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TRIAL FOR LIFE

Laura Elmer looked down upon the steel engraving that formed the frontispiece of the Album of Beauty.

Yes, it was the same lovely face, the same sweet, serious young face, veiled by the same fall of fair ringlets.

"I have but lately become acquainted with the rare merit of a poem about which the whole literary world has been talking and writing for the last two months.

"I am much indebted to you for your kindness, Mr. Cassinove. I have been reading this morning what I consider to be the best review that has yet been written upon this poem.

"You are the reviewer," said the glance of Laura.

"And you the poet," said that Cassinove.

"The heart of the young man beat quickly. His color came and went.

"I might have known it! I might have known it! That glorious poem is but another phase of the poet woman."

tal drudgery, and last of all, her own magnificent array, and sighed deeply: "It is a long, tedious play, is it not, Miss Elmer?"

"What play, my dear?" "This comedy of the Changeling, in which they make poor Rose take the part of the baroness," she said.

"My dear, how incredulous you are of your good fortune. The history of the past twenty years was indeed a play, as far as we were concerned. The history of the present is a reality. Believe it, accept it and improve it."

Rose shook her head sadly, and pressing her hand upon her bosom, said: "Ah, Miss Elmer! deep in my heart here I feel how unreal is all I see around me. Yes, Miss Elmer, sooner or later the poor little sparrow will be plucked of her bird-of-paradise plumage, and it will be well if she is not left to shiver and die of cold."

"This is morbid, very morbid, my dear. You really must banish such thoughts," said Laura, so gravely that Rose suddenly laughed and said: "But I did not come here to be lectured for croaking, Miss Elmer: I came to see you, to talk over all that has passed since we met, and especially to bring you this book."

And, to the ludicrous astonishment of Laura Elmer, Rose produced the third copy of that poem that had been offered to her.

But Laura drifted easily from the book to other topics, and she and Rose fell into a familiar conversation, talking of much that had passed since they last met, which to relate would only be to repeat events with which the reader is already acquainted.

And Rose terminated her visit—the happiest visit, she declared that she had made since coming to town.

"There are gleams of sunshine on the shadiest path," said Laura Elmer, when she was left alone; and she fell into a pleasant reverie that lasted until the servant came to announce the carriage for the afternoon drive.

And she quickly put on her bonnet and mantle and went down to the front hall where she was met by Sir Vincent and Mrs. Ravenscroft.

Laura's position toward Mrs. Ravenscroft was growing daily more embarrassing. Since the day of that unhappy young lady's encounter with the stranger in the park her conduct had been marked by a singular anxiety and vigilance. The present occasion was no exception to the rule, but was destined very much to complicate the duties and perplex the mind of Laura Elmer.

The carriage door had scarcely closed upon them when Helen Ravenscroft, keeping her veil down, peered anxiously through every window in turn. As the carriage rolled on, this course of watchfulness was still pursued, until at length, just as they were about to enter the park, the restless woman suddenly became still and contented.

Laura Elmer looked out and saw the cause of the sudden change. The person whose appearance she had so recently watched and hoped for was at hand; that is to say, the light haired man was riding attendance upon the carriage.

Laura Elmer's face flushed with indignation. She suddenly pulled the check-string and ordered the coachman to turn and drive back to the house; but she meant not fully comprehending the unexpected order, only drove up, and touching his hat, waited for further directions.

While Miss Elmer was hurriedly repeating her orders from one window, Helen Ravenscroft suddenly let down the other, and, snatching a letter from her bosom, threw it out at the feet of the rider, who, leaping from his horse, picked it up, and then springing into his saddle rode rapidly away. Helen dropped back into her seat and burst into a horrible laugh.

"In the name of Heaven, what have you done?" cried Laura Elmer, turning around in dismay.

"What Hades cannot undo! You may betray me now; tell all you know. It will be too late! too late!" replied Mrs. Ravenscroft, with a wild laugh.

"Most unhappy girl, I fear, indeed, that you have betrayed yourself. I very much regret having concealed your first encounter with that evil man from Sir Vincent Lester. And I warn you that I feel it my duty to yourself and your family to inform him of that which I have witnessed," said Miss Elmer, gravely.

