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LOVE AND A TITLE

But there is not much danger of that for they are all chattering again, and all carefully avoiding Vane's eye as people do when one of their number looks discomposed.

An unobtrusive spectator would say that it was an extremely light-hearted dinner party, but even Hal feels that there is something wrong, and remembers Bell's wild words about a cloud hanging over the house.

Then his own heart jumps into sudden apprehension.

"Suppose they have discovered our little plot," he says. "And as the idea crosses his mind, he looks around at the count with a sudden flash in his eyes. 'If so,' he thinks, 'I'll call that old fox out and put a bullet through him, as sure as my name is Bertman.'"

It is a lengthy meal—a sort of complication of English and German menu. Occasionally Vane's deep, clear voice, is heard addressing a remark here and there, as he has plenty of time for doing, for he sends dish after dish away untasted, and scarcely eats anything.

At last Jeanne glances around at the ladies, and arises, as usual, Clarence, being nearest the door, arises to show them out, but he has not got a word with Jeanne this evening, for he notices that Nugent looks after Vane, who stands with the rest of the men until the ladies are gone, looks grimly handsome and stern.

"Things are not more cheerful when the gentlemen are left alone, for though Vane with a visible effort arouses himself to talk, a constraint sits upon all. Bell stares at the tablecloth, and fidgets with his glass; Nugent looks grave and preoccupied, and Clarence, as usual, sits and drinks the rare claret in meditative silence. And then, finding nobody to talk to, the count actually draws his chair nearer to Hal, and engages him in a conversation on English sport, talking as easily and smiling as if he were at home. Hal were his dearest friend, while Hal himself to answer civilly. At last, with a half-smothered sigh, Vane pushes his glass from him and rises, and they stroll out, either to the drawing-room or the billiard-room. As Hal goes out, he notices that Nugent looks after Vane with a regard as anxious and touching as Bell's own.

"What on earth can be the matter?" thinks Hal. "Has Vane heard any bad news?"

He is about to go up and ask him, when Lady Lucelle puts out her hand from a cozy nook of satin and lace in which she generally ensconces herself, and catches him.

"Where have you been all day, Mr. Hal?" she asks, with her soft smile.

"Where have I—oh, hanging about," says Hal, struggling with the color which has mounted to his face at this sudden direct question.

"You do not give us much of your society," says Lady Lucelle. "Come and sit down by me—if you can sit still for two minutes."

Hal laughs.

"I'm not good at sitting still, I'll admit, but the wandering Jew wouldn't mind sitting still near you, Lady Lucelle."

She looks at him under her half-closed lids, just as a cat might look at a mouse, who, quite unconscious of the harm of her claws, gambles in her sight.

"Where have you been learning compliments?" she says; "that was a very pretty one, indeed, and quite worthy the count. What a pity the princess is too unwell to be with us, isn't it?" she asks, with an innocent look.

"Eh—oh, yes," says Hal, "a great pity. Have you been out to-day? What a beautiful flower that is in your dress. I'll go and get you a cup of tea."

"Don't trouble," says Lucelle, smiling behind her fan at his eagerness to escape. "Lord Lane has gone—here he comes."

"Here's a seat, Lane," says Hal, jumping up with alacrity, and before Clarence can accept or decline, Hal makes his escape.

"Sit down," says the countess, with a little laugh. "Poor boy! He is afraid of me; fancy that!"

Clarence looks at her with an uneasy smile.

"Nothing very ridiculous in that," he says.

"And you are, too, aren't you?" says Lady Lucelle. "Oh, please sit down, or I shall think I am plague-stricken and deserted. My tea? Thanks."

Then as he sits down, and pulls at his mustache absentmindedly, she turns upon him suddenly, and in the sweetest voice says:

"Don't you think it is almost time for you to make your bow and retire, my friend?"

He looks up quickly, and finishes. "What—what do you mean?"

Lady Lucelle shrugs her shoulders. "I was merely suggesting that it was about time for you to take your leave," she repeats, "unless you wish to wait and see the storm burst."

