CEYLON GREEN TEA is absolutely matchless

Sold only in sealed lead packets at 40, 50 and 60c per lb. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

THE OWNER WHEN THE PERSON NAMED AND POST OFFICE AND PARTY OF THE PERSON NAMED AND PARTY OF THE P

CHAPTER XXXIII. "What can a fellow do?" Hal says, with an aggrieved air. "If, instead of fly

"Happy?" she says; "no: I do not think—I try not to—what is the use? But why do you talk to me so?" and she looks up at him—for he is standing now—with an anxious, sorrowful expression in her dark eyes. "What can I do? What can I say? I have never thought of this — until — until lately. Do not let me speak of it—"
"But," says Hal, his broad chest heaving. "I must! Princess, we look at this

"I must! Princess, we look at this of thing in England, although too much of it goes on there, with different eyes—I am looking at the future—at yiur future. It is no business of mine, you might say, but it is business of mine you might say, but it is business of mine because—because I am your friend!"
"My friend! Yes!" says poor Verona catching at it like a drowning man at a straw. "You are my friend!"
Hal turns away, and wipes the perspiration from his forehead.

"No !' he says, "that word won't do. "No!' he says, "that word won't do. 'A friend means some one who looks on while you are in the greatest danger, while you are dying, and says: 'What a pity.' I am not a friend in that sense, Princess. I don't speak to you, and I know I ought not, that I have no right to do so! But how can I help it? Princess — Verona — I am the most miserable of fellows! I am obliged to stand by and look on—at all this, and cm powerless to stop it, though I know, which you don't—what it all means. Verona,"—and he puts down one brown paw onthe seat behind her, and bends over her—"I must say it or I shall go mad! must say it or I shall go mad!

Hal bursts out with his confession so abruptly that it leaves him pale and

panting.
White and panting also, Verona looks and panting also, verona looks in her dark eyes, brightens all her exquisitely lovely face, and she half turns toward him, as if he had called her, and Then, with a sudden thrill, she shrinks

"Princess-Verona!" says Hal, kneel-"Princess—Verona!" says Hal, kneeling on the seat and leaning over her. "Don't—don't shrink from me! It is true I ought not to have said it. And I do love you—yes, I love you with all my heart and soul. And I am wretched and miserable, mad, when I think of how much divides us. I am so poor, and you are a princess, and going to marry this count—old enough to be your father. count-old enough to be your father.

And I can see—any one can see—you are
not happy. How should you be? And
how ca.: I help speaking? And, prinsway like this—I know it is wrong, and that I ought not to have said it; but how could I help it? You are so beautiful, and I love you so! Look at mendal away! I'll go away at once, forever, if you say the word—I will index—! I mean I'll go to the dev—! I mean I'll do anything you say, if you will only look around and forgive me!?

Hat is only a boy—knows no more of the art of eloquent speaking than a crow; but not the most soul-stirring oration could move the girl, trembling under his passionate voice, than do the cess—Verona, dear Verona—don't shrink away like this—I know it is wrong, and that I ought not to have said it; but

ation could move the girl, trembling un-der his passionate voice, than do the She trembles under every word, every letter vibrates with a sudden, ecstatic joy. If she were to die the next mo-

what I have said. It is true, I love you! But I won't persecute you, and make you unhappy. Say the word 'Go,' and I will go! and—and—try and forget you!

he always manages to get it; let who will need it or ask for it, it is lame to every one else, but quit sound for Hal. His orders are attended to while others wait, and a stable-help will run at the sound of a clear, young voice, while walking leisurely enough at the call of

others.

One man, a strong, lithe youg fellow, whom Vane engaged at Newton Regis, has a, perhaps, natural regard for Hal, "my lady, the marchioness' brother," and is never tired of recounting Hal's feats of strength and deeds of daring. George will leave his work to follow Master Hal about from stall to stall, lingering in his footsteps, and listening with rapt attention to words that fall from his young master's lips. For Jeanne and Hal, George would willingly risk his life. No one would be surprised to hear that George had noticed the change that had come over his idol. There is not a more observant class than servants. There is not a thing, my dear sir and madam, that goes on in your house, not a tiff or a calamity of any kind, however secret you may think you keep it, but the servants know it. And some-times, little as you respect, it, they aym.

