CEYLON TEA can now be had everywhere and within the reach of every person as it can be purchased in Gold Label at 60c per lb., Red Label at 50c, Blue Label at 40c, Green Label at 30c, and Brown Label at 25c per lb., all equally pure tea, but of course, the cheaper grades are not as fine flavored, not being grown at as high an elevation as the expensive teas, The latter are produced at an elevation of 6,000 feet above the sea level.

trol himself.

"All these months past I have been struggling with my love, sometimes flatering myself that I had crushed it under loot; but when you speak it always trises again, and ever masters me. I shing it was the knowledge that you were not happy—that he was cold and unkind to you—"

"All' somes struggling through Jeanne's parted lips.

"Sometimes I have felt that I could by him dead at my feet; but my scorn love."

"aright, if I know him aright, they, too, have fled. Lucelle will not have left his opportunity slip—an opportunity she has been waiting for. Do you not understand?"

Jeanne's face, white as death, confronts him inquiringly.

"Have you been as blind to her passion as you have been to mine? Heaven help us both! It is my turn to pity, Jeanne. Vane loves Lucelle as I love you!"

"Sometimes I have felt that I could hay him dead at my feet; but my scorn for the creature who could be cold to rou saved him; I pitied him, Jeanne! But now I know that his heartless con-But now I know that his heartless conluct has driven you from him, hate him,
hough he has driven you to me! Ah,
Jeanne, when I heard that you had gone
without a word, without a sign, I knew
—I knew that I had been right to wait patiently, and that the hour of my re-ward had come; and see, Jeanne, my love, my goddess, I am here at your feet!" and he kneels and clasps her which, unless you have been dear and blind to your own welfare, must—must have told their own story. Jeanne, reflect; there is still time. Snap the chain which binds you to a man who has treated you with studied coldness,

White and horrified. Jeanne looks down at him, struggling for the power of speech. She has not struggled to sown at him, struggling for the power of speech. She has not struggled to thrust him from her, not to shrink away from him. She feels rooted to the spot, fascinated by the working, right at face upturned to her, with such an agony of appeal and prayer. At last her voice somes, hearse and broken:

The work of the power of speech and the streated you with studied counters, and who has, by this time, seized the opportunity of setting another woman in your place; one word, Jeanne, and I am yours, as completely your slave as I not leave me and such love as mine for a man who does not, and never has loved your place; one word, Jeanne, and I am yours, as completely your slave as I not leave me and such love as mine for a man who does not, and never has loved your place; one word, Jeanne, and I am yours, as completely your slave as I not leave me and such love as mine for a man who does not, and never has loved. pot, fascinated by the such an agony face upturned to her, with such an agony of appeal and prayer. At last her voice somes, hoarse and broken:

"Are—are you mad?" she says, biting "Are—are you mad?" she says, biting word, and all your cruel ones are forgotten. Jeanne," and he kneels again to

her lips.

He smiles.

"Sometimes I think I am, Jeanne," he says. "But why need you be so fearful?

There is no danger. The hour has there is no danger. The hour has the says." I can speak out. To-morrow "Arise," she says, coldly, as if he were day who had exhausted her father your day who had exhausted her father your says.

some when I can speak out. To-morrow we shall be miles away; Spain, Italy, where you will; any place on the earth will be heaven cnough for me, if you are by my side."

"Oh, Heaven!" gasps Jeanne. Then, with an effort, she tears her arm from his clasp, and, bounding away from him, draws herself up to her full height. With a glance of doubt, with a sudden inward gathering of alarm, he looks up at her.

"Jeanne!"

"Silence!" she gasps. "How dare you "Arise," she says, coldly, as if he were some dog who had exhausted her patience. "You are mad, indeed; and if you were not, if all you had said were true, listen to the last words you will ever hear from my lips, Lord Lane. I would raduce, living in his hourly scorn and contempt. cowering beneath his actual cruelty, dying for one word of kindness from him, than breathe the air you breathe. Go!"

He arises—staggers, rather—to his feet, and stands before her, with the face

"Jeanne!" she gasps. "How dare you speak to me as you have done, unless you are mad! How dare you follow and insult me! Rise—no, stand back! One other such speech, one step toward me, other such speech, one step toward me, other such speech, one step toward me, other such speech speech such speech speech speech such speech other such speech, one step toward me, and I call for help. I am not alone and unprotected, as you decined, you coward. Coward!"

hoarsely,

"I love him, and I loathe you!' she says. "Go!"

