

"True to Its Name" Always "Good Alike"

SALADA

CEYLON TEA

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A Transient Experience

CHAPTER I.

At a quarter to eight on the morning of the fifth of January, 188-, George Gladwyn was leaning out of his bedroom window at Ashdown Rectory, to see the sunrise. The shrubs and turf of the garden were white as snow, a driving mist dimmed the heavy square tower of the old church, and was hardly lightened by the feeble pinkish rays that were struggling up into the eastern sky, while a cold and dying moon shed a faint glimmer over the clearer west.

Schoolboys of seventeen are not as a rule fond of getting up before the sun, but George, with a thick ulster hastily buttoned over him, was stretching his rough light brown head as far as possible round the corner, staring with wide open gray eyes and lifted brows out into the foggy air.

"The day is not yet born," he muttered to himself, heedless that his rosy cheeks were getting blue with cold, and that the birth of the day was not likely to be worth waiting for.

The church clock chimed the three-quarters as the garden gate clicked, and an old man muffled up in a red coat and hat hurriedly up to the front door. "Hey, Parker, what's up?" shouted George from above.

"Good even, sir. How you took me by surprise! It's a licensed wedding due at eight, and I've come up to see if Mr. Gladwyn's had the notice."

"By Jove!" cried George. "Old Mark's first wedding! I must go and see if he knows how to spice them properly."

He slipped back into his room and had tumbled into prearranged clothes and run downstairs before the young curate-in-charge came hurrying out in answer to the message.

"Get back to bed, George," he said savagely. "I don't want you to come playing the fool."

"I am coming to give you countenance," said George. "I've been to look on at many a penny wedding. I don't believe you ever saw one unless you had rehearsals at St. Dunstan's. I say, come along. There's the party in the fly from Slingsford station."

The newly-ordained deacon, left by the sudden illness and absence of his rector to make his own way in his new parish, hurried round to the vestry door, while George lingered for a moment, and watched the shabby yellow fly, drawn by an old piebald horse, plowing its way through three inches of snow up the lane from the village.

The fly stopped at the unswept churchyard path, and four people, two men and two ladies got out. They tramped up the path careless of the snow, the ladies together, one man with them and the other following.

"Can't imagine which are the happy couple," thought George, as the old clerk opened the south door of the church, and the party went in past the queer old tombstone with the nymph weeping over a laurel wreath or a broken pillar, under the Norman arch of the old porch in the cold darkness of the empty church. George followed them, pausing as they went up the narrow passage, between the high pews, into a chancel almost blocked by pulpit and reading-desk, just as the young curate came out of the vestry and took his place in front of an altar shrouded by ample folds of crumpled brown holland.

The church with its heavy columns and low-browed arches was dark, but the chancel was darker still, full of tall choir-stalls, and overhangy yellow tablets, and with the daylight only beginning to struggle through the three narrow colored lights of the east window.

George perceived that his brother could not see the prayer-book in his hand. There were no lamps, for evening services were unknown in Ashdown. He slipped round into the vestry, where the old clerk was still fumbling, seized on a flat candlestick with a moidy candle in it, lit it by a match from his own pocket, and carried it in as Mark was beginning the service with some difficulty and hesitation.

George came and stood beside him holding the candle so that its light fell on the book. He stood so straight, upright and wore such a solemn countenance as almost to lend an air of ecclesiastical propriety to his impromptu contrivance. He might have been leading a procession, but all the while he was keenly noting the wedding party. The ladies were dressed in long, fashionably cut fur cloaks. That of the bride covered her entirely, and seemed to sit loosely on a slim, angular figure.

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She wore a grey hat and feathers, and a gauze veil was tied over her face, and in the dim light quite concealed it. Her hair was dark, and knotted low on her neck—as she stood, it slowly unrolled and fell down straight to her waist in a thick mane. The other lady was taller and stouter, and wore a bonnet and a black lace veil. The gentleman who seemed in command of the party was well dressed, middle-aged and handsome; he had, in George's eyes, a military air. The bridegroom wore a long traveling coat, and held his face down into the collar of it. He was tall, and stood with his hands in his pockets, perhaps because they were cold.

