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 [illegible] her, the [illegible] Her mother [illegible] from Beryl [illegible] had replaced [illegible]

Mr. Lindon [illegible] a [illegible] she was [illegible] sent to a boarding [illegible] Once a year he had [illegible] school and had a [illegible] view with his daughter [illegible] cipal's [illegible] ago he had [illegible] select [illegible] to his [illegible] square.

[illegible] gether father and child [illegible] in heart and feeling [illegible] nearer [illegible] perfectly that [illegible] preserved [illegible] der [illegible] He took no trouble to conceal the fact and his friends [illegible] of the [illegible] they thought [illegible] fascinating [illegible] "out." It pleased Mr. Lindon to regard [illegible]

[illegible]

The housekeeper [illegible] Beryl. She was [illegible] the girl could [illegible]

"You see, Miss Beryl [illegible] not an old man [illegible] natural he should [illegible] Perhaps his new wife will make things pleasanter for you. You've had [illegible] dull time of it since you left [illegible]"

"I shouldn't mind his marrying," said Beryl frankly. "In fact, I [illegible] 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 come 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 tomorrow 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, however my heart will break. I can never remember his kissing me or [illegible] fond of me, even as a little thing."

[illegible]

"[illegible] I know Miss Bess [illegible] 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 [illegible] They were both orphans, and brought up in the same school—a kind of charitable institution."

Mrs. Markham fell 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 think 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 [illegible] her own home, but if you leave him he can refuse to [illegible]"

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 Easthill; 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 [illegible] as long as I live, Mrs. Markham. Without you I could never have managed to escape from [illegible] square, and I [illegible] have [illegible] would have [illegible]"

The [illegible] gave a [illegible] and the train was off.

Mrs. Markham did not turn away [illegible]

[illegible]

(To be continued.)

THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hour employs;
No noisy neighbors enter here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,—
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
[illegible] to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
[illegible] this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

—Nathaniel Cotton.

INVALUABLE GRASS.

A Chinese Product Which Produces Vegetable Oyals.

[illegible]

"TELEPHONE EAR."

Operators Say Answering Calls Does Not Affect the Hearing.

Chicago girls who listen in the click in the telephone receiver for eight hours every day, six days in the week, do not share the idea that their New York sisters have a deafness [illegible] "telephone ear" [illegible] News [illegible] "a telephone ear" [illegible] New York [illegible] years [illegible] phone [illegible] become [illegible] there are a great number of girls in this office [illegible] at a board myself for several years, and I never heard a girl complain that the sound of the phone affected her hearing. [illegible] the mind [illegible] of the click on an operator's hearing," A. S. Hibbard, the general manager of the company said.

"I do not care to say that the New York people are wrong in their contentions that they have had cases of deafness due to the sound made in connecting and disconnecting the telephones, but it sounds improbable to me.

"We have had the signal system in Chicago for about five years. Almost every phone in Chicago works the main board without [illegible] crank, and [illegible] a complaint."

Cat That Never Tasted Meat.

A [illegible] exclusively vegetable diet by a family of vegetarians. The result is that it is not to animal food and it pays no attention to rats or mice.

It is mockery to pray that your children may be gathered home in eternity while you do nothing to keep them at home in time.

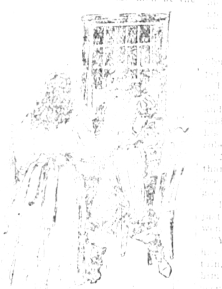
The King's Prisoner.

BY JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

(Copyright, [illegible] Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was a cold December day, 1745, in the reign of his gracious majesty, George II. Yorkshire is bleak in winter and I remember well how bitterly the wind howled about Moor House that day of days. I sat idle at a window in my own particular wing of the old manor. My gaze was out on the [illegible]

[illegible]



"Lady Bess, why have you done this thing?"

manor for the night. Now my father was Hanoverian to the backbone; so I knew that the captain's request would be granted as a matter of course. And so it proved; for when I went down to dinner my lord presented to me Captain Huntly. And Captain Huntly, quite the town dandy and man of fashion, made his best leg and quite gallantly expressed his happiness over the honor of being presented to so famous a beauty as Lady Bess Heriot.

