



CHAPTER I.

Lady Hilda Dunhaven was sixteen years old when her father, the old earl, suddenly died at a solitary place at Norfolk known as Hurst Sea. Until his fiftieth year, the Earl of Dunhaven had spent his life in riotous living, then, more for the purpose of having a son to succeed him in his title, he married the nineteen-year-old daughter of Joseph Bowden, who had amassed a large fortune on the Stock Exchange. But, instead of a son, a daughter, Hilda, was born to him, and his disappointment was so great that he fairly hated the infant and watched the little Hilda growing into womanhood with supreme indifference, if not neglect. His wife died a few years after giving birth to her child, and then the old earl let the magnificent home of his forefathers, Havevendale Park, and retired to Hurst Sea, where, shutting himself out from the world, he devoted the remainder of his days to money grubbing, continually adding to his fortune.

What could the earl have been thinking about? Her face flushed suddenly as they heard the sound of footsteps.

CHAPTER II.

Half an hour had elapsed since Lady Hilda first stood trembling before the proudest woman in England. In a few hurried words she had introduced the new Lord Dunhaven to the late earl's daughter. He had looked at her with eyes so utterly indifferent that he had hardly seen her; he did not give two thoughts to her—a school girl, who had just lost her father—a tall, slender, unformed girl. He noted the coarse, ill-fitting dress and the worn shoes; he noted the general want of elegance, and no interest awoke in his heart for her—she merely bowed.

expected to see a child, for such she was in the opinion of each one, but the slender girl, clad in a deep mourning dress, had lost something of her girlish look. Her young face shone out, white and frightened; the sad, sweet eyes were filled with fear, and not even the faintest rose color made its way into those pale lips.

Mr. Preston placed a chair for her, and then proceeded to unfatten the will. He was a lawyer, not given to sentiment; but something like pity stirred within him as he looked at the desolate girl—the sad young face, the heavy, weary eyes. Then he began to read. The late earl had in some respects done his duty. He had left handsome legacies to Joan and Stephen Homes, his faithful followers; he had left twenty pounds to Lady Darel, that she might buy a mourning ring. To his daughter, Hilda Dunhaven—there was no pretense of calling her beloved—to her he left the whole of her mother's fortune, on one condition—that within twelve months after his death she married his heir, Leonard, Earl Dunhaven. If she refused to marry him within this stated time the money was to be divided between different charitable institutions, and she was to have one hundred a year for life; if she consented to the marriage and Lord Dunhaven refused his consent, the money was to be left at interest and descended to his children. In no case and under no circumstances was the money to belong to the young earl.

The lawyer read out, in his grave, deep voice, the words traced by the dead earl's hand.

A Child's Hymn.

At the time of the terrible accident a year or two ago at the coal mines near Seranton, Pa., several men were buried for three days, and all efforts to rescue them proved unsuccessful. A spectator wrote: "The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement, caused by sympathy for the wives and children of the buried men and despair at their own baulked efforts. A great mob of ignorant men and women assembled at the mouth of the mine on the evening of the third day in a condition of high nervous tension which fitted them for any mad act. A sudden murmur arose that it was folly to dig further, that the men were dead; and this was followed by cries of rage at the rich mine-owners, who were in no way responsible for the accident. A hasty word or gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near was a little German girl, perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face and frightened glances from side to side showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing in a hoarse whisper, which could not be heard. Then she gained courage, and her sweet childish voice rang out in Luther's grand old hymn, familiar to every German from his cradle, 'A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.' There was a silence like death. Then one voice joined the girl's, and presently another and another, until the whole great multitude were singing. A great quiet seemed to fall upon their hearts. They resumed their work with fresh zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found alive. Never was a word more in season than that child's hymn."

CHAPTER IV.

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CHAPTER III.

Then came the day when the earl, in accordance with his own wish, expressed long before he died, was buried in the churchyard of Hurst Sea. Few attended the funeral, the rector, the doctor, the young earl, the family solicitor, Mr. Preston; they all returned to the gloomy house when it was over.

DENTISTRY IS NOW PAINLESS.

Should any single man be settled upon as taking the most pride in the evolution of his calling it would undoubtedly be the dentist. He has more new tools than he knows what to do with. He signs like a furnace for the number of teeth that might have been saved in the last 400 years if people had known what is universally diffused to-day. He devotes all of his spare time speculating as to the probable means that the earlier Saxons used to extract their molars, coming generally to the rather painful conclusion that they must have knocked them out. But his pet theory is that physical suffering has practically been eliminated from modern dentistry.

In the office of a downtown dentist the following dialogue between his patient and himself took place a few days ago:

"Yes, sir, we've got it down now so that there's practically no such thing as pain in dentistry."

"Doctor! I can't stand it! I believe I'll come another day."

"That was awful, doctor! It felt as though my head was going to burst right open."

"Yes, you see the nerve distance is so short between the tooth and the brain—"

"Go right ahead, sir, the office below is empty. You are standing it magnificently. I rarely get a man who doesn't complain when I use the automatic hammer on him, although really it isn't half so bad as the electric wheel."

"By George, doctor, I'll faint if that has to be gone through with again, I—"

"That's the last of that, Mr. Smith; I will simply want to saw a little tin-plate enamel. Mr. Smith; it actually turned the edge of one of my largest saws, but as I was saying, surgery is nothing to it. The progress that has been made in dentistry is almost beyond belief. Why, look at the new instruments which have been designed, especially in the last ten years. Such as the automatic hammer, the electric wheel, the double edge saw and the three-pronged excavator. I've put something in now that will kill the nerve. Yes, there is apt to be more or less irritation there for a little while, six or seven hours, but when one thinks of the pain that our ancestors used to have in getting their teeth fixed, it's enough to make us truly thankful that we live in this age."