"The storm burst!" he echoes.

Then he follows her eye, which has settled on Vane, and half starts to his feet, agitatedly.

Lady Lucelle smiles.

"What, surprised and afraid of your own work?" she murmurs. "You are like the man in the eastern story, who spent weeks of trouble in calling up a spirit, and then, when he had succeeded, was afraid of it, and ran away."

Clarence turns pale, and his lips quiver nervously.

"I—I wish I knew when you were serious and in earnest, joking and mock-

ing," he says, with sullen eagerness, "Which are you now, for instance?"

"Which do you think my lord the marquis, is?" she asks. "Look at him." Clarence looks up. Vane is standing almost erect, with folded arms, and eyes bent moodily on the carpet.

"Very much in earnest, is he not? And it is about time. How long is it since you have been hanging about his wife's gown, my friend? About time, I think."

"You—your think he is jealous?" asks Clarence.

Lady Lucelle laughs behind her fan. "Do I think? What would you think?"

"I," he retorts, with suppressed passion. "Heaven help me, I don't know what to think. Lady Lucelle, if—if you have any object in speaking to me like this, for Heaven's sake speak plainly. I am in no mood for parables—I am almost out of my mind with conflicting doubt, hope, despair, love! Yes, do not mock—you know it as well as I do—I love her! I admit it! Curse him! I loved her before he did. Can a man forget, change, throw away a part of himself at pleasure?"

Lady Lucelle looks at him with a smile. "I loved Jeanne when she was Jeanne Bertman; am I to change because he made her Marchioness of Fernelle? I—"

Then he stops. He has been speaking in the low, constrained voice inaudible save to her, and now his passion renders it inaudible even to her.

"Yes," he says, abruptly, wiping the perspiration from his white forehead, "you are right; it is time for me to go."

Lady Lucelle hides a sneer of contempt behind her bouquet.

"Do you think you will be any happier when you have gone?"

"It?" he says with something like a snarl.

"Do you think," murmurs Lady Lucelle, "she will be any happier?"

He starts as if her words had stung him; as she had intended, they have, with subtle significance, shot an idea, a painful gleam of hope, right into his passion-lit heart.

His face grows white to the lips, and he turns it to her as might a blind man who is gradually gaining sight.

"Do you think so?" she repeats. "Does she look very happy now, don't you?"

For her sake, you must go on! and when you are gone, the only man in whom she really finds a companion—do you think she is likely to be happier? My friend," and she drops her voice until it sounds like the hiss of a serpent, "you have got too far! It is too late to turn back, a month ago you could have done so, but now there is no returning on the path you have trod; you must go on. The reins have dropped from your fingers, and fate drives you now. For her sake, you must go on!"

"For—her—sake!" he says, in a low, hoarse voice.

"For hers," she repeats. "Oh, how blind a man can be when he is in your condition. Think, look back, and ask yourself—did she ever love him? Do women speak to the men they love as she speaks to him?"

He wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"We," he says, with a jealous wince, "we do not see them alone."

Lady Lucelle looks at him with a sinister smile.

"They are never alone," she murmurs. Then, before he can speak again, she says, "Out!"

He follows the direction of her eyes. Vane is standing moodily abstracted, lost in gloomy thoughts, so lost that he does not know that Jeanne is near him until she touches him gently, timidly, on the arm. Then he starts—and it is too late to turn back.

Now that Lady Lucelle directs Clarence's attention—starts, and as he sees who it is, frowns darkly at her.

"Are you ill?" asks Jeanne, with something of the old, loving tone in her voice, something of the old, ineffable tenderness in her eyes. "Are you ill?"

"Ill?" he answers, in a low, stern voice. "No!" and without another word he turns his back upon her, and leaves her standing there as if he had struck her, pale and marvelling.

"You see!" says Lady Lucelle, "too far—too far," and without a word Clarence arises, but her hand pulls him down. "Stay," she says, "one false step ruins both you and her. Do not go near her to-night; do not go near her until to-morrow."

With compressed lips he sinks back, and then suddenly he turns upon her.

