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CHAPTER IV-(Continued.) the question:

"Is there a school at Easthill-On-Sea? I never heard of one."

Easthill-on-Sea was about two miles from Easthill proper, in the opposite Tanner's school-Woodlands, the house direction from Dynevor Manor and the is called?" asked Beryl anxiously. Uplands. Within the last few years some speculators had got possession of land there, and were trying hard to Failway people, for she answered withconvert what had been a fishing hamlet into a watering-place. They had not succeeded well, and the present result was a kind of straggling, unfinished settlement, which was neither town nor village. The old inhabitants of Easthill rather made game of the new watering-place, which will account fatigue. She looked at the loaf of only Rhoda, there is a great deal to for Kitty's laugh.

"I really don't know, Harold; I hardly ever go to Easthill-on-Sea. There may be half a dozen schools; but I hope not, for their proprietors' sakes, for I can't imagine that any one would send children there."

"I think you're hard on the place," said Harold. "There's a very good the traveler. The attendant gave her I know I am offering you a very small beach and a splendid air. I suppose people are to be found who can do without niggers at the seaside."

"Ah, but they'd want decent roads and tolerable comfort," objected Kitty; "and you know when it rains Easthillone has made up the roads. Then they only bake every other day, and the butcher's shop opens twice a week. It would take a good deal to make up for such drawbacks."

"It is all so unfinished," said Mrs. Dynevor. "The roads are staked out, boards, like 'Elm avenue," and 'Sea View gardens,' but neither avenue nor roads are not even divided from each other, except by a few posts."

"Why are you so suddenly interested in Easthill-on-Sea?" demanded Kitty. to recommend any one a school there?"

the way to Mrs. Tanner's school. He grotesque in such a place. questioned the ticket collector, and even the station master himself, but her fingers could hardly move it, and neither of them had ever heard of it. when at last it rang it made such a I couldn't help feeling sorry for her, noise she decided Mrs. Tanner would she looked so tired and sad. It must think her new teacher very impatient. be hard lines to come off a long journey | There was not the least sound of moveand not find any one who can direct ment in the house, and Beryl was you to your destination."

front parlor; while the room on the And then Harold amazed them by opposite side appeared to be a baker's, tion here, and it would not do for it one stale loaf and half a dozen stodgy- to be known any one connected with looking buns being arranged in the window.

"Can you tell me the way to Mrs.

The young woman behind the out any hesitation:

houses."

positively sinking from weakness and thought of getting help. Besides, with bread and buns, and finally asked the do domestically, and the twins' clothes damsel in charge if she could have have to be made and mended." some refreshment-"a cup of tea or something."

"The fire's out, I expect. You can have a glass of milk and a plate of bread and butter, if you like."

The fare was plain, but it revived plenty of local information while she salary; but I think if you and I 'fit ate and drank. Mrs. Tanner had not in' you may really be happier here been at Easthill-on-Sea long. There wasn't much opening for a school; there were very few residents, and naturally vistors didn't want to send their on-Sea is almost a swamp, because no children to school when they came down in the summer.

"You do look tired!" she concluded. "But it's not much further now. The end of this street leads to the front, and Mrs. Tanner's is the last house on the right."

Beryl found the house easily; but and imposing names painted on sign- her heart sank as she looked at it. It at all." was so new that at the back the piece of waste ground called a garden was gardens boast a single house, and the not yet fenced off, and the front rallings had not yet been fenced off. Woodlands looked as though it had been built elsewhere, brought to Easthill on a trolley, and just popped down "You can't possibly have been asked on the first vacant space. The wind howled round it, the waves which "Oh, dear, no; but I came home from dashed over the shingle seemed to Marton by train, and a girl got out laugh derisively at it, and even to poor at our station who wanted to go to Beryl the huge board over the front Easthill-on-Sea. She asked the porter windows-"Ladies' School"-seemed

She rang the bell. It was so stiff actually contemplating a second ring they look like e's."

living, and I did not know how to set

about it. My sister is the only near filere among your poppy fields, relation I have. She is very rich, and | Let me wander lazy-eyed, she likes to manage. She decided I Slow of thought and pace had better keep a school, then the Empty-handed, light of heart, twins could be educated for nothing. Her husband has a good deal of property round here, and they offered me this house rent free for three years. "Of course"-she flushed sainfully-"the Wilmots are in a very good posi-

them had to keep a school, so I promised Mary I would never mention the relationship. She has really been very good. She speaks of me to people as 'a young widow in whom she is interested,' and altogether I have twelve counter was better informed than the pupils. If the new ones promised this term come tomorrow I shall have fifteen. They pay £2 a term, so that "It's the last house on the front. I have £90 a year; but I found out The name's not up; but you can't be if I had any one who could teach mistaken because there are no more French and really good music I should get more scholars and keep them till This was conclusive; but Beryl felt they were older. That is why I

> "How old are the twins?" asked Beryl.

