

A few years ago Blue Ribbon Beryl Tea was unknown, today it is a household word. Why?

The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

What do they want? What ought I to do? Gillian says, breathing fast. "I have no more friends, you see. I haven't many friends. Couldn't you advise me what I ought to do?"

left alone with a pretty girl for a few minutes?"

CHAPTER XII. "What do you think of the weather, Mr. Damer?" Lady Jeannette condescended to ask her wedded lord. "Think of the weather?" he asked. "Mr. Damer answers with alacrity, being so honored. "Why—upon my honor—I don't know what to think. I've said the fine weather has lasted a little too long."

Lacy adds, with a sudden flush and a scornful little smile. "Lacy watches her intently for several minutes in silence, not taking her eyes back at Darragh, until the carriages draw up at the foot of the green slope where their descent is to begin. But when they are toiling up the slopes amidst the moss-grown granite boulders, sparkling with mica, and the fuzes and bracken, with the grand purple, heathery crags of Slieve-na-More above their heads, darkly defined against the dusky blue of the sky and the snow-white floating clouds, Captain Lacy addresses Gillian again."

"That George Archer could be discourteous or inhospitable I can scarcely believe," he says abruptly, to test the direction of her thoughts; "here must have been some mistake."

"So I thought," Gillian says simply; "but I know Lady Damer does not like him."

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It is horribly weird, horribly caliginous, with a shuddering, rattling, stealthily down in its shuddering hollow under the pitchy-black precipice and the fantastic rising and falling clouds of mist. And through the mist above the water, filling the air ever and anon with a weird, wailing, hissing cry, the rising wind rushes over the crater-shaped hollow, and wails and moans as it tries to escape from the fastness of the precipitous crags.

"It is awful, terrible!" Gillian says, shuddering and growing deadly pale. "It is a fearful place, which I shall dream of at night! I wish we had not come here," she says, shivering again, and drawing back from the mountain-side with a childlike motion of nervous terror.

"Everything else was so beautiful—I was enjoying everything; but this place looks like an awful yawning grave—it looks as if it were the portals of hell!"

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Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth. Sozodont Liquid 25c Large Liquid and Powder 50c All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for postage 2c. HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

SECRETS OF A BURGLAR.

"It isn't up to me," said the retired burglar, "to tell where to hide your valuables so that you cannot have them stolen, but I can tell you where not to hide them, and save you lots of trouble by giving them up. Here is a list of hiding places to avoid: Grandfather's clock. (Burglars hide in them often.) In the mattresses. Under the carpets. (Easily located in sneak shoes.) In the rag basket or waste basket. In an unused grate or up a chimney. In sofa pillows or furniture. It certainly is not a compliment to the ability of a professional to secret goods in any of those places and not expect him to find them without half an effort. The scooped out volume of Dickens or Thackeray is as easily located, and the diamonds or roll of money which takes the place of the volume is a family find. The piano often yields a fair harvest, and the shoes worn the day before, left standing at right angles in the middle of a bedroom floor. Once in my salad days I concealed a pair of such shoes, and as they fit neatly kept them by my own use. One shoe always pinched a little glass which sat down at a \$50 bill out of the toe of that shoe. Why, it might have crippled me in time.

"And one night I slept in the guest chamber of a gentleman who was out of town with his family. I never slept so badly—in an elegant room and in a mattress filled with thousands of white hairs. I had horrible dreams, and in the morning there was a lump in my side as big as an apple. Now what do you think I had lain all night on? A diamond sapphire that had given me all those bad dreams and nearly broke a rib. Such methods of hiding valuables are barbarous."

"I have also ordered that a considerable number of gold coins should be sewn into the saddles of my horses when required for a journey, and on both sides of the saddles are two revolvers. I think it is necessary in such a warlike country that the sovereign, and especially a sovereign who is a soldier himself, should always be as well prepared for an emergency as a soldier on the field of battle. Although my country is, perhaps, more peaceful and safe than many other countries, one can never be too cautious or too well prepared."

