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How it happens that she is alone with him here, Jeanne could not explain. The new moon has drawn her to the terrace, and she has drawn Clarence. * "Bother het incide" he area "Shell

CHAPTER XXIII.

"The new moon has drawn her to the terrace, and she has drawn Clarence. " "Rather hot, inside," he says. "Shall I get you a shawl, Lady Ferndale?" Jeanne shakes her head. "I never catch cold," she says. "No, I remember," he says; "you are used to the open air. Does your brother sail the Nancy Bell nous? How longhy he

sail the Nancy Bell now? How lonely he

Jeanne's eyes grew tender. If Clarence had ransacked the wide world for a' more engaging sub-ject, he would not have found one. "He is not at home," she says, with a little sigh. "He is at Baden."

"Baden, is he?" says Clarence. "I've a brother there. I wonder whether he knows him? I'll write to him and ask him to look your brother up; he might be of some use, as Hal is fresh to the

place." Jeanne looks around gratefully.

"Thank you, very much," she says; then, as if asking to herself: "Dear old Hal, it seems so long since I saw him-

Hal, it seems so long since I saw him-so long!"
"You haven't been home, then?" Clar-ence ventures, timidly. "No," says Jeanne, quietly, thinking of the reason. She has not been home because she dares not face Aunt Jean's keen, loving coccasional call of a bird to its mate dares not face Aunt Jean's keen, loving eyes; because she is afraid that those eyes will read through her mask, and eyes; because she is afraid that those eyes will read through her mask, and discover the secret of her unhappiness. No, she has not been home, she says. All this sounds like noise; but it is by and sighs unconsciously as she adds, No, she has not been home, she says, and sighs unconsciously as she adds, silence. Suddenly, and yet slowly, a human

usingly: "I wonder how Regis looks? How long seems since I saw the seal?" "Look!" says Clarence, with engerness, hd he points to a line of lightswhich has iddenly become defined in the distance "What is that?" asks Jeanne. "The seal?" he saw a polyce and the purpoint of stern fact, the human figure, as it appears in modern civilized life, does not improve scenery. From the purpoint of "Look!" says Clarence, with eagerness, and he points to a line of light which has

"What is that?" asks Jeanne. "The sea!" he says, as pleased as if it Jeanne's face flushed. "Beelly" to bim. belonged to him Jeanne's face

"Really?" she asks, breathless with de-light. "I did not know we were so

near." I du not know we're so near." "Quite near." he says. "I'm almost glad you didn't, or I should have lost the pieasure of showing you. And I may show you, may I not?" Jeanue dees not hear the question, and he goes on: "I-I generally run down before breakfast. There's a near way through the woods; you couldn't find it alone. May I show you?"

