

LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"I have to thank you for a great kindness, Mr. Dynevor," she said simply. "You put no name to your note, so I never knew till now to whom I was indebted."

"It was a very trifling service. When I read the advertisement it flashed upon my mind you answered the description of the missing girl."

"Yes, I was the girl mentioned. It is nearly three months ago, and I have heard nothing. Sometimes I feel almost safe; then something depresses me, and I go through all my terrors again."

"You mustn't," he said gently; "you will make yourself ill if you fret over contingencies. Believe me, Easthill-on-Sea is as safe a hiding place as you can find. It is hardly known beyond its own immediate neighborhood."

The tea room was deserted—Harold established Beryl in a remote corner, and fetched refreshments for her from the buffet. The grey eyes sought his face half pleadingly:

"I ought not to trouble you," she said wistfully; "but I should like to tell you just this: I have not done anything dreadful—I mean, I am not flying from justice."

Harold laughed outright; he really could not help it.

"Forgive me," he said penitently; "but no one could possibly think you were. You do not look like an escaped criminal, Miss Lendon."

"My father has married again," she said frankly, "and I could not stay to see his wife in my mother's place, so I ran away. I don't think it was wrong."

"But he must miss you very much."

"Oh, no," she said naively, "he never cared for me. He always said I was a nuisance to him, and he would want me less than ever now he has his new wife."

"I hope you are fairly comfortable?" he said anxiously. "I have never met Mrs. Tanner; but I own to a great dislike of her friend, Mrs. Wilmot."

"Mrs. Wilmot is terrible; but Mrs. Tanner is not in the least like her. She is very sad and gentle."

"And you mean to stay with her?"

"Yes; if only the school gets on enough for her to afford to keep me."

"Miss Lendon," said Harold, when she rose to return to her post, "I need not tell you your secret is safe with me; but you are very young to be so much alone in the world. Will you make me just this one promise? That if troubles arise so that you need a friend, you will let me do my best to help you."

She was his enemy's daughter, Beryl felt if he knew she was the child of the pair who had wronged him he would have no more to do with her; but she only said simply she should never forget Mr. Dynevor's kindness.

It was a brilliant function, and an unqualified success. When at last the stalls were empty, and the flock of pleasure-seekers had gone home, Mrs. Craven carried off the busy money-makers to an informal supper at the Manor. Mrs. Dynevor and her son joined the party, and Beryl found herself seated between Kitty and her brother.

"Will you come and see me, Miss Lendon?" asked the daughter of the Dynevors kindly. "Mother will be very pleased to welcome you. I suppose, in strict etiquette I ought to call at Woodlands; but I might come in school hours, or make some other dreadful mistake, so it will be much nicer if you come to Uplands."

Beryl thanked her; but said something about her duties and Mrs. Tanner.

"Oh, she must spare you sometimes. I seem to know you quite well after all these hours spent together, and we can't go back to being strangers."

Mrs. Grey, her husband, and Beryl drove home in the shabby pony carriage; Mrs. Dynevor and her children walked the half-mile between the Manor and Uplands in the silvery moonlight.

"It was a huge success," said Kitty. "I really quite enjoyed myself, and we made a lot of money."

"And you worked like Trojans," said her brother; "everything went off famously."

"Mother dear," said Kitty anxiously, "are you tired?"

"Not very. You mustn't think me dull, Kitty; but somehow I never can enjoy myself at the Manor. I seem to see the good old days, when your uncle and aunt were alive and we visited there. Kind and hospitable as the Cravens are, it is not the same thing."

"Of course not, mother," said Harold; "but they are far pleasanter neighbors than the real owner of the soil."

"I hope he will not come here," breathed Mrs. Dynevor anxiously. "Harold, you must have been eight or nine when your Aunt Nina left the Manor; do you remember her at all?"

"Only that she was very pretty and gentle, and seemed more like a play-fellow than an aunt; but why do you ask, mother?"

"Then you won't see the resemblance," said Mrs. Dynevor, in a disappointed tone; "but when I first looked at that girl who came with Mrs. Grey I thought the years had turned back, and I saw Nina as she was when your uncle brought her home a bride. Miss Lendon's face is graver and sadder, but the likeness is wonderful."

"Chance resemblances are puzzling

things," said Kitty. "I have asked Miss Lendon to come and see us, mother—you don't mind, do you?"

"I shall be glad for her to come, Kitty, she seems a charming girl. And, my dear, if Harold were not the best of brothers, you might be earning your bread."

"I shouldn't be half as brave and contented over it as she is," said Kitty frankly.

Arrived at the Uplands, mother and daughter went to bed, for it was past their usual hour. Harold turned into his own den to smoke one pipe before retiring. As he lighted the gas his eye fell on a letter with the Marton postmark, addressed in the well-known hand of Mr. Proctor.

