

LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

The girls went up to the Manor that day to lunch by special invitation. Helen was still away, but her mother loved to have Kitty there; and, Allick being at a safe distance, the General made much of them. It was he who proposed to while away the afternoon by showing the girls over the house. "You are not old enough for it to be painful to you, Kitty, and if we are to turn out in December it may be your last chance of seeing the old home. You know nothing is changed since your uncle's time. Mr. Lindon let it to me just as it stood, furniture and plate, even the family pictures included." Kitty was delighted at the proposal. "There's a picture of father taken when a boy I really want to see, and another of poor little Lillian as a baby. Mr. Lindon must be thankful she died, or he'd have gained very little by his marriage." They went to the picture gallery first. Kitty talked gaily, but Beryl was strangely silent. As she gazed on the portraits of dead-and-gone Dynevors the strangest feeling of having seen them all before came to her, and when she saw the picture of Lillian Dynevor, painted during her father's absence in Australia as a surprise for him, she had the oldest fancy that once, long ago, she, too, had sat on a low stool dressed in white, with a basket of primroses strewn on her lap. It must have been fancy, and yet— "We have seen everything now except the old nurseries," said Mrs. Craven. "I never would use them because the last child who had played in them died." "She fitted up new ones in the other wing, which weren't half so convenient or airy," said the General, with a smile. "So much for superstition." The old nurseries had a deserted air. They had not been used since Nina Lindon's second marriage, and the big cupboards were still full of childish toys. Kitty opened the door of one and took out a large wax doll. Beryl nearly seized on it with a cry of delight. It seemed to her she had known that flaxen-haired baby as long as she had known anything. "Poor little Lillian!" said Kitty gently. "To think that if she had lived she would have been twenty-two!" "It is a pretty name; but I wonder she was not called after her mother." "Aunt Nina's favorite flowers were lilies," explained Kitty; "but mother 'if you mean it and can stick to it, I will think over what I can do to help you. No, you needn't thank me; it's for your sister's sake, not yours. She's a girl one cannot but respect." They were nearing the Grange as he spoke. The moon was looming big on the horizon as it neared its setting, and a faint shadowy light rested on the horse and on the little town below, and the quiet gray sea beyond. The Doctor was walking his horse cautiously down the steep descent when he broke into a low, soft whistle. "By Jove! there's something wrong there! I'm certain there's a man about the place! Hold hard for a minute, will you?" And he handed the reins to Neville. "Let me come, too!" implored Neville. "No, wait out here; and, if I shout, leave the horse and come after me. It may have been a policeman marching round." Neville's ears strained to catch every sound; but there was nothing to be heard, for the Doctor was making his way noiselessly across the grass to the drawing room window, from which, sure enough, a man was cautiously descending with a bag in his hand. He did not either see or hear the Doctor, for his back was turned towards him, so he was unprepared for the sudden, cat-like spring that the Doctor made upon him. With an oath he dropped his bag and turned furiously upon his assailant. They were unequally matched, for Doctor Drake was of slight build and small in stature, whilst the man whom he tried to hold was broad and proportionately strong. The burglar's hand sought his pocket; but Doctor Drake was too quick for him. With one hand he kept a steady grip on the man's collar, with the other he sought and found the revolver that was concealed in his coat pocket, and threw it far away from him on the grass, and two rapid shots in quick succession showed that it had exploded. With a desperate effort he freed himself, hurled the Doctor to the ground with stunning force, and made for the gate; but the shots had brought Neville running to the rescue. The horse, finding himself abandoned and frightened by the quick shots, trotted off towards home; whilst Neville drew back to let the man pass, and sprang upon him with the determination of a bulldog not to relax his hold until others came to the rescue. His lithe arms clung tightly about the burglar's neck, and he was shouting at the top of his voice as he clung—"Help! help! murder!" The words reached the Doctor's ears as he rose to his feet, dazed but not disabled by his fall, and he gave an answering shout. "Hold on, Howard, I'm here!" But as he uttered the words there was a

