

ROYAL YEAST
The reason for changing the shape of Royal Yeast Cakes is that it is easier to wrap square cakes by machinery than round cakes. Each package will contain five cakes instead of six but the quality and quantity of yeast will be the same as formerly.
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CHAPTER XIX.
CASTLES IN SPAIN.

"Here are Mr. More and Capt. Morton," said Edna, as the captain, bare-headed and with the sweet smile of devotion and respect, came forward with Edward More on his arm.

"What a charming place it is!" he said, after the usual salutations. "It is a complete paradise, Miss Weston, without the serpent."—That is not so certain, Capt. Morton.—"It is so delightful, so refreshing to one's senses after the dried-up, used-up continental places, to see a fine old English spot like this."
"You have seen so very little of it at present, Capt. Morton," said Aunt Martha. "We were just saying how much we hoped that you would be able to prolong your visit. You will, will you not?"

The captain looked at Edna as he murmured what was evidently only a polite refusal, and Edna, with a faint blush, said in her simple way: "I hope you will be able to stay, Capt. Morton."
"You are very kind," he said in a low voice, and with a gratified expression. "I was on my way to a friend's in Hampshire, but I am sure he will not blame me for stopping halfway, when he hears what temptations there were to breaking faith with him."

It was just enough to give his acceptance some value, and like a true diplomat he passed lightly on. "I have been admiring the birds. They are as thick as in the Luxembourg Gardens. You have seen them, of course? No! The workmen who stroll about in the breakfast hour feed the sparrows and blackbirds with pieces of bread; and the birds get so tame that they will fly downward and catch the crumbs as the men throw them in the air. There is a peculiar cry which will draw the birds—"
"Now, really, Capt. Morton!" remonstrated Mrs. Edward, playfully. "Indeed it is so," said the captain. "Let me prove it to you. May I have some bread?"

A servant brought him a slice from the table, and talking all the while in his frank, pleasant way, the captain collected a handful of crumbs, and smilingly enjoining silence, stepped out on to the lawn, and throwing some of the crumbs into the air, commenced whistling in a peculiar fashion.

The little group watched at the window, all interested, but none more so than Edna—as the captain intended she should be. Presently he stepped softly back, and in a few minutes some sparrows and a robin redbreast came fluttering down from the trees, and having secured a crumb or piece, fled back again; the captain changed his note into one still more persuasive, and presently, to the astonishment of all and the delight of Edna, the sparrows returned, and apparently perfectly assured and fearless, hopped about the captain's very feet. Then he ceased whistling, flung the few last remaining crumbs into the air, and as the birds, apparently released from their spell, took to their wings, he turned with a smile.

"You may applaud now," he said. "It is wonderful," said Edna, with girlish delight. "I have often thrown crumbs out to them, but they would never attempt to come down until I had gone in and closed the window. I should like to learn the secret of that piece of sorcery."
"It is very simple," said the captain, modestly. "I learned the trick—it is nothing more—from an old Swiss bird fancier in Basle."

Edna started; they had taken their seats at the breakfast table, and she was sitting with her face to the light,

which lit up every feature distinctly. The captain's quick eyes and quick ears caught the little, sharp uplighting of her eyes, and the startled intonation of her low exclamation, but not a muscle of his face moved.

"Yes, in Basle," he repeated, apparently busy with his toast, but really eyeing her closely. "You know it, of course?"

"I—I have been there, yes," said Edna, looking down at her plate. "Basle, my dear Edna," murmured Aunt Martha, looking over the coffee urn. "Not at Basle! We only passed through it on the train. Don't you remember how often we said that we would go, but that something always prevented us? Mr. Payne planned a kind of excursion one day, but it rained, or something happened to prevent our going. No, you haven't been to Basle, Edna."

Edna sat silent, and the captain took up the thread, looking over his coffee cup as he leaned back in his chair.

"You did not lose much, my dear madam; I was trying to think what your friend—Mr. Payne, didn't you say?—could find to interest him in the place, unless he was an antiquarian, by the way."

Aunt Martha laughed, and appealed to Edna with mild enjoyment.

"No, he certainly was not an antiquarian; but he was an extremely well-bred and agreeable young gentleman, was he not, Edna? So very attentive and good-natured. One of those light-hearted young fellows," she continued, looking over her spectacles at Mrs. Edward with placid good nature, "who seem to carry an atmosphere of cheerfulness and gaiety wherever they go. I remember he used to make me smile to hear him laugh. He was very fond of children, and there was an infant's school near the pension—what was the name—dear me, you remember, Edna."

"I—I have quite forgotten," said Edna, and in so constrained a voice that all eyes—excepting the captain's—

—were fixed on her. "The kindergarten school, for quite young children, you know, Capt. Morton. Well, he and Edna used to spend most of their time talking and petting those children—pretty little things they were, and so well-behaved. Why, Edna, I think the first time you saw him he was sitting on the wall playing with the children."
"What an extraordinary man!" laughed Mrs. Edward. "Why, Edna, my dear girl, you have never told us anything about your eccentric acquaintance."

