livery, in ef-

Tea is Delicious and Pure

Sealed Packets Only - Never in Bulk BLACK, MIXED or NATURAL GREEN

HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

hush of all voices save the churchbells, Lord Delamere, in his deep, grave voice, that is faintly tremulous each other to last for a month: but for a moment with emotion, says: "My friends and neighbors, in the

just wait that time, and no longer, for name of my beloved wife and myself, I beg to thank you with heartfelt gratitude for your kindly welcome. I thank you all the more deeply and Laura. kindly inasmuch as I feel that I have done nothing to deserve it."

"Yes, yes," shouts a voice. and ours have carned a sight o' money at the Grange o' late, my

"Of late, perhaps," he says, gravely; "but I cannot forget that for years I have been a stranger to you, and that my house has stood in your midst desolate and deserted. But it shall be so no longer-"

A burst of cheering breaks in upon this promise.

"I have returned to live amongst you. I hope, for many years; and from the bottom of my heart I trust that you will have no cause to regret the welcome which you have accorded my wife and myself. Friends and neighbors, you will increase this pleasure you have afforded us if you will visit us to-morrow; come with your wives and your children, and we will see if we cannot make merry in the old hall as your forefathers and mine used to do in the by-gone years. We will eat our supper together at eight o'clock. Once more we thank you most sincerely, most gratefully!"

CHAPTER XXXVI. There is not much eloquence in the speech, but plain and unvarnished as it is, stirs the hearts of the simple village people, and they receive it with a tremendous shout.

"We'll come, my lord!" shouts a sturdy voice. "God bless your lordship and send long life to you and her pretty young ladyship!"

At these last artless words, Signa, who has been listening, pale and excited. with tears trickling down her flushes crimson: young girl runs forward and drops things. There is not much of the an immense bunch of white roses into Signa's lap, the cheering bursts out again, a hurried murmur flashes through the crowd, and at Monaco. A lady who crossed with there is a sudden, swift rush to the

front of the carriage. In a twinkling the horses are led from the bar, and twenty stout fishermen and laborers grasp the pole, and with a shout start off with the carriage, leaving the horses prancing and pawing in the hands of the astonished but delighted coachman. In this triumphant fashion my Lord and Lady Delamere are conveyed to the entrance hall, where the Grange party, surrounded by servants, stand to receive

and welcome them. With innate good feeling and delicacy the crowd, having effected their purpose, give one cheer more and quietly retire, leaving Archie dancing in a frenzy of delight on the top of the stone balustrades and Signa clasped in Lady Rookwell's embrace.

For the first time in her life the old lady cannot find words, but still holding Signa by one arm intwined around her, pats her on the back with a trembling hand.

"My dear." she says, at last, "this is the happiest day of my life. Andwill somebody knock that urenin off that stone wall before he falls and breaks his neck?"

Hector laughingly lifts Archie from his perilous eminence, and somehow they all manage to get into the hall. "When you have quite done with her aunt, I should like to say 'How do you do?' says Laura Derwent. 'How do you do, my dear? Let me look at you. Why, you don't look a bit like an invalid—and he wrote and told us you

had been very ill!" Signa laughs, her eyes shining like stars, her cheeks ilushed with pure,

unalloyed joy. "If I had been dying, I think those dear people would have cured me!" she says. "Ah! and I am so gled to get tack. Aunt, uncle!" and she gives them hand each, and kisses Mrs. Podswell's sharp face affectionately. She could love her bitterest foe, if she had one, this morning. Then she looks round quickly, and her color comes and goes as she sees Sir Frederic standing a little apart. his face very pale, his eyes grave and wistful.

With a quick impulse she glides toward him, and holds out her hand. "Sir Frederic, it would not have seemed like coming home if you had not been here; and thank you, thank

you, for all you have done." He takes her hand, holds it for a moment, then presses it and in ellence releases it.

"Blyte, how are you?" exclairs Hector, grasping his hand and wringins it, almost like a schoolboy. "I've n looking forward to seeing you. You'll have to plead guilty to this

Pale and red by turns, Signa leans royal reception, I'm afraid. Never forward; the crowd suddenly grows mind, I'll forgive you, you and Mr. silent, and begins to press closer to Pedswell; suppose we go and have the carriage, and amidst the sudden a cigar while these ladies let off the superfluous torrent of chatter. Of course, they have enough to say to we'll give them half an hour. I can

> I am almost starving!" and he leads them away. "Where's you maid, dear?" asks

> Signa laughs quietly. "I haven't one. You see. I don't care about it, and Hector-"Well, Hector, what?" demands Lady

> Rookwell, as they make their way to Signa's dressing room. "Well, Hector has got into the habit of coming in and out while I'm dressing, and sitting about to talk: sometimes he smokes a eighrette, and, of

> course, a maid would be scandalized. "As you couldn't live without him at you apron strings, you do without a maid," says Lady Rookwell, succinctly. "My dear, you are one of those anomalies we read about but seldom

"What is it that I am?" asks Signa. as Laura rids her of her furs.

