

"British Crown Teas"

Have driven all other growths off the English markets and are fast doing so on this continent.



IS THE WORLD'S PREFERENCE
Sealed lead packets only. All grocers.
2½c, 3½c, 4½c, 5½c, 6½c.

In the Net.

The woman did not resist, but she talked incessantly, her rather handsome face very red, her bright black eyes wandering about. "Do you know where St. Peter was crucified? A Roman! Do you know where St. Peter was murdered? A Roman! That Roman would have won applause for a tragic actress. Her restless eyes fell on Valeria, who stood at the door.

"Who are you?" she cried. "Are you the superior?"

"No! I am a patient like you," Valeria said, going to the bedside. "Only I'm not so silly as to try to starve myself."

"Can't eat!" the woman replied. "Oh, yes, you can. And you will grow worse every day if you don't try. Here is some soup. Try to eat it. Don't be a baby."

"I'll try it for your sake, but I don't want it," she said; and she swallowed a little when the sister brought it to her, but pushed the rest away. "I cannot eat."

"This is the place where people who are nervous come to live tranquilly," Valeria said to herself, as she went downstairs with her letters, remembering the promises with which she had been enticed there.

When she went back, the Signora Agnese had been left alone. The door was locked and the slide open. She looked in and saw the woman lying there bound. She was singing at the top of her voice, palms and parts of the Catholic service, all in Latin, her tongue lying with inconceivable rapidity. She sang prayers and responses, parts of the mass, the preface, the pontifical benediction, and dwelt with particular unction on the high feast, the mass est, which she drew out in the long and rather cranky movement of a priest who has more music in his soul than in his voice.

Valeria heard someone laugh, and turned to see Sister Agnese. It was impossible not to laugh; for the woman lay shouting out this melody as if she were in the height of comfort and contentment.

The next morning, when the doctors made their daily visit, the director came to the villa with them. He was always very welcome, for though strict in discipline, he was kind and always courteous.

"You were at the bank yesterday," he said to Valeria, with a certain staidness.

"No, signore," she replied, looking at him in surprise.

"You were at the bank and took out some money," he repeated in a measured voice.

"No."

"You have taken no money from the bank?"

"No; who has said I have?"

"Mrs. Harwood."

Valeria smiled. "You see what kind of people are running this Signora Agnese. I went to Mrs. Harwood yesterday almost on purpose to tell her that I would not accept the money if she offered it to me. I told her so plainly."

The director uttered an exclamation of annoyance. "What kind of women are these? They run about making mischief for you in every way."

"If I had taken the money I should have had a right to do so, should I not?" she asked.

"Yes, you would."

Mrs. Harwood had written her story to the superior directly after Valeria left her. She had, in fact, fallen into one of her trances while listening, and the idea had entered her darkened mind inverted, like the images of outward objects into a camera obscura. She had also complained that Valeria had been allowed to give the shawl to Fidelia.

"Signor Direttore," Valeria said later, "do you think it necessary to examine my letters?"

"Certainly not; and I never have!"

"Did not I give you the check I received from my serial last month, when I might have concealed it from you?" she pursued.

"You did."

"Well, here is another letter from the same publisher. I have not opened it; I wish to open it in your presence, so that you may be sure that I do not steal nor hide anything out of it."

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She opened the letter, shook the sheet wide, and gave him the check it contained.

"I have a right to receive and keep my own money," she said; "but when I tell you that I will not take any without your consent, I expect you to depend upon my word. When I choose to take my own money without your consent I shall take it; but I will give you fair warning. Here is a letter which has been opened to make sure, I presume, that there was no money in it. Yet the money that I received before from the same person, as well as that from an American publisher, I put voluntarily into Miss Pendleton's hands. Honestly is thrown away on such a day Valeria."

With an elegantly courteous bow, the director tendered her the check that she had given him.

"Madamigella, keep the money, and whatever may come to you in future," he said.

He had such a fine, noble nature! One could not speak a generous word to him without receiving a generous response.

"And by the way," Valeria added, "Mr. Harwood says that the count will not release me without the consent of the doctors who placed me here. Have they any jurisdiction?"

"Not in the least. Their work is done. It is for us to judge of the persons in our care," the director replied.

"It would be rather amusing to have these two men come and talk with me to test my sanity. Hamlet had but one Polonius; I should have two. Very like a whale! I can imagine them with their eyes fixed on me, one at either side, our three chairs making a right angled triangle. Dr. Kraus will look a little embarrassed. Dr. Laocoles will be full of a solemn feeling of responsibility. They will use the most elaborate diplomacy to introduce every possible subject, and will exchange glances at my replies. Do you know, Signor Cavaliere, I cannot promise you that I will not go in to see them with a crown of straw on my head and walk about declaiming like the Donna Claudia. May I? Will you stand by me if I do it?"

