

A LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

CHAPTER XL—(Continued.)

"You must not give me false hopes, Bridget," she said gravely. "You know at the time of Mrs. Lindon's death you, among others, never doubted the legality of the will."

"I can't express myself well, ma'am," said Bridget Ransom; "but if I tell my story my own way perhaps you'll understand. When you and Mr. Dynevor engaged me as nurse to Miss Kitty you made one stipulation—that I was not to be talking continually of Mrs. Lindon. You said the subject was a very painful one, and you did not want to discuss it."

"We both felt it a mistake to dwell on it," agreed Mrs. Dynevor.

"And so I never told you what my poor lady suffered," returned Bridget. "Care for her? Eustace Lindon cared for no one but himself and the baby. He was so jealous of his wife's affection for her firstborn that as soon as his own child was born he sent little Miss Lillian away to the country. She was brought up in a French peasant's cottage, and the parting almost broke her mother's heart."

"But, Bridget," persisted Mrs. Dynevor, "why tell me all this now? It is too late to help either my poor sister-in-law or her child."

"Please hear me out," said Mrs. Ransom. "I might have written home, and told you and Miss Lillian's uncle, only Mrs. Lindon begged me not. The fact was her husband hated Miss Lillian, and she thought the poor child happler anywhere away from him."

"Did he care for his own child?"

"Yes; but she was a sickly little thing, and with none of her mother's beauty. She had an English nurse—rather a flighty young woman, whom my mistress hated. When Mr. Lindon suddenly declared they couldn't afford to keep me and Julia, she begged and prayed for him to let me be the one to stay, and I humbled myself to ask him, too. I said I'd do all my own work and look after the child as well; but it was of no use. I went, Julia stayed."

Mrs. Dynevor could not see the thread of these recollections, but she listened patiently.

"A year or two after I left you, ma'am, I met Julia again. She wasn't in service then, but she seemed to have plenty of money, and she told me Mr. Lindon allowed her 50 pounds a year for the sake of all she had done for the child."

"I thought it was the most generous thing I'd ever heard of him; but I didn't come all this way to tell you of this. I'm a widow now, and I've a nice little lodging house at Brighton. I took a partner lately, and she turns out to have been housekeeper to Mr. Lindon for ten years; and, Mrs. Dynevor, she says the woman he has married is the Julia who was fellow-servant with me in France."

Mrs. Dynevor looked bewildered.

"Now, with all his faults, he was a gentleman," went on Mrs. Ransom, "and Julia Maunders was a common, uneducated woman, who could never be companion to him. Mrs. Markham, my partner, told me she had actually been in his house as attendant to his daughter, that she gave way to drink, and, when not quite herself, actually struck Miss Lindon. Now, ma'am, a gentleman doesn't marry a vulgar, uneducated woman of forty, who, besides, is given to drink, without some reason. Mrs. Markham and I have talked the matter over and over again, and we believe there's something wrong about the will, and Julia knew it."

At that moment Harold Dynevor came in. He would have gone away on seeing his mother was not alone; but she detained him, and in a few words gave him the heads of Mrs. Ransom's story.

"I can't see how the will could be a fraud," he answered, "and yet everything points to it. Lindon dismissing the attendant who was true to his wife, and keeping the one who could be bribed, points to fraud; but, mother, I don't see what we are to do."

Neither did Mrs. Dynevor; but their visitor now proceeded to relate the best part of her story.

"Mrs. Markham told me a good deal of her young lady, Beryl Lindon, and I'm ready to swear she is not the child I left in Julia's care when I was sent away. There must be plenty of people left in the French village who remember little Beryl. She was so puny and backward for a long time the doctor feared she was an idiot. She had light hair, almost white and perfectly straight, and big, watery blue eyes—the sort of eyes you see oftenest in idiots. At three years old she could hardly walk. No one but her father could see anything to admire in her."

"According to Mrs. Markham, Beryl Lindon has very dark eyes, blue-grey, and almost black lashes, and curly brown hair. I can't think even fifteen years would make such a change."

Mrs. Dynevor looked from her son to Mrs. Ransom.

"I am sure you both see something—some explanation; but I cannot."