"Four. Rather young to be in school all day; but I can't send them out alone, and I don't like them to be in the kitchen with Rhoda. Miss Lindon,

than in a grander situation.' "I am sure of it," said Beryl. "Mrs.

Tanner, I don't think any one in the whole world can be lonelier than I am, and if only you will keep me, I shall be glad to stay."

Mrs. Tanner gave a little sigh. "Mary-Mrs. Wilmot-will be round in the morning. You must not mind if she seems a little overbearing. Oh, and there is the thing she wanted me to say-she does not like your name

Beryl professed her regret, but hardly saw the objection was her fault. "It's in this way," explained Mrs. Tanner. "The show place near here, Dynevor Manor, belongs to a Mr. Lindon, though General Craven lives there. Mary thinks it a slight to Mr. Lindon that my teacher should have the same name. Her husband is his agent, and goes to see him sometimes at his grand house in Elchester square, Belgravia. Of course I told Mary Mr. Lindon would never hear of my school, much less my teacher's name; but she was very disagreeable, and said it could not matter to you, and that by changing one letter the name sounded quite differently. Do you mind being Miss Lendon? You see, it won't make any difference to your letters, because most people loop their i's now, so that A PETITION.

Eager to obey you. To loaf and make a madrigal Tuned to fit your face.

Bick am I of strife and toil, I would seek your daisies, Count the clouds and doze and dream Through drowsy afternoons Prithee, take me by the hand-Show me where the way is Let me change the clink of gold For your linnets' tunes.

Idleness! Oh, Idleness, Smile a welcome for me. Here's a minstrel out of voice, A weary heart to rest Soothe me with the piper of Pan, Hum his music o'er me, Rock me like a tired child Sleepy on your breast. -Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

Blunders of John Carster.

BY GASTON HARVEY. (Copyright, 1900, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) "Well, I suppose this is the end of it." John Carsten heaved a heavy sigh, and strode along moodily. Helen looked at him curiously and then asked:

"The end of what?"

"You know as well as I do what I refer to. To be perfectly plain, I hear it reported on very good authority that you are to marry this Monte Cristo, And that is what I mean when I say that I suppose we will not take many more walks together." He looked at her keenly.

"I suppose it is but a further exemplification of the doctrine announced by the Bible, where it says "To him who hath, it shall be given, and to him who hath not it shall be taken away,' and I want to add to that, 'even that which he may seem to have.' I suppose that if I was on the upward tide, everything would be coming my way, but as I seem to be stationary, notwithstanding my frantic efforts to swim, everything appears to pass me, just out of reach." There was a silence for a few moments. Helen reached in a fence corner and pulled a great glittering spray of golden rod. She did not look at him. After a few moments she said in a low voice:

"You are getting bitter, Joan. Don't

do it. It does not help you." "Don't you think I have cause to be bitter? A man can smile and stand a great deal; he can stand a great Is not that evidence enough? What is deal more without giving evidence of his suffering, and there is still another | I have stated?" degree of pain, which turns everything to gall. I have suffered that." "You are very wrong to look at things that way," replied the woman. strength, and ability-all those are you to think your lot is hard.

in your career that you speak of. When was it?'

"You know very well what I allude to. You know that I have loved you for all these years, since we were little more than children. You know that there has not been a day that the incense of my soul was not offered to you. I have loved you truly, faithfully, unwaveringly. You know that my highest dream of earthly happiness was to some day make a home for you, where I could have you with me always. You know that my waking thoughts are all of you; that I dream of you at night; that not a plan I have made has not had you for its inspiration, with the hope that it would conduce toward the end I wished. There has not been an ambition in my brain that was not caused by my wish to excel and make you proud of me.