Mark read carefully in rather an ill-assured voice, which he had not quite learned to manage, so that after a hurried beginning he adjured George and the clerk to declare any just cause against this marriage, and required and charged the pair to mention any just cause or impediment to it, in tones that echoed down the empty aisles, and seemed to be given back by the darkness.

George listened for the names which were supplied on a slip of paper. "Norman Gerard, wilt thou take Helena Winifred—" and Norman Gerard faintly growled his assent; but Helena Winifred, in her turn, spoke out, "I will," in an earnest young voice, as if she emphatically meant it. So through all the service the bridegroom grunted his answers like a schoolboy excusing himself to a master. The elder man gave him the ring, and the bride put out a little red, childish hand from out the folds of her cloak to receive it. As it touched her finger it brought some new influence with it, she began to shake and quiver, and while the young minister, too nervous and inexperienced to know where to make cuts, read every word of the appointed service, she was evidently suppressing sobs. As Mark closed the book, the struggling sunlight broke through the gloom, caught a fiery glow from a saint's robe in the east window, and flung it on a skull and crossbones which adorned a mural tablet over the vestry door. It caught George's eye as he turned, still carrying the candle, and under the grim device he read "Sacred to the Memory of Mahalah Steptoe," a name queer enough to stick in anyone's memory. He led the way back into the dark vestry, and stood as still as if he had been a candlestick. The elder lady sank into a chair, and the bride rose, without a word. The bridegroom turned his back and stared out of the window, while the elder man sat down at the table and filled up the register, all but the chief signatures, and then said, rather sharply, "Now, then, Gerard, write up a rapid scrawl, Norman Gerard, Wentworth. His friend had already written Baehor, aged 21. He looked at it, then got up and turned his back again.

"Now for you, my dear young lady," said the gentleman agreeably as he blotted and covered the bridegroom's back again.

The bride, who had recovered from her agitation, sat down and wrote with her red, childish fingers, in the clear, bright hand of the modern school girl, Helena Winifred Wynne.

"That will do, I will finish it," said the gentleman, and as the girl rose and walked away, he wrote, Spinster, aged 18.

"Then as he rose, the elder lady ejaculated tearfully and abruptly: "Oh—it's done—and I hope there's a blessing on it!"

"Surely," said the gentleman with becoming gravity, as she put her hand emotionally on his arm.

Mark, who had all this time been, spite of the temperature, growing hotter and redder, remarked nervously: "It's—it's a very early hour in the morning, and very unpleasant weather for a wedding."

"Yes, my son is going abroad hereditarily," said the leader of the party, as he sat down and wrote, "Richard Wentworth, widower's" signature as witness to the marriage. Then, looking at George, "Perhaps this young gentleman will sign the book?"

"Yes," said George, setting down the candle. "I'll witness it; I shan't forget it, either."

George Daniel Gladwyn added his name, and then Mr. Wentworth said, agreeably:

"Now, Gerard, I'm afraid we are rather hurried; take Mrs. Wentworth back to the carriage."

The young man turned like an automaton, and offered his arm to his bride. She took it, and they walked down the church, and as far as George could see, never spoke to each other.

"The usual fee, with many thanks," said Mr. Wentworth, giving an envelope to Mark, and putting a coin into Parker's hand, "good morning." He gave his arm to the lady, and they hurried into the young couple, and all four got into the fly and drove away again in the direction of the station.

To be continued.

It's a poor epigram that won't work both ways.

"I found your medicine a blessing to me and my family."

There are women who feel something like a grudge against the children, who, one after another rob their mother of her beauty and strength. Men do not usually realize how much the mother gives to each child to her own loss. Women accept it as part of the obligation of Nature and pay the debt grudgingly. Yet in Nature's plan every child is a new joy and fresh happiness. It isn't the children that steal the mother's strength. It is the unnatural drains and pains which weaken her.

Every woman who has used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has found in it the one thing woman has waited for. It stops the drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, makes the baby's advent a pleasure and his life a blessing. No opiates or narcotics are contained in "Favorite Prescription."