"Mother," said Harold hoarsely, "forgive me! I have kept a secret from you. The girl you know as Beryl Lindon is really Aunt Nina's daughter. She came to Easthill to escape from her father and his second wife. An accident gave me the key to her secret. She wanted never to come here again because she was our enemy daughter; but I told her we

would be content to think of her only as her mother's child."

"She is Nina's image," breathed Mrs. Dynevor; "but even then—"

"I have no proof," said Harold, "any more than Mrs. Ransom; but I believe we both think the same, and to me it is a strong conviction. I believe that when he saw his own child's state was hopeless, Lindon conceived a desperate scheme. He would send away the only person likely to betray him, he would bribe the nurse into silence, his wife was so ill a few months would end her life, and she would never know his deception. As soon as Bridget left we know he removed his family to another part of France. Within a month we heard of Lillian's death; but I believe the child buried as Uncle Frank's daughter was really Beryl Lindon."

"You mean he changed the children?"

Harold nodded.

"But it would be impossible! How could he pass off a child of seven for a baby of three?"

"We don't know that he did. He placed the little girl in the care of a country doctor some time after her mother's death; but there is no telling what age he gave her. Mother, don't you see this explains so much? Aunt Nina never guessed his hateful plot. She died believing it was her own child, Lillian Dynevor, who would grow up heirless of the Manor. She could have had very little to leave, that little she naturally bequeathed to her husband. The phrase 'all my real and personal property' was no doubt his choice. If Lillian had been alive he would have inherited only a little ready money, in spite of that high-sounding phrase; with Lillian dead, he took everything."

"It would be the blackest sin I ever heard of!" breathed Mrs. Dynevor.

Bridget Ransom nodded her head.

"But he did it, ma'am. Why you've only to ask his housekeeper, or the young lady herself, to hear he had no love or affection for the poor girl he called his daughter. He treated her with open indifference, if not neglect. Now the little child I left in France he simply worshipped!"

"Mother," said Harold, "here come the girls. You won't let Beryl think she is less welcome because you know her secret?"

Beryl and Kitty looked from one to the other of the little group, bewildered. It was Mrs. Dynevor who spoke, and to Beryl.

"My dear," she said gently, "Mrs. Ransom has come here chiefly to see you. She has heard a great deal of you from Mrs. Markham, and so I have learned your real name and the link between us."

"And can you forgive me for being my father's daughter?"

"Your father, unless we all mistake, was my brother-in-law, Frank Dynevor. My dear, Mrs. Ransom lived with your mother for years. She is ready to swear that you are not and cannot be, Beryl Lindon; we think you are my niece, Lillian."

"She is her mother's image," said Mrs. Ransom; "and, though it is not a compliment to say so, she looks older than eighteen. Twenty-two at Christmas would be Miss Lillian's age."

The girl who had so long thought herself Beryl Lindon burst into tears.

"Then it was not a dream that I had played in the deserted nursery at the Manor, that I had had a frock like the one in the picture, and 'Pet' was my own name after all!"

Mrs. Ransom accepted the hospitality of Uplands for the night, and a telegram to Marton brought Mr. Proctor to the farm before the family had finished breakfast.

"I should play a game of bluff," he counselled, "and tell Mr. Lindon you have discovered his fraud. Most probably he'll give in and confess everything; otherwise, you'll have to go first to Ponts-neufs, and see the doctor who attended the real Beryl Lindon; then on to St. Jacent, where she is reported to have died, and get a description of the child buried in her name. If the two gentlemen are still practicing in the same townships the task would be easy enough; if they have moved on, and have to be traced, it might take a long time; therefore, as I say, I advise a game of bluff."

Mrs. Tanner's supposed letter had come by that morning's post; but that also brought another from the gentle widow herself, saying she was persuaded to prolong her stay another week. Mrs. Dynevor would, she knew, be pleased to keep Miss Lindon, so she hoped the change of plan would be agreeable to every one.

"Depend upon it," said Harold, "the second letter came from Mrs. Wilmot, and was written at Mr. Lindon's request. He must have caught a glimpse of you yesterday at the Manor, and this is a ruse to get you into his hands."

"Must I go?" she asked anxiously.

"No," said Mr. Proctor; "but Harold Dynevor, who is, I believe, your next-of-kin, will keep the appointment at Woodlands in your stead. I shall accompany him as his legal adviser, and Mrs. Ransom will come, too, to speak to her recollections of the real Beryl Lindon."

