THE QUALITY OF

Cevlon Tea is ABSOLUTELY MATCHLESS

Black, Mixed or Green. By all grocers. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

before Hal's vision arise the wrinkled

Your sister married the marquis-is

"To St. Petersburg," she answers in a

Hal nearly falls out of the saddle.

able emotion had aroused a doubt in her

ount arranged everything. We have been

ngaged—is that the right word in Eng-

"Since I was—oh, for years ago. Then she adds, with a low, musing

Hal smothers a groan again. "And he's papa's oldest friend."

Hal groans again, inaudibly, but as he says nothing, nothing polite and conventional, she turns her eyes upon him.

"Will you not wish me happiness?"
At this modest request, poor, maddended Hal turns crimson, white—all colors.

"Wish you-eh? Oh-oh, yes, certain

And he strikes his horse a smart blow with his light whip.

Much surprised and wounded, the ani-

with a sudden stumble the horse of Der

Yes, so it is arranged.

"He is very good and kind."

He rouses himself to reply. "Handsome? Vane? Yes."

e handsome?

"Where?

Hal rides up bare-headed, and is greeted with an innocent smile of surprise, and with as innocent a light of pleasure in her dark eyes.

smile, he stopped short and stared at her, his bright face turning white as death, and his eyes starting from his head.

Perhaps she is startled, for she blushes

"And you have taken my advice!" she you have taken my advice!" she and so soon; and is it not beauleaves her face as pale as his, and stands with her hands folded, and her eyes cast says; "and so soon; and is it not beau-tiful?"

Hal looks around for the first time, but his eyes come back to her face al-

Hal looks around for the reaction of the says, scarcely noticing the view. "Very fine."

"And the castle, do you see that?" she asks. "We are all in Forbach so proud of the castle! It is grand, is it not?"

"Yes," says Hal, throwing a swift glance at the noble pile.

"Stand" "Stand" "Oh, very—not at all—yes, extremely," stys Hal, disjointedly.

Then he holds the stirrup, and takes her tiny foot in his hand, puts her in addle, wakes up his own horse, and wes up to her.

"I am going to the stua."

"Yes," says Hal, throwing a swift glance at the noble pile.

"Stand" "Oh, very—not at all—yes, extremely," stys Hal, disjointedly.

Then he holds the stirrup, and takes her tiny foot in his hand, puts her in addle, wakes up his own horse, and was up to her.

"Thank heaven, no!" says Hal, "I got

him in the village after a vast amount of trouble. He is the prize stud of For-bach. I wish you could have seen the animal they first offered me. Stand still, will youe I give you my word, I have had the greatest trouble to get him along when I wanted to go, and now—

tand still, will youe I give you my word, I of her age, but now she seems a child, only a child, and the count appears Methuselah—Methuselah himself. Up

"Let us get down," says the princess; "I always walk to the point. It is dangerous to ride so near. This is a beau-Hal drops from the saddle, and goes to

help her to dismount. With a light touch on his arm, she floats down to the ground, and, gathering her habit-skirt, leads the way, Halleading the two horses. z the two hor

you may leave Florida," she says, she will wait anywhere for me for hours, if I wanted her to."

'And I'll tie my brute up here," says Hal, and he hitches the bridle to a tree. "There," says the princess, extending her tiny hand, clothed in its white giove, and lets it drop upon her lap as she sits on the edge of the hill.

"Reminds me of the view from the cliff," says Hal; 'where I live, you know, in England. Only you want the sea—that is all around us."

is all around us.

Tell me about it," she says, with quiet polder; she is tall and—and womanly, I on there's nothing to tell." says Hal, surpose."
"I shall see her—perhaps," says the looking at her exquisite profile, as she gazes dreamily at the view. "We live in a village on the coast. In a little house.

ot a villa or a castle: we are poor, your She looks around quickly.

"Poor?" she says.

He nods and clasps his long legs with low voice. "I am going to be married is hands. his hands.
"Yes. Jeanne is the only swell—the only wealthy individual—in the family.

Oh, we just are poor!" she repeats, in a very low voice. "I wish—"
"What?" asks Hal.

That I was. How happy you must

He stares and bursts into one of his short, hearty laughs.

"It's plain you haven't lived in England, princess," he says. "There poverty is the worst of crimes. Well, if to be poor is to be happy, I ought to be the jolliest fellow in Christendom. Why, I haven't got a sou: Jeanne stands the racket at college, and I've got to make my own way. And that's not easy work

in England.' 'Poor—and free," she says, and over the childish face comes a great wistfulness which puzzles Hal.