"Why do you interfere?" he says, with sullen fierceness. "What is it to you? What is your motive, and what game are you playing?"

With a smile half-contemptuous, half-pitying, Lady Lucelle arises without a word, and, crossing the room, goes up to Jeanne.

"Will you sing for us, dear?" she asks with her sweetest smile.

"Sing?" says Jeanne, confusedly. "No—no—please sing to me."

And then Lady Lucelle goes to the piano and sings a wild barcarole, which seems, at least to one man who listens, like the songs which the sirens sing as they entice their victims down the flowery path which leads to destruction. That is how Lady Lucelle's song sounded to Clarence's ears.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Slowly, sleepily—everything goes slowly, and sleepily at Forbach—the clock in the little church tower strikes three.

As it does, before the lingering cadence of its last stroke has departed, George who has been lying asleep, or apparently so, on a bench in the stable yard, arises, and stretches himself, and, with

a yawn that threatens to dislocate his jaw, exclaims:

"Three o'clock, and here I am forgetting my orders!"

There are two or three stable helps about, among them the ubiquitous Ned. They look up inquiringly and laugh. It is not often that he forgets his orders.

"That's good for you, George," says one, grinning. "Where are you going?"

George yawns again, and saunters, hand in pocket, to the stable door. "Up on the hills after a raven Master Hal wants to bag."

The men laugh and go on with their work, and George, getting out some harness, leisurely proceeds to uncover a pair of greys, the slowest and oldest nags in the stud, and has scarcely got their clothes off than Ned saunters in and, leaning against the stall, eyes him with affected indifference.

"Going to take the greys, eh?" he says, inquiringly. "I thought Mr. Bertman didn't like 'em?"

"I don't, my lad," says George, curtly. "They're up at the blacksmith's."

"What for?" asks Ned, vainly trying to hide his suspicion.

"To get their shoes altered," says George. "Here, just lend me a hand, will you? Talking won't harness a horse, though you seem to think it will."

Hal's lucky 11 noticed the boys; that last fellow who shot 'em ought to be horse-whipped. They both fell lame the day before yesterday, and they won't be fit for work for another week."

"I didn't notice it," says Ned.

"That's because you don't notice anything, you know," says George, sarcastically. "Now, then, get out the mail phaeton, will you?"

"The phaeton for going up hill?" says Ned, staring. "Why don't you have the dogcart?"

"Because my orders are the phaeton," replies George, carelessly. "And I know better than to run against 'em; so, if you've no objection, we'll have the phaeton, Mr. Ned."

The man goes to the coach house and gets out the phaeton, the greys are put to in a twinkling, and George is adjusting the last strap, when Hal comes into the yard, carrying his gun and game bag.

"Halloa!" he says, loud enough for all to hear. "What do you mean by putting those old crows in George's phaeton?"

George touches his hat respectfully. "Bay's lame, sir," he says, sententiously.

Hal grumbles and growls, and the manner of an Englishman, pitches his gun on the back seat, puts up his gun, and climbs into the phaeton, grumbling all the time.

"Might as well have put a couple of gray rabbits to," he says, irritably. "We shall have to get out and carry them up the hill. Now, then!"

"Very sorry, sir," says George. "Wouldn't do to take the boys; have 'em lame, sir," and with a touch of the hat he jumps up behind, and Hal, with an impatient flick of the whip, drives the greys out of the stable yard, Ned following them up to the very gates, and leaning over them, to stare after them.

"Don't look around, sir," says George, without looking forward, "they're waiting us. Keep straight up the hill road—wait a minute, sir, let 'em go easy, while you light your pipe!"

"Light my pipe?" asks Hal, inquiringly, but doing as he is advised. "What for?"

"Let 'em think there's nothing your on of any consequence. Don't mind losing a minute now, sir, if it puts 'em off the scent."

Hal smiles, leisurely fills and lights his pipe, then takes the reins again, and drives on.

A few hundred yards above the castle, the hill road branches to the right and left, turning both ways amid the thick pines; to the right lies the villa, to the left the castle.