Mr. Lindon had waited a good ten minutes when the bell at Woodlands rang loudly. Another moment and he was confronted by the man he most feared and disliked, and the woman

he recognized as his wife's devoted attendant.

"So you are 'Mrs. Tanner,' and the note asking her governess to return was a forgery?" said Mr. Proctor.

"Sir," said Lindon haughtily, "I deny your right to interfere in my domestic concerns. I have come to Easthill to find my daughter, and remove her from the society of my enemies!"

Then Mr. Proctor spoke. He was so positive of Harold's suspicions being correct he felt justified in assuming facts.

"Your daughter is not in England, Mr. Lindon," he said curtly. "We have recently discovered your fraud. She is buried at St. Jacent in Brittany, under the name of her half-sister. Lillian Dynevor is still alive, and the lawful owner of all you have so long usurped. As she came of age last December, you cannot even claim the role of her guardian."

"It is false!" cried the wretched man. "I—"

"You married Julia Maunders to make her hold her tongue," struck in Mrs. Ransom; "but you forgot me, Mr. Lindon. Ah! overruling Providence threw your late housekeeper in my way, and when we had exchanged our opinions about you we knew pretty well the truth of the matter."

"I defy you to prove it!"

Harold Dynevor interposed.

"As Lillian's next-of-kin, I am here with power to act for her. Mr. Lindon, you can make your choice: Sign a full confession of your fraud, disgorge your ill-gotten gains and leave England, when you will receive an annuity of 500 pounds a year, or defy us. You may hold your own for two or three months, until we find the doctor who attended your child; but you will then be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law, and the result will probably be penal servitude for life."

Like all bullies, Eustace Lindon was a coward. Mr. Proctor's plan had answered, and he saw that he was beaten. Better far accept his freedom and an annuity sufficient to keep him than end his days in a convict prison. The trio left him, carrying away his signed confession, and with the understanding that a representative of Mr. Proctor would take possession of the house in Elchester square in the name of Lillian Dynevor, and that he gave up all the moneys of his stepdaughter which he had appropriated, within a month.

And when they told Lillian—how strange and unfamiliar the name sounded—of her good fortune she astonished them all by bursting into tears, and declaring she would rather remain Mrs. Tanner's governess than return to Dynevor Manor as its mistress. But that of course was impossible.

(To be Continued.)

Views Recorded in Frames.

In many churches of Provence and Italy, especially those near the sea, ex voto paintings placed on the walls in accordance with vows made by pilgrims in moments of danger are often remarkable for their frames. Among the curiosities may be enumerated laths formed of splinters from ships that have been wrecked; also frames made of pieces of heavy cables, occasionally painted bright hues, but sometimes left in their primitive gray color, splashed with tar. Nailed to the laths surrounding a painting representing sailors fighting with fierce savages may be seen African or Polynesian spears and darts, or swords made of hardwood, evidently mementoes of terrific struggles. Sailors or landsmen who have made vows during times of peril at sea, and who have no trophies to display, will surround their paintings with broad bands of wood heavily incrustated with shells and seaweed, not infrequently of rare and extremely beautiful kinds.

Missed His Calling.

A young insurance man received an introduction to some good people a few days ago in a manner which he will not soon forget. The friend who did the honors was somewhat of a wag, but was one of those quiet, sober, polished men whom one meets occasionally. Upon this occasion he was as grave and dignified as a church deacon, and seemingly perfectly sincere. He said: "I would like to make you acquainted with Mr. B.—I can recommend him to your good graces, having known both him and his family for years. His father is one of the best men I know, and their family is an old one. There is only one thing I might say. Mr. B. is an insurance man and I have always insisted that any one who could tell as good a lie as he can ought either to be a piano tuner or a lightning rod agent."—Cleveland Leader.

Experiments with Marine Torch.

Experiments have been carried out on the Thames by the Thames Conservancy board with the marine torch with conspicuous success. The tubes containing the calcium carbide ignited immediately the substance came into contact with the water, casting a brilliant light, which was visible for a considerable distance. There is every probability of this torch being requisitioned for the illumination of certain parts of the river by night for the guidance of vessels, etc. The existent illuminants are inadequate and very unsatisfactory, whereas the acetylene gas sheds a glaring pure white light, covering a wide area.