"Yes," says Hal, "that's the great

fault with the Bertrams, excepting Jeanne. But we try to console ourselves with the fact that we come of 'good stock.' That goes for something—but

very little."
While he is talking she looks at him with a grave regard. Then she slowly takes off the glove of her right hand and puts it on again, lost in pensive medita-

she says. "It is I know by the shadow on the con vent down there. They will be expecting

ent down there. They will be expecting a race, gallops recklessly down the steep path and keeps ahead, utterly oblivious "They—the prince and the lady whom of the well-known truism, that strange says Hal.

And the count," she says, Count Mikoff," says Hal.

Ts—is he gill road is dangerous.

The princess is safe enough; her horse She nods, and looks straight before her

with a fixed expression.
"Yes, he is staying at the villa; he is A mad kind of curiosity consumes Hal.

"Is—is he your uncle?" he asks.

She turns her levely face, with a surprised look in her dark eyes.

Krone Hotel lurches on one side, and
Hal flies over his head like a stone
thrown from a catapult. With a cry,

She turns her lover, rised look in her dark eyes.

"My uncle? No."

"Any relation?" says Hal, desperately, die and bends over "Are you hurt—are you?"

Eut Hal does not move, lying with his face on his arm.

With a sudden palior, and a succession of low, terrified cries, she throws herself down beside him, and tries to turn him.

"Yes?" her hands are as powerless to move him as if he were a block of marble. -I always was. I was just going to say With a face as white as snow, she that I noticed he—he kissed your hand springs to her feet and looks around for

yesterday."

"Did he?" she says, a little troubied, Save the two horses, and Carlo, who puzzled look coming over her face.
"Yes, he is an old friend. I am going to marry the Count Mikoff."

sniffs curiously at the senseless youth, not a living creature is in sight.
"What shall I do-what shall I do?"

If she had said, "I am going to be executed to morrow morning," Hal would not have looked more startled or horrified.

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" she moans. "He is dead."

But only for the moment does weakness hold her. In dread; the next, wo-man's at come to be a compared to be a compa

ed. man's art comes to her assistance.

Instead of bowing, with a courteous Taking off her hat, she turn up a

raises his head, to her unutterable joy.

With a low sob, she slips her arm around his neck, and lays his head on The little, fat landlord of Der Krone

him, and Hal, as he opens his eyes for the moment, is under the delusion that he is asleep at the hotel and dreaming; but, staring up hazily, he sees her face so close to his, and, raising himself on his elbow, stares about him. "Princess!" he says. "Yes—yes! you are better!" she an-

wers, eagerly, a warm flush on her cheek.
"Better—what? Ah! that horse! I know! I remember-I mean, where are

"On the hill," she says, murmuring in his ear. "Do not move—do not speak—oh, I am so glad—so glad!" and she began to cry silently, still holding him to

One tear escaping through her fingers, fell on Hal's face and roused him effectu-

With difficulty he stood upright, with reluctance, also, if the truth must be told, and then, Hal-like, laughed.
"That was a cropper!" he said, wiping the water from his face and head. "Serves me right for riding down hill at a gal-lop. You didn't fall, did you?" he asked,

anxiously.
"I? No-no! It was only you who him with wide-open eyes, as if she expected he would fall at her feet again. Still he cannot speak. "I am going to marry Count Mikoff!" rings in his ears and renders him dumb and stupid, Has he dreamed that she said it? It can't 'That's all right," said Hal, cheerily, but rather shakily. "It don't matter, be true! He glances at her, scrutiniz-ing her. She is but a child—seventeen at most. Until now he has not thought

"Does not matter!" she echoes: "and

"Does not matter!" she echoes; "and you so hurt. Your forehead is cut—see, it is bleeding."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Hal, smiling, as he brushed the hair from his forehead.
"Served me right if it had been worse! and I've made you uneasy; that's the worst of it. Let me help you to mount."
"Not yet—not yet," she says, earnestly, "Let us walk."

"I will walk but you shall not" he face, with its varnished smile, the gray hair and white moustache, and the vision makes him red-hot, furious, mad! It is

monstrous, horrible, unheard-of, criminal! Why should she do it? I will walk, but you shall not," he Suddenly, without looking at him, she says, with a touch of serious gravity: says, "Come."
She falters a moment, then allows him to put her up in the saddle, and, with his bridle on his arm, he walks slowly by her side. To assist him, no doubt, he put his hand on her horse's neck; and, acci-

"Handsome? Vane? 1cs.

"Is he very old?"

"Old, not?" he replies, emphatically, "Not much older than Jeanne. Yes, he is, perhaps, nine years!"

"No more?" raising her eyes with soft couches hers; but it cannot altogether to touches hers; but it cannot altogether be as accidental that his fingers should creep around hers and hold them.

She does not withdraw her hand; perhaps she thinks it assists him. And so

they go down the valley—the English youth who is as poor as Job, and has to make his way in the world, and the rich princess who is to marry the Russian county. "My age," she says. "I did not think -I did not know English ladies married so young."
"No," says Hal; "but Jeanne looks

CHAPTER XXVII.