"Imbeciles!" pronounced the director, with an accent of superb scorn, as he slowly paced the room. "Imbeciles!"

That day Valeria was told that Mrs. Harwood had come and paid another three months for her.

"Don't let it trouble you," the superior said, when Valeria uttered her faint cry. "That does not mean that you are to stay three months, or even three weeks. It is the custom to pay three months in advance, and the money is returned afterward if the person goes away sooner. You are now on your fourth month, you know."

"Mrs. Harwood?" Valeria repeated.

"She wrote excusing herself for the length of her confinement as a result of her illness, but she would speak of the real cause of it. Any intimation of her condition had been dishonest, or even mistaken was to be expected. He would not have been a Roman prostitute and her associates might go—not unsuspected, for everyone knew what they were—but without a word of explanation."

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Our Guest.

"Come down, dear next Thursday and spend a few days; we are longing to see you."

Who has not had scores of similar invitations and gnashed their teeth over the problem of what a few days' absence would mean to them? The Sunday, then, do they extend to a week or only till the Tuesday? Supposing you have another engagement for the Thursday, how convenient it would be to feel comfortably settled until then, and not be expected to turn up for the Thursday, when your hostess mean no unkindness; she merely lacked consideration for another's convenience. Remember, however, that attractive invitations carry a certain force. "We have you can stay till the 15th," or words to that effect.

The true art of hospitality springs from innate kindness of heart, inducing thought and care for a guest's comfort, since "will is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." The two are indivisible. Consider how utterly a visitor's comfort lies in your power, and, as you are strong, be merciful.

The utmost liberality secures the most through pleasure. Do not urge them to drive when they palpably long to remain in your house, and let them choose their own companions for the day. (People stop themselves so readily, or let them stay in to write, and out a volley of questions and demanded explanations. Excessive attention may be excessive kindness, but is certainly misplaced, since people hate to be watched like thieves, even with the best intentions. This point is where tact and discretion must come in. Never, however, let the fear of over-anxiety lead you into neglect, but steer clear of both pitfalls.)

The father regarded the information as a joke, saying he invariably read them all. But it was tiresome for the girl to be thus spied upon, and she said: "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," is sometimes forgotten.

For though you should never appear to wish to get rid of visitors, yet when the time arrives how uncomfortable it is to be pressed inconveniently to remain! They must resort to shifts and excuses innumerable to get off; their friends are meeting them, and they are reduced to combat an imploring hostess with a faint chorus of noes. She certainly offends by excess of kindness.

A Pretty Garnish.

The fish course at recent dinners has been particularly ornamental, and appetizing from a new garnish, for want of a better name, called "lemon-cups."

The fruit is cut cross-ways in halves, the pulp and seeds removed, leaving the empty skin. These are filled with butter whipped to a cream with lemon juice, parsley cut very fine to give the mixture a green tinge, and a dash of red pepper. The fish is striped with cut parsley, and between fresh sprigs of it arranged like a border on the serving-platter, the lemon-cups are placed—one served with every portion of fish.

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mistake she made about the money," the superior continued.

And that very mistake, the reporting the money to her, does not make her doubt herself," Valeria said. "I have always spoken of her respectfully, but now she has found them in her own consideration which will prevent my defending myself to the utmost against her. I will never see her again. There is no knowing what wild reports she may make of me."

A few days later Mrs. Harwood came to see Valeria, who refused to receive her.

She went home and wrote her a pleasant note. "You will always know where to find me when you want me," she wrote.

"I shall never want you," Valeria thought, and made no reply. There was nothing that she could say or do that she would not turn into mischief. There was nothing to be hoped and everything to be feared from them.

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SATURDAY SHOPPING

Mr. John Connor Protests Against the Saturday Night Work—Says the Fault Is With the Purchasers.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

In these days of general philanthropy it should be only necessary to point out an abuse to have it immediately rectified. In fact, there are many good men and women, too, who devote considerable time to unearthing unsuspecting evils and dragging them to light. Under such circumstances, it seems strange to me that such a public and unnecessary evil as the long and wearisome shopping hours on Saturday should be countenanced in the city. That it is an evil, and a grave one, I have never heard anyone deny. Thirty years ago it was thought to be a necessary evil; now it is a customary one. "Everyone does it," and for that reason a bad practice that benefits no one is to be continued. Speaking for myself, I have little or no personal interest in the matter. During the 34 years I have been in London my Saturday has been done on Saturday shopping, and we are not disturbed often enough to make a great grievance of it by puzzled porters searching on a dark night for the right number. 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