Incre is not a thing, my dear sir and madam, that goes on in your house, not a tiff or a calamity of any kind, however secret you may think you keep it, but the servants know it. And sometimes, little as you respect it, they sympathize with you. George has noticed the grave and disturbed look about Hal's harbize with you. George has noticed that the fishing-rod, the gundant that she was playing a part. What usually careless and light-hearted face, has noticed that the fishing-rod, the gundand that she was playing a part. What and even the horses are neglected, and Hal is moody and absorbed, and George at once jumps to the proper conclusion, that his young master is in love.

"And what on earth he's got to be down in the mouth about," says George to have not the terrace, and the throat, and throat himself, "seeing that there ain't a young lady in the land as wouldn't be glad to jump into his arms the moment out on to the terrace, whichever his excellency might prefer.

But the count comes forward, his yellow face wrinkled with the sweetest and most courteous of smiles.

Incre is not a thing, on y kind, however short know in your house, not howe, whink you keep it, but they my how the princess was confined to her room with a bad headache. I could be room with a bad headache. I could the see, by the way the woman eyed me, that she was playing a part. What she

but the count comes forward, his yellow face wrinkled with the sweetest and most courteous of smiles,

"Ah!" he says, amiably. "I thought I should find your highness among the ferns. You, too, Mr. Bertram. You admire nature; I also am a worshipper at her shrine. Nothing charms me so much as her manifold marvels. A delightful conservatory, truly! Princess, if you are quite ready, the carriage is announced."

And, with a bow which is as polished as a Chesterfield's, he takes her upon his arm, and carries her off.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Would at once, if Hal had given the slightest hint, have ducked the count in the moat with the greatest pleasure.

slightest hint, have ducked the count in the moat with the greatest pleasure. "I wouldn't give much for that old man's chance, if there's fair play," he thought; "and if there ain't fair play, well, then Mr. Hal ought to take him at his own game."

As Hal comes into the yard with his hands in his pockets, and his old gait displaced by a listless air, George looks up, and, touching his hat, gives him goodmorning. with an aggrieved air. "If, instead of flying into a passion, as you expect him, at man snivels and grins like a figure on a twelfth-cake, and is more polite than usual—I say, what can you do?"

And Hal stops short before Jeanne, and extends his strong arms in despair. It is the morning after the count's discovery of the princess and Hal in the conservatory, and Hal had sought Jeanne in her own boudoir to tell her what happened, having had no opportunity of doing so the preceding evening. To say that Jeanne is astounded at Hal's audacity, is to but faintly describe her esusations during the recital of the interview.

"Good-morning, George," says Hal moodily. "What is it this morning, sir? The pair of bays or the chestnuts?"
Hale sinks down on an upturned barrow, and stares moodily about him.
"I don't know that I'm going out,

"But—but how did you find courage to make love to her?" she says. "How could you say such things?—and wasn't she frightened? I never meant you to go George."
"Fine morning for a ride, sir, and the chestnut is eating his head off.
Hal shook his head.

George sighs, and looks wistfully; then

so far."

"What did you mean by throwing us together, then?" says Hal, impatiently, "Did you think that I was going to talk about the weather, and such stupidity as that? Besides—well, I'll own I didn't mean to-to say all I did; but who could help it, loving her as I do, and seeing her so beautiful and helpless? And in the midst of it, while I had her in my arms, that old skin of parchment came in! I that we have the how do you know?" asks

help it, loving near so beautiful and helpless? And so beautiful and helpless? And that old skin of parchment came in! I thought there would have been a fight. I was longing to chuck him through the deconservatory windows if he said two words, but he didn't; as I said, he simply smiled more vilely than ever, and carried her off."

But, says Jeanne, he must take automatic—he cannot let it pass like automatic—he cannot let it pass like automatic—he cannot let it pass like automatic—her off, and her off, and the princess had treated you for the princess. Often in the stable, and the princess. Often in the stable, and the princess. Of the princess of the princess of the princess. Of the princess of the princess of the princess. Of the princess of the princess of the princess. Of the princess of the princess of the princess. Of the princess of the princess. Of the princess of the prince

challenge!"

chall

Then she catches his hands and grasps them, feels them lovingly, lingeringly. "Oh, why did I ever see you; why did you ever speak to me, if it was all to end in this? I am sorry—sorry!" she says. "Hal, he'd shoot you!" as with ler hands, and sobs. "Don't think of it—forget it—I'm nobody. Oh, Heaven's sake, hush!" says with her hands, and sobs. "Don't think of it—forget it—I'm nobody. Oh, Heaven's away; but her small hands stay nim. "Verona,' he murmurs, "I can't unsay what I have said. It is true and the court before of the more structured and take my chance of the world to have the count before him now. "There, I'll go—" and he moves two inches away; but her small hands stay nim. "Verona,' he murmurs, "I can't unsay what I have said. It is true and the dishoot you!" To you. You poor, silly boy, Hal, he'd shoot you!"

