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LOVE AND A TITLE

While these two were drinking great draughts from the fountain of love which had suddenly sprung up in the desert of despair, as it were, Hal rode as fast as his horse could bear him to Forbach.

At sight of Hal, dusty hot and perspiring, and the mare, hot and excited, with her smooth skin flecked with foam—there was a general hum of excitement and a gathering around him.

Hal, at once concluding that his escapade had been discovered, got off the mare coolly, and flung the bridle to a groom, who took it with a stare of astonishment.

"What?" said Hal, turning around to all points of the group, "what's the matter? castle on fire?"

Before any of them could reply a fall form came striding down the yard with a lantern in his hand.

"So you've come back, Mastel Hal, have you?" eying him up and down.

"What on earth is the matter?" said Hal. "Surely a fellow can take an evening ride without creating all this confusion."

"An evening ride?" echoed Nugent, grimly. "Come, that won't do! What have you been up to? for I'll be sworn you hold the key to all this mystery."

"What mystery?" asked Hal cautiously. "Let us go in while you tell me, my lord, when you return, we discovered her highness's room empty, and no sign of her to be discovered in any part of the house or grounds!"

"Nugent nodded. He couldn't express any astonishment, for he had jumped at the whole truth.

"Of course you gave the alarm?" said Nugent, for the sake of saying something.

The count smiled. "You have forgotten that her highness's reputation was at stake. We did not even apprise her father or a servant of her disappearance, but I, myself, started in pursuit to Baden."

"Why to Baden?" said Nugent. "Because—for a hundred reasons," said the count, waving his hand.

and his face, yellowed than ever, was wrinkled in every direction.

"No, no one is ill—at least, I hope not," said the count, fixing his piercing little eyes upon Nugent's ingenuous face.

"The fact is, gentlemen, we are much alarmed at the villa by the unaccountable disappearance of the Princess Veronika."

"What?" exclaimed Nugent, amazed; then he exchanged glances with poor Bell, and looked down.

Simple Bell, of course, at once looked toward the curtains. Both men knew at once what Hal had been engaged in, but both were puzzled to comprehend his return.

"Yes," said the count, upon whom Nugent's averted gaze, nor Bell's confusion, fastened.

"They always do; that's the excuse," muttered Nugent.

"I beg your pardon," said the count, bending forward. "Yes, the princess—'Dray go on,' said Nugent.

"Complaining of a slight headache, her companion refrained from disturbing her until the hour for dinner, when knocking and not receiving any answer, she deemed it best to leave her mistress, concluding she was asleep, undisturbed.

"Imagine our astonishment and distress, my lord, when, upon return, we discovered her highness's room empty, and no sign of her to be discovered in any part of the house or grounds!"

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"I am always at your service, count," said Nugent, cheerily. "and now can I help you? Candidly, I'll help you first and fight you afterward; in my humble opinion, the princess has not accompanied either the marquis or any of the other guests who are absent from the castle. Would you like to institute a search?"

The count was about to reply, when Bell, who had been in a cold terror at the challenge which had been given him, accepted, stepped out of the position he had maintained like a statue, and in shifting allowed the light from the single candle—his bedroom one—to fall upon a bright object which peeped beneath the curtain on Hal's left boot.

It was the spur on Hal's left boot. In an instant the count's eye fell upon it; but he did not move a muscle, and even turned his back as he bowed to Nugent.

"Thanks, my lord," he said, with a smile that caused his eyes to disappear under a perfect network of wrinkles.

"I would not for the world be guilty of so impolite an intrusion; your word is quite sufficient. Permit me to apologize for disturbing you, and to assure you of my eternal gratitude."

"You're quite welcome, count," said Nugent. "I can only repeat that I haven't the remotest idea where the princess is, and my profound conviction that she is not with the marchioness."

"A thousand thanks, my lord. Good-night, or, rather, good-morning, for I see the dawn is at hand."

And, with his most finished bow, he walked out.

Almost before the hall door had closed Hal was out from behind the curtain, all aflame with passion.

"Oh, Nugent, I'm on fire! To hear the old scoundrel talk in that cold blood of hunting her down, and not being able to knock her life out of his varnished old body!"