thud and a fall and heavy groan, and up the hill the sound of footsteps running as if life depended on it. Neville lay a crumpled heap by the gate; and in the rapidly fading light the Doctor saw that the poor fellow was steeped in blood. "Give chase—he's done for me!" said Neville, with clenched teeth. "He's made off up the hill!" And scarcely knowing what he did, the Doctor did so. As a boy, he had been famous for his running, and his training stood him in good stead now. Even now he was conscious that he was gaining on the man whom he pursued. He could tell he was once the child was never called Lillian or Lily. She called herself 'Pet' as soon as she could talk, and 'Pet' she remained up to the time of their going abroad. "And how old was she then?" "Just three. There were nearly four years between her and her little half-sister." A servant approached with a perplexed face and addressed the General. "Mr. Lindon wishes to see you, sir." Kitty Dynevor's cheeks were crimson, her friend's face turned ashen pale. "I suppose I must see him," growled the General, "and I can't be rude to him under his own roof; but I wish, for all that he had stayed away." The General went downstairs to receive his unwelcome visitor. Kitty Dynevor, who had not the least desire to meet the man she regarded as her natural enemy, promptly declared she and Miss Lindon must go home, and in a few minutes they were walking swiftly down the avenue. But the butler had ushered Mr. Lindon into the library, which commanded a full view of the carriage drive. He was seated by the open door, and she was away from home. Mr. Lindon sat out his full twenty minutes; but his attention wandered strangely, and General Craven felt certain when he rose to go he was planning some fresh wrong to the Dynevors, for his face was full of a malignant triumph. "Kate," the old soldier told his wife later on, "I wish with all my heart now I had 5,000 pounds lying idle, and I'd lend it to Harold Dynevor with all the pleasure in life. Lindon's an evil man, if ever there was one, and I'd do something to keep Uplands from his clutches." Mrs. Craven smiled. Years younger than her husband, there was a good deal of romance left in her still. "Even though our boy has the good taste to admire a penniless lass with a long pedigree," I tell you this, James, I'd rather Allick married Kitty Dynevor without a silver sixpence than Eustace Lindon's heiress." window, and he distinctly saw the two girls pass. He broke off abruptly in the middle of a sentence to ask: "Are those your daughters, General?" He knew perfectly that the answer would be in the negative. "No," said General Craven shortly. "One is Miss Dynevor, the other a young lady engaged in a school near here. I have only one grown-up." Mr. Lindon went to work carefully. He knew the Wilmots were toadies enough to play into his hands and he promptly put a few cautious questions to his hostess. Who was the young lady staying at Uplands? Where was she governess? "She is a teacher in a school at Easthill-on-Sea kept by a friend of my own, Mrs. Tanner." "And what is her name?" Mrs. Wilmot hesitated. "To tell you the truth, her name is Lindon; but when Mrs. Tanner told me about her I pointed out it might not be pleasing to you that a namesake of yours should fill such a humble position, and the young person agreed to change the second letter of her name, and be Miss Lindon to the world at large." "It was very considerate of you," said the rich man coldly, "but you have done me an incalculable injury. My only child left her home on April 30, and though I have offered a reward for her recovery, and spent money lavishly on the search, I have never found a trace of her. The girl I saw in the distance today is my daughter, Beryl Lindon, and your protegee will have to dispense with her services, for of course I shall take her home with me." "Of course," echoed Mrs. Wilmot suavely. "And if Mrs. Tanner had only known the truth she would have communicated you with before." Mr. Lindon saw his advantage. "For reasons you will understand, I do not care to seek my daughter at Uplands. Perhaps, as her employer is a protegee of yours, you can write in her name requesting Miss Lindon to return to Woodlands at once. I will meet her there, and no doubt everything can be amicably arranged. Naturally I do not want my private concerns discussed all over Easthill, and you and your husband will find it to your advantage to assist me." Mrs. Wilmot was only too willing; but one difficulty lay in her way—how was she to word her letter? The imperious commands she would have laid on her sister's governess could hardly be addressed to Mr. Lindon's heiress. The master of the Manor saw her hesitation.

