

# A LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

CHAPTER I.

A large house in one of the most fashionable London squares; an upper room, furnished something between a study and a boudoir; a small fire burning in the grate—for, in spite of the April sunshine, the wind was in the east—and for sole occupant a young girl, whose age was 18, though she looked a little older, perhaps because she had cried till her eyes were hot and swollen, and her cheeks had lost their delicate coloring—a girl who was the daughter of one of the richest commoners in England, and who yet was as unhappy as the poorest waif in London's streets.

Beryl Lindon had no mother. She could just recall a frail, delicate woman, who loved her very much, but who seemed too sad and sorrowful to show her affection. She had been a tiny child when that mother was taken away, and yet she had been quite conscious that, save for leaving her, the tired woman was glad to go. Her mother's love had been taken from Beryl full early, and no other had replaced it.

Mr. Lindon placed his daughter in a private family at the seaside until she was 10 years old, when she was sent to a boarding school in Brussels. Once a year he had called at the school, and had a brief, formal interview with his daughter in the principal's own sanctum; and 12 months ago he had removed Beryl from the select establishment, and brought her to his stately home in Elchester square.

For one year they had lived together, father and child, yet strangers in heart and feeling; they drew no nearer to each other. Beryl knew perfectly that to the handsome, well-preserved man of the world, still under 50, she was only an embarrassment. He took no trouble to conceal the fact, and his friends took little notice of the shy, frightened-looking girl they thought such a contrast to her fascinating father. She was not "out." It pleased Mr. Lindon to regard her as too young for society, so she had no chance of meeting people more congenial to her than her father's circle. She was terribly lonely, desperately unhappy; but yet, after reading the letter which had come from Mr. Lindon that morning, it seemed to the girl she had never before known what trouble meant, and that if only things could be once more as they were yesterday she would be content.

Her breakfast had gone away untouched—all her meals were served upstairs in her father's absence from home—and she sat over the fire, with a look of such pain on her face as was terrible to see in a girl of 18. Suddenly the door opened, and the housekeeper entered without the ceremony of knocking, unless, indeed, her knock had not penetrated to Beryl's dazed, stunned brain.

Mrs. Markham was a kind, motherly woman, not a lady by birth, but well educated, and with more refinement of feeling than many of her superiors. She had been in Eustace Lindon's employ ever since he took the house in Elchester square 10 years before.

"I came to speak to you, Miss Beryl," she said gently. "I had strange news from Mr. Lindon this morning, and when Nancy came down and told me you'd not touched your breakfast, I thought perhaps he'd written to you, too."

"Yes, Mrs. Markham. I can't quite take it in, it seems too terrible."

The housekeeper sat down opposite Beryl. She was quite as indignant as the girl could be.

"You see, Miss Beryl, your papa's not an old man—47, I believe—and it's natural he should tire of a lonely life. Perhaps his new wife will make things pleasant for you. You've had but a dull time of it since you left school."

"I shouldn't mind his marrying," said Beryl frankly—"in fact, I think I should be glad; but that he should choose that woman, should put her in my mother's place—it is terrible!"

Mrs. Markham looked bewildered.

"Do you mean that the lady is any one we know, Miss Beryl? Mr. Lindon never mentioned her name to me. He only said the wedding would be at once, and he hoped to bring his wife home on May 1."

"He is going to marry Miss Maunders," said Beryl, almost apathetically.

The housekeeper started.

When Beryl Lindon first left school a very showy-looking woman was engaged as her maid-companion. Miss Maunders was supposed to walk with Beryl, look after her wardrobe, and make herself generally useful. From the first day of their meeting Beryl took antipathy to the woman. She felt that Miss Maunders was unworthy her trust and confidence, that she had none of the qualifications she professed; and the girl yearned to escape from the companionship she hated. At last, only three months ago, things came to a crisis, Miss Maunders, whom the household suspected of a liking for stimulants, went into a more violent rage than usual, and actually forgot herself so far as to strike her employer's daughter. At that time Mr. Lindon was away, spending Christmas in the country. Beryl, half beside herself with indignation, appealed to the housekeeper. Mrs. Markham paid Miss Maunders a month's wages and dismissed her on the spot, and she departed, vowing vengeance against Beryl.