After dinner, finding the captain dull, I left the two men to their cards and had the sergeant of the troopers sent in to me. The poor man was quite overcome by the magnificence of my presence, and scarce managed to make intelligent answers to my questions about the prisoner. He was young, he said; scarce more than a boy, yet he was a most dangerous plotter and exceedingly skilled in the use of the sword. 'Twas certain that he had stood high in the councils of the Pretender; indeed, so valuable were the secrets he held that the King was determined to have them at any cost.

"A dangerous rebel," said I. "Then he is for a long imprisonment in the Tower."

"No, your Leddyship," replied he. "He will be but questioned at the Tower, then he goes to Tyburn Tree."

"What," cried I, "they will hang him?"

"Aye," he answered, grimly. "He is a most contumacious varlet. He has been offered pardon, if he would betray his friends and he has chosen death."

"And what's his name, sergeant?" said I.

"Walter Lennox is the name he's known by, your Leddyship, but 'tis said there is some mystery about him."

Heavens! I knew the man. Thrice had I met him in London, a dandy among dandies, masquerading under a cloak of fashion and frivolity. Yet I had suspected the masquerade. He was the one I had guessed might be a man.

My heart swelled within me for the pity of it, but I kept my face under the eyes of the keen old sergeant and agreed with him that so hardened a wretch would be well punished. And finally I announced that I would see the desperate villain. The sergeant, nothing loth to exhibit his prisoner, and flattered by my interest, made ready a lantern and with Mistress Molly, I followed him to the coach room where a sentry stood watchful at the door, his bayonet gleaming. They threw open the door and thrust in the lantern.

The prisoner lay in some straw, his hands and feet bound with rope. At our coming he sat up and blinked for a moment at the lantern's light. Then he lifted up his chin and looked at me. There was quick recognition in his eyes, instantly veiled; then followed a full, direct gaze. Ah, the power of that look! Something like a flame seemed to leap into my breast and for once it was Bess Heriot's eye that quailed and dropped. My knees went weak, but I kept my countenance.

"Lord, sergeant," cried I in my most affected London drawl, "what an arrant rebel it is! Sure the rogue is dangerous. Take me away."

At 2 of the clock in the morning I led him into the kitchen where a bright fire was burning on the hearth and food and wine stood on the dresser. And coming into the light we stopped to look. [illegible] he was, and all disheveled, half starved and trembling with the cold, but brave and [illegible] Gone was the masque of the dandy, but he was handsome as he never was in coat and wig and powder. And I bore his scrutiny [illegible] in a kitchen maid's gown [illegible]

[illegible]

free your hands [illegible] go back to his [illegible] [illegible] went [illegible] soberly.

"Your worship hath [illegible] has given [illegible] to the cause [illegible] him and [illegible] I cannot accept [illegible] to my friends." With that he made a guard [illegible] and stood waiting my answer.

"Alas!" I knew he spoke the truth, but I burst out on him with a torrent of reproaches and asseverations that the Heriots had naught to fear from such a cause. Methinks I must have made too light of it, for he drew off cold and distant. But he answered:

"Madame, I would I could accept your estimate of my value as a prisoner, but I know what I know and 'tis trouble for you all—sore trouble."

"But, lad," I cried, "'tis Tyburn Tree else."

"I know," said he gravely. But there was no sign of flinching in him.

And then I forgot all my fine airs and begged him not to throw his young life away; aye, I pleaded with him with tears.

"Lady Bess, why have you done this thing?" he asked me finally, holding me with his eye.

And I could not say a word, nor could I take my eyes away, and in turn he said nothing, but gazed at me steadfastly a long time.

"I cannot die on Tyburn Tree now," he said finally. "I will to France and there send word. If you find the price too heavy, send word in time and I will return. And anyway, I will return some day."

With that the audacious young rebel, still in the shadow of death, threw off his soberness and laughing like a boy for sheer joy of being, sat on the floor my kitchen maid's cloak and heedless of the smut took me in his arms and covered my face and lips with kisses. For a minute I fought him; then all my anger and pride oozed out of me and I gave him back kiss for kiss. Then he loosed me and without a word strode out into the night.

Belongs to Husband's Family.

From the time of her betrothal a Chinese girl belongs to the family of her prospective husband, and often when her own family is poor or feels unable to afford keeping her until she reaches a marriageable age, she is sent even while a mere child to her husband's family to be raised by them. Even when she stays at home she worships not the tablets of her own ancestors, but those of her husband's.