"Down the Baden road, sir!" says George.

Hal, without a word, but with marked impatience, turns the horses as directed, and for five minutes goes away from the spot to which his longed-for heart points, then George leans forward.

"Now, Master Hal," he says, with a chuckle, "turn 'em around and make for you know where. He's a lazy hound, that Ned, and seeing up this way, he'll be satisfied, and be off to sleep by this time."

Around go the bewildered greys, rendered more bewildered by a cut of the whip, and down spins the phaeton across the high road and toward the villa.

"Have you got everything—is it all right?" says Hal, eagerly, turning anxiously.

"Everything, sir," says George, confidently. "Don't be afraid, sir, nothing could be straighter, if—if her highness is able to keep her time, sir, I'd lay all two years' saving that we give 'em the slip and six hours to spare. There's the shed, sir; go around it, and keep out of sight of the house."

Hal steers the greys off the road through a gate and around to the back of a cowshed. George drops from his perch, and running to the door, discharges the boys quietly picking up the last oats of a thorough good feed.

Hal—short as the time is—cannot help going in to say a word to the two noble creatures, and they, who know the sound of his step and voice, look around and bite at him playfully.

"There they are, sir," says George, exultingly, "as fresh as larks, and as hard as iron."

"Right," says Hal: "do you want any help, sir?" he asks.

"No—no, sir," replies George, quickly. "You go on, Master Hal, and I'll have 'em put to, and the crows grubbing before you're back, if you're only five minutes."

Hal does not wait for another word, but sets off at a trot for the cedar, his heart going as fast as his legs, for not having had any very extensive practice in running away with princesses, he is not by a long way the best runner in the park.

"If she does not come," he mutters between his teeth, "I'll go to the villa and settle with the count, and instinctively his hand wanders to his side pocket in which reposes his revolver."

But the count is respite for the present, for suddenly a slim figure, dressed in plain, dark clothes, comes from among the trees, and, panting, Verona stands before him for a moment—and the next is within his outstretched arms.

"My darling, my own Verona! I knew you would come!"

"Did you?" she breathes, with parted lips, with the color coming and going softly in her lovely face. "Yes—I should come—unless—"

"Unless what?" he asks.

"Unless I was dead—or they had kept me by force," she says, in a low voice, and with her eyes fixed upon his with rapt trustfulness.

He stoops and touches her forehead with his lips.

"Come, then," he says, eagerly. "Where is your bundle?"

With a faint little smile, she draws aside her cloak, and shows him a dressing bag, and at the same time reveals that she wears a plain traveling dress.

"Is it too large?" she says.

"No, my darling! I would carry an immense trunk, if you could have got it down to the cedar without attracting attention."

No. But it does not matter. Nothing matters when you are once out of their reach. Come," and putting his arm around her, he hurries her across the park.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE EPH'S MUSINGS.

I don't want ter be an angel yit. I'd er heep ruther have er good appytenite den er pair uv wings.

De happy, cheerful heart is too busy singin' ter be all de time tellin' er tale uv woe.

Dar's er whole lot uv dudes dat parts der hair in de middle ter kudee fum walkin' lopsided.

De man wid de mos money ain't always de happiest. Er centepence's got re hundred fold, but he can't fly lak er bird wid jes two wings.

I ain't no pessimist, but ef yer 'speet er man ter do somethin' he oughtn't, yer'll not miss it nigh so often ef yer would er yuz wuz bittin' dat he'd do somethin' good.

Never could understand why it wuz dat it ain't jes' ez easy fer er man ter be good ez it is fer er ter be bad, but somehow 'nuther it ain't.

I guess erbout de only reason some niggers laks poetry is 'caze it soun's so much lak poultry.

I knowed er nigger wunst dat thought er poikywine wuz er haug' 'caze his name bergrins wid "pokey."

It's er heap sight easier ter run up er bill den it is ter run up er hill.

