

# LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

## CHAPTER VI.

**A HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.**—Left her home on April 30, a young lady, aged 18, brown hair, grey-blue eyes, fair complexion, a very diminutive figure. When last seen was wearing a black tailor-made costume and a small lace toque trimmed with violets. The above reward will be paid to any one giving such information as may lead to her recovery. Apply to A. B. C., Porter's Library, Wilton Place.

Two people at Easthill read that notice and knew whom it concerned—Beryl Lindon, who rejoiced with all her heart that the gathering coldness of the April evening had made her put on her cloak before she left Easthill Station; and Harold Dynevor, who felt convinced that the young lady inquired for was no other than the lonely little traveler who had asked the way to Mrs. Tanner's school.

No doubt other people in the neighborhood read the advertisement, but none of them guessed it was in their power to earn the reward. Mrs. Wilnot had never seen her sister's teacher in walking attire. Mrs. Tanner never looked at the agony column. Helen Craven, who was of a romantic turn of mind, read the paragraph aloud to her family, and declared the poor girl it concerned had evidently escaped from a lunatic asylum; but Captain Tempest was at the Manor and engrossed most of her attention, so that she soon forgot the matter.

Beryl felt terribly nervous. She had expected her father to be rather relieved at her departure, and the advertisement seemed to imply he was set on finding her. She longed to confide in Mrs. Tanner; but, though she could have trusted the widow perfectly, the possession of such a secret would, if discovered, have embroiled her very much with her sister. So beyond a visit to the one draper's at Easthill-on-Sea, where she purchased a bunch of forget-me-nots to replace the violets in her toque, the advertisement made no immediate difference to Beryl.

As for Harold, he thought of it again and again. He could not get the girl's sweet, sad face out of his head. And after a few days' doubt and perplexity, during which the announcement was repeated in the paper every morning, he decided to call on Mrs. Grey, the wife of the curate-in-charge of the Easthill-on-Sea, and ask her openly for Mrs. Tanner's address.

He was prepared to face her wonder at the question, but it was spared him. The first greetings were barely over when little Olive Grey came in through the French window, with two or three school books strapped together, and a very important little face.

"You don't mean to say you send that mite to school?" Harold asked, when Miss Olive had installed herself on his knee. "Why, she can't be six!"

"Turned eight, Mr. Dynevor. Only I should have sent her before, only there was no school here. A young widow, Mrs. Tanner, opened one in January, and Olive was one of her first pupils."

"I shouldn't have thought there were enough children for a school to pay." "I think Mrs. Tanner must be getting on, for she has just started an assistant. Such a pretty girl! I saw her at church on Sunday and lost my heart to her. Lendon her name isn't it, Olive?"

"Yes; only one letter different from Mr. Lindon's," said Miss Olive; "and she comes from London, too."

The child ran off to her tea, and Mrs. Grey, who did not possess as much tact as kindness, suddenly asked:

"Is it true that the Lindons are coming to live at the Manor when General Craven leaves?"

"I have no idea. I know it is rumored."

"Mr. Grey thinks the rumor only got about because Mr. Lindon refused to renew the general's lease."

"General Craven thinks he will renew it in the end, but is standing out for increased rent. The agent, Wilnot, has hinted as much."

"Then it is probably true. Mr. Wilnot is very much in the big man's confidence. I do hope the Lindons won't come here."

Harold shrugged his shoulders. But he was unusually grave and thoughtful that evening. Before he went to bed he had written a very brief note to Beryl, enclosing the advertisement from the Telegraph.

"One who witnessed Miss Lendon's arrival at Easthill-on-Sea sends this to warn her she is being sought for. She may rely on his absolute silence now and always."

There was no signature. Beryl could not in the least imagine who sent the note, but she felt it was meant to be reassuring. And as May faded into June she tried hard to forget the dark shadows which hung threateningly over her pathway, and to be as happy as she could.