'The rest of the world can go hang -you are my world, the all in all for me. And now, after all these years, all that counts for naught. There comes into your life a great big, beefy man-you know little about him except that he is very wealthy, and in the course of two months he undoes



Then, taking her hands, looked her full in the face.

what I have done, or rather in that time accomplishes what I could not accomplish in six times as many years, to be deduced from that except what

"I ought to be very angry with you, John. You have accused me of a wretched thing-that I would sell my life, my love, my soul, merely to pro-"What have you to be bitter over? | vide myself with creature comforts. I You possess youth, and health, and | don't know why I don't make you leave me, and never permit you to priceless gifts. You are well thought speak to me again, except that I'd of by everyone, and I see no cause for realize that your anger has carried you off your feet. I realize what you

Riding on a Shark.

One of the more wonderful fish stories of the century is told in the New York Press of Dr. Ralph Smith, a noted surgeon of Jacksonville. While in bathing in surf about up to his waist over on the East coast a big shark swam between his legs, forcing him to a sitting posture and swimming out to sea with his burden astride. The sensation nearly cost the doctor his hair and whiskers. He declares he was on the shark's back fully half a minute. When the monster got in deep water he slid off.

He Gave Them What They Wanted.

"Soon after I arrived in this country on my present visit," says Bishop Partridge, (Episcopal) of Kioto, Japan, who is a graduate of Yale, "I was invited to a University club dinner, and was told that I was to speak to the toast of 'Yale University.' When I arose in my turn my fellow banqueters cried vociferously, 'Never mind Yale, old man-talk to us in Chinese,' I entered into their spirit, and for twenty-five minutes I orated in Chinese. What did I say? Suffice it to say that I spoke only the court dialect. The strangest part about it is that all present seemed to enjoy it even more than I did."

Nervy Thieves.

About the coolest thieves on record did a job of work in Philadelphia a few days ago. Early in .- e morning. while hundreds of people were going to work, half a dozen men arrayed as mechanics appeared in front of a Turkish bath establishment on Walnut street, and with chisels, hammers and wrenches took down the handsome bronze ornaments and railing which ornamented the place. Then they calmly walked away with the plunder.

LIEUT. MABLE C. HUNT.

A Bright Salvation Army Lassie, Who Knows How to Keep Her Corps

in Good Health. Ogden, Utah, Jan. 12, 1901 .-- (Special.)-The Pacific Coast Division of the Salvation Army, whose noble work in the interests of fallen humanity has done so much for this western country, has its headquarters in this city. One of the brightest and most enthusiastic workers is Lieut. Miss Mabel Clarice Hunt. Everyone knows how these devoted people parade the streets day or night, exposing themselves to all kinds of weather, that no opportunity may be lost of rescuing some poor unfortunate from sin and suffering. In some cases, their recklessness in thus exposing themselves has been commented upon as almost suicidal. Their answer to such criticisms invariably is their unfailing faith in the Divine injunction to "do right and fear not." Lieut. Hunt explains one of the means she employs to keep her "Soldiers" in good health, as follows:

"I have found Dodd's Kidney Pills of great value in cases of Kidney and

the subject dropped. None of the three open, and a very small servant in a traveler was to have on their lives. It her curiously, never dawned on Kity that the unknown girl who was bound for a school no one had ever heard of was to be her dearest friend.

CHAPTER V.

Nothing will describe the desolation which filled Beryl Lindon's heart when she stepped on to the platform at Easthill. She had left London filled with the one desire of escaping from her father and stepmother. Ever since she heard of the former's marriage her one end and object had been to get safely away from Elchester square. It was only when she had actually started, when Mrs. Markham's kindly face was lost to sight, that she realized she was going among strangers, that a new, untried life lay before her, with not one friendly voice to brighten it.

It was a long, tedious journey, and involved two changes. Easthill was on a branch line, at which only the slowest of trains condescended to stop. She was very plainly dressed in yourself. Rhoda will bring tea soon: black; but all her things had come from a West End shop, and there was

an air of distinction about her not often seen in a lonely little third-class lessly and cried as though her heart traveler.

She was eighteen, though she looked older-a very small, fairy-like crea- astic and childish; but those few kindture, with soft, wavy brown hair, and | ly words had been the last touch. big, lust ous blue-grey eyes. Her complexfo carmine tint. daint

She knew absolutely nothing of the gently: country. Brighton, Brussels, where she had been at school, and the tall my dear. When I first came here in house in Elchester square had made January I loathed the place quite as up her world. To find herself at a much as you can do. I came from a little rustic station, with only a few pretty country rectory, with a dear a few are epitomized as follows: Miss cottages in sight, was almost alarming. old garden and trees that had stood the And no one at the station had heard test of centuries, and this bleak, desof Mrs. Tanner's school. That of itself was enough to discourage her.

station master said kindly. "If you seems brighter when one is busy." wrote to the lady, and she had your and the postoffice are the best people to help you find her. You go straight along this lane till you come to a sign post, take the road marked 'Easthillon-Sea,' and presently you'll see four had some tea and feel rested I will dollar which an old colored man deor five shops. The postoffice is the first of the lot, and they'll put you you will find plenty of rough places engaged in a great variety of employright."

