

IF YOU ENJOY A GOOD CUP OF TEA ASK YOUR GROCER FOR



Ceylon Tea. The tea of unrivaled flavor and purity. Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

LOVE AND A TITLE

"Hal," says Jeanne, interrupting him, with the first touch of severity he has ever seen in her face, "you have done wrong—very wrong! You have done more harm than you just now can realize. She must go back!"

"Never!" says Hal. "Then he tells her how the count has planned to carry her off to Russia."

"I shall think it all a dream—until Hal comes back," says Jeanne archly. With old-world politeness, the landlady and her daughter precede their guests up the low flight of stairs, and throw open the bedroom door.

Jeanne, Verona following, goes into the room opening onto the balcony. "I'll have this room," she says. "Let me stay with you," murmurs Verona; but Jeanne, who does not intend to sleep, and is anxious that Verona should, laughingly refuses.

"What, and break those good people's hearts by refusing to use the pretty room they got ready for you? See, we will have the door ajar, and to all intents it is one room. And don't be frightened if you awake and see me standing beside the bed, watching over you."

By a course of judicious soothing and loving banter, Jeanne at last gets her way, and Verona, worn out by excitement and emotion, lies fast asleep, and Jeanne, who has sat beside her until the dark eyes droop and close, arises and returns to her own room. Wearily she sinks onto a chair, and, pushing her hair from her forehead, tries to draw the tangled skein of the day's events into order. She herself can scarcely persuade herself that it is not a dream, and that she will not awaken presently to find herself back at the castle in her own room.

All is still within the house, so still that the rustle of leaves on the vine that climbs and covers the balcony pricks her ears like the distant swish of these as it flows softly at the foot of the cliffs.

"I shall see it soon, in a day or two," she thinks, and her head droops. What unutterable feelings she had left pride has dried up her tears, and keeps her heart sore and aching; but now, in this wayside inn, she can weep. Is it because she feels so lonely? Is it because distance, actual, tangible distance, is between her and the man she loves, making the girl which always stretched between them more distant and emphatic?

With a sudden effort she arises and goes to the window. It is her last night in Germany; and it is spent away from her home in a wayside inn. She smiles sadly.

"Will they have missed me?" she thinks. "No, they will think I have gone to my room, and Hal will be there and explain everything. If he had missed me, would he have cared? No, Vane's love has gone from me—gone forever."

Half mechanically she opens the window and steps out on the balcony. It is warm inside the house, and the night air blows cool and refreshing upon her hot brow.

"I wonder what time it is?" she thinks, and her hand goes to her watch pocket; but in her hurried departure Fleming had forgotten to give her a watch.

"Darkest before dawn, they say," she thinks, looking wistfully at the black ridge of hills which she can just see in the horizon. "It must be near dawn. My last night. Why does Vane go back so suddenly—so mysteriously? and why did he look and speak so sternly? What are they doing now? They have all gone to bed by this time, or nearly. Hal has reached the castle and is telling Vane that I am here—at Durbach. Will he be angry?"

Then her thoughts fly off to Verona. "Poor child—how little she makes of her danger. Wrapped in her love she gives scarcely a thought to the count. At this moment he may be on her track, and then what shall I do?"

Instinctively she goes back into the room. With a sigh, almost of envy, Jeanne sets down the light. Peaceful as a child's, the beautiful face lies upon the pillow, the lips half parted with a smile.

"Dreaming," says Jeanne, turning at the door and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—not so long ago—and have awakened. With another sigh she closes the door, and goes toward the balcony to shut the window. As she does so, as her hand is on the latch, she hears a faint sound in the distance. Then you can advise me what is best to be done."

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on.

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frightened myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart. Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know you dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy-go-lucky girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is no often my love as I—"

Speechless, smitten dumb with surprise (terror, horror, Jeanne does not speak until he unfolds the truth, and he goes on—sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with a lingering, imploring tenderness. (To be continued.)

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

ed breath, the sound develops into the thud—thud of a horse. Jeanne's color comes. "It is Hal. No. Too soon, unless he has turned back." Instinctively she thinks of the count, and glances toward the inner room. If it should be he, what should she do? While she is vainly trying to decide on some line of action, the sound suddenly ceases, and, with a sigh of relief, she closes the window.