And this was the person Mr. Lindon was to make his wife! The housekeeper could hardly credit it.

"Miss Beryl," said Mrs. Markham

slowly, after a long pause, "I simply can't believe it! Are you sure you've made no mistake? Miss Maunders is no more of a lady than I am, or even one of the upper servants, and your papa's a gentleman through and through. It can't be true!"

"You had better read his letter," said Beryl simply. "There seems no reason for doubting it."

CHAPTER II.

It was a very brief letter, written on the thickest and creamiest of note paper, and barely covering the first page. Few men, let us hope, could have written in such terms to their only child, especially to a motherless daughter.

"Dear Beryl: I shall be married to-morrow to Miss Maunders, and I hope to return with my wife on May 1. You had better make up your mind to show proper respect and obedience to your stepmother, whose authority over you will be complete."

"It's a cruel letter, Miss Beryl," said Mrs. Markham, as she put it back in its envelope, "and may God forgive your father for writing it; but, my dear young lady, depend upon it, it's that woman's work."

Beryl shivered.

"Papa never cared for me," she said slowly. "Mrs. Markham, I have never said a word to any one, but I must now or my heart will break. I can never remember his kissing me, or seeming fond of me, even as a little thing."

"Maybe he wanted a son, Miss Beryl; but he'd no right to visit his disappointment on you. There'll be great changes here, for there's not one of my servants will stay here and call Miss Maunders mistress."

"And you will go, too?"

"I wouldn't stay an hour after she came home; but, as it happens, Miss Beryl, I've not my choice. Mr. Lindon has sent me a check for £50 instead of notice, as he says his wife will prefer to be her own housekeeper. I've saved money in the 10 years I've been here, and I don't think I shall take another situation. If I look round, I dare say I can buy the lease and good will of a small lodging house at the seaside reasonably, and that will seem more independent."

Beryl put one thin hand appealingly on the housekeeper's plump arm.

"Mrs. Markham, I can't stay here, I'd rather starve! You know what that woman was before, when she was only a servant. What would she make my life like when she is mistress?"

"My dear, it's a sorry business. Haven't you any relations you could go to for a bit, anybody who would take your part, and just tell Mr. Lindon that before you came back he must guarantee his new wife would treat you properly?"

Beryl shook her head.

"I don't think I have a relation in the world."

"Well," confessed Mrs. Markham, "I've been here 10 years, and I've never heard your father mention a relation; but, you see, Miss Beryl, there's the other side. Your mother must have had relations, and her family would be the best people to help you, because, naturally, they'd resent your papa's marriage as much as you do."

"Mamma had no relations," said Beryl. "I'll tell you how I know. The last thing I can remember of her was one day just before she died she begged papa to be kind to me. She said she had been an orphan, and knew how sad it was."

"But she might have had a brother or sister," persisted Mrs. Markham. "Miss Beryl, think quickly over your past life, and try to see if there isn't any one who'd be able to tell you."

"But my past story is so short," said Beryl, "it doesn't want thinking over. I know we lived abroad for a year or two before my mother died. My little sister went first, and mother never got over her loss. I had a nurse who was very good to me. She could have told me all I want to know; but papa sent her away directly after my mother's funeral. I think she went to America."

"Then he took me to a family at Brighton. Doctor Burgess and his wife were not unkind to me; but they had children of their own, and I always felt like the outsider. I know I was quite glad to leave them and go to school."

"Brighton's not a long journey," said Mrs. Markham. "It might be worth while to go and see them."

"I am sure they could tell me nothing. I stayed there till I was 10, and I know Mrs. Burgess told me one day I ought to be very fond of my father because he was the only relation I had in all the world. I think she had known my mother just a little. They were both orphans, and brought up in the same school—a kind of charitable institution."

Mrs. Markham felt in despair of finding any kindred for her young lady.

There's many would say it was your duty to stay with your father and make the best of things," she went on gravely; "but when I know what that woman is I can't bear to think of you at her mercy."

"If I went away, could my father force me to come back?" asked Beryl.

"No. You are of an age when a girl may choose her own home; but if you leave him he can refuse to provide for you."

