

There are two kinds of tea. Ours and the rest of them. Blue Ribbon Tea.

LOVE'S EXILE.

Then, with a low sigh, she stood up, twined her arms within mine and let me lead her upstairs. The door of her room was open, and the two candles, flickering and smoking in the draught, cast moving shadows over a di-orner of dress and dainty woman's clothing flung in confusion about the room. Babble glanced aside and then looked up at me in bewilderment and alarm, like one roused out of sleep to see something strange and terrible. I wanted her to go to rest before her memory should overtake her. So I took off her bonnet and cloak, and proffering by the utter docility she showed me, glanced into the room and then looked up at me in bewilderment and alarm, like one roused out of sleep to see something strange and terrible.

way got those letters, which she was mistaken in considering compromisingly affectionate, to have many them into a snail, but neat parcel and despatched them forth with, instead of this, I excused myself to Mrs. Ellmer, went into the study in a state of excitement, half panic and half relief, and wrote a note. "My Dear Miss Farrington: Your letter forbids me to address you in a more affectionate way, though you are mistaken in supposing that the feelings toward you have changed. It seems to be that we have both, if I may use the expression, been running our heads against a brick wall. You have been seeking in me a learned gentleman with a strong natural bent for philanthropy, while I hoped to find in you an intelligent and withal most kind and loving-hearted girl, who would condescend to console me for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, in return for my very best endeavors to make her. Well, it is the mistake past repairing? I am not too old to learn philanthropy under your guidance; if I am sure, are too sweet not to forgive me for preferring a walk with you alone to interviews with all the architects who ever decried nature. I cannot come back with the carriage now to see Mr. Finch; but if you will, in the course of the afternoon, let me have another, ever so short note telling me to come and see you. I shall take it as a token that you are willing to give me another chance, and within half an hour of receiving it I will be with you to take my first serious lesson in philanthropy, and to pay for it in what love coin you please.—Believe me, dear Lucy, if I may, dear Miss Farrington, in trust, yours ever most faithfully and sincerely, "Heary L. Maude."

I saw the groom drive off with this note, and spent the early part of the afternoon wandering about the garden, trying to make out what sort of answer I wished for. This was the one I got: "Dear Mr. Maude,—The tone of levity which characterizes your note admits but of one explanation. No gentleman could so address the lady whose respect and esteem he sincerely wished to retain. I therefore return your letters and the various presents you have been kind enough to make me, and beg that you will return me my share of your correspondence. Please do not think I bear you any ill-will; I am willing to believe the error was mutual, and shall rather increase than discountinue my prayers on your behalf, that your perhaps somewhat pitable nature may not render you the victim of designing persons.—I remain, dear Mr. Maude, ever sincerely your friend, "Lucy Farrington."

When I got to the end of this warm-hearted epifonem I rushed off to make up my parcel; seven notes, a smoking cap, and a pair of slippers, which last I regretted giving up, as they were large and comfortable; a box of "Village Architecture," and another of sermons by an eloquent and unpractical modern preacher, completed the list. I fastened them up, sealed and directed them, and sent them out to the under-garden on Oak Lodge, who had brought the note, and had been directed to wait for an answer. Then, with a sense of relief, which was unmixt this time, I went back to my study, my pipe, and sat down in front of the parcel my late love had sent me. I was struck by its enormous supererogatory neatness to the ill-shaped brown paper bundle in which I had just sent off mine; and it presently occurred to me that the remarkable deftness with which corners had been turned in and string knotted and sealed could never have been attained by hands unused to any kind of active labor. Miss Farrington, either too much overcome by emotion to tie her parcel up herself, or from an absence of sentiment which might or might not be considered to do her credit, had entrusted the task of sending back my presents to her maid.