"What can he want to write about? I saw him yesterday."

But the lawyer had gone out of his way to do Harold a kindness. He would not even trust one of his clerks to write the letter of warning which he sent to his old friend's son. The letter was marked "private"—a needless precaution, for Harold Dynevor would be sure to keep its contents from his mother and Kitty until the last possible moment.

Dear Dynevor: I have had news for you. It has reached me from a true source that Eustace Lendon intends to give you three months notice of foreclosure at Micalmas. My informant believes that he is keeping his intention dark, so that it may take you by surprise, in the hope that the three months will be all too short for you to get the needed capital. I need not assure you of my most earnest sympathy. Still, the amount, though large, is not preposterous, and it ought to be possible to arrange things. Anyhow, by this letter you have five months to raise the money instead of three.

Yours sincerely,
W. Proctor.

Harold Dynevor put his head on his hands and fairly groaned. He had been old enough when Dynevor Manor passed to a stranger to feel the loss of the old place very keenly; but that was as nothing compared to the bitterness he felt at the bare thought of Uplands, his mother's home, going from them to the man who was their direct foe.

"Please God, it shall not be," he said reverently, as he folded the letter and put it in his pocket. "Mother shall never lose the house she was born in if I can help it. I'll work as man never did before, I'll toil early and late, but that money shall be found. And Eustace Lendon must content himself with Dynevor Manor; Uplands shall not be his!"

But, brave as was the resolve, Harold did not make light of the difficulties in his path. To raise such a sum would have been a hard task even in prosperous times; and now, when a succession of bad harvests had spelled something like ruin to many a landowner, the difficulties of the attempt were quadrupled.

CHAPTER VIII.

Helen Craven's engagement followed very quickly on the fete, and she departed on a long visit to her fiancé's family. Perhaps it was her friend's absence which made Kitty Dynevor remember the pretty girl at Mrs. Tanner's and her desire to see more of her. She missed Helen very much. There was a cloud on the Uplands. Kitty, who was still treated as "the little one," from whom all sorrow and anxiety must be kept as long as possible, was not allowed to know that Eustace Lendon now held the mortgage on their home; but she could not help seeing that her mother was gravely and Harold seemed extra troubled. She knew them both too well to ask questions, and, deciding a little company would be good for them all, she strolled over to East hill-on-Sea about a fortnight after the fete, called at Woodlands, and asked to see Mrs. Tanner.

Kitty was impulsive in all things. She detested the Wilmots, but she was ready to believe Beryl that Mrs. Tanner was not like her sister, and she felt she could hardly hope to see much of Miss Lendon if she persisted in ignoring her employer.

She took a great fancy to the slender, sad-eyed widow, and made her request as frankly as possible.

"I lost my heart to your assistant at the fete, Mrs. Tanner. I asked her to come and see us; but perhaps she is standing a little on ceremony, for I have not seen her, so I came over today to ask if you would let her walk back and have tea with us."

"I shall be very pleased," was the prompt reply. "Miss Lendon is a sea little thing, and this is a dull home for her."

"Do you know," said Kitty, "when she came into the tent in her white frock, I thought Mrs. Grey had discovered some wandering princess, and pressed her into the service."

"She is very pretty," said Agnes Tanner, with a smile, "and, what is more, she is very patient and sweet-tempered. All my pupils like her, and my own little girls almost worship her. I hope I shall be able to keep her if only the school gets on."

Kitty said a few kind words, hoping Woodlands would prosper, and then Mrs. Tanner sent for Beryl.

"Miss Dynevor wants you to go back with her to tea at Uplands," she said kindly. "I can spare you perfectly, and the change will do you good."

Left alone, the two girls looked at each other; and then Kitty Dynevor broke the silence impetuously.

"Why wouldn't you come without my having to fetch you?"

Beryl hesitated. "I don't think I ought to come," she said slowly. "You are one of the county, Miss Dynevor, and I am only a little school teacher."

"I am not a snob!" said Kitty, quite angrily. "I know a lady when I see one, and I don't value my friends for their position or their purse. Now will you come?"

Five minutes later they were walking back to Uplands together, and Beryl was telling Kitty how long and dreary she thought the way the first night of her arrival.

"I don't wonder," returned Miss Dynevor. "A drearier place to arrive at after a long journey I can't imagine. I can't think why people tried to turn that hamlet into a watering place. Easthill itself is delightful."

"You have lived there a long time, haven't you?"

"I was born at Uplands, Harold, my brother, was born at the Manor. There had been something wrong with the Uplands drains, and mother went to the Manor for two months. The old gossips used to declare it meant he would inherit the property, that the master of Dynevor was always born at the Manor. They were quite wrong, however. But I forgot—perhaps you don't know our story?"