For the first time that morning a look of hope came into Beryl's beautiful eyes.

"Then I'll get a situation of some

sort, and go to it before he comes home. That will be quite easy."

Quite easy! The housekeeper's kindly heart ached for her. She knew too well how hard it is for a girl with no special talents or qualifications to find a niche, and they had only three weeks. The time was all too short.

"I don't want to encourage you to rebellion, Miss Beryl, and yet I can't bear to think of you at Miss Maunders' mercy. If you've quite made up your mind, my dear young lady, I'll do my best to help you find something."

Hard as posts generally are to find, specially those worth having, it is often comparatively easy to get into a situation at very low remuneration at the beginning of a school term. It happens now and then that principals have failed to settle with any one in the holidays, and have to take the first person who offers rather than begin school shorthanded.

Perhaps this explained Beryl's seeming success, for within a week of first answering advertisements she was engaged by Mrs. Tanner of Easthill-on-Sea, as English teacher in her small but select school in that rising watering-place.

The remuneration was to be £5 a term, at which Mrs. Markham sniffed; but the teacher was to have the option of remaining during the holidays, and so would be at no expense for board and lodging.

"I don't altogether like it," said Mrs. Markham, re-reading Mrs. Tanner's letter critically; "but, Miss Beryl, if only you stay a year, you'll be able to demand better terms in another situation, and I think you'd be happier anywhere than here under Miss Maunders' tyranny."

In truth, that lady was now Mrs. Lindon; but both the housekeeper and Beryl continued to speak of her by her maiden name—Mrs. Markham—because she grudged her erstwhile subordinate her rise in life, and Beryl because it was painful to her to give her mother's title to a woman she hated.

Mrs. Markham came to see Beryl off, and had her luggage labelled for last-hill; then, when she had put the girl into an empty third-class carriage, she lingered for a few last words.

"Try and put up with things for the year, Miss Beryl, even if all's not as you would like. And if you're in trouble of any kind, my dear, just write to me. My sister will send on your letters any time, and I'd be proud to help you."

"Thank you," The tears were dimming the girl's sweet eyes as she put her head out of the carriage window and kissed the housekeeper warmly. "I shall be grateful to you as long as I live, Mrs. Markham. Without you I could never have managed to escape from Elchester square, and I think to have stayed there after she came would have killed me!"

The bell sounded, the engine gave a shrill, unearthly sound, meant presumably for a whistle, and the train was off.

Mrs. Markham did not turn away till she could no longer see the white handkerchief Beryl was waving; then there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes.

"God help her, poor little thing, for it seems to me no one else can! It's true enough, as she says, Mr. Lindon never loved her, and now he's married that woman it's as like as not he'd be worse than ever. They say he has 20,000 a year and a beautiful country seat, yet his daughter is content to work hard for £5 a term. It doesn't seem right, somehow."

And it was not right; but Mrs. Markham did not know one fact which would have explained a good deal that puzzled her. Eustace Lindon had an ugly secret in his past, a dark blot upon his character he would fain hide from all the world. He did not admire Julia Maunders, and he had not the least desire to marry her; but men with a secret, who are leading a double life, have often to pay dearly for the guarding of that secret. It happened that Julia Maunders knew a good deal of Lindon's past life, and the price of her silence was a wedding ring.

(To be continued.)

### INVALUABLE GRASS.

A Chinese Bamboo Which Produces Vegetable Opals.

It is the bamboo which furnishes the Chinaman with practically everything he requires through life, from his cradle to his coffin, and that also produces precious stones for him, only the celestial is not aware of the fact, or else attaches no value to it. In some varieties of this invaluable grass a mineral substance composed of lime or silica and potash is frequently discovered, being formed, it is supposed, owing to some kind of disease in the juices or stem of the plant. In the course of time, says the London Mail, this deposit hardens and forms the famous "tabasheer" of the natives, which exactly resembles the opal in appearance, and is, according to Prof. Brewster, of precisely the same character and composition. The Chinese, however, know nothing of its value as a precious stone, but collect tabasheer simply for its supposed medicinal properties. Unfortunately, some of the most finely marked and colored specimens of these vegetable stones are exceedingly fragile. It may be mentioned that in none of the varieties of the bamboo yet raised and found hardy in this country have any traces of a deposit of tabasheer at present been discovered, so that any one who contemplates the establishment of a bamboo plantation in England for the purpose of opal raising is recommended to invest his capital in some other way.