"You need not enter into particulars," he explained. "Just write that Mrs. Tanner Lindon, mind—returning to Woodlands tomorrow at 3 o'clock." He slept soundly that night, for it seemed to him that within twenty-four hours his rebellious would feel obliged by Miss Lindon—not daughter would be safely in his hands. He little guessed the thrilling events even then taking place at Uplands, or how, after many days, his sin had found him out. Very soon he would have to admit the truth of the poet's words: Though the mills of God grind slowly, Yet they grind exceeding small.

CHAPTER XI.

While the girls were at the Manor, and Harold was out on the farm, Mrs. Dynevor had a visitor. That was nothing remarkable, for the gentle mistress of the Uplands was popular both with rich and poor. The "country" visited her as frequently as if she had been a peevish, and her humbler neighbors liked to come and tell her their joys and sorrows, sure that if she could give little help in money her sympathy was never missing. But this particular visitor was utterly unexpected, seeing it was eight years since Mrs. Dynevor had seen her, and nearly seven since she had heard of her. "If you please, ma'am, Mrs. Ransom would like to see you. She says you may not remember her married name, but she was Miss Kitty's nurse long ago." "It must be Bridget Gordon," exclaimed Mrs. Dynevor, in surprise. "I heard she married very well; but what in the world can have brought her back to Easthill? Ask her in, please, Dorcas." The years had evidently passed prosperously to Mrs. Ransom. She looked as though life had gone easily with her. She was a pleasant, kind-faced woman of 40, handsomely though quietly dressed in black. She had always been a little above her position, and, as Kitty said, Mrs. Lindon had treated her more as an humble companion than a maid. Kitty did not know that Bridget had been forced to leave her aunt, sorely against her own and her mistress' wish, and that she had always disliked Eustace Lindon. "I am very glad to see you, Bridget," said Mrs. Dynevor. "Won't you take off your things and spend the afternoon with me? I should like you to see my Kitty; she is quite a woman grown." "I should like to see her," said Mrs. Ransom; "but, ma'am, I've really come to tell you a painful story, and I'd rather get it over before Miss Kitty's return. But first may I ask just this: In all the years since my lady died, have you ever seen Mr. Lindon or his daughter?" "Never once; but I understand that Mr. Lindon is now staying at Easthill for a few days." "Ah! Mrs. Ransom looked relieved. "It's strange, you may think, for me to come after all these years; but I felt, though I might not do any good, it would be wrong not to tell you. I can't prove my words, because there's a missing link or two in the chain; but I'm as sure as mortal can be that there was something wrong about Mrs. Lindon's will, and that her husband has no real claim to the Manor." Mrs. Dynevor started. She thought of the mortgage on Uplands, now held by Lindon, of her boy's troubled face and dark future. If any happy chance could discover a flaw in Eustace Lindon's title to the Manor it would be new life to her.

(To be continued.)

THE NATION'S EXPANSION.

I. H. Lionberger Discusses Cause and Effect on Territorial Growth.

The Central Branch of the Y. M. C. A. entertained a number of its members and friends last night at one of its series of popular talks, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The speaker of the evening was Mr. I. H. Lionberger, who presented the subject, "Expansion of the United States." He held that the history of the growth of nations demonstrated that the acquisitions were the result of "inevitable tendencies." This was particularly true of the growth of Germany and France, and especially so of England. The territory was acquired, not because of the behests of the wiser men of the times, but because of a seeming impulse of the people that compelled the population to occupy a new territory, and the nation felt it a duty to defend its people, wherever they might be. It had been so in the United States in the acquisition of the Louisiana Territory in 1803, Florida in 1819, Texas in 1845, California in 1848, and Alaska in 1867. In each instance the best interests of the time were opposed to annexation, and the arguments presented at the time were about the same as those that had been presented in the last few years. But in opposition to these views the vast expense of territory had been added. He held that nations expanded by accident, rather than by logical reasoning of the statesmen.

Ravages of Fruit Pests.

The attention of fruit growers in New Zealand is being seriously directed to the question of the eradication of fruit pests. But for the ravages of the codlin moth and kindred pests New Zealand has excellent facilities for doing a large export fruit trade. Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

State Capital Observations.

Expressions Emulative for the Good of Republican Supremacy.