It was a quiet and monotonous life she led at Woodlands. After the luxury at Elcheater square, the hard work, and plain fare would have been distasteful to many girls; but Beryl was only too thankful to have escaped from her gilded cage. Mrs. Tanner was kindness itself, and if the Wilnots rather grated on Beryl with the condescending patronage, she knew perfectly it was not her employer's fault, and resented their cold reproaches to the gentle widow far more than any slights to herself.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Mrs. Grey, who was the nearest

approach to a friend the widowed school mistress had at Easthill, descended on Woodlands one day, and begged Mrs. Tanner to lend her young assistant to help at a kind of open air fete she was getting up for the church building fund.

The curate's wife never forgot that the widow was unfortunate, that her husband's death had brought her from a pleasant, easy life to fight for her bread. Mrs. Grey had helped the enterprise at Woodlands in many ways, not least by her kindness and friendly sympathy with Woodland's tenant. She told her difficulties as frankly as if Mrs. Tanner had been her sister.

"You know we are not rich, but just because Frank is the curate I have to take a stall and do my utmost to make things go. I'm not clever at bazaars, and I had depended on my sister coming to help me. I've just had a letter to say she has sprained her ankle—nothing serious; but she won't be able to put her foot to the ground for a fortnight, and the fete is next week. Do lend me Miss Lendon! It's a Wednesday, and so, being a half-holiday, the school can't suffer. Besides, I'm pretty sure all your pupils will be there. I don't ask you to come"—she looked kindly at the crape-trimmed dress, "it would be hard on you to appear at a gay scene so soon, but you might lend me your assistant."

"I will spare Miss Lendon to you with pleasure," said Mrs. Tanner; "but are you sure she will be of any use? She is a dear little thing, but almost painfully shy. She has been with me over two months, and I know no more of her than I did the day she came."

"Well, may I ask her and see what she says?"

Mrs. Tanner fetched Beryl and explained what was required of her. The girl blushed crimson.

"I never was at a bazaar in my life," she told Mrs. Grey, "but if you think I can be of any use I shall be glad to do my best."

Mrs. Grey was delighted and Beryl left the room, pledged to be her chief lieutenant on the eventful Wednesday. "You know," said the curate's wife, when Beryl had gone, "she is so pretty she is sure to charm money out of people's pockets, and there was really no one else I could ask. Mrs. Craven has taken a stall, and her daughter and Miss Dynevor will help at it. There wasn't a girl in Easthill I could think of who would have been of any use."

Mrs. Tanner hesitated.

"Ought it to be a very grand toilet? I am not sure what Miss Lendon has in the way of finery."

"Every one is to dress just as they please. The sellers are to wear a favor of black and gold to distinguish them. I'll send over the one I made for Cicely."

Mrs. Tanner and Beryl talked over the bazaar after supper that night.

"It will be a little glimpse of gaiety for you," said the elder woman kindly. "This is a very dull life for you, Miss Lendon."

"I am not at all dull," said Beryl, simply.

She had altered since she came to Easthill. The scared, anxious look had gone from her face, and, in spite of hard work, she looked younger and brighter. She really quite looked forward to the garden fete, as its promoters called it, as a festival; for, after all, she was young enough to enjoy the sight of pretty things and bright faces.

## CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Tanner almost started when Beryl came to show herself when she was dressed for the fete, and yet the girl only wore the white cashmere which had been her best attire last summer. It was very soft and clinging, falling from waist to hem in long, straight folds, the bodice trimmed with a little white silk, and a broad sash of the softest surah knotted loosely round her waist. Her hat was white, too, and trimmed with a long white feather and a quantity of chiffon. She looked far more like some rich wandering princess than a humble school assistant.

"Shall I do?" asked Beryl, a little anxiously.

"You had better put a cloak over your dress for the drive, the lanes are so dusty," said Mrs. Tanner. "You look charming, and I am sure Mrs. Grey will think so."

That lady drove up then in her rather shabby pony carriage. The fete was to be held in the grounds of Dynevor as the last people to think three miles from Woodlands, so she had arranged to call for Miss Lendon.

"I'll bring her back safely," she promised Mrs. Tanner, "but I can't promise when. The fete opens at 3, and we are supposed to go on till we've sold everything."

