws back instinctively.

"They look too grand; no one lower than a duchess ought to wear them, Guy," she says.

"All right," he says. "You can wait till I'm off the scene and marry a duke. Meanwhile you can wear them just for practice," and he draws her to him and throws the necklace over her head.

Lady Carton groans. "For goodness' sake don't throw them about as if they were a lot of glass beads," she almost shrieks. "You should see how you look."

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chanical voice of his class, says: "Sir Edward and Miss Newson!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Madge turns quickly, the crimson flush still on her face, and is almost guilty of a start of surprise; for at the familiar name there had, in the flash of a moment, risen before her eyes a vision of the pale, thin girl of Miss Tetbury's—the Adelaide Newson with whom she could never agree; and here, before her actual eyes, is quite a different person.

Gliding across the room, comes a girl, still thin and still pale, but in other respects as unlike the Adelaide Newson of Madge's remembrance, as it is possible to imagine.

This Adelaide Newson is like a delicate piece of china, beautifully dressed, more than beautifully—artistically; no longer shy, and stiff, and sullen, but serene, and smiling with a smile that tells Madge quite plainly that the smiler has seen the confound embrace. There is a touch of the old, sharp sarcasm in the gray eyes, but it is toned down, almost concealed, as she comes forward, with both hands held out in the most friendly manner.

"My dear Madge," she says—and her thin voice seems to have gained roundness and a subtle kind of music, "will you forgive me? I know that it is unconventional—that I ought to have waited till tomorrow—but I could not—I was so anxious to see you. We only came back today—this afternoon, indeed—and papa said I ought not to come to you so late; but I could not rest, indeed I could not. Was it very wrong?"

Madge—frank-hearted Madge, only ready to let bygones be bygones—takes her outstretched hand and kisses her. "Wrong!" If she is very kind and thoughtful of you, Adelaide," she says. "You are really not shocked?" says the clear, thin voice. "How well you are looking!"

And her keen eyes roam over Madge's face and over the diamonds that flash from about her head, and neck, and arms, with a comprehensive glance.

"I am very well; and you are looking much better, Adelaide." "Am I not?" she says, and she smiles. "It is the escape from Minerva House. Papa says it is the traveling. I think I should have shown just as much improvement if I had stayed in town. And you have been on the Continent? We have heard so much about you everywhere we went."

All this while Guy has been standing a little in the background talking to Sir Edward, a thin, weathered-faced old man, with a look of settled dissatisfaction and discontent, and though Adelaide Newson knows that Lord Lashwood is looking at her while he is talking to her father, she does not allow her eyes to meet him.

It is not until Madge turns to him and he comes forward, that she looks at him.

"How do you do?" he says, and the old cold, but voice which Madge has heard so seldom since her marriage, comes back again.

Adelaide Newson gives him her hand and smiles up at him.

"How do you do, Lord Lashwood? It is so long since we met that we ought to have forgotten each other. Welcome back to Trent!"

"Thanks," he says. Then she turns to Lady Carton and the Honorable Francis, both of whom have been covertly criticising her, and goes through the introduction as secondarily and smilingly as if as Lady Carton thinks herself, she had gone through three seasons.

"And how you must stay with us," says Madge, in her frank, hearty fashion. "Come upstairs with me and take your things off."

"Thanks, no. I won't give you so much trouble. If I may throw my furs off, and as she speaks she slips off the heavy fur cloak and removes her gloves. "I should like to stay a little while. We have so much to talk about. Have you not?" and she smiles sweetly up at Madge as if they had always been bosom friends.

(To be Continued.)

FEAR THE OPEN SHOP

The Building Unions Endeavoring to Settle the New York Trouble.

New York, Jan. 31.—Eight of the largest unions in the building trades, headed by the bricklayers, have made an appeal to the general arbitration board of the employers and the unions to call a special meeting to end the present building trades trouble. This was agreed to at the meeting which will be held tomorrow evening. The proposition to be submitted, it is said, will be that the housemiths shall return to work pending arbitration and waive their contention that Post and McCord are in the American Bridge Company.

The unions at the back of the present movement fear a general upheaval in the building trades if the employers continue the employment of the housemiths in the open shops plan. They are working under the arbitration agreement, but general strikes in which they will be involved will be sure to occur, they say, unless the housemiths are recognized.

Not one of the women who from time to time had befriended Reed has ever seen him. He got their money through letters, in the writing of which he is a past master. Once Mrs. Armour received a pitiful letter from Reed saying that he was without funds to bury his child. She felt so sorry that she sent him a check for \$50.

"I buried that child 150 times," said Reed, "and never found any trouble in getting funeral expenses." Mrs. Armour gave him a total of \$300. He often described himself as a "helpless cripple" and wanted to go into "a small business." He had his mail sent to different addresses. He has for three years been playing on the charity of Chicago's society women. He was finally landed in jail by the bureau of charities.

MANY BOMB FACTORIES Russia Amply Justified in Its Severe Policy With Rebels.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 31.—The Government is finding ample justification for its severe policy against the revolutionists in the constant discoveries of bombs, bomb factories and depots of arms and munitions, in all parts of the empire. The Novoe Vremya to-day prints half a column of statistics of last week's captures, showing the seizure of bombs in a score of cities, and the discoveries of numerous bomb laboratories, explosives and filled and unfilled bombs. Through not included in the Novoe Vremya list, bomb factories have also been discovered here, and at Moscow.

