

All Pure Tea
Free from Dust
Sealed Packets Only
Never Sold in Bulk

"SALADA"
Black-Mixed-Natural Green. E213

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

"I both can and will," was the quiet answer. "But, come, let us seek a more retired spot."

He drew her almost forcibly out of the recess into the shadow of some palms, as Adrien Leroy, with a partner on his arm, approached the alcove.

"Oh! Mr. Leroy," said Lady Chet-

wold as they passed, "can you tell me who this latest arrival is?"

"I have not seen her," said Adrien rather wearily; his eyes were bent on Lady Constance, who had left him and was now dancing with Lord Standon.

"Oh, there she is!" exclaimed his voluble little companion. "Such a magnificent Cleopatra, isn't she?"

She drew his attention to a tall lady who was looking rather anxiously and constrainedly about her.

Her dress certainly deserved the name of magnificent. It was made for the greater part of apricot-colored satin, with gauze and tulle chignon pulled over it; from the shoulders was suspended a long train of imperial purple velvet, on which was embroidered in dull green, various Egyptian symbols. Her jewels too, which were abundant, consisting chiefly of diamonds and large emeralds, made her a regal, though almost theatrical figure. Yet, as her eyes met the steady regard of Adrien's, she looked nervously round as if to make her escape.

Lady Chetwold felt Adrien give a slight start, and looking up, she saw that his lips had grown stern, and even through the mask detected the angry gleam in his eyes.

"Do you know her?" she whispered.

"Yes!" he said. "But it would be a breach of confidence to betray her, Lady Chetwold."

At the close of the dance he surrendered the little lady to her next partner, and went in search of the Cleopatra. He soon espied her, seated in one of the recesses, and strode across to her. She started to her feet as Adrien approached, then sank back into her chair, she looked up at him defiantly.

At that moment the band struck up the music for the cotillon, and the mass of colors shifted in dazzling movement, as, amid the rustle of silk and the ripple of laughter, the dance commenced.

Adrien was engaged to Lady Constance for it; but in the height of his anger he had forgotten the fact.

"Ada!" he exclaimed in a low voice full of suppressed indignation. "What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

"You've no business here."

"No business here! Oh, haven't I?" she answered harshly, her bosom heaving, and her bejewelled hands clenching.

"No," he continued, standing in front of her so that she should not be seen by the dancers. "You know that as well as I do. How did you come?"

"On my legs," retorted the lady defiantly. "They're good for something else besides dancing in your theatre, Adrien. You're an unfeeling brute to speak to me like that after the way you've treated me. Do you think I'm going to be thrown aside like a worn-out glove, just because you want to marry that grand swell of a cousin?"

"Silence!" said Adrien in a tense whisper, and grasping her arm almost savagely. "Keep your mask on, and come with me. If you are discovered, I will not answer for the consequences."

She rose sullenly, but abashed by his unusual vehemence, for never yet had she seen him moved from his polite calm; and opening the door at the end of the room, he led her away from the brilliant ball-room.

"Now," he said as he closed the door and removed the mask from his face. "What does this mean? There is something more in your presence than I can understand. Whether marry or not, it can be nothing to you, Ada; you have the money which is all you care for."

"No I haven't," she retorted loudly, "and you know it."

He held up his hand with a gesture of contemptuous command.

"Speak quietly, if you can," he said, "or I leave you at once. Do you mean to tell me you have not received the deeds?"

"I do," she replied sulkily. "It isn't to use your carrying it off in this high-handed way. I want to know how it is to be conveyed to me. You promised me that you'd make me an allowance of a thousand a year, and give me the theatre when you left me. Well, you've left me right enough, but where's the money? That's what I want to know."

"I gave the deed to Jasper," said Adrien, looking down upon her with defiance, and vaguely wondering how he could ever have endured such a woman near him.

"You gave it to Jasper, did you?" said Ada, pulling or rather tugging off her mask sulkily, as she spoke.

"Hang me if I didn't think so all the time!" she exclaimed with a sudden change of tactics. "That Jasper's a thief, I heard you say something about these deeds, and Jasper told me long ago that you wouldn't sign them. Whether that's true or not, Heaven only knows. Jasper's a bad one, and he's sold me out. He's got the coin, and I'll split on him, as I threatened. No, it's no use your trying to make me hush up, I will speak out. I'll show you what a fool he's made of you, you who have been so careful to him; I'll tell you a thing or two as will open your eyes a bit wider than they are now. I'll—"

"Be quiet!" said Adrien. "Not another word—there is some mistake. Jasper has forgotten, or has some reason for not giving it to you. He shall explain directly I can reach town. You shall have the money and the theatre, that I promise you; you know I have ever broken my word yet. Now you must go. Every moment you stay increases your danger. My father is old-fashioned, perhaps, but he would punish this as the greatest insult, and would punish it severely. You are no fool, Ada. How could you have done such a thing? Hush! slip on that domino. He pointed to a black mask, cloak, and rang the bell. "Get away as quickly as possible," he went

on as, now thoroughly subdued, she put on the cloak. "You shall have the money, I swear it."

On the servant entering, he hastily gave directions for her to be driven to the station; then without another word to her, he returned to the ball-room, just as his father's voice was heard inquiring for him.

"Ah; there you are, my boy. I wondered if anything had gone wrong. Are you ill?" he gazed keenly at Adrien's pale, unmasked face.

"No, sir, it is rather hot though in this dress," he returned hurriedly, hating even the very semblance of a lie. "I believe Constance is waiting for me," he continued. "Ah, yes, there she is. The ball is going off well, don't you think so?"