"I free you to do so, but it will be in vain! In vain! All Hades cannot undo what I have done to-day," said Helen, in exultation.

The carriage rolled rapidly back to Grosvenor Square. When they arrived they were met as usual in the hall by Sir Vincent Lester, who greeted them with much surprise, exclaiming: "You are back early. No one is ill, I hope."

"No, Sir Vincent; but as soon as you have disposed of your unhappy charge I must have an interview with you," said Miss Elmer, in a peremptory manner.

"Certainly, Miss Elmer. James, show Miss Elmer into the library; I will attend upon you there immediately," said the baronet, leading away Mrs. Ravenscroft, who, in passing, turned upon the governess a look of wild defiance and triumph.

Laura Elmer went in to the library and threw herself into an easy chair to await the coming of the baronet, who now entered.

He advanced smiling, and saying: "Miss Elmer, I feel myself much flattered by this mark of confidence. It is an honor."

"A truce to compliments, if you please, Sir Vincent. Forgive my interruption, but I have that to communicate which may make you grave enough," said Laura Elmer, very seriously.

The baronet bowed, took a seat opposite to her, and became politely attentive. "What I have to communicate, Sir Vincent, relates to the unhappy young lady from whom we have just parted."

"Helen Ravenscroft?" exclaimed the baronet, in alarm. "She has told you so?"

"She has told me nothing, Sir Vincent. She has confided in me no more than you have."

Laura then related all she knew and had learned regarding Miss Ravenscroft and the mysterious man with fair hair and light blue eyes.

When she concluded with the most recent incident, in which Miss Ravenscroft had flung a letter from the window and declared that she had done what turned out to be undone, the baronet's face turned ghastly white, his head dropped upon his chest—the seemed completely overwhelmed and crushed.

Laura Elmer looked at him in terror, and then started toward the bell-rope, when the baronet raised his hand, with the one word, "Stop!"

The tone was peremptory, though the word was almost inarticulate.

"Miss Elmer, there are times when belief in the fatalism of the Turks, and the predestination of the Calvinists forces itself upon my conviction, and I think that we are not only fore-doomed to commit certain crimes, but that every means will be taken to insure our doing so. Miss Elmer, I esteem and respect you, and wish to stand well with you. I pray you, therefore, whatever the next few days bring forth, judge of me as leniently as you can—as of one who has been more sinned against than sinning." And, with one final request, I will bid you good morning; and that is, that you will speak of the events of this day to no living soul unless you should be judicially called upon to do so.

Miss Elmer gave the required promise, and retired, full of sad thoughts, from the library.

CHAPTER XVIII. One morning Rose received a copy of the new edition of the poem that all the world was talking of and writing of.

Turning to the title page to discover who had sent it, she burst into an exclamation of joy, with the words: "Oh, how stupid of me! I should have known it! Why, an idiot might have known that much!"

"What is it, dear Rose?" exclaimed the duchess.

"Why, I ought to have known at once who was the author of 'Woman,' and I was an idiot not to have known it!"

"Did the author's name is there? Who is she, then?"

"Why, Laura Elmer, of course! I was very, very ill not to have known it before!"

"Laura Elmer! Your friend, Laura Elmer! She who was brought up and educated as the Baroness Etheridge? Are you sure?" exclaimed the duchess.

"Why, of course, I am sure now. I ought to have been sure at first. Look at your grace!"

And Rose opened the volume, spreading before the duchess the title-page, upon which appeared the words: "Woman; a Poem, by Laura Elmer. And then turning a leaf, she exhibited an autograph of the words—'To Rosamond, Baroness Etheridge, with the love of Laura Elmer, June 15th, 1800.'"

as a successful woman of genius. But she loves you, and will come to us if she can be made to feel that it will make you happy."

On the evening of the tenth the beauty and fashion of the town were assembled at Beresleigh House. The duchess had informed many of her friends, who had told all the others, that the new star, the unknown poetess, would be present. And among many other interesting subjects of conversation, the expected arrival of Miss Elmer was discussed.

At length were successively announced the names: "Lady Lester," "Mr. Ruthven Lester," and "Miss Elmer." And the party centered.