"Steady!" exclaimed Nugent. "He'll hear you, and be back to put a bullet through your unvarnished body! And so, that is your little game, Master Hal!"

"Oh, Hal!" groaned Bell. "Oh, Hal! you did think I was going to leave her to the mercy of that heartless old wretch?"

"Do you know that he meant to carry her off to Russia to-day?"

"And, instead, you have carried her—where?" said Nugent.

"Look here, Nugent, and you, Bell," he said, wiping the perspiration from his face, "there's no time to tell you all about it; the princess isn't five-and-twenty miles from here, and if he gets scent of her whereabouts, you are lost."

"What! and you left her alone?" exclaimed Nugent.

"It is likely?" retorted Hal. "No, Jeanne is with her."

"And Vane, too?" exclaimed Nugent, sinking into a chair, laughing with relief.

The Best of People Make mistakes unintentionally, but no one ever made a mistake in buying

Blue Ribbon

TEA. The tea that is used as well as talked about. Only one best tea—BLUE RIBBON.

followed at a safe and discreet distance, but quite near enough to keep his quarry within sight and sound.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"Veronika! Veronika!" Roused by Jeanne's voice, Veronika awakens to find the sun stealing through the lattice window and falling on Jeanne's face.

"Where am I—oh, Jeanne! Yes—yes, I remember; and I have been asleep!" "Like a child, dear!" says Jeanne, and she stoops to kiss her.

"The face was pale, and wistful, and, as Veronika had often seen it, last night; now it is alight with a strange, vivid happiness, and blushes—actually blushes—as she evades Veronika's questioning gaze."

"Are you—awake—quite awake?" says Jeanne. "Yes, dear Jeanne! And you—you have been asleep! How well you look—and—different somehow! Ah, you have some good news!"

"Of Hal! No, not yet," says Jeanne; "but—Vane, my husband—how she slings on that sweet title!" "My husband is here."

"The marquis?" says Veronika, rather alarmed. "Yes; don't be frightened dear," says Jeanne, smiling; "he is, and always will be, your friend. Come, be quick and dress, and I will go and see to the breakfast. There is no fear now, that Vane is here."

AGONIZING NEURALGIA

Due to Poor Weak Blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Will Insure a Cure.

Neuralgia is the surest sign that your whole system is weak and unstrung. Those sharp, stabbing pains are caused by your jangled nerves.

But your nerves need not be jangled if your blood is pure and strong. You can't cure neuralgia by liniments or hot applications. They may relieve for a moment—but they can't possibly cure. You can never cure neuralgia until you enrich your blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood. They soothe the nerves and strengthen the whole system. They strike right at the cause of agonizing neuralgia.

Mr. John M. Bennett, Brockville, Ont., says: "As the result of a wetting, I was seized with pains in all parts of my body. I consulted a doctor, who told me the trouble was neuralgia. He treated me for some time, but did not help me. I had often read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try them. By the time I had taken three boxes, there was a good improvement in my case, and after I had taken ten boxes, every ache and pain had disappeared, I had gained weight and felt better in every way. I shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

When the blood is poor, the nerves are starved; then comes neuralgia, or locomotor ataxia. All these troubles are cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they actually make the starved nerves and send health to every part of the body.

But you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, write the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. If you are ailing, try them today.

DO YOU NEED A PUSH? This Little Boy Not Only Needed It, But Got It.

"When I was a little fellow I was inclined to wait to be coaxed," relates a learned and successful man in an exchange. "I remember sitting beside the brook one day while the other children were building a dam. They were wading, carrying stones splashing the mud and shouting orders, but none of them paying any attention to me. I began to feel abused and lonely, and was blubbering over my neglected condition when Aunt Sally came down the road.

Bacon Hog Production

The bacon trade of Canada is continuing to improve, it is necessary that hog raisers adhere to the class of animals most suited to the requirements of the British market.

In the production of hogs of the large type, Canada cannot compete successfully with the United States, a visit to Chicago Stock Yards and to western cattle feeding centers afford ample evidence of this.

"How about your 92 years?" I asked, smiling. "I never look at them," he said good-naturally.