Beryl left her luggage to the porter's mercy and started. The lane seemed interminable. Perhaps in summer time it was pretty; but it was a late season, and the trees were hardly in bud. Their bare branches almost met in the middle of the lane, looking very like black. threatening hands uplifted against her -or Beryl thought so. She reached the sign post without meeting a single brought her to the shops, and her heart gave a thrill of relief as she recognized nesslike, and when all the expenses the postoffice.

"Poor thing!" said Kitty, and then when the door was flung suddenly guessed the influence the lonely little very big white apron stood regarding "Is Mrs. Tanner at home? I think

she is expecting me. I am the new governess."

"You're to come this way," said the child-she really was very little more. And Beryl followed her across a goodsized hall to a small sitting-room at the back, the door of which her guide opened encouragingly.

"You go straight in," she commanded.

It was a very small room, and rather sparsely furnished; but what Beryl saw first was a tall, slight woman in widow's weeds, who came forward to meet her with such a frightened face that the girl felt compelled to take the initative.

"I am afraid I am later than you expected, Mrs. Tanner; but it is a long walk from the station, and I came slowly so as not to lose my way."

"You look cold and tired," said Mrs. Tanner gently. "Sit down and warm I waited for you."

"It was very kind of you," Beryl began, and then she broke down helpwould break. Of course it was behaving disgracefully, it was most unschol-

Mrs. Tanner did not seem in the least vas very fair, and had the angry. She took Beryl's hand and held it for a minute or two, then she said

"I don't wonder at your being upset, olate place seemed terrible to me; but, Miss Lindon, work is the best cure herself a margin of profit. Mrs. M. "Don't you be afraid, missie," the for sadness, and even Easthill-on-Sea

"Please forgive me!" said Beryl, letter, she must live here somewhere, pleadingly. "Indeed, I am not discontented; it was only that you were so kind to me."

"Did you expect me tobe an ogress?" tell you all about things. I am afraid at Woodlands, but they won't be of my making."

Tea was delightful. With curtains drawn and the lamps lighted, the room cents from her uncle for keeping her seemed quite a snuggery; and Mrs. mouth shut five minutes, 5 cents for Tanner saw that Beryl had plenty of killing three cats. 15 cents for sweepthe fare provided.

"I would rather tell you everything and 5 cents for popping some corn. before you see my sister," she said. when Rhoda had taken away the things. My husband died last Novem- new halter for the cow. Miss Lettie creature: but another half-mile ber. He was the best and kindest man Morrill got 50 cents for doctoring a who ever lived, but he wasn't busi- sick calf. were paid I had only £20 and the fur-

It was quite unlike any postoffice niture to keep myself and the children. dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and Beryl had ever seen, being a cottage Of course I knew I should have to a rich monument is one embroidered with all business transacted in the work; but I had neser had to earn my -Fuller.

Beryl felt inclined to bless Mrs. Wilmot. If, as she now felt positive, her father were the owner of Dynevor Manor, why, then, her one desire was that he might never hear his fugitive daughter was living beneath its shadow. She had never heard him speak of Sussex, or of possessing property in the country. Surely it was strange that, with all England before her, she should have drifted to the one place where he had interest.

School began the next day. The fifteen girls were nice things. Mrs. Wilmot's interest had procured some. The clerk of the works employed by her husband to watch his interests in the building operations, sent three small daughters; the tax collector contributed two; but there was a sprinkling of a higher grade-the curate's only

child, and the doctor's two little girls. Mrs. Wilmot struck Beryl as far less refined than her sister. She and her husband were rich, and gloried in their money, though as yet it had not been able to force an entrance into the society of Easthill proper, which was of the select and exclusive kind known as 'county."

(To be Continued.)

CHURCH MONEY.