"Have I not?" said Edna, lifting her face with a little wan smile. "Edna seems to have forgotten him," said Aunt Martha, wadding on, unconsciously stabbing the throbbing heart beside her with each word—ay, and providing the handsome man beside her with a weapon to stab it and overcome it later on? "Quite forgotten him! and really I think it is quite ungrateful of you, my dear, considering how very attentive and thoughtful he was."

"And what became of him?" asked Mrs. Edward.

"Oh!" said Aunt Martha, "let me see. Why, he left us quite suddenly, without saying good-by even. I remember that we all thought it so strange, for he was always so well-bred and considerate and—"
"This room is very hot, aunt," said Edna, looking up, pale and heavy-eyed.

"Do you think so, dear? Perhaps it is—Johnson is so fond of making a great fire. Thank you, Capt. Morton!" for the captain had risen with noiseless alacrity and opened the window.

"Miss Weston is quite right," he said, emphatically, "the room is hot—even I feel it—and I have been used to heat. It is like summer out here, and seems to woo one to bask in it. May I put a chair for you just here, Miss Weston?"

And without waiting for an answer, he carried a light easy-chair outside the window. Edna rose and passed out; he held the door open for her, drew a small table close to her elbow, and unobtrusively placed her coffee upon it.

It was all done with such womanly sympathy, so adroitly shielding her from the observation of the rest, that she felt as if he had stepped before her like a shield; and as she sank into the chair, she could not help raising her eyes gratefully to his.

"Thank you," she murmured; "that is so much nicer."
He said not a word—that would have spoiled it—but with an inclination of the head, which was neither a bow nor a nod, but suggested the deepest gratitude and delight at having pleased her, returned to the room, and immediately turned off all notice from her by gliding into his irresistible flow of talk. But while he talked with an easy and careless grace, he was storing up in his memory the fact that the town of Basle and the name of Payne were distasteful to Edna Weston, and resolving to learn the reason why.

CHAPTER XX.
MILITARY TACTICS.

CAPT. MORTON had opened his campaign, and the first skirmish was his; it was, so to speak, merely an affair of outpost, but it was important, inasmuch as it established a kind of understanding between Edna and himself. He had, with quick perception and admirable taste, stepped in and shielded her from prying eyes at a moment when weakness threatened to betray her.

I think a woman is more grateful for a delicate service of that sort than if the man who had rendered it had saved her life instead. Edna was weak that morning, after a restless night, and here was a man who stepped in and saved her from torture, perhaps discovery. Yes, she was grateful, and, after the manner of women—especially of such pure, innocent, unsuspecting women—she relied upon him, unconsciously, to do it again for her. Great and noble creature as Lord Mersey was, he could not thus gain her confidence and reliance; he would not have observed her embarrassment, and if he had, he would not have had the ready wit to protect her. Tact is a great power, and Capt. Morton possessed it in a very large degree.

He went in, finished his breakfast, talking in his lightest and most amusing vein, until he had made the rest almost forget Edna outside, and then he gradually led the conversation to where it had been broken off, and learned of all the particulars of Edna's stay at Lucerne, without Aunt Martha even suspecting that he was curious or anxious to be informed; in fact, she would up with an apology for wearing him with such uninteresting gossip.

Then, when Edward said he would go for a walk to the preserves, and Mrs. Edward murmured something about opening a case that had arrived from her French milliner, the captain begged permission to write a letter, and was conducted by an obsequious footman to the library. This apartment was on a par with the rest of the mansion, lined with books, and elegantly furnished; there were writing materials and tables of the most luxurious kind, and the captain, selecting the most comfortable, sat down and wrote a very short letter.

It was addressed to a certain waiter at the Cafe de l'Europe at Lucerne, who was not only a waiter, but an ex-French spy; and the letter ran thus:

"My Dear Alphonse: A certain young English lady, accompanied by an aunt of the true English type, sojourning at the Pension Petre during the months of July and August last. Their names were Weston. Any information anent them, and a gentleman named Harold Payne, will be gratefully received by the old friend who rescued a certain Alphonse Calvay from the rude hands of a Parisian mob. Send to me here in cipher."

The captain inclosed this in an envelope and secreted it in a small inner pocket against his heart. He took the precaution of removing the sheet of blotting paper which he had used from the pad, and having burned it at a small taper, left the room humming gayly.

Half an hour afterward, Edna, who was still seated in the sunny corner reading, or trying to read, saw the captain approach from the shrubbery. She looked up with a smile, and a slight flush, that rather deepened as he came up beside her.

(To be Continued.)

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MINERS' TROUBLE.
LONDON, Feb. 26.
Executive Committee of the Miners' Federation today before the delegates to the conference, which is to determine there shall be a strike if a recommendation that the government offer for a commission to inquire into the situation, is accepted, and that the date of expiration of the strike should be postponed for five weeks until March 20th. Justice Sankrie, who will be chairman of the commission, has promised the commission would make a report on the most important questions on March 20th. The delegates moved an amendment in favor of returning to the original date for the resumption of work.
CLEMENTEAU OUT AGAIN.
PARIS, Feb. 26.
Clemenceau left his residence this afternoon for the first time since he was shot last Wednesday. A large crowd had gathered at the house in the hope of seeing the Premier, although the hour had been kept secret. Cheers and

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