"Would he'!" says Hal, with sudden theer fundes. "Confound upon," Hal says; "you want to say something else, and know you'll to say to the won't do say to mear the you or no; out with it!"

George smiles, edges a little nearer to down, looking as if he would give the world to have the count before him now. "Hal, and takes a side glance as he polishes the harness. "It's only talk, sir, no doubt; but they say thy don't hear the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh so much since the count came, and that the princess laugh says, at last, co

do? Stay, I will call there to-day, as if nothing had happened."

"And be refused admittance," Hal said, gloomily.

"I will take my chance of that." says at last, confronting George, and colsaving at least it is all I can do for you, my poor boy! And if the Lambtons come while I am away, you must face.

"and —"

Hal jumps up and paces to and fro. "What do you mean by all this?" he says, at last, confronting George, and colsaving him.

"What do you mean by all this?" he says, at last, confronting George, and colsaving him.

"George smiles up at him with a grave look of affection and devotion on his face."

"Shake away, Master Hal," he says,

unhappy. Say the word 'Go,' and I will go! and—and—try and forget you! I shan't do that, I know! But I will go if you send me away.'

The little hands close on his strong arm.

"Or." he says, "I will remain and—and will save you. I can, I know! can do it, for anything is possible to love such as mine. Only say—no, I will not ask you!—yes, I will! Only say, that. Only say, that. I have you! Say that. Vever mind what happens afterward; say that. Oh, my darling, say that?"

She looks around at him, and, bending like an over-weighted passion-flower, droops on his broad breast.

"I—love you!" she murmurs.

Hal catches her to him in an embrace which hurts her, and which is all the more delightful on that account, and presses, his lips to her hair, her eyes, her lips themselves.

"Verona! My darling! And I love you—No. I love you with all my heart! And—and—don't tremble—I'll—find a way to make you my own. How beau-tiful you are!" And you love me—me, such a rough, uncultured wretch, not fit to be named in the same breath with such a delicate, pure, lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, and had a dorsely stance. "I love you" say that. Oh, love you with all my heart! And—and—don't tremble—I'll—find a way to make you my own. How beau-tiful you are!" And you love me—me, such a rough, uncultured wretch, not fit to be named in the same breath with such a delicate, pure, lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, and had had on the same breath with such a delicate, pure, lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, it has a lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, it has a lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, it has a lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, it has a lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, it has a lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, it has a lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, it has a lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, it has a lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, it has a lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling, it has a lovely flower as you are! Oh, my darling it has a lo

THE RICH, CLEAR COLOR OF

TEA is suggestive of its Purity and Strength. Its Delicious Fragrance is still more enticing. Fresh From the Plantation in Lead Sealed Packets. Try the Red Label. For sale at all live grocers.

"You were wrong," says Jeanne, but not very cheerfully; "they did let me in. The count was out, but I saw——" to row in a saw in the count was out, but I saw——" to row in was very Jeanne shakes her head. "No, the companion. She was very sorry, but the princess was confined to her room with a bad headache. I could see, by the way the woman eyed me, that she knew of your doings last night,

much underestimated as the tiger is overestimated.

The smaller leopard devotes itself more largely to goats and pigz and monkeys, while the panther attacks deer, gaur, cattle and man, for the panther also, on occasions, becomes a "maneater," and when it does it is a fury insatiable. Panthers are bolder in attack, more active and more geenrally vicious than tigers; yet they inspire nothing like such awe among the natives. Indeed, I have seen natives rally to the defense of a dog, of which leopards are particularly fond, when had the intruder been a tiger, they would have been paralyzed into inaction by very fear.

anxiously. "She is under the protection of her father, and her future husband,

have been paralyzed into inaction by very fear.