"A few hours longer," she thinks, and the dawn will have broken. Hal and Vane will be here, and—here her anticipations cease; she is too tired to indulge in conjecture.

Suddenly there comes through the flutter of the leaves a repetition of the thud—thud, and this time more distinct. With a start Jeanne holds her breath, and listens, as before, until the sound dies away. But cannot rest inside the room, it seems like a veritable prison, hot, stifling and peopled with creatures of her over-strained imagination. At one moment rises before her the voice of the count, angry, accusing, demanding; at her hands the runaway Verona; at the next Vane, haggard and stern, appears to overwhelm her with passionate reproach and blame.

With a hot, uncertain hand she opens the window again, and over the balcony. But a sound reaches her ear, save the south of the wind among the leaves and the rustle of the vine at her feet.

There then falls upon Jeanne that vague, indefinite dread which all of us have felt at some time or other—a horror of the silence, a longing for some sharp and sudden sound, though it be the sound we are dreading to hear—anything to break the horrible tension of the overstrained nerves.

Restless, battling against this nameless terror Jeanne argues with herself. She is not alone, in the next room, not a dozen paces distant, lies Verona; the people of the house are close about her, and she darts to the table and gets a glass, kneeling at Jeanne's feet as she drinks it.

"You look tired, dear," she says. "I am rather," says Jeanne, suppressing a weary sigh; and she is, but not tired with her ride; "I think we had better get to bed, as you have to be up early to-morrow."

"When I awake in the morning," says Verona, with a little wistful smile, "I shall think it all a dream—until Hal comes back," says Jeanne archly.

With old-world politeness, the landlady and her daughter precede their guests up the low flight of stairs, and throw open the bedroom door.

Jeanne, Verona following, goes into the room opening onto the balcony. "I'll have this room," she says. "Let me stay with you," murmurs Verona; but Jeanne, who does not intend to sleep, and is anxious that Verona should, laughingly refuses.

"What, and break those good people's hearts by refusing to use the pretty room they got ready for you? See, we will have the door ajar, and to all intents it is one room. And don't be frightened if you awake and see me standing beside the bed, watching over you."

By a course of judicious soothing and loving banter, Jeanne at last gets her way, and Verona, worn out by excitement and emotion, lies fast asleep, and Jeanne, who has sat beside her until the dark eyes droop and close, arises and returns to her own room. Wearily she sinks onto a chair, and, pushing her hair from her forehead, tries to draw the tangled skein of the day's events into order. She herself can scarcely persuade herself that it is not a dream, and that she will not awaken presently to find herself back at the castle in her own room.

All is still within the house, so still that the rustle of leaves on the vine that climbs and covers the balcony pricks her ears like the distant swish of these as it flows softly at the foot of the cliffs.

"I shall see it soon, in a day or two," she thinks, and her head droops. What unutterable feelings she had left pride has dried up her tears, and keeps her heart sore and aching; but now, in this wayside inn, she can weep. Is it because she feels so lonely? Is it because distance, actual, tangible distance, is between her and the man she loves, making the girl which always stretched between them more distant and emphatic?

With a sudden effort she arises and goes to the window. It is her last night in Germany; and it is spent away from her home in a wayside inn. She smiles sadly.

"Will they have missed me?" she thinks. "No, they will think I have gone to my room, and Hal will be there and explain everything. If he had missed me, would he have cared? No, Vane's love has gone from me—gone forever."

Half mechanically she opens the window and steps out on the balcony. It is warm inside the house, and the night air blows cool and refreshing upon her hot brow.

"I wonder what time it is?" she thinks, and her hand goes to her watch pocket; but in her hurried departure Fleming had forgotten to give her a watch.

"Darkest before dawn, they say," she thinks, looking wistfully at the black ridge of hills which she can just see in the horizon. "It must be near dawn. My last night. Why does Vane go back so suddenly—so mysteriously? and why did he look and speak so sternly? What are they doing now? They have all gone to bed by this time, or nearly. Hal has reached the castle and is telling Vane that I am here—at Durbach. Will he be angry?"

Then her thoughts fly off to Verona. "Poor child—how little she makes of her danger. Wrapped in her love she gives scarcely a thought to the count. At this moment he may be on her track, and then what shall I do?"