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"Yes," he said, "your friends are pronouncing it to be a success. Mr. Paxhorn declares it is a vision of the period. But Constance is waiting."

Replaced his mask, Adrien made his way to his cousin, who, as usual, was surrounded by a small group of courtiers. She glanced up as he approached, and with a smile to the rest, took his proffered arm. As he looked at her sweet face, a thrill ran through him at the purity of her beauty—so great a contrast to that of the woman he had just dismissed that he loathed the very thought of ever having touched her hand. In that moment, the love he bore Constance welled up passionately in his heart, refusing to be suppressed, and again he tore off the velvet mask.

When the girl raised her calm eyes to his face, the ardent look in his startled her, and she determined to at least listen to any explanation he wished to give her.

"Where have you been, Adrien?" she said gently. "I thought you had forgotten me."

"No," he answered sharply, "that would be impossible; but I was called away. Do you care for this dance? Or would you give me just a few moments with you alone on the terrace?"

"Yes, if you like, Adrien," she said gently. "I am really tired now, and longing for the air."

"Come, then," he said; and catching up a silk wrap that lay on one of the seats, he threw it tenderly over her.

Together they passed out on to the terrace, and seemed to have slipped into another world, for rest a contrast was the peaceful moonlit valley beneath them to the brilliant, heated ball-room they had just left.

As the curtain door swung behind them, Jasper Vermont, alias Mephistopheles—his secret costume now changed to ordinary evening dress, and covered with a long black domino, similar to that which Ada had donned—shot a sharp glance after them; then with a sinister smile, he left the room by another exit, and made his way to the garden.

Keeping well within the shadow of the trees and shrubs, he crept down, directly under the terrace where Adrien had led Constance; here, motionless and scarcely breathing, he listened with eager ears.

"It is hot," said Constance, removing her mask, and letting the wrap fall back from her shoulders.

All the more reason you should be careful," said Adrien, replacing it gently.

She smiled, as she gazed up at him. "You look very tired, and you're so soft."

"This ball has been a strain on you, has it not?"

"Not more than usual," he returned. "At any rate, it will be my last for some time."

"Your last?" she echoed, looking up at him with wide, startled eyes.

"What do you mean, Adrien?"

"I am going away after to-night," he said hoarsely; for the sight of her beauty was goading him almost to despair.

"Going away!" she hardly breathed the words; her face had paled in the moonlight, till it looked almost unearthly. "Why?"

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Plain Omelet—One ounce of cornstarch, two eggs, three-quarters teaspoonful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of pepper and made mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half to one ounce of butter or lard. Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs. Beat up the yolks in a small basin. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat to a very stiff froth. Blend the cornstarch with a little of the milk to a smooth cream. Stir in the rest of the milk and the yolks. Add the seasoning. Stir in the whites of the eggs with a whisk, mixing well. Put the butter into the omelet pan, allow it to get hot, then pour in the omelet. Cook the omelet as usual, but before turning put in the broiler under the gas jets for a second to set slightly, as this keeps it from falling flat. Serve at once on a very hot dish. If the cornstarch is omitted from this recipe it will require three eggs instead of two and so the addition is a very decided economy these times when eggs are such prohibited luxuries.

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HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION.

The smallest bottle of Syrup contains three times as much as the 50c size.

How To Do Things.

A few drops of oil of lavender poured into a glass of very hot water will purify the air of a room almost instantly from cooking odors, and is especially refreshing in a sick-room.

If a little sausage is left over from breakfast, it will add flavor if broken up fine and mixed with the bread-crumbs to put on top of baked macaroni or scalloped potatoes or baked beans.

If you are fond of pumpkin pies and have no pumpkins, have you ever tried substituting carrots? Cook and prepare them the same as you would the pumpkin, and you'll find it hard to tell which is the better.

Don't fret because you haven't the time to keep a variety of fancy things baked up. The health of your family will be far better if you give them plenty of well-prepared plain foods, such as vegetables, meats, eggs, bread and butter, and fresh fruit or sauce for dessert.

In many homes there is a great hunt when any pattern is wanted. Next time you are in town step into the stationery store and get a package to big manila envelopes. Put one pattern in one of these and write on the outside what it is; and so on, till you have them all filed away. Then set these envelopes up on edge in some drawer. Ten cents will cover the cost and save many hours of hunting and lots of vexation.

When one has only materials enough for a little stock, it still pays to make it. It is very easy to cover this findings from steak, chops or chicken, one or all three, with cold water, and allow this to simmer two or three hours. If the result is not more than a cupful of stock, even that will materially add in nourishment and flavor to a can of soup or in the preparation of stews, gravies and vegetables.

Redpath SUGAR

"Redpath" stands for sugar quality that is the result of modern equipment and methods, backed by 60 years experience and a determination to produce nothing unworthy of the name "REDPATH".

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

Made in one grade only—the highest!

2 and 5 lb. Cans—20, 25, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

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"No," he continued, standing in front of her so that she should not be seen by the dancers. "You know that as well as I do. How did you come?"

"On my legs," retorted the lady defiantly. "They're good for something else besides dancing in your theatre, Adrien. You're an unfeeling brute to speak to me like that after the way you've treated me. Do you think I'm going to be thrown aside like a worn-out glove, just because you want to marry that grand swell of a cousin?"

"Silence!" said Adrien in a tense whisper, and grasping her arm almost savagely. "Keep your mask on, and come with me. If you are discovered, I will not answer for the consequences."

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