The "maneater" is the jungle nightmare of India, and numerous are the theories to account for its abnormal appetite. Commonly it is said to be an old tiger which has found game too difficult to bring down, or a sickly tiger which has resorted to man-killing in its weakness as the easier method. The consensus of opinion among experienced hunters and observers is, however, that a maneater is an ex-cattle killer which in conflict with herders, who are often quite brave in defense of their cattle, has discovered how much less work it is to kill a man than cattle, for the cattle-killer is usually fat and lary. Nothing has been found, so far as I have discovered, to suggest appetite for human flesh as the impelling motive, or that maneaters reject all flesh not human, or that the cubs of a man-eating tigress inherit the man-killing propensity. of her father, and her future husband, and you, my poor boy, have no right or claim to interfere—
"Haven't I?" retorted Hala fiercely. I've the best claim in teh world! I love her, and—she loves me! That's claim enough for me! Look out—who's this coming in? Oh, George! it's the Lambtons! Go on and leave me here; I couldn't join in the cackle yet."

Jeane hurried off and Hal returned to the stable, to find George stil at work on the harness. He looked up as Hal entered, and, touching his cap, said:
"Yes, sir!"

a man-eating tigress inherit the man-killing propensity.

Rather is it a case of contempt for man bred of familiarity, and more often the lust lays hold of the tigress, very likely because in foraging for her cubs (as she does until they begin to hunt for themselves at 7 months) and in their defense she has come more frequently in contact with man, or it may be because the female is more numerous than the male or because by nature the slyer and more vicious. Certainly she is price in the male of the six of the s "I didn't speak," said Hal; then he stopped and laid his hands on the man's shoulder.

"Look here, George,' he said, "I want "Look here, George, he said, "I want you to do something for me."

The man's eyes brightened, but he did not speak.

"I want." said Hal, too anxious to blush, "I want a message conveyed to the Princess Verona, without any one being aware of it but her-

conteyed their aware of it but her-self. Understand?"

HAS NOT SLEPT IN A CHAIR SINCE

"Don't care about it, George; take him Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. James Kinsella.

> She Sends a Message of Hope to Other Suffering Women in Canada.

St. Malachie, Que., Nov. 13 .- (Special) -To those women who suffer in —not hose women who shifter in sheder—and there are thousands in Canada—Mrs. James Kinsella of this place sends a message that tells of a cure as silent as their suffering. As the result of her own experience, Mrs. Kinsella says, "Take Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Take Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"When I sent for Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mrs. Kinsella says, in relating that experience, "I had a pain in my right hip and in the small of the back. I was swollen all down the right side of the abdomen and had to pass water every fifteen might side in the abdomen and had to pass water every fifteen might side in a hurning, iteh-

present time, says The Housekeeper, that all turkeys of the world are derived primarily from three original forms kn as the North American, the Honduras and the Mexican.
The genuine North American turkey is

TIGERS A TERROR OF INDIA. Wild Beasts Slay 25,000 Persons Withis described as "black, beautifully shaded with a rich bronze, the breast plumage a Single Year.

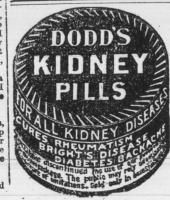
Year by year records are published of the destruction of human and cattle life by the wild beasts and snakes of British India. Last year 24,576 human beings and 96,226 cattle were killed, and of the people 21,827 deaths were attributed to snakes, while of the cattle 86,000 were killed by wild beasts, panthers being charged with 40,000 and tigers with 20,000 of this total; snakes accounted for 16,000.

thers being charged with 30,000 and tags with 20,000 of this total; snakes accounted for 16,000. And this is but a trifling percentage of the actual animal mortality, as it excludes the feudatory states, with their 700,000 square miles and 60,000,000 inhabitants, where no records are obtainable. Nor do the fatalities grow materially less, notwithstanding the efforts of sportsmen and rewards by the government, because the development of railways and roads, as the jungle is reclaimed for agriculture, means continuous invasion of the snake and tiger-infested territory.

Last year 1,255 tigers, 4,370 panthers and leopards, 2,000 bears and 2,056 wolves were killed; of snakes—the real scourge of Indiamo record is possible, and, unfortunately, comparatively few are destroyed. However deplorable and costly is the taking of human and cattle life, the descent upon promising crops by deer and pigs and monkeys would be even more serious to India and more expensive to the natives were it not for the tiger, panther and leopard.

This formidable trio of the cat family practically polices agricultural India where it works.

east in one respect—that the accidents. of peace have cost them rather more in men and ships than the incidents of war. The loss with nearly 600 men of Admiral Togo's flagship, the powerful bat, tleship Mikasa, that bore the brunt of the fighting in the late war, is one of the most appalling calamities that has overtaken any navy in time of peace. In destruction of life it ranks with the loss of the British turret ship Captain in the Bay of Biscay in the early days of the ironclad, and the sinking of the Victoria by the Camperdown a few years ago. The United States navy has



Evelyn's Surprise.

in love? Why should she follow the common, seaseless herd? She, a beauty and an heiress!

