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CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA is far superior to any Japan Tea

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Wayward But Winning

GAL TWO STORY

"Yes, certainly," thinks Carrie. "He is a self-possessed, and she admits grudgingly, his self-possession has something grand and impressive about it. Another man, finding himself in evening dress where evening dress was not expected, would have felt slightly embarrassed; but not so Lord Neville. Though the snowy shirt-front and single diamond stud make a striking contrast to Mr. Harrington's cutaway coat and black stock, Lord Neville does not seem to remark it. He finishes his soup and his fish, and then Philippa, at the end of the table, considers it her duty to make conversation and does so by offering the somewhat feeble remark that it is a long way from London to Devonshire. He raises his eyes. "Yes," thinks Carrie, "there is something sad about them," and she at once concludes contemptuously that he writes poetry and regards Philippa as if he had come up from the bottom of a mental mine, and had awakened to a sense of her existence.

"It is rather a long journey," he says, "but a pleasant one. I have made shorter ones that have seemed more tiresome."

"Of course, you know the country," says Mr. Harrington, as if everyone with any sense must know Devonshire.

"No," says Lord Neville, "I do not. This is my first visit."

"Your father has some estates here," remarks Mr. Harrington.

Lord Neville nods.

"Yes, so I believe. He rarely comes here himself, I think."

"Ah, well, you will have to pay a visit of inspection," says Mr. Harrington. "My daughter Carrie knows every inch of the country, and she ought to do so, for she is always gadding about, and she will give you every information."

"There is a map of Devonshire hanging in the study," says Carrie coisely.

Lord Neville looks at her with the same mixture of weariness and surprise, as if she were some wild, wilful creature, whom he should like to study if it were not too much trouble.

The glance is not returned. Philippa colors and fidgets with her bread, and even Mr. Harrington looks rather surprised when Lord Neville, with a shrug, but Lord Neville is quite un-nerved.

"Thanks," he says, as if she had supplied him with a piece of valuable information. "I will consult it."

"Do," says Carrie, "and if you can make anything out of it, be a little clearer than the rest of us."

"That would be impossible," he says, not with a polite and society smile, but with the same low, steady infection of voice.

Carrie winces. At every turn she is beaten and foiled in her attempts to rouse him.

"Oh, we are slow folks in these parts of the world," says Mr. Harrington. "I am afraid you will be bored to death by us. But you must make the best of it."

"It will not be difficult," says Lord Neville. "Then he turns to Philippa, and begins to talk to her, and to her exclusively, as if the beautiful girl opposite him were not in the room, and Carrie at first makes a great effort not to listen, but gradually finds herself watching the pale, handsome youth with the rippling hair, and then listening with all ears to the musical voice. For a man who had not been in Devonshire for a long time, he seemed to know it, and Carrie, with a feeling of surprise, hears them talking of their ferns and ruins, rivers and mountains, as if he had lived among them all his life.

Philippa's awkwardness wears off, and she is so interested that she forgets to be afraid of him. She glances at him, and Mr. Harrington has to ask twice for his second helping of junket, which he always indulges in.

"Let me advise you to go in for our milk dishes," Lord Neville says. "Nothing like them for an invalid. By the way, if there is anything special you want in the way of diet, you must mention it. In fact, you understand, I hope, that you will do just as you please while you are with us. We are quite prepared to humor any amount of invalid whims."

"I am not much of an invalid, and I hope I have no whims," he responds. "In a few days I shall be quite equal to anything. There is something exhilarating in the very air of this place."

The purest air in the world, says Mr. Harrington, with the sublime conviction that he is speaking the bare truth. "I'll undertake to say that before you have been with us many days you will feel as strong as a giant."

"And equal to two slices of junket," says Lord Neville, with a smile.

As a rule Mr. Harrington rises from the table with the girls, but tonight, out of consideration for his guest, he has a bottle of port brought in, and Philippa and Carrie prepare to leave the room.

Lord Neville rises and opens the door for them, and Philippa, who has lost all her shyness, pauses for a moment. "Will you take tea or coffee, Lord Neville?" she asks.

"Neither, thanks," he says.

Carrie marches into the drawing-room and flings herself on the sofa, says Philippa approvingly.

"I call him offends," retorts Carrie. "Just a type of the modern aristocrat—conceited, supercilious, self-sufficient. It seems as if it were almost too much trouble for him to speak to us—"

"He talked a great deal to me," remarked Philippa.

"Did he?" says Carrie, with a fine pretense of ignorance. "I dare say. He couldn't sit with his mouth shut out of common decency. I am glad he did not attempt to talk to me."

"So must be, I should rather think," says Philippa about the same unconvincing than your two remarks to him.

Kaiser's \$20,000,000 War in Southwest Africa

The German Empire's Fighting Resources Unable to Subdue Two Savage Peoples.