Every one knew the Lesters. The queenly wife of the arms of Lady Lester could, therefore, only be Miss Elmer.

A murmur of irrepressible admiration greeted her appearance as Lady Lester conducted her through the drawing-rooms toward the saloon, where the duchess awaited her.

The facts of her antecedents, as well as of her present social rank, were unknown or ignored. That she was Laura Elmer, the poetess, patronized by the Duchess of Beresleigh, and by Lady Lester, was deemed sufficient passport to the favor of the most exclusive conservator of rank present. That her beauty, dress, and address were all of a very high order, was another recommendation, though probably a less important one.

Lady Lester and Mr. Ruthven Lester never relaxed their polite attentions, and Laura Elmer became the lioness of the evening.

Laura, in returning home with the Lesters, was occupied with but one thought—the admiration of the whole world besides," said Laura Elmer, in a tone that made his heart thrill with joy.

"Good-night," she said, holding out her hand, receiving and returning the slight pressure that sent him happier to his rest.

Laura Elmer retired to her room, but the adventures of the night were not yet over. In her life of isolation and solitude she had formed the habit of reading in her chamber every night until she became sleepy. For this purpose she always kept a volume on hand. The book now in progress of perusal happened to be "Ivanhoe." Feeling too much excited by the events of the day to go to once to sleep, Laura looked about for her book without being able to find it. Then suddenly, recollecting that she had left it in the drawing-room below stairs, and feeling the more anxious to read it because it happened to be out of her way, she threw on her dressing-gown, took a tapers, and went softly down the stairs to recover her book.

The house was quite still; the world seemed buried in the deep repose of the still small hours.

As she reached the lower landing a sudden draught from the library door, that stood open immediately on the left at the foot of the staircase, blew out the tapers. At the same moment the lights within the room went out, and she found herself in the dark.

The lights were all out, but, by the smoldering fire at the grate, she saw the figures of two men seated at the writing tables near the rug. The one with his face fronting the fireplace was Sir Vincent Lester, and even in the red and lurid light of the dying fire his face was ghastly pale, his brows were corrugated, and great drops of agony were beaded upon his forehead.

The other figure sat with his back toward the door, and, consequently, his face was hidden from Laura Elmer; but by the general contour of his form, and by the peculiar air of his head, and especially by his light hair, she recognized him as the mysterious stranger who had twice met Mrs. Ravenscroft in the park, and whose relations with the family of Sir Vincent seemed, too, as hateful as they were inexplicable.

(To be continued.)

A Marriage Bureau. "It's no easy to complain," sighed an agent of the New York Telephone Company, as he listened to the twelfth complaint of the morning. "But if you knew the facts—"

"It isn't the girl's fault; it isn't that they are not properly trained; the trouble is that each girl is doing the work of two. We simply can't get operators enough, and those we do get can't keep."

"Why? Because this is the greatest marriage business that ever a woman engaged in. We turn out a new bride every day, and many of these brides without a day's warning, do you wonder the service is poor? And it's all our own doing, too, for most of them meet their future husbands over our own phones. Now, how are we going to cope with a situation like that?"

Assigned to a Dangerous Task. "Yes, I had to quit."

"I thought you liked the newspaper biz."

"I did until the managing editor insisted that I ask Senator Platt what he thought of trial marriages."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Yes, mamma."

"Oh, I am so overjoyed! My dear Miss Elmer! I might have known that she only could have written that poem!" exclaimed Rose, delightedly.

The duchess rang, and ordered her carriage, and then turning to Rose, said: "I shall call on Miss Elmer this morning; but must leave it to you to persuade her to accept our invitation of the tenth. I can well conceive that a lady of Miss Elmer's pride and delicacy may shrink from the idea of appearing in circles which once she might have honored as the Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne, but which she can now grace only

SALT RHEUM CURED.

By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Doctor's Treatment Had Failed.