Without another word he stoops and picks up his hat and like a man picks up his hat a man picks up his hat a man picks up his hi

As if she had struck him, Clarence rises and staggers away from her, a deathly pullor spreading slowly over his face.

"Coward!" he echoes, wildly.

"Yes, coward!" repeats Jeanne, passionately, her face and eyes ablaze, "Would any but the basest coward that ever drew breath follow a woman and insult her, as you have insulted me! You love me. You are incapable of love. Men love me. You are incapable of love. Men love, not reptiles that creep and crawl choose the moment when they deem his head and stands in the cool breeze, mochoose the moment when they dear the wife alone and helpless, to follow and insult her! You love!! You dare tell me that, and pretend that I knew it—me that, and pretend that I knew it—ward glance, makes for the wood. He has almost reached it, has almost me that, and pretend that I knew it-knew it months ago! So you think that I would have lived an hour in the same air you breathed, if I had known. air you breathed, if I had air you breathed, if I had known, guessed, dreamed of it! Love you! I loathe you! I detest! I scorn you!"
Breathless, panting, she confronts him, one hand extended as if to cover him

with the scorn and contempt which ring in her tones and flash in her eyes. Clarence leans against the balcony, his eyes fixed on hers, his lips moving for a eves fixed on liers, in siparage moment in silence; then he stands upright, one hand grasping the rail of the balcony, the other wiping the cold sweat

balcony, the other wiping the cold sweat from his face, "I must be mad," he utters, looking "I must be mad," he utters, looking at her vacantly—"mad! You loathe me!"
"I loathe you! Oh, do not think I fear you"—for, with a start, he has made a movement toward her. "Keep away from me, or I call witnesses to your discomfiture and disgrace."

And she half turns to the door. With a half gesture of despair and weakness, he holds up his warning hand. "Stop!" he says, "there is no need. I

the coward you deem me, "I am the Marchioness of Ferndale Lord Lane," says Jeanne, erect and

I am no coward, save in my love for

"I am no coward, save in my love for you," he says, hoarsely, slowly, as if every word cost him a physical effort; "and though I was mad, you have brought me to my senses. There has been some mistake, some cursed mistake!" he groans, looking at her remorsefuly. "Why have you fled from the castle—why are you here alone?"

"I have not fled from my home, Lord Lane—I am not alone,' says Jeanne. "But I deny your right to ask any such questions of me, and I refuse to answer any. If you have one spark of manliness left in you, you will rid yourself of presence. Go!" been some mistake, some cursed mistake!" he groans, looking at her remorsefuly. "Why have you fled from the castle—why are you here alone?"
"I have not fled from my home, Lord Lane—I am not alone, says Jeanne. But I deny your right to ask any such juestions of me, and I refuse to answer inv. If you have one spark of manifers left in you, you will rid yourself of presence. Got"

And she extends her hand with the resture of an empress denouncing a ge."

"Choose your weapon. Let these be as words between us."
"As you will," says Clarence.
And he takes the rapier nearest to him. Vane takes the other, and they fall into position; then Clarence dropping the point of his sword, says quietly:
"You know. Lord Ferndale, that I am counted rather good at this game. This is no time for mock modesty. Next to my content I am the best swordsman in England. I would not take an advantage."

gesture of an empress denouncing a slave.

"Yes," he says, moistening his lips,
"I will go; yhy should I not? And yet,
I would wait, if, by remaining, I could see you happy; for I love you, Jeanne, say what you will, overwhelm me as you may with hard and cruel words. I will go because I could not bear to stay and see you weekly not bear to stay and seekly not be seekly not be called a coward twice to-night, Lord Lane?" he says.

"Enough, says Clarence, a red flush coming like a stain across his white face." may with hard and cruel words. I will
go because I could not bear to stay and
see you wretched. Jeanne, consider!
there is yet time. I—I must tell your to shadow. Vane has that disadvantage, as
for what reason you have left your home
and the protection of your husband, I
cannot conjecture, I do not know, but I
know that you cannot return or if you
should do so, you will find your place
the inferior swordsman; but cold and
composed he handles his weapon, and
know that you cannot return or if you
should do so, you will find your place
the inferior swordsman; but cold and
composed he handles his weapon, and
keeps a wary eye fixed on his opponent.
The control of the control of

a smooth rustle, Both men have removed their coats and waistcoats, and the upper part of their bodies stand out whitely against the darkness; Clarence has also bared his sword arm.