"Mrs. Grey told it to me," said Beryl frankly. "I think it is one of the saddest I ever heard. I wonder you don't hate Mr. Lendon."

"Mother and Harold are too good to really hate any one. I am afraid when things go wrong at home, and they look more bothered than usual, my feelings towards Mr. Lendon are rather bitter."

"I suppose you don't remember his wife?"

"Oh, no; I was not born when she left England. Of course it was really her fault the place passed away from us; but I have always felt sorry for her."

"I wonder why?" remarked Beryl, trying to keep the eagerness out of her voice.

"A very little thing. There was a woman in the village here Aunt Nina took with her as maid. When they got abroad I think she was promoted to be a kind of humble companion. She came back about twelve months before Aunt Nina died, and she lived with us for a few years. She was not given to talking; but now and again she'd let out things. She was my nurse, and I was just the age of Beryl Lendon, Aunt Nina's second child. Somehow she'd say things now and then which made me feel Mr. Lendon ill-treated his wife. She never said anything outright—never enough for me to repeat it to mother; but though I was only a little thing—she left before I was ten years old—she said enough to make me sure my aunt was unhappy."

They were at Uplands now. Beryl had no time to ask the nurse's name, or if she were still living at Easthill. Mrs. Dynevor stood on the veranda waiting to welcome the stranger, and the conversation was changed.

(To be continued.)

TO LEARN TRADES.

Training School to Make Crippled Pupils Self-Supporting.

With the new year the pupils of the public school for crippled children, conducted by Mrs. Emma F. Haskell in Illinois hall, will begin a novel undertaking, says the Chicago News. A training school will be established with the hope that some of the pupils may be made self-supporting. They appear almost helpless so far as useful work is concerned, but Mrs. Haskell says they are not. Many of them can work with their hands, and are anxious to learn. The boy who has lost both legs has an ambition to become a carpenter. This appears rather impossible, and his ambitions will be turned in the direction of wood carving. The girls will be taught needlework and similar occupations. They are almost all too helpless to be taught domestic science. Supt. Cooley will make a recommendation to the board of education at its next meeting that materials and equipment for the school is provided. Mrs. Haskell will have charge of the classes, leaving the general work of instruction to her assistants. Truant officers of the board of education are to make a canvass of the city for the purpose of ascertaining the number of crippled and maimed children who would be able to attend school if they were furnished with transportation. Secretary Larson was refused his pay yesterday by the board of education. President Harris, who blamed City Controller Kerfoot for not honoring Mr. Larson's signature a week ago, refused yesterday to issue a voucher for his salary in the new position. Mr. Larson asked for a voucher for his salary at the rate of \$4,000 a year for the part of December he served in the office. President Harris said he had been paid his former salary of \$150 a month, and could not be paid the salary of secretary until the board voted it. A statement was furnished President Harris by Auditor Custer yesterday that shows that the revenue of the board of education for educational purposes will be \$235,853 less than the appropriations called for.

The drawer in which everyday plate is kept should be lined at the bottom with green baize, cut large enough to fold over the plate when it is laid on the baize. Plate should be put away carefully and neatly, all the large forks together and all the small ones together, and so on.

HOLWORTHY HALL.

Historical Incidents Concerning a Building at Harvard University.

Two rooms are to be let in Holworthy Hall at Harvard, with big bonuses offered for the takers, which offer tells something unheard of in the century's history of this old hall. Since 1812, when the famous hall was put up, there never has been a room to let. Now men who hold two rooms are offering bonuses to get rid of them. In this hall some of the most famous men who have attended Harvard have lived. Once its rooms were let to seniors only. Up to last year no freshman was allowed to apply for a room there, and though some freshmen had lived there, it was by error only. The hall was the prize hall of the college. Others, more luxurious, with better conveniences and more comforts, had been built. There were many that cost more, but there were none so popular. Never has a Holworthy room been posted on the official bulletin board long enough for the ink to get dry. Holworthy stands across the north end of the old yard at Harvard. It is a plain brick building, with a slightly tilted roof, four stories high, without ornament or break. It is oblong, with small, sixteen light windows, and is divided into three entries, with eight rooms in an entry. The rooms are so arranged that big square studies are in the front of the building, and from these two rooms bedrooms open running through to the rear. In two of the entries the rooms have light on three sides. It is these large rooms that have made the place a favorite for a century. Formerly men of wealth lived here. A suite that cost \$250 was too steep for the average undergraduate seventy-five years ago. Rooms were to be had for from \$30 to \$50 then. Matthew Holworthy, an English merchant, left in 1678 to the "college or university in or of Cambridge in New England £1,000 for the 'furthering of learning and promulgation of the Gospel in those parts.' It was not until the early part of the century that the work was begun. President Kirkland, the head of the college, didn't have money enough to put up the building, so a lottery was opened, and the proceeds supplied the balance of the fund. It was finished and opened in 1812 by President Kirkland.—New York Press.