Skin trouble indicates that the blood is in a poisoned state. It is the poison in the blood that causes blotches, pimples, eczema, boils, salt-rheum, or bad complexion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood that banishes these troubles. Mrs. Osborne, wife of Andrew Osborne, clerk of the Township of Kennebec, Frontenac County, Ont., writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they did for me what doctors failed to do. Some years ago I was attacked by salt-rheum in the hands, caused by a run down condition of my blood. I endured the tortures of only those who have been similarly afflicted can realize my suffering. At times my hands were so bad that I could not comb my hair, I was helpless. I consulted a doctor but his treatment failed to benefit me—my case seemed incurable. While in this condition I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. Soon I began to improve and by the time I had taken about a dozen boxes I was completely cured. I have not since had the slightest return of the trouble. I can heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all similar sufferers."

You can't cure eczema, salt-rheum and skin eruptions with salves and outward applications. These troubles are rooted in the blood and can only be cured through the rich, red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. This simple medical fact should be known to everyone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure skin diseases, but all other troubles caused by bad blood, such as anaemia, with its headaches, sideaches and backaches, heart palpitation, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and the special ailments that afflict so many women and growing girls. You can get these pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE FORESTER AIMS TO PRODUCE TREES AS GRAIN IS PRODUCED.

"A farmer whose crop is trees" has been aptly suggested as a definition of a forester. Careful consideration of the definition will go far toward removing the haze under which the terms "forestry" and "forester" lie in the average mind.

The farmer's aim in his work is distinctly utilitarian, and the same is true of the forester. In raising a field of wheat the farmer pays an exceedingly small amount of attention to the agricultural side of the situation; it doesn't matter to him whether the field of wheat looks pretty or not. What he wants is to bring the wheat to maturity and then harvest it and get it away to the mill or the elevator. He can't afford to leave it just because he thinks it is pretty.

Now apply the definition to the forester. Put trees in the place of wheat. The forester is raising trees to supply a demand for timber, just as the farmer is raising wheat to supply a demand for breadstuffs. The aesthetic side of the situation may appeal to him, but at the same time he must recognize that the aesthetic side is entirely subordinate, and that his object is to supply the demand for lumber.

Forestry is the care of forest trees under forest conditions. The care of shade trees does not come under forestry at all. True, trees used as shade trees are usually forest trees; but no one who has been in a forest will for a moment maintain that they are growing under forest conditions. The care of shade trees is arboriculture, and the arboriculturist is seeking an amount of form in the tree, while the forester is after a long trunk, clear of branches, which will produce the largest possible amount of timber.

While the forester's management has utilitarian ends, still the forest, under his management, will continue to be the thing of beauty it has ever been. The visitor will continue to find there rest and recreation, and it will still remain the home of the wild game, just as the German forests—the best managed in the world—are now. But the crop of timber cut from the forest will be larger and better, and the trees will be cut when they are mature, and not allowed to remain until they become overripe and decay; for it is just as possible to leave trees until they are overripe as it is to leave wheat until too ripe.

THE NEW CHINESE ARMY. Not Yet a Modern Army, But on the Way to Perfection.

To-day China's soldiers are armed with the best products of German and Japanese skill. They are trained by Japanese officers in strategy and tactics. They are equipped with signal balloons, wireless telegraphy, and a Red Cross Society, says Harper's Weekly.

Their officers are graduates of excellent military schools, established in various parts of the empire, in the facilities of which are to be found a large proportion of German and Japanese instructors. Modern history has put on other examples of a nation so thoroughly, so rapidly and so earnestly renovating an antiquated and useless military system as China. That example is Japan.

China's army is en route to perfection. Will it arrive? Has it veered by the way? In the march ahead of too great distance? These are the questions now asked as the result of the second annual manoeuvres of the Chinese imperial army, which took place near Chank-tu.

As was said by one of the experts: "The manoeuvres were good, but not startling. They were more or less of a disappointment. Last year those who came to scoff remained to praise.

"Enough could not be said in approbation. The press went mad. The yellow peril was imminent—at hand, in fact. All Europe was agitated. America wondered and the world at large entertained new ideas of China and her army.

"This year there was no illusion. Crit-

ics can etc criticize as they thought, a modern army; then realized how unfair they had been.