The more a woman understands men the more good time she spends in the kitchen.

## WEALTH IN FLOCKS.

### SHEEPRAISERS ROLLING IN RICHES FROM WOOL.

An Extraordinary Tribute to the Beneficent Effects of the Dingley Tariff Law—Great Increase in the Number of Sheep Raised.

Albuquerque, N. M., correspondence of the New York Evening Post: The forthcoming annual reports of Government of Otero of New Mexico and of Gov. Murphy of Arizona to the president will contain interesting information for wool growers in the eastern states. The growth of the wool industry in the southwestern territories during the last three years is without precedent. New Mexico has become the chief wool producing region in the union, and the industry is fast increasing throughout the territory. Arizona's wool product has increased 27 per cent in three years, and the capital invested in flocks and sheep ranges in that state is estimated at \$650,000 more than in any former year. Both Gov. Otero and Gov. Murphy have given a good deal of attention lately to gathering facts concerning the profits, the outlook, and the growth of the flocks, and the wool product in the Territories mentioned.

The recent census shows that New Mexico has 4,467,000 sheep, worth from \$1.00 to \$2.10 a head. Montana, which was the leading wool-producing state in the union until two years ago, has 3,785,000 sheep, and Ohio, which was the banner wool state until the industry moved westward, still has about 3,000,000 head of sheep. Arizona has 2,624,000 sheep, California has 2,018,000 and Idaho and Wyoming have each more than 2,000,000 sheep. Ewes and lambs form an unusually large proportion of the flocks in New Mexico, and it may, therefore be reckoned that the number of wool-bearing sheep in the territory will be increased by more than 1,300,000 during the next year.

The total number of sheep in the

on the free list, he is said to have lost more than \$400,000 in one season, and, nearly failed in business. He has, however, rapidly recovered since 1897, and now he has more than \$1,110,000 invested in sheep, wool-storing houses, and ranges. He has 45,000 sheep, divided into eleven flocks. He employs thirty-five shepherds, two overseers and through five months of each year he employs twenty men who do nothing but shear sheep. His wool clip for 1900 amounts to about 343,200 pounds, and the present market price for the product ranges from twelve to fifteen cents a pound. His increase in lambs for 1900 is about 31,000, and these are worth nowadays from \$1.60 to \$2.10 each. The Fenton flocks are expected to comprise more than 50,000 sheep by next summer.—Helen T. Griswold.

### A GOOD THING TO REMEMBER.

The Secretary of Agriculture in his annual report draws attention to the fact that our total sales of domestic farm products to foreign countries during the four fiscal years 1897-1900 aggregated the enormous sum of \$3,186,000,000, or close to \$800,000,000 in excess of the export value for the preceding four-year period. In other words we received on an average during 1897-1900 for products of domestic agriculture marketed abroad nearly \$200,000,000 a year above the annual amount paid us for such products during 1893-1896. This is all very gratifying, as it shows how dependent the nations of the eastern hemisphere are upon the United States for bread and meat. These markets will always take our food surplus at a price, but it will be a price that we cannot control. After all, the best market for American food-stuffs is right here in America. The more we consume here the less will be left for export, and the less left for export, the greater will be prices paid for the exported surplus.

The main thing in agriculture, as in manufacturing, is the big home market; and the way to make the home market take the largest possible share of what the farmer has to sell and pay

### Skilled Debaters in the Senate.

Among the best debaters in the senate are Chandler of New Hampshire and Spooner of Wisconsin. Chandler is the keener and more caustic of the two. Spooner has the advantage in the spectacular surprises of a running debate. Chandler is more feared as an opponent than any other man. He has a genius for discovering the vulnerable point in the enemy's armor, and he is merciless in sending his weapons home. Both he and Spooner are invariably good-natured. Neither of them was ever known to lose his temper in debate.