But by this time the patient was hurrying toward the nearest drug store for some opium pills.

The Myth of the Phoenix.

The phoenix of the ancients was a noble bird, with golden feathers about its neck, while its body was of a rich purple hue, its tail white mixed with red, eyes like diamonds and its head surmounted by a magnificent crest. The phoenix lived usually from 500 to 600 years. As the end approached it built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aromatic spices, which it fanned into a blaze with its wings and thus consumed itself. From the ashes a worm was produced, out of which another phoenix was formed, the first care of which was to solemnize its parent's obsequies. A ball of myrrh, frankincense and other fragrant things was formed into the shape of an egg. This ball was taken on the shoulders of the phoenix and carried to Heliopolis, in Lower Egypt, where was a magnificent temple dedicated to the sun. Here the ball was burnt upon the altar, and then the new-born phoenix was ready for another life of five or six centuries.

A Celebrated Giant.

Cornelius Magrath, the celebrated Irish giant, was born in 1737 and at the age of 16 measured 6 feet. He was an orphan, brought up by the philosopher Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, who was suspected of dabbling in the black art, and a ridiculous story obtained credence that the great height of Magrath was the result of a course of experimental feeding and the imbibing of magic potions. This strange tale had doubtless no better foundation in fact than that the good bishop opined that good living and tonics are the best means of building up the constitution of overgrown youths. Be that as it may, Magrath steadily increased in length and strength, and at the age of 19 measured 7 feet 8 inches. The skeleton of the "great Irish giant" is preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

Evolution of English Children.

A modern father has evolved the following excellent definition of modern children: "Until 8 they are a pleasure; from 8 to 14 they are interesting; and from 14 upward they are disagreeable acquaintances with a claim upon one."—London Truth.



Wheeling and Its Effects.

Even at this late day there may be occasionally found an individual who doubts the value of bicycle exercise. Of course, such people are scarce and growing fewer every day. One of them was airing his views in a New York clubhouse, claiming that the world would yet be sorry for allowing the wheel to take possession of it to such an extent. Included in his tirade was a general statement regarding the expense incident to keeping a bicycle. A wheelman listened to the bill of particulars and then declared that the \$100 he paid for his wheel was more than saved in one season's riding. This statement was so sweeping as to call forth contemptuous snorts from the previous speaker and even caused doubtful headshakings among other wheelmen present. The young man who made the statement stuck to it, however, and it was finally agreed to leave the matter to a committee selected from members who would be sure to thoroughly examine the subject. The committee devoted one or two afternoons to the work and then brought in the following surprising report:

Expense for six months—

Cost of wheel	\$100 00
Best lamp	5 00
Best approved bell	1 50
Good odometer	1 50
Pair toe clips	50
Bicycle suit	10 00
Bicycle headwear	2 00
Bicycle shoes	4 50
Bicycle stockings	3 00
Two sweaters	7 00
Two pairs gloves	3 00
Three punctures repaired	1 00
New tires	4 00
Pumping of tires	50
Pump pump	60
Checking bicycle	3 00
Bicycle overhauled	3 00
Bills and fittings	2 75
Total	\$153 15

Saved in six months—

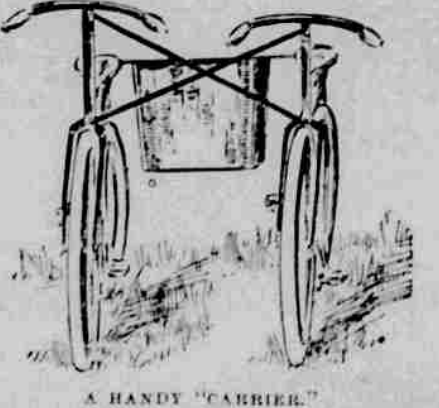
Railroad fares	\$95 00
Difference in clothing	35 00
Car fare saved	9 10
Theater tickets saved	32 00
Flowers saved	15 00
Candy saved	17 50
Less outlay for cigars	36 40
Less strong drink	25 00
Difference in laundry	6 50
Carriage hire saved	10 00
Total	\$282 10

In favor of bicycle..... 128 95

This finding surprised even the man who claimed that the wheel was a money saver. As for the party who had been declaiming against the popular pastime, he is believed to have been forever silenced so far as that subject is concerned.

Bike for Picnic Use.

If you enjoy summer pleasures you can make a very nice "carrier" for the family lunch basket by fastening two wheels together with diagonals. These



A HANDY "CARRIER."

need be no more substantial than willow strips, or they can be metal bars. It is best to have a mechanic fasten these together the first time and fit with adjustable fastenings so the carrier can be taken off. The basket is suspended from a cross-piece of its own.

Don'ts for Wheelmen.

- Don't scorch.
- Don't ride until depressed.
- Don't think you own the streets.
- Don't drink immediately after meals.
- Don't drink alcoholic beverages during long rides.
- Don't forget to give a new cyclist plenty of room.
- Don't ring your bell except to give notice of your approach.
- Don't coast down hills having cross streets along the way.
- Don't ride at the expense of nerves, muscles and internal organs.
- Don't attempt to accomplish feats for which the body is not prepared.
- Don't attempt to ride rapidly by an electric car standing to unload passengers.
- Don't forget in turning corners to the left always keep to the outside of the street.
- Don't let your pride force you to keep up with the balance when you feel tired.
- Don't expect pedestrians to get out of your way. Make it your business to find a way around them.
- Don't forget the wheel is master and not the slave when the hand of the rider is unsteady and the sight dimmed.
- Don't fail to remember in turning corners to the right to keep as far as possible without trespassing on the left side of the road.
- Don't overlook the important courtesy when meeting other cyclists, pedestrians and vehicles—keep to the right. In overtaking and passing thou keep to the left.