Forbach, sleepy Forbach, is in a state of excitemnt. Its usually quiet street is almost filled with a carious, alert and merry-making crowd; the windows of Der Krone Hotel are all alive with eager princess. "I am going—we are going in a month." Hal's heart sinks like a plummet of "Going!" he says with dismay. ing from Baden-Baden The little florists shop window is quite hidden by a row of white-capped, red-cheeked village maidens laughing and talking and the same and faces, all turned toward the road leadmaidens, laughing and talking and eating "Going—to be married!" he echoes.
She looks around at him, still with the
little, sad, puzzled look, as if his palpripe figs, all three things at once; on the steps of the church itself are gathered sight-seers, laughing and chatting. The eure is not there, simply because he has gone up to the castle to welcome the great English milord, of whom he is the

valued and most esteemed friend. Judging by the aspect of Forbach, alive any vivacions, anyone would think that the emperor himself were about to pass through; and, indeed, his presence would not prove of gerater interest to the quiet people of Forbach than the advent of the great Marquis of Ferndale; for his presence at the castle, with a long train of ervants, means a great increase of busi ess and profit—in a word, prosperity it florist—even the little old fruit-womanejoice and make glad, and lay waiting in the road to greet their patron and give him a hearty welcome.

But a less interested motive has drawn the red-cheeked maidens and white-caply. I—I wish you happiness; that is, I mean—let us go quicker, let us have a gallop. It's very cold—I mean it's very hot. I—" ped, demure matrons of the village, for the story of the marquis' wedding has reached them, and they have come out to get an early glimpse of the bride. They are talking about her now, as they click their knitting needles and glance

mal gives bound and dashes down the hill; the princess says the word to Florida and follows. But Hal, evidently labormal gives bound and dashes down the hill; the princess says the word to Florida and follows. But Hal, evidently laboring under the delusion that he is riding one, with a nod; "very beautiful," says one, with a nod; "very beautiful. There one, with a nod; "very beautiful. There is a portrait of her hauging in the great hall, which milord the marquis painted with his own hand, and sent over that "Jones," replied M7. de Angelis, "own

knows every inch of the way, and is as sure-footed as a Spanish mule. She sees his danger, and calls out: "Step-take care!" but it is too late; "So says he; a mere girl; but beautiful—oh, as beautiful as a flower, with dark eyebrows and eyes like jewels. Herr

Graff is quite enamored of milady's pic "But is she so young?" asks another "A girl—a girl only," replies the first sair, proud of her superior informa-on; "but a few months older than the

young milord, her brother, who has been staying at Der Krone."
"Ah, is he not handsome?" says a girl, with a little upraised glance of her eves "Gretchen!" exclaims her mother, who

The girl shrank away and blushed, expecting a further rebuke, which would certainly have been forthcoming, but, fortunately, some one at the outskirts of

the little crowd sees a cloud of dust, a very small cloud, in the distance, "They are coming!" runs down the line, and knitting needles and fingers stoy instantly.

"Yes, it is them!" repeats the first authority. "I can see the blue jackets of the stop, they have run authority. I can see the blue jackets of the distributions! See, too, they have run the postilions! See, too, they have run the flag at Der Krone! Do you think and practice making buttersed

shallow path until she reaches a brook. milord the marquis will stop for a mo-Stooping down, she fills the hat with ment? If so, what a fine view they will water, and, once more bending over the have at Der Krone. Yes, here they still figure, she bathes the bright chest-

After a minute or two, Hal stirs and reaches the church, which instantly, as if

child," says Mrs. Angus Morrison, Port Caldwell, Ont. "He suffered terribly while teething, vomited his food and was weak and puny. One box of Baby's Own Tablets made him a changed child They eased the pain of teething strength. ened his stomach, and he is now a big. healthy child, growing finely, and never sick a day." The experience of Mrs. Morrison is that of thousands of other mothers who have found health for their little ones and comfort for themselves in the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Mothers ture, or plunging a needle into eed not be afraid of this medicine, it is guaranteed not to contain an atom of opiate or strong drug. They could not harm a child of any age, and they are good for them at all ages. Ask your druggist for Baby's Own Tablets or send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams Medicine Brockville, Ont., and get them by

Too Scientific. says dells this story of his experience with horses are safest at the trot, and that galloping down hill over a loose, shingly road is dangerous.