With every nerve strained to its utmost tension, they fight; making and guarding the deadly thrusts, jealously watching for an opportunity.

Cool as his opponent, the man he had so madly striven to wrong, Clarence his excitement and emotion have weakened him, and he finds Vane's strong, steel-like wrist too powerful for him. Suddenly he quickens his tierce, and, working a feint, slips the cruel steel over Vane's guard, cutting a long clean slit across his shoulder. Instantly the blood springs out, and shows redly through it. springs out, and shows redly through the white shirt, and Clarence lowers his

"You are wounded," he says, "it is en-Vane's face lights up up.

Vane's face lights up up.

"Coward," he exclaims.

The next instant Clarence raises his sword, and renews the attack; but his coolness has gone; white with passion, his face is set, his eyes ablaze; with a muttered oath, he thrusts madly, and again the blood springs from a touch on Vane's arm. But neither pause, and next instant, as it seems, Clarence's sword falls from his hand, wrung from his grasp by a turn of Vane's supple wrist.

With a sudden, long breath, Vane points his sword at his opponent's heart. Clarence knows the movement too well, and folds his arms; the sharp point touches, cuts, even his shirt above his heart, and before him stands Vane, like death itself.

Vane's hand trembles, hesitates half a second at the fatal thrust, half a second at the fatal thrust, then drops, and Clarence is spared. With folded arms Clarence stares as if he could not credit his senses; with point lower, Vane looks sternly and silently at him. Then he throws his sword from him, and slowly buttons his wristbands. Clarence starts, as if from a dream, and stoops instinctively for his sword, at the same without it.

"You—you—despise your advantage." for you!"
"You lie, Lord Lane!" is all she says.
He starts and bites his lips to con-

trol himself.
"No," he says, "as Heaven is my witness, it is the truth. Think—go over the past few months—remember! With whom has Vane spent all his time—re-

"You—you—despise your advantage?" he says, hoarsely. call the words, the looks that have passed between them-words and glances which, unless you have been deaf and "I spare your life, yes," says Vane,
"as you would not have spared my hon-

Clarence trembles and his face works. "Vane—" he says, brokenly.
"Silence," says Vane. "Let there be no words between us. You can tell me n ing that I do not know. We part here. Lord Lane, forever."

Clarence's head droops.
"So be it," he says and he slowly puts on his coat and waistcoat.

Then he turns and looks at Vane with

"Vane," he says, "I-I have wronged

Then he goes down slowly, step by step.
Arrived at the bottom, he bows his

rot into the shadow when he feels a

hand upon his shoulder.

Mechanically he turns, and sees confronting him the stern face of Vane.

CHAPTER XLIII.

then stops.

As he stands looking up, it seems that the interval between this hour and the hour when he hid her in his arms—his wife—passed away like an intangible, troubled dream, the guif closes to yawn between them never again; all vanish like clouds before the sun—thedoubt, distrust, coldness, and despair. Between For a moment Lord Lane thinks it is vision of his distempered brain. "Vane!' he says.
With a gesture Vane silences him, and like clouds before the same therefore, distrust, coldness, and despair. Between him and the woman he loves so passionately—whom he adores now—lie only a few steps. So great, so deep is his emotion, that he almost dreads to traverse inting to the wood, motions him sterny to proceed.

Clarence obeys, and takes a few steps turns and faces him-calm, com-

posed, but with an ominous glitter in his eyes, and a threatening tightening of "You here, Vane," says Clarence. "How -how long—"

"Long enough to learn the extent of bowed on the white, strained hands, the

"Long enough to learn the extent of your villainy," says Vane.

Clarence throws back his head with a harsh sneer. All fear has left him now that ie is a man with whom he has to deal.
"You have heard all," he says. 'And af-

ter—what follows?"
"This," says Vane, and points to the

ter—what follows?"

"This," says Vane, and points to the case of rapiers which lies open a few yards from them.