Instinctively she goes back into the room. With a sigh, almost of envy, Jeanne sets down the light. Peaceful as a child's, the beautiful face lies upon the pillow, the lips half parted with a smile.

"Dreaming," says Jeanne, turning at the door and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—not so long ago—and have awakened. With another sigh she closes the door, and goes toward the balcony to shut the window. As she does so, as her hand is on the latch, she hears a faint sound in the distance. Then you can advise me what is best to be done."

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on.

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frightened myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart. Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know you dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy-go-lucky girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is no often my love as I—"

Speechless, smitten dumb with surprise (terror, horror, Jeanne does not speak until he unfolds the truth, and he goes on—sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with a lingering, imploring tenderness. (To be continued.)

ed breath, the sound develops into the thud—thud of a horse. Jeanne's color comes. "It is Hal. No. Too soon, unless he has turned back." Instinctively she thinks of the count, and glances toward the inner room. If it should be he, what should she do? While she is vainly trying to decide on some line of action, the sound suddenly ceases, and, with a sigh of relief, she closes the window.

"A few hours longer," she thinks, and the dawn will have broken. Hal and Vane will be here, and—here her anticipations cease; she is too tired to indulge in conjecture.

Suddenly there comes through the flutter of the leaves a repetition of the thud—thud, and this time more distinct. With a start Jeanne holds her breath, and listens, as before, until the sound dies away. But cannot rest inside the room, it seems like a veritable prison, hot, stifling and peopled with creatures of her over-strained imagination. At one moment rises before her the voice of the count, angry, accusing, demanding; at her hands the runaway Verona; at the next Vane, haggard and stern, appears to overwhelm her with passionate reproach and blame.

With a hot, uncertain hand she opens the window again, and over the balcony. But a sound reaches her ear, save the south of the wind among the leaves and the rustle of the vine at her feet.

There then falls upon Jeanne that vague, indefinite dread which all of us have felt at some time or other—a horror of the silence, a longing for some sharp and sudden sound, though it be the sound we are dreading to hear—anything to break the horrible tension of the overstrained nerves.

Restless, battling against this nameless terror Jeanne argues with herself. She is not alone, in the next room, not a dozen paces distant, lies Verona; the people of the house are close about her, and she darts to the table and gets a glass, kneeling at Jeanne's feet as she drinks it.

"You look tired, dear," she says. "I am rather," says Jeanne, suppressing a weary sigh; and she is, but not tired with her ride; "I think we had better get to bed, as you have to be up early to-morrow."

"When I awake in the morning," says Verona, with a little wistful smile, "I shall think it all a dream—until Hal comes back," says Jeanne archly.

With old-world politeness, the landlady and her daughter precede their guests up the low flight of stairs, and throw open the bedroom door.

Jeanne, Verona following, goes into the room opening onto the balcony. "I'll have this room," she says. "Let me stay with you," murmurs Verona; but Jeanne, who does not intend to sleep, and is anxious that Verona should, laughingly refuses.

"What, and break those good people's hearts by refusing to use the pretty room they got ready for you? See, we will have the door ajar, and to all intents it is one room. And don't be frightened if you awake and see me standing beside the bed, watching over you."

By a course of judicious soothing and loving banter, Jeanne at last gets her way, and Verona, worn out by excitement and emotion, lies fast asleep, and Jeanne, who has sat beside her until the dark eyes droop and close, arises and returns to her own room. Wearily she sinks onto a chair, and, pushing her hair from her forehead, tries to draw the tangled skein of the day's events into order. She herself can scarcely persuade herself that it is not a dream, and that she will not awaken presently to find herself back at the castle in her own room.

All is still within the house, so still that the rustle of leaves on the vine that climbs and covers the balcony pricks her ears like the distant swish of these as it flows softly at the foot of the cliffs.

"I shall see it soon, in a day or two," she thinks, and her head droops. What unutterable feelings she had left pride has dried up her tears, and keeps her heart sore and aching; but now, in this wayside inn, she can weep. Is it because she feels so lonely? Is it because distance, actual, tangible distance, is between her and the man she loves, making the girl which always stretched between them more distant and emphatic?

With a sudden effort she arises and goes to the window. It is her last night in Germany; and it is spent away from her home in a wayside inn. She smiles sadly.