THE EAST GAINS.

Causes of Changes in Population During a Decade.

In summing up the results of the last census Dr. Albert Shaw says in the Review of Reviews: "The period from 1870 to 1880 was marked by the great development in population of the rich wheat and corn lands that were still open to settlement under the Homestead and Pre-emption laws in Minnesota, Iowa, Western Missouri and contiguous regions. In the period from 1880 to 1890 there was a rush still further west into the Dakotas, Montana, the Puget Sound country, western Nebraska and Kansas, Colorado and southern California. The period just ended, from 1890 to 1900, has been especially marked by the growth of manufacturing population in the older states. Thus New Jersey's gain of 30 per cent has been principally due to the growth of manufacturing towns and of the Jersey suburbs of New York city. New York's gain of more than 20 per cent is accounted for largely by the growth of the great metropolis at the eastern end of the state, and of Buffalo and its commercial and industrial environs at the western end. Northern New England has gained very little, and would have lost decidedly but for the immigration of French Canadians and others. Massachusetts has gained about 25 per cent, which is evidence enough that her manufacturing prosperity is not a thing of the past. The gain of little Rhode Island in ten years has amounted to twice the population of the state of Nevada. Connecticut has now 908,000 people, and has gained 162,000 in ten years. This growth, like that of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, is due to manufacturing progress. There would seem no reason in the nature of things why little Delaware should not have more people than little Rhode Island; yet Delaware has not quite 185,000, while Rhode Island has more than 428,000. Manufacturers make the difference."

Alarm Without Batteries.

A new variety of electric fire alarm has been produced in which no batteries are used. The system is intended for small towns and cities and is very thoroughly worked out. In each alarm box is a magnet machine, similar to that used in connection with the telephone as a call bell, which is connected with a powerful clock spring through appropriate calms and levers so that when the box is opened by means of a key the armature of the magnet machine receives a definite succession of short, quick half-turns. Each of these sends out over the circuit in which the box is connected an impulse of electrical current which may be of considerable power. This is received in the usual way on gongs and registers.

Buda-Pesth's News Telephone.

In Buda-Pesth there is a news telephone, and its object is to keep its 6,000 subscribers supplied with all the latest news. The service has a main wire 168 miles in length, and it is connected with private houses and various public resorts. From 7:30 in the morning until 9:30 in the evening, 28 editions of news are spoken into the transmitter by ten men possessing loud clear voices working in shifts of two. The news is classified, and given in accordance with a regular program, and the service has been eminently successful.

EPIDEMIC OF GRIP WORST EVER KNOWN

GRIP BACILLUS EVERYWHERE—IN THE AIR WE BREATHE, IN THE WATER WE DRINK, IN THE FOOD WE EAT.



Magnified 10,000 times.

Peruna not only cures the grip but prevents it. Taken in time thousands of lives will be saved in this present epidemic.

Every family should take the precaution to secure a supply of Peruna at once, for the retail and wholesale stock of the remedy may be exhausted by the enormous demand for it.

It is wisdom to have Peruna in the house even before the grip attacks the household.

It has been ascertained by a reporter that the following people of national reputation have given public endorsement and testimonials to Peruna as a remedy for la grippe:

Congressman Howard, of Alabama, says: "I have taken Peruna for the grip and recommend it as an excellent remedy to all fellow-sufferers."

Congressman White, of North Carolina, says: "I find Peruna to be an excellent remedy for the grip. I have used it in my family and they all join me in recommending it."

Miss Francis M. Anderson, of Washington, D. C., daughter of Judge Anderson, of Virginia, says: "I was taken very ill with the grip. I took Peruna and was able to leave my bed in a week."

Mrs. Harriette A. S. Marsh, President of the Woman's Benevolent Association of Chicago, writes: "I suffered with grip seven weeks. Nothing helped me. I tried Peruna and within three weeks I was fully restored. Shall never be without it again."

At the appearance of the first symptoms of grip every one should stay indoors and take Peruna in small doses (teaspoonful every hour) until the symptoms disappear. This will prevent a long, disastrous sickness and perhaps fatal results.

Sleep for Skin-Tortured Babies And Rest for Tired Mothers



In a Warm Bath with

Cuticura SOAP

And a single anointing with CUTICURA, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This is the purest, sweetest, most speedy, permanent, and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humors, rashes, irritations, and chafings, with loss of hair, of infants and children, and is sure to succeed when all other remedies fail.

Millions of Mothers Use Cuticura Soap

Assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin of infants and children, for rashes, itches, and chafings, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing red, rough, and sore hands, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, for too free or excessive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. This is combined in ONE SOAP with ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the best skin and complexion soap and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

Cuticura Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor, Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET, costing but \$1.25, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world.

THE SET, \$1.25