"They found that China had not produced a modern army, as western critics understand the term; that conditions, as found in China, were too great a handicap; that her army as a homogeneous unit, does not exist; that it is quasi-imperial and subject to the forces of the empire, and that therefore the present-day standing of western nations cannot be applied."

Other critics look upon China's military future with enthusiasm. They regard the Chinese soldier with contempt no longer. He has proved his capability. His discipline is excellent.

"Give me a few thousand such men," said one attaché, "and I should not be afraid to march from Peking to Canton in the face of any opposition that China at present can produce."

When it is remembered that these same soldiers which are now called for the admiration of the military critics of ten nations were only yesterday the spearmen of China's antediluvian army, and as such the expression of her anachronistic art, one is able to grasp the progress which China has made toward military regeneration.

HAVE NEW SEISMIC THEORY. British Naturalists Ascribe Quakes to Rearrangement of Earth's Axis.

Apropos of the Jamaican earthquake, it may be recalled that Professor John Milnes, the great English seismic authority, has advanced a theory to account for recent disturbances of this character manifested here and abroad in various parts of the world. This theory has been held tenable by Sir Norman Lockyer and Professor Archenbold. Professor Milnes declares that the disturbances are due not to a merely normal readjustment of the earth's strata or to the shifting of the surface to meet a gradual contracting of the surface to meet a gradual contraction in the size of the globe, but are caused by displacement of the globe itself from its true axis and are really due to the jar incident to the subsequent swing back of the earth upon that true axis.

It is conceivable that such a return movement to the axis as well as the original distortion would cause a tremendous strain upon the crust and could easily account for the most terrific seismic convulsions imaginable.

Sir Norman Lockyer declares further that the deviation from the true axis is due to the great sunspots which recently sent more energy to the earth than at any other time during the thirty-five years' sunspot period and which, through the great differences in the corresponding temperatures, caused the formation of vast ice masses at one or the other of the poles of such weight that the distortions in place, to be subsequently remedied by other variations.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE. There are many mothers throughout Canada who do not hesitate to say that Baby's Own Tablets have saved the lives of their little ones. One of these is Mrs. John Shortall, Georgetown, Ont., who says: "I have no hesitation in saying that I believe that Baby's Own Tablets saved my little girl's life. From the time my little girl was three months old she cried all the time with indigestion. She was frail and puny; her food did her no good, and I was literally worn out taking care of her. The doctor treated her for some time, and finally told me she could do no more for her, and we did not expect she would get better. It was then I learned of Baby's Own Tablets, and decided to try them. Before I had given her a box of the Tablets there was a great improvement. Her digestion was much improved, and her bowels, which had been terribly constipated, moved regularly. From that time she began to thrive splendidly, and is now as healthy a child as you could wish to see. We are now never without a box of the Tablets in the house. Baby's Own Tablets will promptly cure all the minor ailments of babies and young children, and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drugs. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Useful Hints. The most fashionable women now send their furs to a cold-storage warehouse when it is time to put them out of the way of the destructive moth, for, besides being an absolute preventive of the ravages of that pest, the cold-storage treatment retains in perfection the gloss which adds so much to the value of furs.

A very pretty and inexpensive cover for a dining-table when not in use is made of a dull shade of green burlap, the four corners being adorned with three large disks, embroidered solid with green couching silk, and just a glimmer of gilt thread to add to the richness.

Glass pitchers with silver lids are to be recommended to all persons who are in the habit of having drinking water in their rooms overnight, for it is well known that standing water absorbs many impurities from the surrounding air.

The Independent Farmer. Comparatively speaking, what an affluent and independent gentleman the farmer is. The city man is the victim of the butcher, the baker and the poor hat maker. He pays for everything he gets except air and would be glad to pay for that if he could get the country kind. Not so the farmer. Though his fields are broad and his fences high and strong, he has a neighborly feeling for everyone who lives within ten miles of him. His pastures and poultry yards supply his meat and eggs, his garden fills his vegetable cellar every fall and his fruit-house is stocked with fresh canned and cured fruits in abundance. He works leisurely through the spring and early summer, makes a little during harvest and then spends the winter doing the chores and cutting his year's fuel.—Portland Oregonian.



Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building, and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature.

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