"That ridiculous object, a wife who is in love with her cwn husband." Signa laughs and blushes.

"Is it so ridiculous?" she says. Well, it is true. I am very much. awfully in love with him, and so would you be if you knew him. I can't heip it!" she adds, so naively that Laura tursts into a laugh.

"Nothing will ever alter you, my Here have you been queening it in Paris-oh, we heard all about it! - and going through the most awful scenes, and yet you come back to us just as you left, the simplest. dearest of children! What lovely sables!" taking up the heavy, almost unique set, and holding them with awed rapture almost at arm's length. "I saw them half a mile off. Wherever did you get them ---

"There she is!" exclaims Lady Rookwell. "Dress, dress, dress before all child about you, Laura!" "Hector got them from a Russian

Princess who had jost all her money us said they were the most perfect the had ever seen." "They must have cost a fortune!"

exclaims Laura, under her breath. "Yes; I never thought anyone could be so extravagant as Hector is. Hel

to scold him into ordering clothes for himself," and she laughs.

"Put those things Gown!" exclaims fifty!"
Lady Rookwell. "Now, my dear, "Wh don't pay any attention to her, but tell me about yourself. You have been

"Yes," says Signa, simply. "But I am so glad, so thankful that I kept when she is making other people hapwell until he had quite recovered. I py; and happiness does not kill—it yet I feel as if I must! Frankly, I and which probably never will be solvsuppose I was very ill. It was very cures, Lady Rookwell." hard upon Hector, for he had to nurse me; I said that we ought both to go | dred people?" demands her ladyship. into a hospital. And that dear, good | "This is for me, and Blythe, to find Signa, smiling. doctor! I shall never forget him or out," he says, laying his hand upon his kindness. He never left me for a | Sir Frederic's shoulder. moment for a whole day! But I am all right. I have been quite well for a for on the morrow nearer three than long time; I grew better from the day two hundred present themselves for they told me that we could start for admission to the Grange, and Hector home. That was what I wanted. I and Sir Frederic are ready for them. wanted to see the hills, and to hear! As in olden times, the huge hall has the sea-to know that we were in long tables set up within it, and the beauty, "and now I have got an offer England. I hate"—and her eyes flash | tables are spread with good, solid food. | that I do like:" -"I hate the continent! But this"- | There is food in abundance, and plenty and she goes to the window—"this is of sound October ale and cider.

Sizna laughs.

"No! It is the new life to me! You will see! I am so strong! And I only want to be happy! It isn't much, is it?" and she laughs. "And I shall be, ah, so happy! What a lovely room this is! Does Hector's room face the south? He likes the south side"with sudden anxiety.

"Make your mind easy," says Lady Rookwell, grimly. "His room adjoins this. He will be able to come in and smoke his horrid cigarette as usual. "I am so glad!" says Signa, simply.

"Yes, its so nice to smell of tobacco smoke when you come down to din-

"Oh. cigarettes don't smell," says Signa, naively. "But is there no

"None," says Laura, comprehen-"Nothing happens in Northwell. You bring all the news with you. Oh, there is one piece of news," she says, with an air of indifference that is too marked. "Sir Frederic has lost a cousin, so that he stands next to the earldom of Rexlade."

"Really. Then he will be Lord Rexlade?" says Signa. "I shall always feel like calling him Sir Fredric. How altered he is! I don't mean facially so much as in manner."