Pearson—I'd like to know who sent me this abusive letter. I'll bet it was that crank next door. Mrs. Pearson—I don't think so, John. It must have been some one who knows you much better than he does.

THE BROTHERS

In a dimly-lit room I saw a weaver plying at his loom That ran as swiftly as an iterant rhyme; And lo! the workman at the loom was Time Weaving the web of Life. 'Twas part-colored, wrought of Peace and Strife; And through the warp thereof Shot little golden threads of Joy and Love. And one stood by whose eyes were brimmed with tears, Poling the mighty shears Wherever, when seemed the weaver's will at ebb, He cut the wondrous web. Time weaves and weaves; and his dark brother, he Will one day cut the web for you and me. —Clifton Scollard.

The Story of the Story.

BY M. W. CONNELLY. (Copyright 1901: by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Where are you going, my children?" It was the admiring mother of Paul Rochambeau who addressed her stalwart son as he was leaving the tidy flower garden in front of his home, paddle in hand, and making toward the river. He was accompanied by a small brunette of perhaps eighteen, dark of hair, dark of eye, dark of eyelashes—gratings from behind which prisoned love looked—and a skin enriched by a faint olive tint.

"To the land of blessings and blisses, ma petite mere," replied Paul jocosely, as he closed the gate.

On the shore lay an upturned birch bark canoe, of two fathoms, and into this the young friends embarked. Paul had just graduated from a Montreal college and had returned to his home at Portage du Fort, far up the Ottawa river, to idle a few months before beginning life seriously. His companion, Louise La Rue, was from Sorel, far below, on a visit to relatives in Portage du Fort. She had intended going further up the river, also, to visit relatives, but—

"There it is! See? Voilà, la!"

"Yes. What a curious place for a grave! And then the path from the river's margin is so grown with weeds. Alone and forgotten! Well, I sometimes feel that I would like to be buried in such a spot. The solitude is at least constant."

"Not here. This solitude is frequently broken. Every spring thousands of voyageurs descending the river with their rafts of timber stop here and visit this grave with its weather-stained wooden headboard. Every spring thousands of raftsmen come here, and there is scarce an hour in the day when one may not hear a perfect chorus of 'Notre pere qui dans le ciel,' etc."

"What is the attraction?"

"That is a long story, Louise; I will tell it you as we return down the river. The voyageurs are gone for this season but this place is visited now and then by lovers. It is a trying place, this grave, where lovers plight their troth, as they do at certain stones and springs in Scotland and Ireland. You remember reading Black's 'Shandon Bells'? You recollect where Willie—Master Willie, it was—and Kitty descended in the dell to a spring near where the saints shut up Don Flerna and the pixies? What is this he said? Oh, yes: 'Over running water: My love I give you; my



"Here it is."

life I pledge you; my heart I take not back from you while this water runs. Over running water: Every seventh year at this time of the night, I will meet you at this well, to renew my troth to you: death alone to relieve me of this vow."

"That is not the worst of the pledge. Ecoutez! 'Over running water a curse on one that falls; and a curse on anyone who shall come between us two; and grief be the guest in his house, and sorrow dwell in his house forever.'"

Louise had not read the novel nor any other. The good Sisters in the convent of St. Suplice, where she went to school, had seen to this. So she said:

"Oh, Paul! It is terrible! N'est pas? Let us leave here. Let us go." Like all French Canadians who pride themselves on their English acquirements, this young couple could not refrain from dropping, now and then, into the native patois. Hence Paul's "Allons."

The descending Canadian sun threw a flood of light on the chromatic flames of the forest, splashing departing summer with a more than royal glory. Paul and Louise walked down to where the canoe lay upon the rocky beach. Paul was an athlete and the terror of the college campus as well as of the class room. His grandfather was considered a giant among the soldiers under the ill-fated Papineau. He grasped the thwart and lifted the light canoe into the water, kneeling in the

bottom, paddle in hand, to steady the fidgety shell.