Dere's er whole lot uv men dat teases de women 'bout stan'in' befo' er lookin' glass an' paintin' dere faces. But dere's some men dat stan's befo' er own glasses an' den paints de town.

Dis is erbout de time uv year We's glad we am er-livin'— Got er turkey fer Christmas day, An' er possum for Thanksgiving.

Had Shown Poor Judgment.

Suitor—Now that I've invested my fortune in your insurance company, I wish to speak to you on the subject of your daughter.

Magnate—You can't have her. You're too careless about money matters.—Cleveland Leader.



FARROWING TIME

Is as critical a time as any in hog raising. The litter eating of many sows is largely due to bad feeding, causing a constipated and irritable condition.

The sows digestive organs should be kept free and open to prevent this fevered and litter eating condition by feeding

Clydesdale Stock Food

Besides making a better flow of milk owing to the better blood circulation. This means more and better pigs, as a healthy apple tree gives more and better fruit than a diseased tree.

For young pigs it makes more bone and muscle on which to put flesh, and nothing better for starting and keeping Runts growing.

Its ingredients are absolutely harmless and pure, and if you are not satisfied with results your money cheerfully refunded by the dealer.

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Tea as near perfection as modern methods and materials will permit. Blue Ribbon Tea has a distinct individuality that lifts it above the line of comparison with other brands. TRY IT.

MAKING PAPER.

RAW MATERIAL COMES FROM BACK WOODS OR GUTTER.

Pulp From Rags or From Wood—Spruce and Poplar the Woods Most Used, But Both Are Becoming Scarce in the States—Ingenious Machinery.

The raw material for our modern writing paper comes from one of two widely different places—the depths of a dreary forest or the back streets of a crowded city. In either words, the raw material is either rags or wood.

The city rag picker, pays one rate for all the rags he buys, but, after he gets them to his headquarters, they are sorted into numerous bins or boxes. The sort-ones go to the makers of paper and other kinds to the makers of certain kinds of clothing. After being sorted they are baled by machinery.

The wood which goes into pulp for paper is chiefly spruce and poplar. This is becoming scarce both in the United States and in Europe, and the paper mills in this country bring large quantities from Canada where in the districts of Algoma it is plentiful.

Arriving at the paper factory, the wood in the form of logs, is piled up over a wide area. It is not unusual to find 75 to 100 acres of pulp wood and factory buildings in connection with one paper mill. In the United States there are nearly 800 paper and pulp mills, and the value of the products which they produce is more than \$127,000,000. The use of wood pulp dates back only about a half century, but it has now come to take the place of rags to a very great extent. The high price of rags about the time of the civil war assisted greatly in the introduction of wood as a substitute. It has since been found that wood fibre contains all the essential elements of nearly all kinds of paper.

In making paper from rags, the rags are first sorted and the dust is eliminated by the aid of wire screens, through which the dust sifts. They also sort the rags into different colors and cut off the buttons on garments. After the rags are cut up into pieces two inches long, they go to a washing tub, where they are stirred by means of revolving machinery, care being taken that no dirt shall be ground into the fibre. The pulp in this form may then be bleached by a bleaching powder which, irrespective of its former color, turns it to a creamy white.

Next the pulp goes into the beating machine where it is thoroughly cut up and mixed by mechanical knives. Here the coloring and sizing are put in before it is ready for the wonderful paper-making machinery.

Where the pulp is made from wood, the logs are brought from the acres of log piles about the factory and sawed into short lengths and, by an ingenious device, the bark is stripped from each log. Next, the lengths of wood are ground into mere chips after which they go to the digesters—huge tanks—where they are dissolved by cooking with sulphurous acid. One of the digesters will thus handle 10 or 12 tons in a day. Next, in the case of the rags, the pulp is bleached and washed and carried into the midst of the revolving knives of the beaters and the coloring and sizing added. The tints and colors of the finished product depend upon its treatment here. The sizing which is put into it at this point keeps the finished product from absorbing the ink which we apply in writing letters or, if book paper, in printing upon it. From the beaters the pulp is placed in a machine where it is pressed and is kept agitated until it comes time to pump it into the paper machine.