To curb the revolutionary outbreaks and enable estate-owners to defend their property against further peasant uprisings, the Government is distributing the arms captured on the British steamer John Grafton, sunk in the Gulf of Bothnia, Finland, in September, and rifles and revolvers captured

elsewhere, responsible applicants, and is also permitting the organization of armed estate guards, which are often composed of veterans, and commanded by former non-commissioned officers of the regular army.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c. yzw

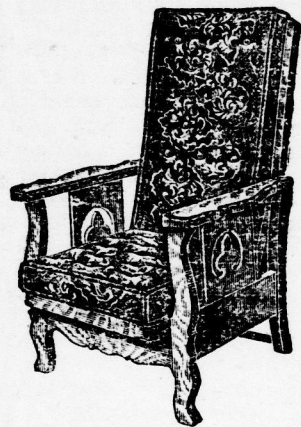
It is every wife's opinion that her husband needs her to protect him, and his experience later as a widower goes to prove it.

IN ITS INITIAL STAGES a cold is a local ailment easily dealt with. But many neglect it, and the result is often the development of distressing seizures of the bronchial tubes and lungs that render life miserable for the unhappy victim. As first aid there is nothing in the handy medicine line so certain in curative results as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the far-famed remedy for colds and coughs.

A good many people who call themselves critics are merely kickers. Procrastination should be sent to jail for thieving so much time.

Expansion Furniture Sale

From the first mention of this Expansion Sale the big store has been overrun with bargain-seekers, who find benefits large, broad and liberal. The public is responding eagerly, and their money-saving purchases are helping us every hour to secure the needed room for carpenters and masons. They clamor continuously for space, and in order to facilitate the work price-cutting is even greater than when the sale began. Figures below hint how ruthlessly profits are being sacrificed. If you have any intention of buying furniture this spring it will pay you to buy now and save about half the regular price.



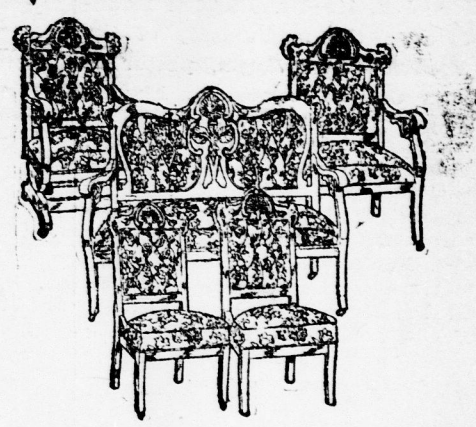
This solid 1/4-cut Oak Morris Chair, with reversible cushions, regular price \$9.00, sale price now

\$5.50



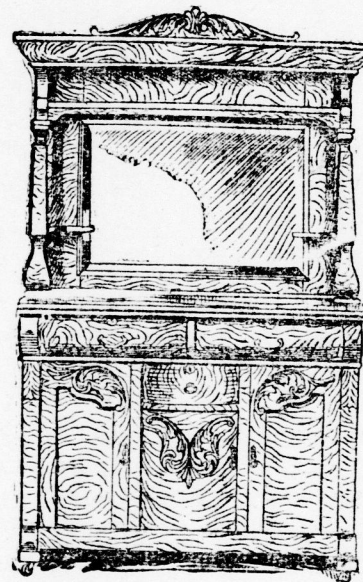
This handsome Oak-finished 3-piece Bedroom Suite, dresser has 3 large drawers, full sized bed with carved foot and head. This suite, worth \$21.00, for

\$14.25



This pretty 5-piece Parlor Suite, mahogany finish, heavily carved back, covered in good quality silk, regular price \$30.00, for

\$17.50



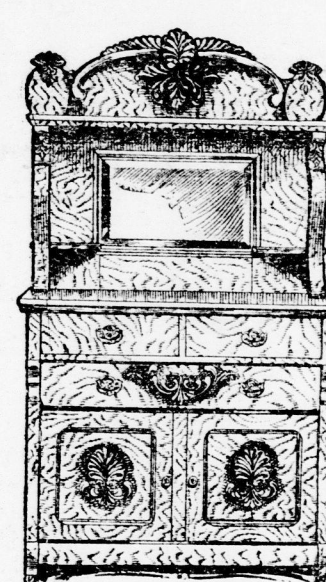
This Sideboard, golden oak, well finished, 26x36 British bevel mirror, lined silver drawer. This board is good value at

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This Sideboard, golden oak finish, British bevel mirror, heavily carved top and standards. This is a well made article, sells regularly for

\$11.75



This Sideboard, golden oak finish, British bevel mirror, heavily carved top and standards. This board sells regularly for \$22.00, sale price

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FINDS THE RICH EASY

A Good Hard-Luck Story All That Is Necessary.

Chicago, Jan. 31.—Anybody who works for a living in Chicago is a sucker. A good hard-luck story will get you more money in a day than you can honestly earn in a week. I ought to know, because I've been doing pretty well the last three years. I must be a tale of hard luck—but it must be a good one, and pick your victims from among the wealthy.

This is the philosophy of Harry Reed, who has for three years obtained money from a score of wealthy Chicago women. Among those who Reed says, were his "regular customers" were Mrs. P. D. Armour, Mrs. W. Vernon Booth and Mrs. Henry C. Lytton.

Not one of the women who from time to time had befriended Reed has ever seen him. He got their money through letters, in the writing of which he is a past master. Once Mrs. Armour received a pitiful letter from Reed saying that he was without funds to bury his child. She felt so sorry that she sent him a check for \$50.

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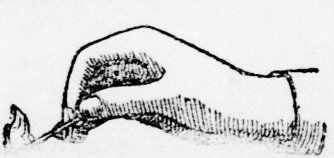
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