"Will they have missed me?" she thinks. "No, they will think I have gone to my room, and Hal will be there and explain everything. If he had missed me, would he have cared? No, Vane's love has gone from me—gone forever."

Half mechanically she opens the window and steps out on the balcony. It is warm inside the house, and the night air blows cool and refreshing upon her hot brow.

"I wonder what time it is?" she thinks, and her hand goes to her watch pocket; but in her hurried departure Fleming had forgotten to give her a watch.

"Darkest before dawn, they say," she thinks, looking wistfully at the black ridge of hills which she can just see in the horizon. "It must be near dawn. My last night. Why does Vane go back so suddenly—so mysteriously? and why did he look and speak so sternly? What are they doing now? They have all gone to bed by this time, or nearly. Hal has reached the castle and is telling Vane that I am here—at Durbach. Will he be angry?"

Then her thoughts fly off to Verona. "Poor child—how little she makes of her danger. Wrapped in her love she gives scarcely a thought to the count. At this moment he may be on her track, and then what shall I do?"

Instinctively she goes back into the room. With a sigh, almost of envy, Jeanne sets down the light. Peaceful as a child's, the beautiful face lies upon the pillow, the lips half parted with a smile.

"Dreaming," says Jeanne, turning at the door and looking back at her. "Love's young dream. So I dreamed one time—not so long ago—and have awakened. With another sigh she closes the door, and goes toward the balcony to shut the window. As she does so, as her hand is on the latch, she hears a faint sound in the distance. Then you can advise me what is best to be done."

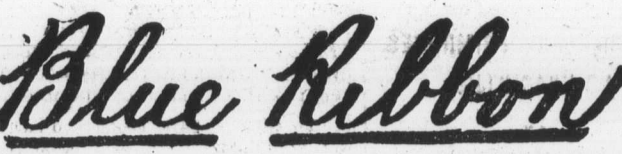
He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on.

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frightened myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart. Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know you dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy-go-lucky girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is no often my love as I—"

Speechless, smitten dumb with surprise (terror, horror, Jeanne does not speak until he unfolds the truth, and he goes on—sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with a lingering, imploring tenderness. (To be continued.)

BETTER BE WISE In matters of doubt buy



TEA. Doubt then changes to certainty, certainty of quality. Only one best tea. Blue Ribbon Tea.

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on.

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frightened myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart. Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know you dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy-go-lucky girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is no often my love as I—"

Speechless, smitten dumb with surprise (terror, horror, Jeanne does not speak until he unfolds the truth, and he goes on—sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with a lingering, imploring tenderness. (To be continued.)

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on.

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frightened myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart. Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know you dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy-go-lucky girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is no often my love as I—"

Speechless, smitten dumb with surprise (terror, horror, Jeanne does not speak until he unfolds the truth, and he goes on—sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with a lingering, imploring tenderness. (To be continued.)

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on.

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frightened myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart. Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know you dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy-go-lucky girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is no often my love as I—"

Speechless, smitten dumb with surprise (terror, horror, Jeanne does not speak until he unfolds the truth, and he goes on—sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with a lingering, imploring tenderness. (To be continued.)

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on.

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frightened myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart. Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know you dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy-go-lucky girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is no often my love as I—"

Speechless, smitten dumb with surprise (terror, horror, Jeanne does not speak until he unfolds the truth, and he goes on—sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with a lingering, imploring tenderness. (To be continued.)

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on.

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frightened myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart. Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know you dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy-go-lucky girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is no often my love as I—"

Speechless, smitten dumb with surprise (terror, horror, Jeanne does not speak until he unfolds the truth, and he goes on—sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with a lingering, imploring tenderness. (To be continued.)

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on.

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frightened myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart. Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know you dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy-go-lucky girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is no often my love as I—"

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on.

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frightened myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart. Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know you dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy-go-lucky girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is no often my love as I—"

Speechless, smitten dumb with surprise (terror, horror, Jeanne does not speak until he unfolds the truth, and he goes on—sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with a lingering, imploring tenderness. (To be continued.)

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her. "No," he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me, Jeanne. Let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it. Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on.

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frightened myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne! I cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart. Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know you dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy-go-lucky girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy; then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah! Jeanne, it is no often my love as I—"

Speech