### Can't Pay a 5-Cent Fare with \$20.

Some time ago Ida Bulk tendered a street car conductor in Toledo a \$20 bill in payment of one fare. The conductor refused to accept the bill on the ground that he did not have change for that amount and ejected the woman from the car. She brought suit against the company for damages and the case was decided against her. Judge Pugsley said in deciding the case that it was unreasonable to expect the street car conductor to carry that amount of change.

### To Raise Georgia Preachers in Africa.

A shipment of 100,000 young peach trees from Georgia nurseries, bound for Cape Colony and Natal, South Africa, will be made next week. They go largely into Natal, and a large number of the trees going to that country are consigned to Ladysmith. Cape Colony fruit growers get less than half of the shipment.

### MR. AYERS NOT DEAD.

Very Much Alive and Out With a Letter Telling How He Was Saved.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 29.—(Special.)—Few who knew how ill Mr. A. E. Ayers of this city had been with Bright's Disease and Diabetes ever expected he could live. Four doctors gave him but three or four days to live. He recovered through the prompt and continued use of a well-known remedy, and has given the following letter for publication. It is dated at Bath, N. Y., where Mr. Ayers now resides.

Soldiers and Sailors' Home, Bath, N. Y.

Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sirs—I wish to tell you what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me. As far as I am concerned they are the best in the world, for they not only saved my life, but they have given me new life and hope. I lived in Minneapolis for forty-nine years, and am well known there by many people. I suffered severely with Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Four well-known physicians gave me up to die. In fact they gave me only three or four days at the longest to live. I had spent nearly everything I had in the effort to save my life, but seeing an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I scraped what was nearly my last half dollar, sent to the drug store and bought a box. I had very little hope of anything every doing me any good, as from what the four doctors had told me, it was now a matter of hours with me. I commenced to take the Pills, and from the very first they helped me. I took in all about forty boxes. I doubtless did not need so many, but I wanted to make sure, and after all, \$20 is a small amount of money to remove the sentence of death and save one's life.

I have since recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to hundreds of people, and I have yet to hear of the first one that did not find them all that you claim for them. I can remember of two people to whom I had recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills, and who afterwards said to me that they received no benefit, I asked to see their Pill boxes, and behold, instead of Dodd's Kidney Pills, it was ———'s Kidney Pills, an imitation of the genuine Dodd's, and not the real thing at all that they had been using. I gave each of them an empty pill box that Dodd's Kidney Pills had been put up in, so that they could make no more mistakes, and they afterwards came to me and told me that they had bought and used the genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills, and were cured.

I still continue to use the Pills off and on, and would not be without them if they were \$50 a box. I think that every old gentleman in the world would be healthier and better if he would take one after each meal.

I wish I could think of words strong enough to express to you my gratitude for what your Medicine has done for me. It is not often, I suppose, that a man who is staring death right in the face, is permitted to live and tell of the means which saved him, and as that is my position, my heart is overwhelmed with thankfulness to God for His mercy to me in permitting me to see the advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, when it seemed that I was beyond all earthly power to save that I cannot express my real feelings.

If anyone doubts the statement I have made, they may write to me, and I will try and prove to them that all I have said in this letter is true, and more than true. There are hundreds of people in Minneapolis who know all about my case and the way Dodd's Kidney Pills pulled me through, when I had been given up by the four doctors of Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and had practically lost all hope. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial which I give you from the bottom of my heart, and I sincerely wish that I could find the right words to express my feelings of gratitude to you and to Dodd's Kidney Pills, for my restoration to life and health.

(Signed) A. E. AYERS.

Late of Minneapolis, now at Soldiers and Sailors' Home, Bath, N. Y.

Mr. Ayers is only one of thousands of aged gentlemen who say that their lives have been prolonged and their declining years made worth living by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

January 1, 1893.	January 1, 1901.
A Democratic President-Elect.	A Republican President-Elect.
Next Senate and House Democratic.	Next Senate and House Republican.
A Free Trade Tariff Assured.	A Protective Tariff Assured.
Capital Stagnant and Timid.	Every Dollar Seeking Investment.
Retrenchment the Watchword.	Expansion the Watchword.
Employment and Wages Decreasing.	Employment and Wages Increasing.
Worrying Over Future Lack of Revenue.	Framing a Bill to Reduce the Revenue.
Must Soon Borrow Money to Pay Expenses.	Lending Money to the World.
Increasing National Debt.	Reducing National Debt.
Failures Begin to Increase.	Failure Liabilities Never So Low.
At the Mercy of Europe.	The World at Our Mercy.
Suspicion, Distrust, Fear.	Confidence, Respect, Trust.