From this point the early making of the paper proper by hand, is easily understood and the modern automatic method is even more interesting. Before the introduction of the automatic method, the fibre, as it came from the beating machine, was laid out into a sheet upon a wire sieve which acted as a mold at the same time as wing the paper to drain off. The pulp, thus in the form of a wet sheet, was turned out upon a felt and pressed out into the desired thicknesses. It is said that the paper which Benjamin Franklin used for printing purposes was made in this manner.

The calenders are equipped with peculiarly adapted metal rolls arranged, one above another, in several tiers, through these the paper passes under pressure. The paper comes from the machines in webs sometimes as great by 100 inches in width and often at a speed of 300 feet per minute. The wide rolls are next split into narrow ones and rewound. The fine grades of paper, of course, require a very high finish, and this extra smoothness is given by means of supercalenders, one of which is shown in an accompanying photograph. In the supercalender the rollers are alternately of iron and compressed paper.

The machines which cut the rolls of paper into sheets can be set for the very many different sizes desired. The sheets as cut are delivered by a system of tapes onto tables which stand about two and a half feet high. A girl at each one of these tables scrutinizes each sheet and her trained eye quickly discovers a defect or spot no matter how rapidly the machines are running. Each defective sheet is thrown into a large box to the left of the girl.

The paper which is to be ruled now goes in the various sizes of automatic machine equipped with fingers which are little short of being human in their activities. The sheets are placed in a pile at one end of the machine within reach of the mechanical fingers which pick up one sheet at a time with

great rapidity and send it on its way to little wheels, the fine edges, of which act as pens in marking the lines. As the sheets, one by one, come in contact with these wheels, they are ruled on both sides, another set of circular pens from beneath working in unison with those on top.

Where the writing paper is to be folded into the small double sheets, it goes to still another machine, which makes the creases and folds with great accuracy. Then in the shipping rooms the scenes are varied. Part of the paper is put up in boxes. Part is placed in packages, and sealed, the packer standing at a table beside a small gas fire in which, at intervals, he holds a stick of sealing wax before applying it to the cover of the package. The larger packages are book paper which requires a gloss to finish much the same as writing paper.

The monogram which often appears on writing paper, or perhaps a coat of arms, are produced by means of dies or plates. The making and care of the dies and the placing of them upon fine stationary represents an industry in itself.

Municipal Elections in France

The municipal elections in France are everywhere conducted on precisely the same plan. Paris does not differ from the smallest provincial commune in this particular. The system is simplicity itself. A month before the elections are to take place the event is publicly announced by means of white posters, and a list of electors is opened at the local mairie (mansion house). Every person who fulfills the voting qualifications is free to go to the Mairie, and, having produced evidence of his identity, is duly inscribed on the voting lists and after the lapse of a few days he either fetches his elector's card or it is brought to him at his residence by one of the Mayor's employees.

In the case of Paris the card is coffee colored, about four inches long and three broad, and is bordered by a blue and red stripe, the colors of the city of Paris. It bears on one side, in addition to the number of the voter's inscription on the voting sheet, the number of the electoral section of the municipal constituency to which he belongs, the place where the voting will be held, the signature of the voter, his Christian and surname, the date of his birth, his profession and address, and the signature of the Mayor, the date and the stamp of the Mairie. On the reverse side are the words: "Republique Francaise, Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite, Carte 'Electeur'." The card is held in the left hand, and the date and hour at which the election is to take place are given, and the voter is informed that his voting paper must be prepared at home, must be of white hue, and must contain no exterior marks, beyond the name written or printed of the candidate for whom he wishes to vote, in addition in writing nullifies the vote.

Along the left edge of the elector's card is a counterfoil, divided diagonally by a red line, the triangular sections being marked "A" and "B." As soon as the lists in each section are closed they are recomunicated to the Prefecture of the Seine, and a careful comparison is made between them, which prevents any citizen from casting a double vote. Copies are then sent to the various sections. The polling takes place from 8 o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening. Outside the polling stations