Barbara Montgomery, Evelyn's particular friend, had judiclously pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of such a matrimonial venture, and in her summing up the former considerably outslanced the latter. Evelyn thought Barbara's suggestion vulgar when she quoted the hackneyed saying that "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." This did not seem to be pertinent as applied to herself and Colonel Ashmore. The idea that perhaps he would console himself in a richer and more beautiful direction, Evelyn repudiated with disdan.

"More beautiful!" She was vain enough to think that with auburn hair undred, fair complexion non-massaged, perfect figure, feet and hands, she could carry the world before her; in fact, she was proud of anything and everything that belonged to that margelous vision of beauty, Evelyn Amee. And for Barbara to preach that Eustage Ashmore would soon fly to some one more appreciative and congenial. Barbara, a commonpace little greature, who coulf scarcely string together a couple of sentences grammatically. Had not she, Evelyn, been the belle of every place she had honored with her presence. Fly from her. Indeed! What nonsense; and here was a proof.

And so this glorious June day when Col. Ashmore stood beside her she felt no sort of surprise whatover, What more natural than that this man, who a season and a

And so this glorious June day when ColAshmore stood beside her she felt no sort
of surprise whatever; What more natural
than that this man, who a season and a
half ago had been her veriest slave, should
now have returned to his allegiance? Here
he was on the very first available opportunity hurrying to meet her again. Gratified
vanity made her eyes sparkle, although she
flattered herself that she looked as if she
saw no one for whom she felt the slightest.
"I am delighted to meet you, Miss
Amos," said Colonel Ashmore. He was not
in the least nervous, but then men don't
carry their hearts on their coat sleevesthis was Evelyn's comforting reflection.
"I heard you were coming to Pausanne,"
he continued, extending his hand. Evelyn
condescendingly offered hers, and at the
same time wondered why she had never
realized before the charm of this man's
personality. Many of the sterner sex look
well in their slick hats, frock costs, and
smart dress suits; this man in whatever
clothes he wore seemed exactly suited to
the place and the hour.
"No need, Miss Amos, to ask how you
are?"

"No need, Miss Amos, to ask how you are?"

Evelya smiled most graciously, fully aware that the accommodating sun was stil lighting with its golden hue her oceans of chestnut hair.

"This is my cousin Norton," she continued. "Mr. Herman Norton is like yourself, a painter, and you two ought to become friends."

But Evelyn could only think of the tall, upright man before her. Had he ever asked, her to marry him? Had she dared refuse him? Surely she must have dreamed this episode of her career—it could not be true. Could he ever forgive her bad taste and the harm it must have done him? After all it had only been bravado. Now—well, it would have been a brave person who would have dared to have said anything in his depreciation in her presence.

Barbara Montgomery's words occurred to her. "Eustace Ashmore is as good as he is handsome, as true as he is tall, a man absolutely devold of swagger and conceit." She agreed with Barbara, and thought so.

Absence often works wonders in making

by the necessity of the control of them.

Popular misconceptions give the tiger extraordinary leaping ability. It does not, as habitually painted, leap upon the back of its victim to crunch the vertebre of its neck. It may do so occasionally on small game. I have seen panthers springing on the little barking deer, but the usual tiger method is a stealthy stalk, followed by a swift rush and seizure of the victim's throat.

It does not leap from twenty-five to 100 feet, as we frequently read. Twelve feet is nearer the average of its jumps when chasing game, and there is no record of its jumping streams of over sixteen or eighteen feet in width, It is a bold swimmer and a frequent Wader.

It does not give up pursuit of its quarry on failure of the first attack.

It does not deliver bone-crushing blows with its fore paws, like bruin, although it does give blows that lacerate the flesh.

It does not roar like a lion.

It does not trail by blood-letting, but by dislocating the neck.

It can climb a tree, but Turkey. She agreed with Barbara, and thought so.

Absence often works wonders in making
us remember as well as forget, and Evelyn.

had of late remembered a great deal, and
now Eustace was beside her once again—

of his own accord.

Sine had been abroad with her maiden
aunt, Miss Milman, and they had been
traveling incessantly for a year and three
months—their last stay was in Sicily. They
had heard little of their friends and their
affairs, as both Evelyn and her aunt had
tabooed all correspondence, so for the space
of fifteen months they had been practically
out of the world that finds its boundaries
in London line.