"Do you think so?" says the beauty with affected carelessness. 'Yes, he is altered—for the better. If you knew how hard he has worked! He has worked as hard for you as your Hector worked for me. I don't think Lord Pelamere will find a single "A screw loose moans La moans Lady Rookwell. "That's a lady-like expres-

"How very good of him!" says Sig-

and a demure servant hands in a houquet of choice hot-house flowers. "For me?" says Signa, as Lady Rookwell hands them to her. "So it says." says her ladyship,

Then comes a knock at the door,

pointing to the label. "For Lady Delamere, with Ladv Blyte's love and good wishes!" reads Signa. "How kind and thoughtful! Oh stop!" and she runs to the dcor and calls to the maid. "Tell the messenger to give my love to Lady Blyte, and that I will come and see her to-

morrow," she says. For some unexplained and mysterious reason, Laura jumps up and kiss-

"You are a dear good girl!" she hays, with a vivid blush, and hastily disengaging herself from Signa's embrace, she hurries quickly from the

"What-what does she mean? Why should she be so pleased that I sent the message?" asks Signa, wonderingly; but Lady Rookwell only grins and grunts an unsatisfactory "Humph!" It is a very happy party that sits down in the small dining-room that

evening. Hector is in the best of spirits—almuch so that it is difficult to realize | individuals. that he is my Lord of Delamere, with fifty thousand a year, and the ribbon of the order of the Knights of the

"Lady Bumbleby ought to be here." says Lady Rookwell, with a grin. "So she shall, before long," he says. "I look upon Lady Bumbleby as a dear friend, who understands a good story to the fullest. I tell you what, Lady Rookwell, we will have high times this Christmas, so prepare yourself! The Grange has been empty and silent long enough. Why, I've read how, in the old times, the old place was crammed with guests, and that the servants' hall was filled to over-

flowing half the nights of the year. Why shouldn't it be so now?" "Why not? I know no reason against it," says Signa.

And he looks across the table at her gratefully "I expect it will be full enough to-

morrow," he says. "To-morrow?" demands Lady Rook "Yes," he adds; "I've asked all buys everything he thinks that I have ! Northwell here to-morrow-men, wo-

the slightest fancy for, and yet I have men and children. We will have such a night of it as has not been known for the last twenty years—ah, the last away."

"What!" shrieked Lady Rookwell. "Do you want to have your wife ill again?"

"I am not afraid," he says, looking know you will?" at Signa "Signa is never so happy as

"How are you going to feed two hun-

They solve the problem somehow, offers I have refused?"

The crowd of guests file in in twos "You'll be ill again" says Lady and threes, and "the gentry," taking You don't know who it is! It is Sir Rookwell, decisively. "All this will be the place of servants for the time betoo much for you, mark my words."

Reabath_



True to his word, and passing beyond the mere spirit of it, my Lord of Delamere and his friends join in the repast, at the upper end of the table, seven o'clock dinner having been dispensed with; and when, at the close of the meal, he rises, and announces that there will be a dance to finish the evening, a lusty cheer greets his

To set an example, he chooses the comely wife of one of his own tenants and opens the ball, and Signa, not to be behindhand, accepts a young farmer on the estate of her partner. No one enters into the spirit of the thing more thoroughly than Laura Derwent, and clad in one of her choicest costumes, she leads to the quadrille the oldest farmer on the estate.

The band is the village one, and it tries its hardest to eclipse the London one, which discoursed sweet music at Laura Derwent's ball; and if it does popular interest than the raccoon, not quite succeed, it makes music familiar to the ears of the guests, and, therefore, quite as satisfactory.

Never, perhaps, has Signa been happier than she is to-night, and when, in a pause of the festivities, Hector finds time to approach and address her, he finds her laughing heartily at some fishing story told by a ruddy-cheeked young fisherman who had summoned up courage to ask her to dance. The ball is kept up until midnight,

and at its finish the guests group together to give a hearty cheer to my Lord and Lady Delamere.

"Are you tired, my darling?" he asks, as, alone, they stand in the deserted and silent ballroom. "No," she says, "and 'yes' I am a lit-

tle tired, but, ah! so happy, Hector! After all, these simple people are ours. There is not one of them for whose comfort and happiness we are not answerable! I used to wonder what use a great lady could be. Now I understand. It is to make the people under her happy and contented. Hector, I shall be content to live amongst them for the remainder of my days!"

But she had not to do this. There comes a certain period of the year when my Lord of Delamere finds it imperative for him to be in London. There is his seat in the House of Lords, amid his brother peers, and at such periods Signa has to take up the role as the mistress of the great house in Grosvenor square.

And she plays it well. If she chose she could be the queen of the high society in which she moves: but she does not choose. It is not in her to be a professional beauty or a leader of most boyish in his cheerfulness-so ton. She leaves all that to less happy

Still her dances and her evenings are crowded by the best people, and to tually we smoke a cigarette in the on the oppressed sister island. have a card for one of Lady Dela-'At home's is a passport to the best of society.

Laura Derwent still reigns. Her beauty undimmed and unfaded, is tographs may still be seen in the shop windows; but a change has come over this flighty damsel; and in her off-hours, as she calls the rare intervals when she had no party or ball to attend, she finds her way to Signa's house in Grosvenor square, and spends the evening there.