SISTERS OF GOOD SHEPHERD

Use Pe-ru-na for Coughs, Colds, Grippe and Catarrh—A Congressman's Letter.

IN every country of the civilized world the Sisters of the Good Shepherd are known. Not only do they minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of the charges committed to their care, but they also minister to their bodily needs.

With so many children to take care of and to protect from climate and disease these wise and prudent Sisters have found Peruna a never-failing safeguard.

Columbus, O., July 10, 1900.

The Peruna Medicine Co., City:

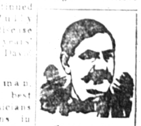
Gentlemen: "A number of years ago our attention was called to Dr. Hartman's Peruna, and since then we have used it with wonderful results for grip, coughs, colds, and catarrhal diseases of the head and stomach.

"For grip and winter catarrh especially it has been of great service to the inmates of this institution."—Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

The following letter is from Congressman Meekison, of Napoleon, Ohio:

The Peruna Medicine Co., City:

Gentlemen: I have used several bottles of Peruna and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head, and feel encouraged to believe that its continued use will fully eradicate a disease of thirty years' standing.—David Meekison.



Congressman Meekison.

Dr. Hartman, one of the best known physicians and surgeons in the United States, was the first man to formulate Peruna. It was through his genius and perseverance that it was introduced to the medical profession of this country. Send to the Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, for a free book written by Dr. Hartman.

You are probably a fool in the estimation of the men you consider a crank.

Don't Get Footsore! Get FOOT-EASE.

A certain cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. Cures Frost-bites and Chilblains. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

[illegible]

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Japan has passed a bill to prohibit boys under 20 years of age smoking.

[illegible]

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

[illegible]

[illegible]

For Blood and Nerves.

Take Kemp's Red Pills for Wan People. [illegible] druggists.

[illegible]

Thirty minutes is all time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

[illegible]

A vigorous [illegible] the hair [illegible] Hisbane [illegible]

[illegible]

Some [illegible] Yucatan [illegible] thing.

[illegible] love for strawberries.

[illegible] plain all about [illegible] extremely interesting [illegible]

It's a poor picture that attracts less attention than the frame.

"All the sweetness of Living Blossoms," the matchless perfume, Murray & Lanman's Florida Water.

"Clara, you know I'm right."

"Of course, Clarence, that's what makes me so mad."

LOSS OF MEMORY

is often derived from an unlooked for source—the Kidneys. Odorous urine or that which scalds or stains is an infallible proof that you are progressing towards Bright's Disease or one of the other forms of Kidney Trouble all of which are fatal if permitted to grow worse.

$50 reward will be paid for a case of [illegible] sleeplessness, [illegible] loss of vitality, [illegible] bladder [illegible] disorders, that cannot be cured by

MORROW'S

KID-NE-OIDS

The great [illegible] for shattered nerves and [illegible] blood.

MICHIGAN

people cured by Kid-ne-oids. In writing them please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

[illegible] Saginaw.
[illegible] Saginaw.
[illegible] Port Huron.
[illegible] Port Huron.
[illegible] East Detroit.
[illegible] Detroit.
[illegible] Detroit.
[illegible] Grand Rapids.

Morrow's Kid-ne-oids are not pills, but Yellow Tablets and sell at fifty cents a box at drug stores.

JOHN MORROW & CO., CHEMISTS, Springfield, O.

Dr. Bull's
COUGH SYRUP

Cures a Cough or Cold at once.

Conquers Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Grippe and Consumption. Quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. 50 pills 10c.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S
BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

"THE CHICAGO and FLORIDA SPECIAL"

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAIN

From CHICAGO

To ST. AUGUSTINE

EVERY

WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

VIA

"BIG FOUR"

ROUTE.

Entire train runs through solid from Chicago to St. Augustine. Absolutely no change of cars for either passengers or baggage. *First train Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1901.*

THROUGH DINING CARS.
THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPERS.
THROUGH OBSERVATION CARS.
THROUGH BAGGAGE CARS.

Leaves Central Station, 12th St. & Park Row, Chicago,

12.00 Noon,

ARRIVE ST. AUGUSTINE 8.30 NEXT P. M.

For particulars call on your local agent, or address

J. C. TUCKER,
General Northern Agent
Big Four Route, Chicago.

W. N. U.--DETROIT--NO. 1--1901.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.