Lincoln, Feb. 11.—And still there is no election of United States senators. Well, when a whole lot of fellows desire the plums and each has a following that is proving faithful even unto death what can one expect? But a great many people are coming to the conclusion that it is about time to stop playing horse and get down to real business. Local pride and personal ambition have had their innings, nearly everybody of any prominence has been given complimentary votes, and the result is an almost inextricable tangle. Public sentiment is fast crystallizing into a desire to have the republicans of the legislature cease trying to pat individuals on the back and do something for the state in the way of wise legislation. The leaders are anxious that the good name of the party be upheld, and a movement should begin to elect two republican United States senators "of unquestioned loyalty to the party." But the Lord only knows when the members will get down to real work and end the agony, and hence the fight goes merrily on. There is a great deal of curious comment going on, but how much of truth there is in the various statements no one but those who know can tell. Some peculiar developments are expected to come when the contest is ended. When the senate passed a resolution congratulating Thomas Kearns of Utah on his election as United States senator it did so because Mr. Kearns was a Nebraska man. Senator Campbell of Holt is one member of the body who knew Tom Kearns in his young days. "Kearns lived seven miles north of O'Neill," said Mr. Campbell. "I knew him when he was a young man. At that time he was living with his parents on a farm. He was an active young fellow, much devoted to athletics and sports of youth and not so much given to steady farming. In fact I do not believe he liked life on a farm. His brother was sheriff of the county and was killed by cowboys while trying to quell a disturbance. Young Kearns left home rather suddenly. It might be said that he ran away. He told his father he was going, but he did not wish his mother to know of his leaving and she was not informed. He went direct to the Black Hills where he worked for wages as a miner. From there he went to Park City, Utah, and worked there until he got possession of a mine of his own. His holdings in one mine are now valued at \$4,000,000 and his share in another is valued at \$2,000,000. He recently built a fine residence, but much of his investments are placed outside of Utah, a great deal of it being in property in Chicago. When Kearns left Nebraska he had less than twenty dollars in his pocket and all his wealth has been made by hard work and shrewd investments." It is said that Mr. Kearns was formerly a silver republican, having joined that political faith when it was at its height in the mining states. He walked out of the silver camp with Teller of Colorado and later attended the republican national convention as a delegate and has taken a prominent part in republican politics. His parents died after he left home, but his sister, Mrs. M. A. Testman, still lives at O'Neill. The legislative committees appointed to visit all the state institutions for the purpose of inspection visited the asylum for chronic insane at Hastings last week and were carefully escorted through the institution by Superintendent Kern and Steward Haverly. The investigating committee made a thorough examination of everything and expressed surprise at finding the institution in such excellent condition. They found that all wards were filled to the limit, and on learning of the annual increase of inmates in the asylum they all expressed themselves as the effect that it is absolutely necessary that a new wing be added to this institution at the earliest possible date. Several of the members said that the Hastings asylum was the cleanest, most orderly and best disciplined state institution they had ever visited. The investigating committee consisted of the members of the ways and means committee of the senate, the committee on public lands and buildings of the house and the committee on insane asylums of the house. Some people say that if members of the legislature were elected for two terms by the second term they would learn the ropes and accomplish more than under the present system. As it is the majority of the members spend almost the entire session finding out what they should have known at the start. It is true that second terms are generally more successful than first. They know when to start and how to keep the measures they are interested in moving. They do not waste time trying thirty things when they can handle but two. It is argued on the other hand, that two terms of the dangerous class would off-set the good of two terms of the type anxious to accomplish legislation for the benefit of the state. A man skilled in working through bills of the dangerous character is capable of doing as much injury as one skilled in doing good work. The donation of a sum of money by the First Nebraska regiment, the balance of the regimental fund remaining after the regiment returned from the campaign in the Philippines, has been acknowledged by Mrs. Stotsenburg, wife of the brave colonel who fell while leading the regiment. The amount was something over \$200. Mrs. Stotsenburg expressed her gratitude for the boys' gift and closed her letter with a hearty blessing for the brave comrades of her husband. Many an old taper who has never been in Cork has seen a great many drawings of it.

WILD RUMORS AFLOAT

Reports Go Round London That Chamberlain Is Reconsidering.