Berlin, Nov. 8.—It is nearly two years since the war in German Southwest Africa began. The end is not yet in sight. The Germans are keeping about 12,000 soldiers in the field, with 10,000 horses and 10,000 mules, and twenty rapid fire guns and no end of supplies and munitions.

Some of the hardest fighting has been done in the last three months, but no wholesale killing of the Hereros and Hottentots, no capture of prisoners, no destruction of herds of cattle, the mainstay of native life, no vast expenditure of money, seem to bring the end of the struggle any nearer.

This war will be numbered among the costliest ever waged in proportion to the numbers engaged in it. There are no statistics for the present year, but the figures for 1904 prove the truth of this statement.

In that year the German army in the field numbered 11,587 men. The cost of the war for the year was \$2,000,000. The cost of the year cost German taxpayers about \$1,000 for each man in the service.

There should be little wonder, therefore, that many Germans are complaining bitterly of the cost of this war against two tribes of barbarous peoples who they imagined might be driven out of the country by a small display of force. The disgust of Germany is deepening as the war drags its slow length along, with no sign that it will ever end.

Up to May last the Germans had captured 5,804 Hereros, of whom 1,493 were men and the remainder women and children. This diminution in the number of the enemy has had no perceptible effect upon the vigor of native resistance, nor has it lessened the cost of the German campaigns.

There are 60,000 of these mountaineers. Their time of fiercest aggression, closed with the first three weeks of the insurrection, when they killed nearly 300 Germans in their fields and homes. When German drums began to roll and the cannon moved up, the Germans gathered in their mountain strongholds, always ready to go anywhere to destroy a small detachment, always ready to scatter if attacked in force, always elusive, hard to get at, and difficult to follow.

They were engaged in a waiting fight and the loss of a few thousands of their friends has not blighted their hopes nor caused them to waver. Their tactics are bushwhacking. They risk no more than they can help, but are prompt to seize every advantage.

Nearly every geographical condition favors the natives, and this is the reason why they are holding their own among the mountains, though the Germans have expended \$20,000,000 in two years to stamp out the insurrection.

In the first place the scene of war is very far from the coast, where the soldier and all the munitions and supplies must be taken to South Africa at great expense. The Germans have to carry their supplies over the mountains, and the Russians were compelled to do in the recent war with Japan. This fact has all along greatly increased the cost of the campaign, the efficiency of the offensive operations.

But the trouble that great distances make begins in earnest when Africa is reached. As the mountains and the sea fit go ashore at Swakopmund, they are on the edge of a land of magnificent distances and atrocious transportation facilities or none at all. They may be forwarded to any point on the coast, but the Atlantic and Windhoek, the capital, but the concentration camps of the enemy are far from the railroad, both to the north and the south of it. Only about one-fourth of this enormous protectorate has been the scene of the German campaign. The region where the Germans must go hunting for the enemy is the mountain backbone of the country running north and south in the interior.

It has a length of about 75 miles and an average width of 110 miles. In words, the scene of the fighting and of marching is as large as South Dakota, or about one and three-fourths times the size of the State of New York. The wide stretches of deep sand, the mountain ranges pointing in all directions, and narrow deep valleys, many of them canon-like.

Military operations must proceed at a snail's pace, because the distances can be traveled only with ox wagons, toiling through deep sands of the isolated mountains that cover the surface. The ordinary distance which an ox train, in time of peace, make in a day is ten or twelve miles, and on long journeys every third day is a day of rest.

In the army transportation service the animals have been forced at times nearly to double this achievement. It is killing work and many hundreds of the oxen have perished. The land is parched and thirsty, the drinking places are likely to be dry, and the fodder for the live stock must of war supplies which are being used for the long land frontier of the protectorate is another great disadvantage. The Germans simply cannot guard it, and the result is that the Hereros and Hottentots have no lack of good guns and ammunition.

The total length of the boundary between German Southwest Africa and the Portuguese colonies is over 1,100 miles, and across this border for four or five years at least, have been encircling themselves by smuggling war material to the natives, and not one of them has been caught in the act.

Mortal man cannot more bitterly hate his kind than the Hereros and Hottentots hate the Germans. The fact is that the Germans lack tact in their management of the natives, only in German Southwest Africa, but in all their other colonies.

Is that a white man or a German coming there?" was a common cry among the mountaineers long before the war began.

The natives have not knowingly killed or injured the whites, but they have killed the ignorant people into parting with hides and other commodities of the country for a song. This is only one

of the many grievances which the Hereros urged as their justification of the war.

They say the German officials were supercilious, domineering and brutal in the conduct of them. If there are any blacks who cannot endure to be treated as servile, it is these spirited mountaineers of the northern part of German Southwest Africa.

They have looted it in their land from time immemorial. The Berg Damaras, another tribe, are the slaves of the Hereros, and the Hereros are herders and would not roughen their hands with manual labor.

