



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.

What could the earl have been thinking about?

Her face flushed suddenly as they heard the sound of footsteps.

"That is my son," she said. "Lord Dunhaven."

The door opened, and a young man entered the room.

CHAPTER II.

Half an hour had elapsed since Lady Hilda first stood trembling before the proudest woman in England.

He was the first young gentleman Lady Hilda had seen—his was almost the first young face on which her eyes had rested, and it delighted her.

Lady Hilda stole away to the only spot on earth where she felt at home. The face of the restless sea was to her as the face of an old and dear friend.

"You are a great heiress; your father is dead; your life is all changed; the great lady treats you with contempt.

"I do not know; I should be frightened, I think, Miss Darwin," she answered.

"Just as you like, my dear. You know, of course, what a great difference this will make in your life.

Lady Hilda looked at her with wondering eyes.

"Lady Darel? Who is she? Who is Lord Dunhaven? I do not understand in the least."

"Heaven forbid," sighed Miss Darwin, "that I should say one evil word of the poor dead earl, but he might have trusted you a little more, his own child.

"He did not love me," said the girl, sadly.

"No, he did not; he wanted a son. Mr. Leonard Darel is the late earl's next of kin and heir.

"Why?" asked Lady Hilda, suddenly.

"You will have your mother's fortune. She had a very large one, and it is sure to be yours now," said Miss Darwin.

"Lady Darel will, of course, take you under her charge; she will bring you out; you will take your proper place in the world now."

Neither Lady Hilda nor Miss Darwin thought of going to rest.

It was strange on the next day to find the gloomy house even more gloomy, with the darkened windows and closed doors.

Another long, silent day passed, and on the morning of the next day they came.

"Come quickly, Lady Hilda," she said. "Lady Darel has asked to see you, and we must not keep her waiting."

"What is she like?" asked the young girl, eagerly.

"Like no one I have ever seen. She is magnificent, but proud as a queen—prouder than the Queen of Sheba herself, and so beautifully dressed."

"I have never seen any one so beautifully dressed in all my life," said the young girl with a sigh.

Then holding Miss Darwin's hand tightly clasped in her own, she went to the large, bare, ill-furnished room called by courtesy the drawing room.

"There were a few moments of awkward silence, then Miss Darwin said: 'You are ladyship expressed a desire to see Lady Hilda—she is here.'"

"The arched eyebrows were raised, and the proud eyes rested on the girl in silent wonder."

"Lady Hilda," she repeated, in a tone of surprise, "I beg pardon—I had no idea," and the proud glance fell with significant meaning on the shabby dress and the worn shoes.

"You are surprised to find me so badly dressed and without any manners," said Lady Hilda, calmly. "It is not my fault; I am an earl's daughter, it is true, but I have carried the sailor girl."

"You speak freely," said her ladyship; "that is not good manners. I must see about getting you some decent dresses at once."

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.

Mr. Preston placed a chair for her, and then proceeded to unfasten 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 by interest and descent 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.

"Tell my daughter for me that there has been no pretense of love between us; I wanted a son—she came in his stead. The only way, it appears to me, in which I can set matters right, is by ordaining the marriage of the man who inherits my title with my daughter, who should, in strict justice, inherit her mother's money. I have no money of my own to leave, but by my own efforts I have almost doubled the fortune my wife left to me.

"I shall not rest even in my grave—"

A sudden cry interrupted him. The girl had sprung from her seat, and stood before them with uplifted hands.

"Not rest in his grave!" she cried. "Oh, what shall I do? Would he come back to me all white and cold as I saw him?"

Her whole figure trembled with fear; her white face quivered. Mr. Preston hastened to her and took the trembling hands in his.

"My dear young lady," he said, "bury calm yourself; those are but idle words. Every man rests in his grave, because it is the will of heaven that he should do so. You must have been terribly frightened."

He saw that she was beside herself with fear.

"I am frightened," she said. "Wherever I go, by day or by night, in darkness or light, I see that face before me, white and cold."

Then Lady Darel rose from her seat, and going to the terrified girl, sat down by her side.

"Hilda," she said, "this is either cowardice or love of sensation. Both are quite unworthy of a Dunhaven; let us have no more of it. You have interrupted the reading of the will."

Her proud manner quieted the young girl and subdued the rising hysteria. The lawyer continued:

"I wish my daughter to marry Lord Dunhaven on her seventeenth birthday; until then I wish her to reside with Lady Darel. During the year of her residence Lady Darel is to receive the sum of three thousand pounds for the expenses she must incur. I leave five hundred pounds for my daughter's trousseau, and repeat again my urgent command that in this matter she obeys me."

"That is all," said Mr. Preston, as he folded up the papers, while the three most concerned looked bewildered at each other.

"The most charitable thing we can say is that the late earl was mad," said Lord Dunhaven.

CHAPTER IV.

The picture of the gloomy house, the bare, ribbed sand, the dull, gray sea, went with Lady Hilda from the old life to the new; went with her to the end of her days.

She stood on the morning of her departure from Hurst Sea, bidding farewell to the sea, her only living friend.

The journey from Hurst Sea to London was Lady Hilda's first experience in life. This was the world then—flashing bright, gay of music and perfume, full of color and warmth, full of laughter and song—this was the world she had dreamed of in her girl, silent home.

Then they reached London, and it was well for Lady Darel's peace of mind that surprise and astonishment had made the young girl speechless. The vast size of the great city, the crowds of people, the endless line of lights, all bewildered her and struck her dumb.

Lady Darel began to congratulate herself on having taught her charge something of good manners at last. She had seen London, yet had no questions to ask.

Another week and Lady Hilda began to grow accustomed to her new life. Lady Darel would have everything on a par for her. She purchased a very pretty and extensive wardrobe for her; she hired a fashionable lady's maid, thinking little and caring less for the torture this must inflict on her protégée; she purchased a horse and insisted that she should take riding lessons.