Charence's face falls. "Ah, yes," he says, trying to speak cheerfully, "I thought you would like to see it to-morrow morning, as soon as foossible." to see it to morrow morning, as soon as possible." But Jeanne does not hear him: all her eyes are for the line of shimmering, sil-ver light. Suddenly a sound makes her start. It is Vane's voice. "Let us go back," sne says, in a very low voice. As they enter the drawing-room, there is a profound silence, and every eye is furned on them. Vane standing, almost lounging against the piano, hears the rustle of the dress, and looks, too, just as Clarence goes down on one knee to pick up the flower which she has drop-ped. Leanne stands unright as an every with that neculiar national as ne duffing the sumset and come recognize an old friend; is solar the bays should grow is one of nature's by-laws; and either one of nature's by-laws; and either one of nature's by-laws; and either owing to the fact that the Bertrams are a tall race, or the other fact that Hal is particularly strong and healthy. Hal had grown exceedingly tall, and looks in the sunset almost a man. It is only when one hears him laugh—which he couldand to now with all these trout about for the world!—that the fact of his extreme youthfulness becomes pat-ient. Looking at him, one is reminded of two things—that few countries can turn out a better sample of a young man than the English, and that this particular sample is a remarkably good one. recognize an old friend; the line. "Stop! wait!" cries Hal, in alarm. "Don't pull at it-you'll fix it firmer. By George!" And, with a troubled face, he drops the rod and takes hold of her arm. "Is it fixed so tight?" she says, quiet-ly. "Can I pull it out?" y. "Can I pull it out?" And she gives the line a little jerk, and utters a low exclamation of pain. "Stop!-stop!" says Hal, holding her band. "You mustn't pull it!" band. "It's gone right through the sleeve of my dress and into my arm," she says, with a naive smile. "Now I can under-stand. I'm a very big fish you've caught, am I not?" pea. Jeanne stands upright as an arrow, with a faint flush of color on her face, and a sudden light in her eyes. But they are not called there by the fact that all eyes are turned to her fact that the fact that the fact that the fact the fa And she laughs. But Hal utterly refuses to be merry; he knows how much easier it is to ge alone, Hal whips the stream, casting the dainty bait in shallows and depths, and wiping the perspiration from his tanned face with his disengaged hand, never a trout-hook, small as it is, into the fleshy part of the arm, than it is to get it out; and he looks grave as a that all eyes are turned on her and Clarce ve, but by the sight of Lady Lu-celle looking up with half-closed eyes at Vane, as she plays for him the acjudge. Taking out his penknife, he cuts the line, then hesitates—he doesn't like as it rushes merrily by him. Every now and then, late as the seato pull up the sleave. Guessing at what he wants, she pulls it up for him, and reveals a round, white at Vane, as she plays for him the ac-companiment to the song, which was the first she had heard him sing. He has not sung since her marriage, and yet he sings for Lady Lucelle, and chooses this song. A sudden pang shoots through A sudden pang shoots through arm, in which lies the small hook, which has already drawn a drop of red blood. Blushing, Hal takes the arm—how soft and warm and smooth it feels in his brown paw—and feels the treacherous bit of teal. Jeanne's young heart. It is searcely jealously—rather wounded love. With a sudden, swift smile, that sends "not so had for Germany. Let's have another throw." Slowly but steadily he works his way. "I'm-I'm afraid it hurts you," he the blood to Clarence's face, she says: "May I change my mind? I would like to go down to the beach to-morrow if says, himself terribly afraid to touch it. "No, not much." she says, smiling. "What a wicked little thing it is! Why Two, three, four restless pieces of wet silver kick and flounder beside the first; and Hal, growing excited, strides from boulder to boulder, oblivious of time or you will show me the way." Clarence inclines his head, scarcely trusting himself to speak. "At what time?" he asks under his moustache. "Is nine too early?" "Nine!" says Jeanne, and she moves way as Lady Lucelle, the song being proded and Lucelle, the song being way as Lady Lucelle, the song being on't you pull it out?" Hal shakes his head. "I can't get a hook out by pulling it -at least, I never did. It would hurt ou awfully. Confound the beastly thing "But I can't go home with a hook in ders grow less frequent, and the water deeper. He is about to turn and reaway as Lady Lucelle, the song being ended, amid a loud, buzz of eager ad-miration, comes up to her. "Is not the Marquis good-natured, Lady Ferndale? So soon after dinner. Do you know the song? It is a great favorite! We heard it when we were in Naples-tid we not. Lord Ferndale?" Jeanne, hiding the quiver of her sen-ty, but the words have struck home to her innermost soul. The song which he had sung to her in my arm-like a fish," she says, laugh-ing. "You will have to pull it out, or ing. out me in your basket.' Hal's face turns flame-like. Put her n his basket. Ah, if he only could. "Is there any way of getting it out?" she asks, naively "Only by cutting," says Hal, reluct-She gave a little shudder. "I can't bear a knife," she says. "Will it make much of a cut?" "No," says Hal, slowly, "only just by but the words have struck home to her innermost soul. The song which he had sung to her in the old house. How often had he sung it with this blue-eyed, golden-haired wo-man, and why did she flaunt it in his with's eyes? She is still asking the question when Yane comes up and leans over her chair. He is about to speak, when she holds we her had have struck home to man, and why did she flaunt it in his with's eyes? there where the barb is. Not much," but while he says it he feels as if he would rather ent his own leg off than touch that white arm with his knife. "Well, then, you must do it," she says, n her soft, musical English. "Wait thile I shut my eyes." Hal takes up his penknife, and, men-ally confounding his trembling hand, makes the necessary incision. It is mere-Wate comes up and leans over her chair. "Will you play. Jeanne?" he asks, in the low, constrained voice in which he has always addressed her. "The coun-tes has sent me to ask you." makes the necessary incision. It is mere-a pin's scratch, but as he performs the building is 40,000,000 francs. "ray excuse me!" says Jeanne; and, to his fish, and, perhaps, not unmindful

that he is being watched, plays his vic-tim with all the skill he knows, and lands him, literally at her feet. With a muttered apology he secures the jumping, kieking prey, and puts his that, bushing like—like a boy. "Tm—I'm very sorry," he says. "I hope I haven't hurt you; very clumsy and awfully stupid, but I was looking at the fish—"" "Yes; lookt" says Hal, and he holds out the fatal hook.

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and awinity stupid, but I was looking at the fish....." He stops short for lack of words, and stares as her in his old way. Hal is not a lady's man, and the ef-fect of beauty upon him is to make him as speechless as an oyster, and apparent-ty as chund ly as stupid. And the face that looks up to him is

beautiful enough to strike an older tongue dumb, and bring about a fit of hyness to a more mature nature than

"I'm afraid," he says, looking down at her dress, "that I've torn your frock. If it hadn't been for this confounded trout I should have seen you-and----

trout I should have seen you-and —..." She looks up, striking him silent again. "It does not matter—no, not in the slightest," she says, in very good Eng-lish, but with an accent that serves to intensify the music. "I am very glad you have caught your fish." "And I am very sorry I ever hooked him," says Hal, "if I've spoiled your dress.

Thin, says hat, "I ive sponed your dress. She laughs, and just touches her torm skirt, with a good natured contempt, "It matters not-not in the slightest," she repeats. "How he did jump! Have you got any more of them?" Hal goes down on his knees and opens his backet. On the right a rising line of mountain his basket.