The princess is safe enough; her horse

"Surely not!"

it might hang there before the guests arrive. And Herr Graff says it is the face of a child—a girl—"

"Surely not!"

ed a country place near London and once he took me to see it. The house face of a child—a girl—"

"Surely not!" its ingenious contrivances. There was a chute from each bedroom to the laun-dry; there was telephonic communication with the kitchen, and there wer other clever devices. When we got to Jones' sleeping apartment I was sur-prised to see two steel rails that came

prised to see two steer rais that came through the door and reached as far as the middle of the chamber. Jones told me that disliking to go down the hall every morning when he wanted his bath, he had invented this thing. The tub was on wheels, he said, and he had only to push a button in order to have it said in Will it do that now?" I asked. "Sure!" said Jones. And he pushed The tub rolled into view. It was

Jones' wife. "I understand that he had the steel rails taken up next day."

First Lesson in Cocking.

(Town and Country.)

IT'S IN THE BLOOD.

Come!"
The murmur runs down the ranks, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Drive Out Rheumatic Poison.

a clangor from the celify.

The little, fat landiord of Der Krone comes out on the steps, and, looking up and down the street, rubs his hands from which trickles a thin stream of blood, which makes her shudder and cry as she wipes it away with her wet hand-kerchief; so still and peaceful is the face that one would think the boy was asleep; and perhaps, in the moment of excitement, she indulges the delusion; for, with an unconscious movement, she bends forward and presses the handsome head to her bosom, and, stooping the lovely head, lays her lips on his, kissing him passionately; not once or twice, but with a gush of sweet, womanly tenderness.

It is her soft, warm kisses that wake him, and Hal, as he opens his eyes for the moment, is under the delusion that the is asleep at the botel and dreaming; the headson the head on the postilions force through the lovely head, lays her lips on his, kissing him passionately; not once or twice, but with a gush of sweet, womanly tenderness.

It is her soft, warm kisses that wake him, and Hal, as he opens his eyes for the moment, is under the delusion that the lear soprano "Hoch!" of the moment, is under the delusion that the lear soprano surge their the proprietor of the coming show. From the windows people lean out as if they were the proprietor of the coming show. From the windows people lean out as if they with a complete the proprietor of the coming show. From the windows people lean out as if they with a complete the proprietor of the coming show. From the windows people lean out as if they with a complete the proprietor of the coming show. From the windows people lean out as if they with a complete the proprietor of the coming show. From the windows people lean out as if they with a complete the proprietor of the coming show. From the windows people lean out as if they were the visit a complete the proprietor of the coming show. From the windows people lean out as if they were the visit a complete the proprietor of the coming show. From the windows people lean out as Rheumatism is rooted in the blood —any doctor will tell you that. Nothing can cure it that does not reach the

Chinese doctors are, however, not center that with medicines alone. They are adepts in massage, especially of the head and of the stomach and bowels.

Light massage does not work a solves the waste paper problem companies the same and only the ashes need removal. Chinese doctors are, however, not con-

notes and money that gets into the blood of cashiers. I can't account for their manner any other way."—New

There is a time in every man's life when he sees himself on the pinn fame. Then, alas! he wakes np.

HOTEL'S UNSEEN

Patrons who enjoy the luxurious phyern hotel do not, as a general rule, give provided and how maintained so that it shall be always no tap with no possible chance of failure in the supply. Fewer still know that in the larger ments a great majority of such supplies are manufactured on the premises or secured in a way wholly independent of any

outside sources. stance, far down below the surface of the street, in the lower or second basement, is a whole village devoted to the manufacture

above the murmure of the rowed, and subdelity there goes up a hearty quieters
the women.

With a francisco smacking of they
the same of the content of the

the continuous and the stomach and bowels. When light massage, especially of the stomach and of the stomach and bowels. When light massage does not work a content of the stomach and rub and knead with his knees and hands the painful part, and this he will keep up until the patient is relieved (or says he is).

Another of his remedies is acu-puncture, or plunging a needle into various said to be very effectual in many complaints, and is highly regarded.

The Cold Cashier.

"The Cold Cashier.

"What is there in the work of a cashier that makes him so unpleasant? "I like to know," said a young business man. "Tm in and out of offices all the time and meeting all kinds of men; some are agreeable and others don't leave any kind of an impression, but I never saw an achier on the kindness of their own pockets and the wind the arrow of the hotel's and in parting with the money is another common characteristic. I have known cashiers who would actually tell a collector to call another day for his own grant and the common characteristic. I have known cashiers who would actually tell a collector to call another day for his own grant and the common characteristic and the common characteristic. I have known cashiers who would actually tell a collector to call another day for his own grant and the common characteristic. I have known cashiers who would actually tell a collector to call another day for his own grant and the common characteristic. I have known cashiers who would actually tell a collector to call another day for his own problems

Kind of Help He Needed.

(Philadelphia Press.) "Want t' put adv-tizhment in your paper,"

man's life "Yes," replied the clerk, "You want to pinnacle of advertise for a valet."

"No. Better shay; 'Wanted-Shaaka charmer.'"