Clarence nods and bites his lips.

"Good." he says. "You have heard all—all that has passed between Lady Ferndale and myselt?"

"Every word." says Vane, sternly.

"Choose your weapon. Let these be as words between us."

"As you will." says Clarence.
And he takes the rapier nearest to him.
Vane takes the other, and they fall into position; then Clarence dropping the point of his sword, says quietly:

"You know. Lord Ferndale, that I am counted rather good at this game. This is no time for mock modesty. Next to is no time for mock modesty. Next to cleaves through to his soul, then, with a lift him—one long, hungering look that at him—one long, hungering look that so cleaves through to his soul, then, with a little half-sob, half-soph, ha

asurped. By this time, if I know her cross and writhe against each other wath shirt, and goes to the washing-stand.

Quality Thy Name is

Blue Ribbon Tea is made faultlessly. That is why it has outdistanced all others on sales and satisfaction.

ONLY ONE BEST-BLUE RIBBON TEA.

Then springs up the woman, the wife, within her. With a low, inarticulate cry she stops him; with her own hand pours is out the water, and, shuddering, washes the slight cut.

"There, seel Look, darling!" he implores, laughing to reassure her. "Why, it is not so had as your finger—don't you remember? Look! a scratch. There, to bind that around it so, and so; and now it is all right. And, oh, Jeanne, I would have thought death too cheap a price to pay for this night's proof of your dear love! There, no more tears. Come to me, Jeanne, my wife!"

And slowly creeps up the dawn.

"While Vane and Jeanne were sitting side by side, heart to heart, making mutual confession and receiving mutual absolution—though, after all, there was not much said that night—a few words of learly Lucelle, and a few words on Jeanne's part explained her flight from the castle. It was good to see Vane start when Jeanne, pointing to the inner room, whispered that the Princess Verona was there; it was also good to see his look of astonishment and dismay, when Jeanne, bushing and confused, told that Hal had run away with the same princess.

Vane had been so engrossed by his own love trouble that he had had no eyes nor ears for anybody else's.

"And where is Hal now, darling?" he sked.

"Gone to fetch you," said Jeanne, bending her face against his.

(To be continued.)

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

A commig on I take a good dose of the sand, and then it stays away."

And then it stays away.

The cut Million and the sand her with the sand and the sand ar

the agitation that threatens to master She Should Carefully Guard the Health of Her Growing Daughter-Her Future

GREENHOUSE PROFITS.

Authoritative Statement Shows They

Greenhouse work, particularly when

confined to vegetable raising, is a good deal of a mystery to the uninitiated. The fancy prices which hot house fruits always bring naturally suggest large profits. The cost of maintaining a hot house, providing for its heating and care, consumes a large proportion of

the gross returns.

Just what can be accomplished with one or two crops which, however, are not the most profitable, has been dis-closed by the State Horticulturalist of

New Jersey. This authority vouches for the correctness of the figures given below. He places the cost of maintain-

averaging, say, 24 cents a pound.

Carrying the calculation through
this basis, shows a net profit for a ho

having 2,000 square feet of about \$428

per annum.
To secure this result many precautions have to be taken in the preparation of the bench soil, the maintenance

of a uniform temperature, the fumiga-tion of the house, the spraying of the vines, and rumerous other details repre-

senting labor and expense. Before the

houses are filled they are smoked with sulphur for two days to kill any spores

vious year. The benches are then filled that may have survived from the

with frozen earth to avoid the possibili-ty of root gall and to insure as far as possible the absence of obnoxious animal

are smoked with tobacco powder to kill whatever insects may be brought in

all the business is as hazardous as truck

ing, and, considering the investment, does not bring in the phenomenal re-

The plants that are to be set out

ese are all preventive measures,

through on

Are Not Phenomenal. (Philadelphia Record.)

d the agitation that threatens to master him.

"Wane," he says, "I—I have wronged you. As you say, no words can better it or make things even between us; but I or make things even between us; but I say no more but this—had she been happy, no word, no thought no blame. You have much to answer for. If e wind have wronged you!" Youne looks at him, and a spasm of pain passes over his face.

"Heaven forgive us both, as I forgive you; now go."

And without a word more, Clarence turns and is swallowed up by the darkness.