She was watching the miniature eddies curling around the boulders at the water's edge. He spoke, and she started as from a dream. Stepping into the canoe with the agility of an Indian woman, the shore was left and the canoe shot away, not cleaving, but skimming over the waters. Paul had little need of effort because the current was strong, yielding to the suction from the Calumette falls below, where the water fretted itself into a Niagara. For a moment Louise's voice floated out—

"C'est les avirons qui nous mont en haut!"

but, recollecting herself, she said: "Tell me the story of the grave on Calumette Island we have just left. You promised me to do so on our return."

"I would rather talk to you or watch you or hear you or—"

"Oh, Paul!" she raised her hand deprecatingly.

"Well, ma femmelette, here it is: Long years ago when the voyageurs were first exploring Canada the Indians had been aroused and were hostile and the explorers made a practice of camping on islands to escape the savages just as the geese and ducks do to escape the wolves and foxes. Near where the grave stands a canoe load of men were camped. They had spent the night, breakfasted, and were preparing to leave, when half a mile away was seen a dozen canoe loads of painted Indians making for them. To remain was certain death, so they abandoned everything and made a rush for their canoe, leaving one of their number, who had strayed a short distance from the camp, behind them. Each man grasped his paddle, and, aided by the swift current, the canoe flew; but the Indians followed in close pursuit and were gaining on the fugitives. To stop meant death. To land was impossible because they would be caught and massacred. Presently the roar of the falls was heard sounding like a score of angry lions, and a pillar of spray was seen to rise. Death was certain, but death by being dashed over the falls was preferable to death by torture at the stake, so they lay down in the bottom of the canoe, commended their souls to God, and, invoking the intercession of the Virgin Mother, by a fervent—

"Sainte Marie, plein de grace. They awaited the end. The current hurled them along and when the roar of the cataract had become deafening, the terror-stricken occupants of the canoe saw a woman in white seat herself in the stern of the craft and take a paddle in her hand. Almost instantly the canoe shot over the precipice. Down, down, down! The splash and the heaving of the canoe told them that they had passed the falls and were now in the whirlpools and rapids below. Still the woman in white sat in her chosen position and in less time than it takes to tell it the canoe was moored in a quiet eddy below. The woman in white cast a look of ineffable tenderness upon the recumbent voyageurs and vanished. They arose and discovered that they were safe. Not a drop of water was in the canoe. Not a thing disturbed. The miracle dumfounded them because they knew a saw log or a 'stick' of timber could not pass the falls without being riven and splintered. Regaining speech, they devoutly knelt upon the rocks and returned thanks to God; then, lifting their canoe, they proceeded over the weary portage determined to see what had become of their comrade."

"The ransomed reached their camping place on the island, but their companion, thinking them Indians, had concealed himself. As soon as he recognized the voices he came forth and in an ecstasy of joy his emotions overcame him and he dropped dead. We would call it heart disease nowadays. 'Le de en est jete,' said the foreman, and they buried the dead man, placing a rude slab to mark the spot, and the grave has been the Mecca of voyageurs ever since. And," said Paul, looking into the dark and wondering eyes of the maiden before him, "C'est un vrais conte."

Louise said nothing. A pallor spread over her face and she visibly trembled. Paul, heedless of the fast increasing current, laid his paddle across the gunwales of his canoe and, taking her hand, said earnestly:

"Louise, I am like the voyageurs in the story. Since meeting you, since first hearing your voice, since first inhaling the odor of your presence, I have loved you, and unless you can be mine I must perish in the turbulent stream of life. Be my 'woman in white,' and save me."

The unheeded growlings of the cataract broke into a roar and the young girl instinctively grasped the paddle. "Donnez-le-moi!" Paul grasped the paddle almost rudely from her hand. Danger was all around him, but he was strong and fearless. He knew he could reach a place of safety at the very brink of the falls where there was a flat rock on the shore on the island side. Many a time he had stood upon it and watched the driftwood and debris tumble over when the ice parted on the lakes above and the floes followed each other in Indian file down the current. With herculean strength he urged forward the canoe.

Many miles below, where the waters again became placid, dwellers near the river, while gazing slabs from the up-river saw mills for the winter's fuel, discovered a crushed birchen canoe in some driftwood. They gladly rescued it as it made excellent kindling and rejoiced in their good fortune. They all had heard the story; they knew nothing of the story of the story.