"Five," he says. And she bends forward and peeps in

On the right a rising line of mountain —green, purple and crimson in the rays of the setting sun; on the left the fringe of pines, which stand as outposts of the deep, dark, shadowy wood. Above, a blue sky, fleeked here and there with fleecy clouds; below, an undulating val-ley, broken by rocky little ravines, through which runs a noisy, silvery stream. Altogether, as sweet and ro-mantic a bit of scenery as painter ever tried to depict or poet to describe—and failed. So quiet is this secluded spot that one might fancy oneself in one of the valleys of Herefordshire; but this is not England—it is Germany; the fringe of firs in the beginning of the Black Forest, and the tinkle of the vesper bell comes from the village of Forbach, which lies hidden by the valley's curve. It is September—in fact it is the week of the marquis' and marchioness' visit to Charlie Nugent's, and it is as hot here And she bends forward and peeps in curiously, extending a finger and touch-ing one of the trout, with a little, musi-cal laugh. "What pretty fellows," she says; "and you caught them all? I watched you coming around the valley, and wondered what you were doing. Is that little fly what you caught them with?" "Yes," says Hal, and he places the fly in her hand, his shyness vanishing slow-ly under the charm of her frankness. "What a little thing to catch so large a fish!"

a fish! Hal laughs. "Here are some more!" he says, and opens his flybook. As she takes it in her hand, Hal

notices for the first time in his life how white and small it is. And she, if the truth must be told, wonders as much at he brownness of his; from his hand to

the brownness of his; from his hand to his face is no great distance—indeed, it is very near her own as they both bend over the flybook—and she looks up, wondering again at the deep tan which extends from ear to ear, forehead to chin. Quite unconscious of her gaze, Hal turns over the leaves of his book— dearer to him, alas! than any volume ever printed—and points out the various files

"Ah!" she says "is is interesting, this fishing. Will you not go and catch some more?"

"Yes," he says. "I'll go now." "But not far, please," she says, with a naivete which is irresistible. "I

"But not far, please," she says, with a naivete which is irresistible. "I should like to see you catch another." "All right!" says Hal, immensely re-lieved, and, adjusting his line, he goes a little distance and begins again. The girl holds her hands around her knees, and watches him under her broad, tilted hat, watches him with the pleased interest of a child and yet with a cer-But though this human biped in the interest of a child, and yet with a cer-tain gravity which does not properly pertain to her years. Hal goes on step by step, and is almost on the way of forgetting his companion, when suddenly he hears a cry of pain, and feels his line caught—both at the same moment. He turns quickly, and sees the girl standing a few yards behind him, holding her hand to her arm, in which the hook has caught. nterest of a child, and yet with a cer-

PRIMEA

"That is well," she says, pulling down her sleeve, but still rubbing her arm. "Then I needn't say anything about it. The senora would make so much-fuss-

The senora would make so much-fuss-and compel me to ge about like a crip-ple if I did," and she laughs. "Well, are you going to catch any more fish?" "No," says Hal, with rather a rueful laugh; "I'we caught quite enough to-day. I'm very sorry." "It was all my fault," she says, most affably. "I ought not to have got behind you. I shall know better another time. Besides, it might have been worse. It might have caught in my eye, you

Inshing. With you have a fair trial, prac-some more?" Juns seems so remarkably like "You may go now," that Hal jumps to his feet and catches up his basket with a feet and catches up his basket with a

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> May I show you?" Jeanne rouses, and is about to say "Yes" with alacrity, as she would have done in the old days, but suddenly re-members that she is no longer Jeanne Bortram, but the Marchioness of Fern-dale. "Thanks," she says, "I need not trouble you. I dare say some of them "Oh!" says Hal, with dismay. "Why, "Oh!" says Hal, with dismay. """, I had no idea you were so near." "I came up to see you catch a fish," she says, with a little smile, "and see! I am caught myself." And she laughs, as she tries to free the line."

Social Life of Cuba's Capital. Its Picturesque Functions and Amenitics.

CHICH WARD

She slowly opens her eyes, and lan-guidly looks first at the hook, and then at her arm. "What a little thing to cause so much fuss; isn't that the right word?" Hal nods, and is about to viciously pitch the hook into the stream, but, sud-denly changing his mind, puts it into his pocket. "No, not much," she says. "It isn't poisoned, is it?" "No," says Hal, starting up at such an unsportsman-like idea. "Poisoned! No! If it doesn't hurt you now, it won't afterward." (New York Herald.) Much has been written about the pictra-esqueness of Cuba's capital, its climate, its attractions as a winter resort, but little has been said about its social life, and that is rather an important feature in a city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhab-troduction, see nothing of the social life an unsportsman-like idea. "Poisoned! No! If it doesn't hurt you now, it won't afterward." bers of Havana's best society. In New York would a foreigner be apt to meet the best people while climbing the Statue of Liberty or in a hasty visit to the City Hall, the

ty or in a hasty visit to the City Hall, the Stock)Exchange or various amusement halls which strangers in town are wont to fre-quent? Then neither can the sightseer in Havana expect to run across the carefully guarded Cuban beauties in his pilgrimage through the old and interesting parts of the city.

But if he comes with a letter of introduc

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guiro. The Cuban is proverbially courteous. He places his home and all it contains at your disposal.