Frae North o' the Tweed

In a country parish in Scotland the minister and the ruling elder went over the muir to visit an old parishioner on a "catatecheeing," and the walk being a long one their appetites were pretty keen when they arrived. Before commencing the serious business they suggested that the "inward man" was "clamorous." Janet accordingly went to the "press," and placed on the table country refreshments, bread, milk, etc., and seating herself at a little distance, requested her visitors to fall on. They soon cleared the board, and the minister remarked, "Now, Janet, we begin the serious business. Do you remember the text last Sunday, Janet?" "Deed ay," replied Janet; "I mind it weel—it was the miracle of the loaves and fishes." "And have ye pondered the subject during the week, Janet?" "Deed I have, an I'm thinkin' the moo that gin you and the elder had seen their wadna hae taen up sae many baskets!"

A tourist in Ireland stopped his car at a hotel for the purpose of having a drink, and he proposed to the car man that he should have one also. The resolution having been carried unanimously, the following conversation took place: "What will you have, Pat?" "Falk, what's yer anner brock to take?" "Well, I shall have a Chartrous." "And phwat's that?" "It's a warning drink brewed by the monks, and they sell it for the benefit of the poor." "I'll take a glass, but I'll have an expression of scornful indignation on his face, he adds, "And the devil take the bly-guards that invited the glass."

The 93rd was drawn up in quarters at the distance of the extreme left of the line as Colin Campbell rode down to review his forces that November afternoon. It was in full Highland costume, with kilts and sporrans, and wind-blown plumes. Campbell's Celtic blood kindled when he reached the Highlanders. "Ninety-third!" he said, "you are my own lads; I rely on you to do the work of the men of the ranks in broadest Doric answered: "Ay, ay, sir, Colin, ye ken us and we ken you; we'll bring the women and children out of Lucknow or die wi' 'em in the attempt." And then from the steady ranks of the Highlanders there broke a shout, sudden and valiant and stern, the shout of victory. "Several times," he says, "with smiling, while the gleam of the hairy face which is kept now a little averted, with eyes studiously bent on the mountains indeed. There isn't a foot of this range out to Genemal but George Archer, he says, with frank approbation. "He has a great amount of sound geologic knowledge and mineralogic knowledge as well. It is a great pity a clever fellow like him should be buried in a hole of a country village—with nothing but a land agent's duties and salary to look forward to for life."

"There is no course or indifference in the absorbed, downcast, listening face now. "And he has no prospects of anything better," she asks, very, very carelessly. "It is a great pity?" "It is, indeed," he assents cordially. "George is nearly as poor as I am, but his abilities, which would enable him to surpass me easily in any career."

HOW ONE MAN WAS HENPECKED

"If there is a man in this world that excites my sympathy it is a henpecked husband," said Col. Ripple to a New York Telegram man. "Some time ago my friend Amelton invited me to go home with him. I promised, provided he would wait until I transacted a certain piece of business. He agreed reluctantly, saying that he promised his wife that he would be home at a certain hour. After I finished my business I accompanied him. As we proceeded, he remarked: "Rumple, I am the worst henpecked man in town. That's why I am in such a hurry."

"I was very much disappointed when we reached the house. I expected to see a masculine-looking woman, with a savage face and a harsh voice; but I was introduced to a little, meek-looking woman, with delicate face and plaintive tone of voice. After supper, when Amelton and I were sitting in the library smoking, I remarked: "She Was Very Gentle. "Say, didn't you mislead me about the henpecked business? I don't know that I ever saw a gentler woman than your wife."

Advertising Pays. As a further demonstration of the effect of advertising the Kansas City Journal notes that "How J. B. Fugate, at Wellington, advertised in Friday's paper for a girl. That night his wife presented him with a ten-pound one."

The reason some persons never see Hope is because they keep their eyes closely bandaged.