TALK OF THE RECALL OF MILNER

Round Table Conference with Liberal Leaders in Contemplation—The Stories Denied—The Mouthpiece of Colonial Secretary.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—Public attention has again turned to South Africa by the dispatch of reinforcements and the publication of Lord Roberts' mail dispatches. Rumors have been in circulation that Mr. Chamberlain has reconsidered his South African policy and was contemplating a round-table conference with Mr. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt, and the recall of Sir Alfred Milner. The Daily Mail says it is able to assert, on Mr. Chamberlain's authority, that the story is a fabrication and that the government retains the most absolute confidence in Sir Alfred Milner. "Mr. Chamberlain flatly denies," says the Mail, "that he has had any communication with any member of the opposition on the subject of the war." Lord Roberts' dispatches are not regarded as giving any further elucidation of the conduct of the war, but they are interesting, as proving that throughout the campaign he never had sufficient men, horses or supplies to cover such a vast field of operation. Lord Roberts asserts deliberately that the permanent tranquility of the republic "depends on the complete disarmament of the inhabitants, a task difficult, I admit, but attainable with time and patience." Looking at all the circumstances, Lord Roberts says the campaign is "unique in the annals of war" and he pays the highest tribute to the gallantry and worth of the troops, declaring that "no finer force ever took the field under the British flag." There is a general idea that the dispatches have suffered considerable excision at the hands of the war office. They do not throw any further light on the summary retirement of General Colville or any other matters regarding which the public is anxious to hear. The appearance of bubonic plague at Capetown seems likely to add to the difficulties of the situation. The authorities there have decided upon a wholesale extermination of rats. Should the disease spread it will necessitate changes in the military arrangements. Today Sir Alfred Milner makes another earnest appeal to employers to allow as many men as possible to enroll in the colonial mounted defense force. From Delagoa Bay it is reported that the British have occupied Ermelo and Carolina, which until recently were Boer depots. The Boers held up a Natal mail train near Vlakfontein. The few soldiers on board exhausted their cartridges and the Boers then robbed the passengers, afterward allowing the train to proceed.

OUTLINING THE KING'S SPEECH.

British Cabinet Council Holds Session to Frame the Document.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—The cabinet meeting today will presumably settle the terms of King Edward's speech at the opening of his first parliament, February 19, which may be expected to partially repeat his majesty's speech to the privy council on accession day, expressing thanks for the condolences and expressions of loyalty, referring to his deep sense of the responsibility of his new position and announcing his determination to work for the welfare of all classes.

Recommend Wyoming Men.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Senators Warren and Clark and Representative Mondell of Wyoming have recommended for appointment as officers in the regular army under the new reorganization act, all the Wyoming men now in the volunteer service. They are: Lieutenant L. L. Dietrick, Cheyenne; Lieutenant Charles H. Burritt, Buffalo; Captain George R. Shannon, Laramie; Captain Thomas Miller, Buffalo; Captain Loren Cheever, Sheridan; Captain Ira L. Fredenhall, Cheyenne. Of these officers, Dietrick, Burritt, Miller and Cheever are in the Philippines, Shannon is in Cuba, and Fredenhall in China.

Union Pacific's High Figure.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—A new high figure was scored by Union Pacific common today, when 129,400 shares sold up to 95, a rise of three and one-eighth. In addition to the buying by banking interests considerable stock was taken by traders on the notion that in some way the stockholders would receive valuable rights in connection with the Southern Pacific purchase. Halle & Stieglitz bought heavily all day.

Another Railroad Combine.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.—The Tribune tomorrow will say that according to reports received here today a new Milwaukee & St. Paul deal is being planned, with President J. J. Hill of the Great Northern left out. According to this story the Pennsylvania, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific are to be merged into one system.

ANOTHER HARRIMAN SYSTEM.

Missouri Pacific, "Katy," Rio Grande and Two Other Roads.

CHICAGO, Feb. 9.—The Tribune tomorrow will say: A scheme is under consideration whereby the Missouri Pacific, the two Rio Grande roads, the Colorado Southern, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the St. Louis & San Francisco are to be grouped in one system. The proposed plan would mean the formation of a Harriman southwestern railroad system.