"I read what your medicine had done for other people," writes Mrs. Edwin H. Gardner, Box 70, Beechwood, Norfolk Co., Mass., "so thought I would try it, and I found that it was a blessing to me and my family. I began in June and took six bottles of your medicine, and three vials of 'Pellets.' I had a pound girl. I had the easiest time I ever had with any of my children. I have been very well since. I took three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' three of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and three vials of 'Pellets.' I had no trouble, and could not eat much until I took the first bottle. Before I took the medicine I only weighed 135 pounds, and now I weigh 175."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the brain by cleansing the body of the corruption which clouds it.

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TRAVEL ON FREIGHT STEAMERS

Cheap Travel That Is Rapidly Increasing.

Large Proportion of Travelers Who Go on Freighters—Novel Experiences.

[George E. Walsh in the Interior.]

Every day, summer or winter, tramp steamers and freighters enter and leave the port of New York, carrying on board a certain number of passengers who are satisfying a longing desire to travel and see the sights of the world which a slender income has heretofore denied them. In the past half dozen years it has been demonstrated by actual experience that travel by freighter is not only as cheap as travel on land, and that one may go from port to port, visiting thereby the leading cities of the world, at less expense than required to live quietly on land at a first-class or even a second-class hotel. It is the tramp steamers and freighters which have made this sort of nomadic life possible, and nearly every one which sails from this port has comfortable if not expensive accommodations for passengers. These freighters expect to make their profits in carrying cargoes of cattle or merchandise, and they charge passengers just enough to pay for the actual cost of the table for themselves and the officers.

This mode of travel has been a real boon to thousands of people in moderate circumstances who have just as keen a desire to travel as those with unlimited incomes, and they not only experience the joys and pleasures which come from seeing foreign ports and peoples, but they gather much useful knowledge and associations all their time. It is not as pleasant, probably, as traveling first-class on one of our ocean greyhounds, but there are compensations that make the difference less real than it might seem. The officers and crew of the freighters are congenial, affable, and educated men, their company will prove very entertaining and instructive, and lasting friendships may be formed. The passengers on long voyages to help them pass away the time that must hang heavily upon their hands very often, and if one is fortunate enough to secure a cabin or stateroom on the right steamer, the longest voyage may prove a delightful trip with the best of companions.

The ports of the world are now bound together by numerous lines of tramp steamers and freighters. One can get more actual variety, and penetrate to more obscure ports and cities of the world, by traveling on a freighter than by sailing on regular passenger steamers. There are only a dozen or so well-defined lines of travel where the steamship accommodations are first-class. These lines are so well patronized that the companies can afford to make the most of their service number one in every respect. When one leaves these popular routes of ocean travel, the service degenerates rapidly, and in most instances is hardly up to that given by the better class of freighters. In fact, it is not so good in one respect. You are apt to be thrown in with a motley crowd of doubtful character, while on the ocean freighter you have only the captain and officers, and probably half a dozen travelers like yourself. The person with an income of \$1,500 in New York does not have an easy time of it if he wishes to live in any kind of style, and as for leaving anything of value behind, that is distinctly out of the question. But \$1,500 expended in ocean travel can be made to carry one pretty well around the world, and at the end of the year find oneself back in his native city much the richer in experience and novel entertainment. Besides seeing the sights of the world, one will have lived well, better in fact than if he had staid at home, and would have the mind practically free from care and worry about making both ends meet.

There is no set price for traveling by tramp steamers or freighters. One can sometimes make good bargains with the captain, and another would not do so. But it may be said that the average cost on the better class of steamers is from \$3 to \$4 per day. This includes a stateroom and all the meals. In fact, one is relieved of all further expense, that is, distinctly out of the question. But \$1,500 expended in ocean travel can be made to carry one pretty well around the world, and at the end of the year find oneself back in his native city much the richer in experience and novel entertainment. Besides seeing the sights of the world, one will have lived well, better in fact than if he had staid at home, and would have the mind practically free from care and worry about making both ends meet.

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