"Vane waits until his departing footsteps have died away, then goes hurriedly in the direction of the inn.

Having reached the steps of the balk disfigured it so long, goue, vanished, is the haggard, drawn look that has disfigured it so long, goue, vanished, is the cold, stern wrath which recently, crying for vengeance, distorted it half an hour since, and in their stead is the allows the face like to that which used to look so lovingly at the wild, light heart defend Jenne of the Nancy Bell.

At the foot of the steps he pauses, and, with lowered head, waits to still the tumultuous beating of his impatient heart. Speechlessly he looks up at the window where had stood his beautiful young wife, vindicating her hopor and repulsing so nobly, so bravely, the would have loved her to-night; judge.

She Should Carefully of the for with the of the Growing Daughter.—Her Future Happiness Depends Upon the Change from Girhood to Womanhood.

Every mother should watch with the greatest care the health of her growing daughter. She is a girl to-growing daughter. She is a girl to day—to-morrow a woman. The happy health of womanhood depends upon this vital change from graduaghter. She is a girl to-growing daughter. She leath of her growing daughter. She leath of her growing daughter. She land the growing daughter. She land the growing daughter. She land the growing daughter. She la

tempter.

If he had never cared for her, he would have loved her to-night; judge, then how impetuously burns the passionate adoration which has been so sternly kept under for many weary weeks and months.

As he stands looking up, it seems that the interval between this hour and the many death of the stands looking up it seems that the interval between this hour and the many death of the blood rich and pure and regular. They banish headaches and backaches, and they bring the rosy glow of perfect health to pale and sallow cheeks. But you must get the genuine with the for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medical productions and the plants and sallow cheeks.

says Clarence. "How cerr the extent of the steps of the s In three words-"delicate from birth" is expressed a world of anxieties suffered by mothers whose babies have had a bad start in life. For babies who are ailing, peevish, cross and unable to digest their food Baby's Own Tablets gest their tood Babys Own Tablets are invaluable: They act almost like magic, and change cross, peevish children into smiling, happy babies. Mrs. J. W. Munroe, Sintaluta, N. W. T., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for two years, and would not like to be without them. They have changed our weak, sackly baby into a fat, healthy httle girl. I can warmly recommend the Tab-lets to other mothers.' And mothers have a guarantee that the Tablets con-tain no poisonous "soothing" stuff, or harmful drug. They are absolutely safe and always do good. sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Molicine

As women lawyers are something of a nor-elty in the courts as yet and are subject to a good deal of prejudice, their ability as pleaders has not been teste. Give them time and they will "make good." And so with

*********** Chinese Wedding Reception

-----Comparatively few Europeans have had the opportunity of witnessing the pomp and circumstance which attend the wedding ceremonies of a wealthy Chinese gentleman, and therefore the invited guests at the wedding of the son of Lau Chu Pak participated in a unique festival and enjoyed an experience which was all the more interesting because of its rarity, says the Hong-kong Telegraph. The grounds were decorated for the occasion and the in-terior of Ardmore was lavishly embel-lished. In the early morning, from 7 till 10 a. m., Chinese friends of Mr. Lau Chu Pak called and offered their con-gratulations. From prop till A c'elect Chu Pak called and offered their congratulations. From moon till 4 o'cleck the Europeans were received and there was a very representative gathering of the civil service and government departments at Mr. Lau Chu Pak's residence.

Mr. Lau Chu Pak, attired in mandarin's dress with feather and crystal button presently received the guests as rin's dress with feather and crystal button, personally received the guests as
they arrived, and introduced them to his
son, Mr. Lau Wing Ching, the bridegroom elect, who also appeared in the
costume of an official, but was distinguished by the red scarf which was
crossed like a ribbon on his breast,
while his headgear was a fancy arrangement in scarlet.

The approach of visitors was herald-

while his headgear was a largy article.

The appreach of visitors was heralded by a fanfare of drums and Chinese horns which people, even those accustomed to the blazed of public opinion, wince in embarrassment. The musicians seemed to divine a guest, for almost before he appeared at the entrance to "Ardmore" they struck up the high and shrill sounds which set every one on the qui vive. Indeed one of the delights of the function was found in watching how different guests attempted to disguise their embarrassment when they found themselves suddenly on the stage, as it were. Before 1 o'clock the drawing room

were. Before I o'clock the drawing room was crowded with people, and the weather being beautiful, an adjournment was made to the garden, where seats and tables were laid out, and the health of the bride and bridegroom. toasted. Facing the garden were a num-ber of scrolls bearing Chinese characters all uniting in wishing the bridegroom good luck.

good luck.