The sons of some of the chiefs were attending the mission schools till a few days before the outbreak. They were bright and willing to study; but would they work with their hands? Not a bit of it.

"Ask our Berg Damaras there," they would say. "They are our slaves and such work is for them. We are free men and we will not work."

The Hereros, in fact, found little to please them in anything the Germans did, except the money which they brought when the rulers would not permit them to buy guns. They regarded the immigration of German farmers as a menace.

But they made no overt sign. They felt that their cause was hopeless unless they could win the war; and war there should be when they were ready for it.

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could he sent them to the Germans with this message:

"I send these women to you. They will tell you that they have been well treated and that I kept my word when I told them that I should never again send you any of your women who fall into my hands."

The women went back to Germany on the next steamer.

Two instances occurred in which German women were killed with their husbands in their homes, and somehow their infants, only a few weeks old, were left alive and unharmed amid the destruction all around them. Two women slaves among the Berg Damaras found these babies, nursed them, cared for them as tenderly as mothers could, and when the opportunity came they were sent back to the Germans well and happy.

The latest news does not brighten the German prospects. Their troops have defeated three times in September and October by Hottentot chiefs in the south of the colony.

It was thought that the Hottentot uprising had been effectively quelled, but late last year Hendrick Witbooi, one of their leaders, broke his pledge to keep the peace, and kindled revolt among all the Hottentots. The names of insurrection are now blazing through the mountains from the southern limit of the colony to the northern limit of Herero Land.

It is especially regrettable that such history as this should have been written or about a land which is one of all the colonies of the empire through out the world, this is the only one that adapted for settlement by the white race and for two years past it has been the scene of the bitterest struggle and the most fiendish cruelty, and no one can tell when the clouds that darken the land will lift again.

An estimate of the accumulated capital of the United Kingdom puts it at \$50,000,000,000.

NEVER NEGLECT EVERY-DAY ILLS.

A cold is one of the everyday ills of life. People of all ages, in summer and in winter, are liable to catch colds and colds are always dangerous, because a cold is but the beginning of catarrh of some internal organ—head, lungs, stomach or pelvic organs. Any remedy will cure a cold should cure the cause of a cold. That's why Smith's Triple Cure is so popular, why people are so enthusiastic after experiencing its wonderful curative power. Smith's Triple Cure promptly cures colds and catarrh wherever located, because it acts directly on the depressed nerve centers, giving them vigor to fire nerves, removing the congestion of the circulation and imparting renewed vitality to the mucous membranes.

Picture to yourself the horrors of bronchial catarrh—the terrible cough, disgusting expectoration, wheezing rattle and loss of strength, or the torturing, raw, inflamed throat, the swollen bowels, shooting pains, offensive discharges, displacements and burning distress, and then realize if you have not already done so, that Smith's Triple Cure which has delivered them out of their troubles. Is it any wonder that Smith's Triple Cure is rapidly displacing all other catarrh treatments in hospitals and sanitariums and is prescribed by the medical profession generally? It meets a want felt for centuries, yet felt in this strenuous life of ours as never before. Smith's Triple Cure cures catarrh sufferers of all ages, makes the lungs and throat strong, builds up healthy digestion, makes strong nerves and enriches the blood. That's why all the world is praising it, why its magical curative power is so widely known, why it is so popular. Smith's Triple Cure consists of four separate preparations, three remedies taken internally, acting on the mucous membranes, stomach, liver and digestive organs, purifying and enriching the blood, and a catarrh cream used locally in allaying all inflammation and killing all disease germs in the nasal passages, throat and lungs, a full two weeks' treatment of combined remedies, sold for only 50 cents by all dealers, the great value for the money ever offered. If your druggist won't supply you, send 25 two-cent stamps by mail today, and we will send it postpaid and guarantee satisfaction. Write to W. F. Smith Co., 155 St. James St., Montreal.

It was weeks before some of the traps from the south came struggling back. Nearly every geographical condition favors the natives, and this is the reason why they are holding their own among the mountains, though the Germans have expended \$20,000,000 in two years to stamp out the insurrection.

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The GOURLAY NON-VARYING END-WOOD PIN-BLOCK system of construction provides a bearing on the tuning pin right to the iron plate that is non-varying sectional end-wood. Hence the need for tuning even under severe climatic changes is reduced to a minimum, and your certain pleasure in its exceptional tone quality assured.

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all over the world.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures hard coughs, hard colds, bronchitis, consumption. And it certainly strengthens weak throats and weak lungs. There can be no mistake about this. Your own doctor will say so. Just ask him about it, then do as he says. We have no secret. We publish the formula of all our medicines. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Peddlers for years wandered through the Herero Highlands and the chiefs say they tricked and wheeled the ignorant people into parting with hides and other commodities of the country for a song. This is only one

of the many grievances which the Hereros urged as their justification of the war.