As a contractor for public works he was still at that period personally superintending his workmen.

One of my friends, a most distinguished Englishman, M. W., who is spite of his 97 years, I am careful not to call an old man, leads as active a life as if he were no more than 30.

"Don't you rely on that," said M. W., smiling. "I have plenty of time before me, and I may yet come into competition with you."

As a matter of fact, in the following year M. W. renewed the lease of his London house for 99 years.

Mrs. Margaret Neave, who died in 1904 in the island of Guernsey, at her estate Rouge Hyshe at the age of 111, was no means cut off, up to the end of her days, from the outside world.

Mme. Viardot, the great friend of Turgeneff, in spite of her advanced age, continued to give singing lessons. To her active life and to the absence of all depressing suggestions she owes her youthfulness of spirit which makes her one of the most agreeable talkers in Paris.

Such also was the case with the beautiful Mme. Serivaneck, the glorious rival of Dejazet, whom I saw, toward the year 1900, giving lessons and private tutoring, at the age of about 80.

We ought to take a flying view in memory of the celebrated man who, as notagenarians and centenarians, have lived distinguished themselves by their untiring activity and their faith in their youth. What we think over their cases we realize that it was the suggestion of force the innate conviction that resistance is possible, together with the absence of depressing ideas, which chiefly contributed to the preservation of their health and their prolonged life.

What, for instance, can be more painful to almost all mortals than the mere thought of inevitable old age? Nearly as many years have been shed over this necessity as over that of death. For those, alas, who tremble at the dark, are quick to perceive its terrors and yet still hold a Gage, so ill-spoken and so feared, contains within it unsuspected delights. Everything depends on the angle at which we take up our position for observing and studying it. The author of the Epistles to Lucilius (XII) goes into ecstasies over its charms. "Apples are not good," he tells us, "until they are beginning to go. The beauty of children appears towards the end. Those who love wine take the greatest pleasure in the last draught they drink. All that is most exquisite in man's pleasures is reserved for the end."

Reman also ("Discourse de reception à l'Académie") discovered an attractive canvas on which to paint old age, so abhorred of all: "Charming age," he says, "that of the Ecclesiast, the most appropriate to serene gaiety, when one begins to see, after a laborious day's work, that all is vanity, but also that a number of vain things are worth tasting at leisure."

What a fragrant bouquet of delicious and fortifying herbs might be culled from the delicate thinkers who have meditated long on old age. Try to train yourself in it, and you will taste, little by little, under their influence, the charm of quiet, in the place of the worries of fear. Yet, bad suggestions come to us from all sides. We think too much of the diseases of our organs, of the using up of our tissue and of fatal decrepitude. We distrust our physical and intellectual forces, our memory, our conversational gifts and powers of work. For enemies to our happiness are in wait for us everywhere. The necessity for keeping them out by good suggestions, and above all by deliberate auto-suggestion, thus becomes most obvious.—Contemporary Review.

Literal Application. (Philadelphia, Pa.) "Time is money, young man. That so? Well, I've a bunch of time on hand I'd like you to break into small bills."

The Life of Centenarians

On the closer study of the life of centenarians, we perceive how an optimistic belief in their strength has helped them to bear the weight of their years. Baron Waldock, who died in Paris in 1875, at the age of 109, never ceased to entertain the "suggestion" that he had still long to live. At the age of 102 he undertook for the firm of Didot, so Pierre Giffard, his biographer, affirms, a three volume encyclopedia, treating of archeology. Consumed with his idea that the Egyptian civilization descended in a direct line from the Mexican, he extracted from his ardent work reasons for going on living. Born under Louis XV, and having travelled at the time of La Perouse, this man breakfasted with Laharpe and the Abbe Wellille, counted Camille Desmoulins among his friends, knew Bonaparte as a sub orderly-officer in Egypt and Thiers as a drawing-master, was present at a series of revolutions, and passed away under MacMahon, almost in the plenitude of his intellectual forces.

M. Rigaud, the senior mayor of France, whom I met during the Exposition of 1900, told me that at the age of 92 he was in the habit of rising four in the morning and immediately beginning work, after rubbing himself with cold water.

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