Long afterwards and far toward the

gulf where the Gatineau contributes its burden to the larger stream, the young son of a local habitant one day picked up the blade of a broken paddle on the beach upon which the name of "P. Rochambeau" had been skillfully burned. The boy could not read and the xerographic characters had no interest for him and he threw the blade back into the stream. He had heard from his grandsire the story; he knew nothing of the story of the story.

To the little village of Portage du Fort the young couple came not, but the simple people, including Paul's mother, always believed that they had gone to the vague 'land of blessings and blisses.' They, too, had heard and believed the story; but they knew nothing of the story of the story.

IN COLD STORAGE.

Pittsburg Cats Are in Demand for Service in the Philippines.

The fame of Pittsburg's cats has spread to the far East and it is now proposed to import some of a special breed into the Philippines. The immense cold storage depot just finished at Manila is in need of cats and it is the intention to supply that establishment with Pittsburg animals. For years the managers of the Union Storage company have been worried by rats. At first they confined their depredations to the goods in the milder climate of the general storage rooms. Here nature came to their aid and in a few generations the rats and mice became so clothed in black fur that they seemed impervious to cold. To rid the warehouses of these pests was a troublesome task for the owners of the storages-houses. They could use cats in the general warehouses all right and with success, but when they placed the cats in the cold storage-rooms they soon contracted pneumonia and died. The damage done by the rodents was very great and about five or six years ago the Union Storage company experimented with a view to finding some breed of the feline tribe which could live in the cold climate of the storages-rooms. It tried a pair of high-bred cats, but they soon sickened and died. Finally a pair of white felines without a pedigree were obtained and placed in the storage-room for a time and then taken into a room where the temperature was gradually lowered. The cats showed no ill effects and soon could stand a temperature as low as zero. The offspring of these cats could stand a temperature much lower than their parents and their fur was much thicker than their predecessors. A few generations later a distinct breed of cats resulted, able to stand the lowest temperature ever maintained in the storages-rooms. The question of killing off the rodents was thus solved. With the cold storage cats are short tailed, with long and heavy fur, the hair frequently being an inch long. Their eyebrows and whiskers are long and thicker and stronger than the ordinary cat's. The cold storage cat looks much like the Angora, but does not thrive when taken from its accustomed atmosphere.

DR. SENECA'S LECTURE.

Physiology and Hygiene—The Circulation.

Dr. Seneca Egbert delivered the first lecture of his course on "Physiology and Hygiene" in the lecture hall at the Academy one evening recently. He devoted his attention to the circulation, relationship of heart and blood vessels, etc., and said, in part:

The circulation of the blood is maintained continuously, and for the most part by the action of the heart, which is a physiological force pump, but the elasticity of the arterial walls, muscular contractions and respiratory aspiration all assist in keeping up the onward flow. The current is slower in the capillaries than in the arteries and veins because of the increased friction in the former, and because the combined sectional area of the capillaries is much greater than that of either arteries or veins. The slower flow of blood through the capillaries prolongs the physiological interchange and action of the blood as it passes through them. The high blood pressure in the arteries is due to the frictional resistance in the individual capillaries and to the overfullness of the vessels. These factors in turn convert the intermittent injection and flow of blood from the heart into the arteries into a steady flow without pulse in the capillaries. The pulse volume is from 2 to 7 fluid ounces. If 3½ fluid ounces, the entire blood of the body will pass through the heart in about fifty beats, or in less than one second. Hence the rapidity with which a person may bleed to death when a large artery is cut.

The return or back flow of the blood is prevented by the valves of the heart, which are most adequately designed for the purpose. The sounds of the heart beat on listening over the cardiac region of the chest are due to the action of these valves, in addition to which the "first" sound is also partially due to the muscular contraction of the ventricle walls. The habitual use of alcohol or other drugs that stimulate the heart tend to do harm, because they increase the strain upon the heart and lead to its hypertrophy. Proper physical exercise, on the other hand, is beneficial, and tends to improve the tone and condition of the heart.

Makers of Flags.

There are thirty flag factories in the United States. They have an invested capital of \$12,000,000 and pay in wages nearly \$400,000 annually. The majority are situated in New York state. The others are in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Louisiana and South Carolina.

Merchandise exports from France in October increased \$1,300,000 over 1899, and imports increased \$4,000,000.