She talked very pleasantly to Beryl as they drove along, saying she would introduce her to Miss Dynevor, who was about her own age.

"Please don't," said Beryl shyly—"I mean, she might not like it. Miss Dynevor of Dynevor must be a great lady, and I am only a teacher."

"My dear," said Mrs. Grey, "the Dynevors are the last people to think less of you for that. And so far from being great, they have fallen on very evil times. Harold farms his own land; but it's all he can do to struggle on these bad times, and if Kitty does not have to earn money, she

works very hard at home." "But the Manor is called after them."

"And it ought to be theirs, only it isn't." She went on to give Beryl the full and particular story of Nina Dynevor's infatuation for Eustace Lindon, and the wrong it had led to. Beryl only kept silent by an effort. It was terrible to listen to the reproach of her own parents and say nothing; but deep down in her own heart she felt her gentle mother had never done the wrong ascribed to her. No, the will which left the Manor away from the Dynevors had been extorted from her weakness, not made of her own free will.

"I hope I have not tired you out," concluded Mrs. Grey, "you are looking very pale."

"I am generally pale, thanks." The general stood on the steps of the Manor to welcome them. He looked a little astonished as Mrs. Grey introduced her companion—the girl was so unlike what he had expected; but he soon led the way to the huge marquee which had been erected in the grounds for the five stalls held by the elite of Easthill.

A smaller tent was devoted to flowers, yet another held refreshments, a ladies' orchestra—from Brighton, he it whispered—discouraged sweet music in a third. Mrs. Grey and Beryl hastened to their places, while the general went back to await the advent of the great lady who was to formally declare the fete open.

It looked to Beryl like fairyland; and when a few minutes later things were in full swing, and the people began to flock in, she proved herself quite an expert saleswoman. Many of the visitors thought Mrs. Grey's assistant the prettiest girl present.

"Harold," whispered Kitty Dynevor to her brother, when he made his appearance, "your fair traveler is here."

"What do you mean?" He asked, bewildered.

"Don't you remember asking if there were a school at Easthill-on-Sea, because a girl was making her way to it at the station one day? Well, the girl is just here at Mrs. Grey's stall; but she doesn't look like a school teacher, does she?"

She did not. It flashed on Harold that he had never seen a sweeter face. He thought the shadow on the grey eyes was lighter, and he wondered if she had ceased to worry over the hundred pounds reward offered for her recovery. She did not look in the least like a fugitive or a runaway.

Mrs. Grey's voice broke on his meditations.

"Mr. Dynevor, do take Miss Lendon to the house to have some tea. Mrs. Craven has some in the dining room specially for our benefit; the tent is only for outsiders, you know, who pay as they go. I have been there long ago; but I couldn't find any one to send with Miss Lendon, and, as she has never been inside the Manor, she does not like to go alone."

"I shall be only too pleased," said Harold; and the two left the marquee together.

It was not far, only a few hundred yards as distance went; but it seemed miles to Beryl because all the way she was trying to decide a question. One glance had told her that Mr. Dynevor had been at Easthill station when she arrived, therefore it must be he who sent her the advertisement and words of kindly warning. Should she allude to it or not?

It was only when she was in sight of the old Manor house that she made up her mind.

(To be continued.)

## ODD OCCUPATION.

**Professor of Being Buried Alive Testifies in a Courtroom.**

One of the witnesses in a recent lawsuit in Cleveland was Edward Kaehn. The Cleveland Leader says: "The examination of Kaehn proved to be very amusing. On the cross-examination Prosecutor Keeler demanded to know the business of the witness. The witness said that he lived at 325 Lake street, and was known as Prof. James Smith, and that his specialty was being buried alive for exhibition purposes. He declared that he never had really died, but claimed that he could lie in a grave six days and nights. He averred that he was ready at any time to be buried for \$500 per week, providing that there was a proper and an unmistakably trustworthy committee to play the role of resurrection angels should they be needed to save his life. He was rather reluctant about 'tipping off his act,' as he expressed it, but Judge Neff became interested and wanted to hear all about it. Kaehn declared that he has been placed in a coffin which had been properly upholstered, and that it has been lowered into a grave 6 feet 4 inches deep. An air shaft is constructed and the grave closed.