In the drawing room the guests were introduced to Mrs. Lau and the ladies of the family. Mrs. Lau insisted that the male section should quaff a glass of wine with her in honor of her son's marriage, and there was a right royal response to the invitation. Indeed, nother than the entertain the sponse to the invitation. Indeed, nothing was left undone to entertain the European visitors, and it is safe to say that a good many of those present learned, for the first time, what Chinese hospitality really means, and how a Chinese gentleman does honor to his friends. There was an abundance of refreshments, and to show how the comfort of the visitors was considered it may be mentioned that there were two may be mentioned that there were two drawing rooms, one where the gentlemen could smoke at their case, and another, a beautifully decorated apartment, where the ladies assembled and chatted with the host and hostess.

The walls of the ladies' room hung with embroidered emblematical scenes. One banner, which a present to ing a green house 100 feet by 20 feet at about \$300 a year. When planted in tomatoes, the average marketable yield of fruit, based on an experience of some six years, has been about 32 ounces per souare foot. This fruit comthe bridegroom from the scolars of the Ellis Kadoorie School, of which Mr. Lau Chu Pak is president, bore a pictorial design of four generations of males. The of some six years, has been about 32 ounces per square foot. This fruit, coming on the market at a time when supplies cannot be brought from the south, and are not available from outdoor crops, brings a very good price, some of it higher, and some of it lower, but appears it say 24 central a record. design of four generations of males. The senior was represented holding a pome-granate, while behind the males was a Chinese lady, the whole scheme being an illustration of the bliss and happiness which attend a contented mind and a happy married life. The names of the donors of the banner were inscribed in

letters of gold.

Allegorical scenes, which appeal so strongly to the Chinese mind, were on every side, and many of the guests spent. every side, and many of the guests spend a profitable day in examining the de Chinese present, when they catering to the wants of the Europeans, were engaged in telling the stories which these allegories represented.

Many interesting incidents occurred

during the reception. At one stage three little girls mounted on white palfreys rode into the grounds of the house and presented gifts to the bridegroom. They ere ambassadors from the bride, who thus made propitiatory offerings to her future husband until the wedding ceremonies are completed, but this is very much a myth so far as the educated class in Honk-kong are concerned. In the course of the afternoon a goat

gaudily dressed with searlet ribbons was led out of the grounds and sent to the bride's house. The goat represented the bridegroom, which may seem funny from the Western point of view. It appears that in former days the bridegrooms are the contract of the property of the contract of th and after the vines have come into bearing they are subject to many dis-cases which require much manipulation and spraying to remedy. Taken all in appears that in former days the bride-groom was expected to go to the house of the bride in propria persona, but the duties of a bridegroom are so onerous and fatiguing that a substitute was found in the goat. Later in the day the bridegroom himself went to greet his bride, accompanied by an immense para-phernalia of ornamental sedan chairs,

Shortly before 4 o'clock the fireworks were set off, and the ears of those present were cracking with the Then the bridal procession was formed and paraded round the grounds so that the guests might inspect the varied ex-hibits.

This was only the first day of the This was only the first day of the marriage ceremonies. Mr. Lau 'Chu. Pak and his son had been busy receiving guests, running hither and thither in order that none might be overlocked, from 7 o'clock in the morning; it was a solution of the morning of the second of the morning of the second of the morning of the second of now 5 o'clock in the evening and they started on their travels to the bride's residence. There was a big dinner to attend in the evening, and there were

attend in the evening, and there were two more days of these restricties.

In the evening the majority of the guests who had been present in the afternoon sat down to a real Chinese dinner in one of the fashionable Chinese restaurants in the city. Everything that one has heard and read of as consisting Chinese fare was to be found. stituting Chinese fare was to be found on the menu.

"Did vou ever see such long gloves as that woman is wearing? Why, she buttons them from her wrist to her elbow."
"Ho, that's not much. Why my wife is her gloves from the front door to the theatre.