United States is now about 47,000,000, and the total annual wool product in the union is 241,000,000 pounds, or a fraction over five pounds of wool to each head of sheep. During the year ending June 30 last, the consumption of wool in the United States was 631,270,000 pounds, or almost three times the home product. Governor Otero finds that an acre of fair grazing land among the hills and mountain valleys of New Mexico will support two sheep each each year, and that there are 55,000,000 acres of such pasturage. Thus, New Mexico will be able to maintain 105,000,000 more sheep than she now has. Governor Murphy, by a similar line of reasoning, finds that there is ample pasturage for 37,000,000 more sheep in Arizona.

It has been closely reckoned that the cost of the maintenance of a flock worth from \$7,000 to \$8,000 for one year is about \$1,400, or thirty cents per head. This includes pay for shepherds, food, shearing and incidental expenses. An average yield of wool per head is five pounds, and as the present market price of wool, 14 cents a pound, each sheep pays seventy cents a year in fleece, or a profit of forty cents a head per year. A flock of 4,000 sheep is therefore reckoned (barring unusual expenses) to yield some \$1,600 profit in wool in a year. The natural increase in lambs in an average flock is reckoned at about 2,200 each year, and that, too, is a source of large profit where the pasturage is good for more sheep. The average number of losses during a year in a flock of 4,000 sheep is 200, by estray, sickness and attacks by coyotes and bears.

It has been closely estimated that about \$24,000,000 is invested in New Mexican sheep and wool interests, while in Arizona about \$12,000,000 is invested. This comprises the value of the flocks, ranges and wool store-houses. The wool industry attracts many young Englishmen of capital, and every year the number of Englishmen in wool-growing increases. Many Englishmen who are leaders in sheep-ranching in the southwest are the younger sons of some of the nobility in England. Lord Salisbury has two nephews in the locality of Las Cruces, N. M., who are said to have each made more than \$40,000 in sheep and wool since the rise in wool under the operation of the Dingley tariff law in 1897. A son of the late Marquis of Bute has been very successful in his sheep investments among the foothills near Raton, N. M.

The most important wool-grower in the United States is Marshall E. Fenton of Southern New Mexico. He has had several ups and downs in the wool industry, and in 1895, when wool was

## A DEADLY PARALLEL.

According to the Johnstown Democrat, "free traders did not condemn the Dingley tariff because it closed to us the markets of the world."

Another half truth half stated, and therefore unentitled to the serious consideration of the people. Yet in order that truth may again prevail we propose here to state the facts.

In a measured sense it is true that the free traders did not condemn the Dingley tariff "because it closed the markets of the world" to American exporters. The act had scarcely gone into effect before the foreign markets began to open to our products.

But what the free traders actually did was to condemn the Dingley bill in every possible way because if enacted it would close the markets of the world to these same products. It did nothing of the kind, of course, but they repeated that it would a thousand times in Congress and out.

All of which, the Inquirer submits amounts to the difference between twined and twined, with the Johnstown Democrat raising the issue to deceive the people again.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### MUST REDEEM THE PLEDGE.

A Republican congress should have the courage to be as fair to the shipping interests of the country as it has been to the manufacturing and commercial interests. No reasonable excuse can now be offered for any further delay in the enactment of a law that will restore the American flag to its proper place on the ocean highways. There is no need to argue at length in advocacy of such legislation, for the facts are too palpable and present conditions are too humiliating to American pride for any honest difference of opinion regarding the necessities of the situation or the remedy. The congress whose sessions began Monday should not adjourn on March 4 next without having redeemed the pledge of the Republican National convention that American shipping would have the protection and encouragement to which it is entitled.—New York Mail and Express.