She worked as few girls work. In after life she called this her transition year. She passed from a lonely, miserable childhood into a gay and brilliant girlhood. She was industry itself; she rose and worked until it was late. She studied music and drawing, she took lessons in dancing. Even Lady Darel, so difficult to please, was compelled to praise her, and say that she was doing well.

One by one the months passed, and the great hope of her life had not come to her—no one loved her. She was urged always by Lady Darel to remain in the drawing room when visitors came, so she made many friends, but they were simply acquaintances of the hour. She liked some of them, and disliked others; but no one had said yet, "I love you, Hilda." Yet day by day, this longing for love increased.

Between herself and Lady Darel there came an armed peace—as for expecting love from that proud and stately lady, she never ventured to think of it. The only person she had seen yet whom she felt inclined to love was the man whom her father's will compelled her to marry. She had never seen him since. He had written to Lady Darel, telling her that he had gone to join some friends on a cruise to Norway, that he did not expect to return until the year was ended, then he should decide whether he would go to Australia or remain in England. Of one thing he was quite sure—he would never marry the Lady Hilda Dunhaven.

Lady Darel said nothing of this to her young charge, who wondered why by day why she did not see the earl. She asked the question at last, and Lady Darel was not sorry that she did so.

"Where is Lord Dunhaven?" she said. "Why does he not come to see you?"

"My son has gone with some friends to Norway," was the brief reply; and even that set her heart quite at rest.

She knew nothing of a lover's love, this neglected girl; she wore no romance about the handsome earl; she did not fancy herself in love with him; but he had been kind to her, and she longed to see him again. He had made the only gleam of brightness in her life, and she longed for home.

She was simple and innocent as a child. She never forgot that she was to marry him, or of married life she knew nothing. Talk to her of love, she understood; she was keenly alive, keenly sensitive; talk to her of marriage, her ideas were all vague and unformed. Lady Darel was true to her trust, as in her proud way she would be true to anything. She never mentioned the marriage to her; in her own mind she had not decided whether she had wished for it or not. She went to the young girl's room one morning.

"Hilda, when are you seventeen?"

"On the second of June, Lady Darel," was the answer.

"My son comes home on the 20th of May; then, I suppose, we shall have this business settled. Have you thought of it, Hilda?"

The fair, girlish face drooped, while hot blushes came over it.

"I have thought of it, but it seems to me like a dark dream from which I dread waking," she replied, and Lady Darel said no more; "dark dreams" were not in her line.

(To be continued.)

A Child's Hymn.

At the time of the terrible accident a year or two ago at the coal mines near Scranton, 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 baffled efforts.

A 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 rumor 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."

Tough Scorpion.

An English army officer, whose regiment was stationed at Alahabad, was one morning putting on his boot when suddenly he felt a sharp prick. He knew at once what the trouble was. Within a few days several scorpions had been seen about the barracks. Without question one of them had taken up its quarters in his boot and had now stung him.

"Well," he muttered, "the harm is done, and I may as well kill the creature. It will get away if I take the boot off."

So he began stamping violently with a view to crushing the life out of the scorpion. Every stamp gave him exquisite torture, but he kept bravely at it till he felt sure the thing must be dead. Then he pulled off the boot and was both relieved and vexed. It was lucky he had not shouted for assistance. The scorpion was a blacking brush, which his servant had carelessly left in the bottom of the boot.

Consolation.

Many are the tales of miserly men and the wretchedness which their falling drew forth. Every one knows the story of the wealthy man who desired his son to bury with him a large portion of his fortune. The son was more astute than his father, for he drew a check for the required amount and placed it in the coffin with the remark that "the governor was always a careful man and never carried money about."

Another tale is this: The departing Croesus was a clergyman, who had paid more attention to the laying up of treasure on earth than in heaven. In his last days he was carefully tended by a faithful body servant.

"Ah, Tom," he said to his servant, "so I must go and leave all my gold and silver behind me."

"Ay, sir," replied Tom, "there's no help for that. But, then, you don't mind, if you take it, it would only melt."

A Bright Dog.

Bigson—I once possessed a splendid dog who could always distinguish between a vagabond and a respectable person.

Jigson—Well, what's become of him?

Bigson—Oh, I was obliged to give him away. He bit me.—Tid-Bits.

Our idea of a thoughtful far-seeing man is one who gets the towels ready before he steps into a tub.

DENTISTRY IS NOW PAINLESS.

to the Practitioner Believes, but 'tis Patients 'thinks Otherwise.

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."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir; if you'll just bend your head over the edge of the chair so that I can get a little more leverage on that tooth. Rather trying position, but it's remarkable how—hurt you, did it? Maybe I got my excavator up a little too far."

"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—"

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

"Hurt you a good deal, did it? Well, you see, that was because I broke a little piece of the tooth off. But as I was saying, the way people used to suffer when they were having their teeth fixed was terrible. Why, I remember even when I was a boy—"

"Doctor, that was fearful! Um! Oh! Ah!"

"Yes, I expected you'd feel that. The nerve is a little exposed right there. But do you know people used to suffer for weeks with toothaches rather than go to a dentist, and you couldn't blame them. Why, sixty years ago if you had a tooth like that—"

"I hope you have no one downstairs who will be disturbed by my groans."

"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 later now. I declare you have magnificent 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—

Table listing expenses for six months: Cost of wheel, \$100.00; Best lamp, 5.00; Most 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; One new tire, 4.00; Pumping of tires, .50; Foot pump, .60; Checking bicycle, 3.00; Bicycle overhauled, 3.00; Bells and fittings, 2.75.

Total \$153.35

Saved in six months—

Table listing savings 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



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't's 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.