Now they were both en route home and
beginning to hear the choes of 'be park.

Her heart was '''' or one realized that
she was near the man of all others she
most desired to see. 'Eustace the Rejectcd.'' as Barbara laughingly had christened
him, was at her side to bid her welcome
back.

"Because I was a poor fool once," she
thought, "there is no reason why I should
be a fool again, and thank goodness. It is

Facts About the Turkey. Nearly all authors who have written of the turkey have regarded it as a descendant of the well-known wild tur-

key of North America, though some have differed from this view, believing the marked differences met with among the

being dark bronze illuminated with a lus

rous finish of coppery gold."

The Mexican turkey is said to have a cody color of "metallic black shaded with rich bronze, its tail and feathers being tipped with black," while the white markngs of its plumage are thought to "show

its influence on the variety of domestic

urkey known as the Narragansett."

Most beautiful of all, however, is said o be the Honduras turkey, which is de-

successfully as a domestic fowl in a Northern climate."

Naval Disasters in Peace Times. The modern navies of this country, Great Britain and Japan are alike at

marked differences met with among the domestic turkeys as compared with the different strains of wild turkeys to indicate that this is not so.

Audubon, however, has noted the coming of wild turkeys into the barnyard when they paired with the domestic turkeys, while it is also well known that the American bronze turkey originated from the union of the wild turkey of North America with the domestic turkey off this country, things which go to show it is limbs as he got up from his seat, the domestic turkey off this country, things which go to show it is limbs as he got up from his seat, the domestic turkey off this country, things which go to show it is limbs as he got up from his seat. this country, things which go to show that these birds are kin.

It is generally conceded, I think, at the remarking: "How well you draw, Miss. Amos! that's a capital castle."
"That's not a castle," you duffer," laughed Herman, as he offered to relieve Colonel Ashmore of Evelyn's sketch. "That's the large hotel on the hill at Evian les Bains,

large hotel on the hill at Evian les Bains over yonder.

"Oh. I thought it was the caste of Chlion. I wondered at it having raised itself to such an exalted position so many miles above the level of the lake or sea."

Laughingly they made their way toward the Beau Rivage, mutually pleased with their individual selves. Herman Norton wondered how it was that Eustace had not spoken much in praise of this handsome and clever girl. He was himself quite in a fair way to succumb to her fascinations. Evelyn was telling herself that it was natural that Eustace sheuld wash her to be en rapport with his relatives; never in her life had she felt so happy and so much at peace.

As they entered the hotel and mounted

scribed as having a beauty of covering the equal of the Impeyan pheasant. "The head and neck of this wild turkey are maked, no breast tuft is present. The ground color of plumage is described as of beautiful bronze-green, banded with "Barbara!"
Miss Amos was genuinely surprised.
"Who ever expected to see you here of all people in the world? Is it really Barbara, or her astral body?"
"I am no astral body, Evelyn, but very much alive. Are you not surprised to see Eustace?" old, bronze, blue and red, with several bands of brilliant black. It is to be de-plored that this variety cannot be bred

much alive. Are you not surprised to see Eustace?"
"Indeed I was."
Colonel Ashmore had descended the steps. Evelyn turned away to hide her tell-tale countenance, which she feared would reveal to Barbara the joy she felt in meeting her old admirer again.
L'amour ne se commande pas.
"Of course he has told you?" and Barbara scampered down the stairs, following in the wake of the colonel.
"Told me what?" and Evelyn looked toward Herman Norton inquiringly.
"I suppose she meant my cousin's marriage, but, of course, you know he was married a year lago?"
"Married! Married!"
"There was a pause.

"There was a pause.
"And whom has be married?"
"Barbara."—Mrs. Arthur A. Beckett

Edward a Smooth Diplomat.

(Noshville Banner.)
The mission of Prince Louis of Battenthe mission of Prince Louis of Battenberg to his country and consummate stateterat of the present British sovereign. The
foreign relations of Great British have imsof man server of the proved since Edward VII. became King. The era of "splendid isolation"
and ho for a sawy and the Japaness alliance,
and French entente make the British pesitop of the province of the province of the period of the p years ago. The United States navy has in its annals of peace the blowing up of the Maine and the loss of two ships of Admiral Franklin's squadron in the Samoan hurricane of the late '80's. Each of the disasters enumerated cost the nation concerned more lives than any naval battle it has engaged in since steam sup-planted sails.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. If your watch isn't right you are apt