He bears the title nicely and modestly. | the author may have reserved a quaint He, too, is always to be seen at Lady Delamere's assemblies, always near for the actual end. her elbow, and ready to carry any message or undertake any commission. He loves her, but it is, as he told Lady

One day, late in spring, Laura comes to Signa's dressing room, where she is any consideration to authors or actors in the hands of her maid, who is attiring her for the coming levee.

"Signa," says Laura, impulsively, "I want to speak to you. Send the girl

Signa gently dismisses the maid, and waits all attention. "What is it dear?"

"Signa, you will be surprised; ! "Shall I? What is it, Laura, dear?"

concurred!"

"Something very dreadful and conclusive! Signa, you know now many "Nearly all," says Signa, smiling.

"You know I could have been a marchioness if I had liked?" "Yes, dear! "But I didn't like!" says the spoiled

"Really! My dear Laura," and she takes a step toward her. Frederic—I mean Lord Rexlade!"
"With a joyous cry Signa hugs her



at arms' length, and laughs. "You dear, stupid creature! Why I guessed it long ago! Any one could see he was madly in love with you! Dear Sir Frederic-I mean Lord Rexlade! Oh, I am so glad!" "Are you really?" demands the

to her bosom; then she holds her out

beauty. "I thought-forgive me, Signa!—that you would be—well, jealous! He has been your slave so long! "My slave!" says Signa, with a blush, "I only want one slave, and that is Hector. And here he comen! Good-bye, dear! I am happier than I can tell you! You will be Lady Rexlade, and we shall be close neighbors! And they say there is no such thing as Fate! Kiss me, Laura! You and I will be that anomalous article which dear Lady Rookwell called unique -Wives in love with their husbands!" (The End).

UNIQUE IN ANIMALS.

Racoons Have a Curious Habit of Washing Their Food.

Few American wild animals are more widely known or excite more which occupies most of the wooded parts of North America from the southern border of Canada to Panama, with the exception of the higher mountain ranges.

Its diet is extraordinarily varied and includes fresh water clams, crawfish, frogs, turtles, birds and their eggs, poultry, nuts, fruits and green corn. When near water raccoons have a curious and unique habit of washing their food before eating it. Their fondness for green corn leads them into frequent danger, for when bottom land corn tempts them away from their usual haunts raccoon hunting with dogs at night becomes an especially favored sport. Raccoons are extraordinarily intelligent animals and make interest

ing and amusing pets. They began to figure in our frontier literature at an early date. Coonskin caps , with the ringed tails hanging like plumes, made the favorite Fernandez Shaw. And the name of headgear of many pioneer hunters, and coonskins were recognized articles of barter at country stores. Now that the increasing occupation of the country is crowding out more and more of our wild life it is a pleasure to note the persistence with which these characteristic and interesting animals continue to hold their own in so much of their original range.-National Geographic Magazine.

THEATRE AUDIENCES.

A Sermon for Those Who Arrive Late and Depart Early.

It is one of the most hallowed national customs not to go into a theatre until the curtain has risen. If by some stupid blunder we have arrived punclobby.

So the cunning playwright takes care not to start his story until at least five minutes later. He occupies these five minutes with a colorless scene of some still the talk of the town, and her pho- kind just to keep the groundlings amused. In some cases he will begin each act in the same way. It depends on how fashionable his audience is and education generally place them in how thirsty. For a converse reason he must finish his play five minutes before the final curtain falls.

Another of our national customs is to leave the theatre the moment Ed-Sir Frederic is now Lord Rexlade. win has embraced Angelina although comedy touch or a dramatic surprise

It is no use altering the hour of perfermance. Begin at midnight if you like; we shall not come until five min-Rookwell, the love of a brother for a utes after. Leave off at 10: we shall go out five minutes before. It is in the blood. The idea that an audience owes is entirely foreign to us. The very suggestion of it is almost an impertinence.-Louis N. Parker, in New York

The Wild Pigeon Mystery.

That the wild pigeon, once so common in the United States, has become extinct is one of the strangest mysteries in American natural history. It is "I don't know how to tell you, and a puzzle which has baffled scientists feel as if I couldn't do it, unless you ed. Half a century ago wild pigeons were abundant in Pennsylvania, Ohio. "What are you going to do?" asks Indiana, Kentucky and all the states cf the middle west. In their migrations they travelled in flocks numbering tens of thousands, and it some-times took a single flock the better part of an hour to pass a given point. Vast numbers of the pigeons were killed every year by gunners, but many investigators hold that the complete disappearance of the species must have been due in part at least to other causes. No other bird was ever so numerous in this country as the

A Gargle for a Sore Throat.