"What is the air shaft for?" asked the prosecutor.

"For air," replied Kaehn, "and for sending down the beer, water and grub."

"Then you always had to have air, did you?" continued the prosecutor.

"Oh, no. Sometimes I was completely buried for twenty-four hours. In a case of that kind a bucket of water was placed in the coffin and several sponges saturated with water. The water evaporated, and that furnished all the oxygen I needed to live on."

## Godmothers to the Bells.

An odd ceremony took place in France not long ago in the baptism of two new bells for the Church of Pragnac, in the department of the Gironde. Two pretty children, Miles, Mirville de Girodor and Odette de Braquillange, were godmothers to the bells, and were dressed, respectively, in pale blue and pale pink.

## SWELLS AS "SUPERS."

**Scion of a Wealthy Family Earns Four Dollars a Week.**

During the long run of "Hearts Are Trumps" at the Drury Lane theater, in London, it became quite a fad with society people to go on with the "supers" and "extras" in the Frivolity Music Hall scene in the play. During the run of the play at the Garden theater in New York, last season, Mrs. Langtry startled her friends by sitting in a box on the stage one night. Others immediately wanted to follow her example, and she, in a large measure, started the fad in New York. Now the fad threatens to become epidemic here. Nearly all of Harvard wants to "supe" in the big scene for the novelty of the thing, and some of the boys have gone so far as to even offer to pay for the privilege. Several young fellows stopped a number of the regular "supers" at the stage entrance the other night and purchased from them their tickets, which entitle them to admission to the stage and on which they get their money at the end of the week. Andrew Mack, whose company was resting last week, was one of the "supers" early in the week and was having a lovely time of it until some of the "supers" recognized him. At the Wednesday matinee several young society girls occupied a box in the Music Hall and enjoyed their visit behind the scenes hugely. While the play was being given in New York the management had a queer experience with a young man whose family are among the wealthiest in Gotham. The young fellow applied for permission to "supe" in the play, and as a joke it was given him. He was handed a ticket like all of the other "supers," to be punched every evening and to be presented when the treasurer put in an appearance on Saturday night. He was prompt at all rehearsals, came to the theater nightly in a hansom, and at the end of the week stood in line and waited patiently for his stipend. One of the members of the cast who knew the young man fairly well, saw him standing in line, waiting for what must have been to him a mere bagatelle, and twitted him about it. "Don't say a word," said the scion of the wealthy family, somewhat excitedly. "The old man says I couldn't earn a dollar if it were to save me from perdition, and here I am getting four. I can now call his bluff and will frame the money."

## CATCH TRAINS ON FLY.

**Inventor's Ingenious Scheme to Save Stopping Expenses.**

Frank Koster of Berlin, has devised means to enable passengers to board a train in motion with their luggage, a thing that we all have been longing for when seeing our train dash through a station at which it is not bound to stop. The system requires an auxiliary track and a motor running on it, neither of which we can find when in a hurry. The proposal may answer, however, under certain conditions. The auxiliary track consists of three sections. The first section is inclined one way, the middle section horizontal, the third section inclined the other way. When the train approaches the motor starts on its inclined path with increasing speed. The auxiliary track is parallel to the main line and may be situated between the two lines. When both trains have attained equal speed a bridge is lowered from on of the train carriages, by preference the last, onto the long motor car. The passenger may then step over and have his luggage thrown after him. On the third inclined section the motor comes to rest again. The auxiliary track would have a length of say half a mile. If the main line is itself inclined in the opposite way, so that the train passes over the middle section with reduced speed, all the better.