Some Odd Ways in Which Women

Earned It. The women folk of the Methodist church at Oxford recently set out to earn money for certain church purposes, and a meeting was held at which each woman or girl recited the method by which she had earned her contribution, says the Boston Journal. Some of the recitals were funny enough to convulse the audience, and Mary Dobbs started out to do some janitor work, but got tired and subcontracted the job, though saving for Collins said that one day her husband was tearing around the house hunting for his overshoes and said he would give a half a dollar to know what nad become of them. She told him she had sold them to the ragman, and demanded the half. Mrs. Bay kalsoasked Mrs. Tanner. "When you have mined her own house and saved the manded for the job. Miss Zulu Cole ments. She got 5 cents for washing

Mrs. Middleton's dishes, 10 cents for doing some sewing for her sister, 5 ing the sidewalk in front of two stores.

Miss Lyda Mills made 50 cents by mending the harness and making a

Tombs are but the clothes of the

"Yes, what you say is true, but I have not the great essential-money. I might be a paralytic, and just have enough sense to keep out of a lunatic asylum, and enough morals to keep from being locked up as a menace to society, but if I had money, all that would be overlooked, and I would be

better thought of than I am now. As it is, I am not considered at all." "Not considered by whom?"

"Everybody. And someone in particular whom I wish to consider me, and who has refused. I have tried everything else; I have placed myself at her feet. Love does not count." Her face was crimson. She looked far away over the sere, brown fields, and at last said:

"Then what am I to deduce from that assertion-it isn't clear."

"You are not to deduce anything-I state it as my positive conviction that, given on the one hand a man with everything to make him desirable in the eyes of a woman, but with to money, and on the other hand a

do it."

man with nothing to recommend him but money, as between the two a woman will choose the man with the money ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. That's what I mean." "Why John, why John!" There

was an infinity of reproach in those words. "Yes, I mean it!" he added. "I mean

every word of it. Women are essentially selfish, and they love the soft side of life. They know that money will make a soft side to anything, and therefore, they are on the side of money."

"I am sorry for you," she said simply. "I thought that you had a higher idea of women."

"Haven't I a right to be bitter?" he continued. "Haven't I every right to such ideas? If it has not been demonstrated to me, nothing has. There is nothing so convincing as personal experience, and it is from that I speak."

John, and I know of no such instance Press.

say, that such a state of things is an awful blow to a man. But I do not grant that any such state exists-that is-I mean-"

"You mean what, that you are not going to marry him?" There was light and life and hope in the questioner's eyes now.

"Yes, I mean that; and that I have not intended to do so. And now let me do a little preaching to you-you have had your say, and you have said things you ought not to have said. I will say what you left unsaid, and what you should know. It is, that with a true woman, and with true love, all the gold in the universe could not outweigh her love. If on the one side is a man a woman loves. who is as poor as poverty itself, and on the other a man offering himself, a millionaire, the man and his money would not for an instant be considered as a possibility.

"It is a mistaken notion men have, that a woman wants to receive all and give nothing. True love is self effacement, and bearing the burdens of those whom we do love, and nothing gives a woman so much pleasure as to suffer for the man she really cares for."

"Do you really mean that?" There was wonderment upon the face of the questioner.

"Yes. And there would be more women who would be glad to accept even the Mttle in the way of wealth their sweethearts possess, if they were given the chance. Instead of going bravely to her and saying 'I have little or nothing, but I love you. I can provide enough to keep us from starving, and enough to furnish us with clothes. More than that I do not care for, with you at my side. Will you accept that?' the men stand off and snivel about woman wanting wealth. It makes me weary. It's weakness."

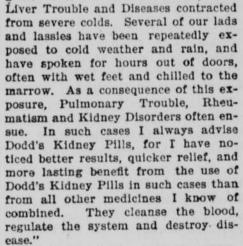
There was a long pause. The sun had sunk below the horizon, and the west was gorgeous with the opaline tints of the dying day. In the dying grasses the crickets chirped a requiem for the sweet summer. A few

dead leaves floated through the branches and rustled gently to their last resting place. The air had a tinge of the coming chill of winter, and nature seemed saddened and dreary. The couple stood a moment looking at the sunset. Perhaps it was the glory of the ruddy rays upon her face, or the reflection from the golden gates of the west that shone in her eyes. He paused, for a moment irresolute, and then taking her hand, looked her full in the eyes. She looked down and her face flushed.

"Helen," he said very gently, "I have almost nothing in the way of goods or wealth, but I have a love for you that the wealth of Midas could not buy. Will you accept, what I have?"

She looked up and smiled softly. "Why didn't you say that a year or so ago? Yes, I will."

When a minister preacnes about social extravagance half the women in the congregation bite their lips and "I have known you a long time, try to look mortified .- New York mail FATTLAR



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