Mechanically I opened the parcel and, not being deeply enough wounded by the abrupt termination of my engagement to throw my rejected gifts with passion into the fire, I arranged them on the table in a row, spread out my returned letters (which had all been neatly opened with a pen-or small paper-knife), and considered the well-meant but disastrous venture of which they were the relics with much thoughtfulness. It had been a failure from first to last; not only had it failed to draw my thoughts and affections from the little pale lady who was now the wife of my friend, but it had also unhappily resulted in rendering her by contrast a lovelier and more desirable object than before. There was no doubt of it; the only unalloyed pleasure my fiancée had afforded me was the increase of delight I had felt, after nearly three weeks of her improving society, in meeting my little witch of the hills once more. On the whole, my conscience was pretty clear with regard to Miss Farrington; I had been prepared to offer her affection, and she had preferred an interest in domestic architecture, which I had

then sedulously cultivated; the question was, what was to be done now? I decided that the most prudent course would be to say nothing of my rupture with my lady-love, and if I should be unable to submit a certain unwonted hilarity at dinner time, to ascribe it to other causes.

A Christmas Ghost Story

My Strange Experience at a Dramatic Rehearsal

EXPERIENCE I, Elizabeth Bonbow, have led an uneventful, colorless life for the main part, yet it has been my fate to have been a participator in two weird experiences—one a tragedy, the other only one of those unaccountable things which no one can understand, one can only wonder and cogitate over them, not daring to doubt their veracity.



ADRIENNE LYALL

My perfect knowledge of French, as of my mother tongue, was in my favor. Those were happy days; never can I forget the kindness of my dear madame, who was ever a mother to me, nor the affection showered on me by my girl-friends, English, American and French—yes, and Canadian, too!

Lanhydrock was a most fascinating place, with lovely lawns, and paths innumerable stoping through the most delicious woods down to a dear little bay, with a sandy beach, hemmed in with grand old cliffs. Even in winter it was a joy to sit on the rocks, bathed in sunshine, looking at the blue, blue sea, the red-and-orange sailed fishing boats, and the coasting vessels bobbing up and down the lovely gulls with a silver glint on their wings, and the rich brown seaweed-covered rocks; you felt you could never gaze at it long enough, nor drink in sufficient of the soft salt air. The grand old avenues were bordered with hydrangeas—blue, pink and cream—rhododendrons, as well as bamboos and other tropical plants, for in the balmy West Coast, even in winter-time, there is a wealth of blossom and greenery to charm the eye and make one feel one had almost reached winter and was not so much worse off than those who had flown to the Riviera for salubrious air and sunshine.

We were a merry house-party. Besides my girl friends there was a pretty young married daughter, with her soldier-husband and darling baby, also a young Oxford cousin and little Adrienne Lyall, an orphan niece of my host the Squire, who lived in this hospitable home except when visiting her father's people in Jersey. She was a pretty little thing, with graceful, slender limbs, brown eyes which could look very pathetic and grave at times, and wavy hair rolled high in French fashion on her patriarchal little head. She was sensitive and highly strung—I often wondered what would have become of her had her lines been cast in less pleasant places. Her young mother's life had had a tragic story in it, and there was anything in her that was sensitive and nervous.

As a variety to the usual Christmas ball given at Lanhydrock it was decided that this year the county should be amused and entertained with a dramatics, followed by a dance. The young Oxford man was keen on them, belonged to the Oxford University Dramatic Club and knew all about it. He could get two other actors, who were staying in the county, and would think it no end of a lark to bicycle over for rehearsals.

To help the hostess and Mrs. Grant, the married daughter, with final arrangements and disarrangements of the reception rooms and impracticable theatre. Mrs. Grant was not acting, so she and I were to be general helps behind the scenes.

We were all rather silent at the mention of Adrienne. The last rehearsal had been a sorry performance, as far as she was concerned. Had it been any one else, the Oxonian would probably have thought her "a duffer," or "a stick," but one and all alike she was considered for her. For her sake, we should be glad if it were over.

Well, the myetic hour arrived, the play began, and to our astonishment Adrienne's small part in the first scene was better than anything we had yet seen her accomplish. "It is generally the way," whispered Mrs. Grant, "people always play up when the night comes, you can't judge a little bit from rehearsals." You certainly cannot if this were a case in point, for as Adrienne came on she acted better and more easily, and she received a great deal of applause. She looked lovely, but there was to be expected, a little pale perhaps; in fact she grew too white as the play went on.

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