## Utilizing Refuse from Glass Works.

For several years scientists and chemists have been conducting experiments and researches, with a view to discover a means of utilizing immense heaps of refuse sand and glass, discarded as spent by the plate glass manufacturers. Messrs. Pilkington Brothers, who are probably the largest glass manufacturers in Great Britain, have an accumulation of 1,500,000 tons of this residue at their works at St. Helen, in Lancashire, and over 1,200 tons are added to this huge pile every week. The question of the profitable disposal of this waste has long occupied their serious attention. Dr. Ormondy, however, has discovered a means of converting this refuse into serviceable bricks. He has subjected some of the bricks that he manufactured from this material to very severe tests. The experiments have been eminently successful, and bricks manufactured from this waste will soon be placed upon the market. The process is said to be economical and cheap. The bricks are said to be of the highest quality, and particularly adapted to special operations, besides ordinary building purposes, for which bricks have not hitherto been proved serviceable.

## Gavels of Historical Wood.

S. D. McReynolds, assistant general attorney for the E. & T. H. and E. & I. railroad companies, left with Governor Mount two gavels made from a limb of the old "Constitutional Elm," at Corydon, under which the first constitutional convention met in 1846, says the Indianapolis News. The gavels are to be presented with appropriate remarks to the two Houses of the coming legislature. Each one bears a silver plate, with an inscription concerning its origin.

Tombs are but the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.—Fuller.

# A CRY FOR HELP.

**Result of a Prompt Reply.—Two Letters from Mrs. Watson, Published by Special Permission.—For Women's Eyes Only.**

March 15, 1899.

To MRS. PINKHAM, LYNN, MASS.:

"DEAR MADAM:—I am suffering from inflammation of the ovaries and womb, and have been for eighteen months. I have a continual pain and soreness in my back and side. I am only free from pain when lying down, or sitting in an easy chair. When I stand I suffer with severe pain in my side and back. I believe my troubles were caused by over work and lifting some years ago.

"Life is a drag to me, and I sometimes feel like giving up ever being a well woman; have become careless and unconcerned about everything. I am in bed now. I have had several doctors, but they did me but little good.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been recommended to me by a friend, and I have made up my mind to give it a fair trial.

"I write this letter with the hope of hearing from you in regard to my case."—MRS. S. J. WATSON, Hampton, Va.



November 27, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to acknowledge to you the benefit that your advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"I had been suffering with female troubles for some time, could walk but a short distance, had terrible bearing down pains in lower part of my bowels, backache, and pain in ovary. I used your medicine for four months and was so much better that I could walk three times the distance that I could before.

"I am to-day in better health than I have been for more than two years, and I know it is all due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I recommend your advice and medicine to all women who suffer."—MRS. S. J. WATSON, Hampton, Va.

This is positive proof that Mrs. Pinkham is more competent to advise sick women than any other person. Write her. It costs you nothing.

**\$5000** REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

## The Bliss of Ignorance.

Among the good stories in circulation about the late Joseph Harris, the well known master of the city of London school, is one in connection with Lord Mayor Owden. That worthy gentleman was not a Greek scholar, and the Greek oration or speech one day in Christ's hospital, to which on a memorable occasion, he listened, was not intelligible to him, save one word. That was "Owden"—so pronounced—and Mr. Harris used to tell his friends privately how, each time it occurred in the Greek oration, Sir Thomas, fondly supposing that compliment was being paid to himself, rose and solemnly bowed.

## Left-Handed Parties.

Left-handed parties are amusing some of the Chicago stay-at-homes this cold weather. The invitations are written with the left hand and the host greets you with the left hand instead of the right hand. The guests must draw pictures or write with their left hands and prizes are given for the best and worst efforts.

## Grand Duke Does Embroidery.

The Grand Duke Hesse has a curious taste for a man. His royal highness is most skillful with his needle, and his embroidery is exceedingly beautiful. He takes the greatest interest in his work, and is particularly clever in the arrangement of colors. He has a very artistic nature, as he is devoted to music, dancing and acting, while he does not care much about more active pursuits, though he both shoots and rides.

## A Winning Tory Argument.

The Primrose Dames of England resorted to an artful dodge on behalf of the Tories at the recent election. They flooded many constituencies with circulars that under the four years of Salisbury's administration there had been 33,836 more marriages than under the previous year under the Liberal party. It is believed that the circulars had no inconsiderable effect on the campaign.

W. N. U.—OMAHA No. 4—1901

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