The kind of sore throat which anroys one when the weather is unpleasant and the air feels raw and damp, is not difficult to treat, and a speedy cure is always possible. The red ap- tasty and effective dish. pearance of the throat indicates a mild degree of congestion, whilch may be relieved by gargling the throat with hot (as hot as can be borne without burning) soda water. Dissolve a teaspoonful of sodium bicarbonate in a tumblerful of hot water. Use this strength and gargle thoroughly every three hours. Also take a salin laxative—such as Rochelle salts, a heaping teaspoonful in a tumblerful of cold water—at bedtime, and another dose upon rising in the morning. It is always advisable to remain indoors for 24 or more hours when having a mild attack of sore throat.

Imitation Gems.

The opal is more difficult to imitate than is the diamond. But, from artificial alum, rubies which really are rubies can be made, and very cheaply. If the coloring agent is titanium oxide the product becomes a genuine artifical sapphire. Only in interior structure do these stones differ from those

SUMMER COMPLAINTS KILL LITTLE ONES

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little one Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours he may be beyond cure. These Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to the well child and will promptly cure these troubles if they come on suddenly. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. There is no other medicine as good and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that they are absolutely safe. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IRISH SPANIARDS.

America Did Not Get All Emigrants of the Emerald Isle.

"You are, perhaps, too much inclined to think," said a Spaniard recently. "that America is the only foreign country where Irish emigrante land. But there is an Irish element in Spain. though less numerous, also important. It is probable that the special conditions of this old country, its Catholic faith, its monarchical spirit, and noble traditions, particularly attracted the more distinguished Irish families in search of a new home, while the middle and poorer classes preferred to sail to more democratic and English-

speaking lands. "This would explain why most of the Irish-Spaniards belong to the army. The Spanish army lists abounds with names like O'Shea, O'Connor. MacKenna, O'Neil, earl of Tyrone, became a Spanish field marshal, and in the Carlist wars won the title of Marquis del Norte. His son, though an officer in the Spanish infantry, was better known as a poet. Another poet of Irish descent died recently in Madrid. General O'Donnell is as famous in Spain as that of Wellington in England. General O'Donnell was in command of the Spanish troops which invaded Morocco in the last years of Queen Isabella's reign, and his triumphant march was only checked by the diplomatic opposition of England.

"Most of these Irish-Spaniards emigrated during the first half of the nineteenth century. They were quickly absorbed by Spain—a country which quickly stamps her character on newcomers—and hardly any of their present representatives speak English, or have any knowledge of English and Irish life. But they carry everywhere their family tales of a dark past and their names as witnesses of their family romance, and their influence is no doubt overwhelming on the general opinion which Spain, ignorant of the progress of later years still entertains

"Another important link between ary for Roman Catholic priests still existing in Salamanca. It creates a continuous channel of communications for the clergy of the two countries. It must be added that the very numerous wealthy families who wish to give their daughters an English English-speaking convents, either in Spain or in England. These convents are generally Irish."—Exchange.

We're All Like Her.

Terence V. Powderly, of labor fame. was talking about compulsory arbitra-

"The trouble withh the world in general," he said, thoughtfully, is that we all know just what the other fellow ought to do, but we take little account of what we ought to do our-

"I found a young bride one day bending, with a stern and severe air. over a dry looking volume.

"'What are you reading?' I asked. "'An excellent work,' she replied. called 'Happiness in Marriage.' "'What advice,' I asked, 'does it give to wives?"

"'I don't know,' she answered, 'I'm reading the advice to husbands."

Compressed Air Pressure.

The highest known pressure to which air has been compressed its 4,000 atmospheres (about 60,000 pourds) per equare inch, but this was a laboratory experiment. The safe limit of pressure for use in the arts to-day is largely determined by the strength of the retaining vessel, or 3,000 pounds per square inch. To obtain these great pressures especially designed air compressors have to be contructed.

Cheese Salad. 'Tis easily made.

And very nutritious. Have you some cottage cheese? Well, season it with melted butter. Add to this a little paprika and mus-

in the centre. Place each on a disk of nicely toasted bread. Piped mayonnaise makes a very

Bella-I wonder who was the first

Roll into balls with pitted cherries

woman to get her gowns from Part Stella-Helen of Troy, no doubt --



