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, Alick 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 [illegible]

"There's a picture of father taken when a boy [illegible] and another of poor little Lillian as a baby. Mr. Lindon [illegible]

[illegible]

They [illegible] first [illegible] on the [illegible] Dynevor [illegible] father's absence in Australia [illegible]

[illegible]

"We have seen everything now except the [illegible] Mrs. Craven [illegible] in them [illegible]"

She led the way [illegible] wing, which wasn't half so convenient [illegible] 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 children's 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's a pretty name, but I wonder she was not called after her mother."

"Aunt Nina's favorite flowers were lilies," explained Kitty, "but mother told me once the child was never called Lillian or Lilly. 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 be going 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 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 daughter, and she is 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 Alick married Kitty Dynevor without a silver sixpence than Eustace Lindon's heiress."

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 an humble position, and the young person agreed to change the second letter of her name, and be Miss Lendon 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 gravely. "And if Mrs. Tanner had only known the truth she would have [illegible]"

Mr. Lindon saw his advantage.

"For reasons you will understand, I do not care to see my daughter at Uplands. Perhaps as her employer is a [illegible]

[illegible]

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 "county" visited her as frequently as if she had been a peeress, 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 [illegible] 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.)

Lord Bacon Was a Wonder.

Ignatius Donnelly left an earnest and ingenious disciple of the "Baconian theory" in the person of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, an English member of parliament. Sir Edwin has studied the theory propounded by Donnelly until he has become convinced that Bacon wrote not only the plays of Shakespeare, but those of Kit Marlow, Edmund Spenser and Montaigne, and for full measure he throws in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." In the house in Carlton House terrace once occupied by Gladstone, Sir Edwin has $25,000 worth of original editions of famous books published in the latter part of the sixteenth century and the first part of the seventeenth. He also has a great collection of books and manuscripts containing references to the Baconian theory. Sir Edwin will reel off numberless instances of coincidences based upon the cipher cryptogram and is given especially to seeing hidden meanings in Shakespearean names, as, for instance, "Prospero," which he reads "pro-shaks-pero."

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"You must not give me false hopes, Bridget," she said gravely. "You know at the time of Mrs. Lindon's death you, among others, never doubted the legality of the will."

"I can't express myself well, ma'am," said Bridget Ransom, "but if I tell my story my own way perhaps you'll understand. When you and Mr. Dynevor [illegible]

[illegible]

"A year or two after I left, [illegible] I met Julia [illegible] in service then, but she appeared to have plenty of money, and she told me Mr. Lindon allowed her 50 pounds a year for the sake of all she had done for the child.

"I thought it was the most generous thing I'd ever heard of in my life. [illegible] didn't come all this way to tell you of this. I'm a widow now, and I've a nice little lodging house at Brighton. I took a partner lately, and she turned out to have been housekeeper to Mr. Lindon for ten years; and, Mrs. Dynevor, she says the woman he has married is the Julia who was fellow servant with me in France."

Mrs. Dynevor looked bewildered.

"Now, with all his faults, he was a gentleman," went on Mrs. Ransom, "and Julia Marsden was a common uneducated woman, who could never be companion to him. Mrs. Markham, my partner, told me she had actually been in his house as attendant to his daughter, [illegible]

[illegible]

At that moment Harold Dynevor came in. He would have gone [illegible] but she detained him, and in a few words gave him the heads of Mrs. Ransom's story.

"I can't see how the will could be a fraud," he answered, "and yet everything points to it. Lindon dismissed the attendant who was true to his wife, and keeping the one who could be bribed points to fraud; but much as I don't see what we are to do."

Neither did Mrs. Dynevor, but their visitor now proceeded to relate the best part of her story.

"Mrs. Markham told me a good deal of her young lady, Beryl Lindon, and I'm ready to swear she is not the child I left in Julia's care when I was sent away. There must be plenty of people left in the French village who remember little Beryl. She was so puny and backward for a long time the doctor feared she was an idiot. She had light hair, almost white and perfectly straight, and big, watery blue eyes, the sort of eyes you see oftenest in idiots. At three years old she could hardly walk. No one but her father could see anything to admire in her."

"According to Mrs. Markham, Beryl Lindon has very dark eyes, blue grey, and almost black lashes, and curly brown hair. I can't think even fifteen years would make such a change."

Mrs. Dynevor looked from her son to Mrs. Ransom.

"I am sure you both see something [illegible] some explanation, but I cannot."

"Mother," said Harold hoarsely, "forgive me. I have kept a secret from you. The girl you know as Beryl Lendon is really Aunt Nina's daughter. She came to Easthill to escape from her father and his second wife. An accident gave me the key to her secret. She wanted never to come here again because she was our enemy's daughter, but I told her we would be content to think of her only as her mother's child."

"She is Nina's image," breathed Mrs. Dynevor, "but even then—"

"I have no proof," said Harold, "any more than Mrs. Ransom, but I believe we both think the same, and to me it is a strong conviction. I believe that when he saw his own child's state was hopeless Lindon conceived a desperate scheme. He would send away the only person likely to betray him, he would bribe the nurse into silence; his wife was so ill a few months would end her life, and she would never know his deception. As soon as Bridget left we know he removed his family to another part of France. Within a month we heard of Lillian's death, but I believe the child buried as Uncle Frank's daughter was really Beryl Lindon."

"You mean he changed the children?"

Harold nodded.

"But it would be impossible! How could he pass off a child of seven for a baby of three?"

[illegible]

"Mother," said Harold, "here comes [illegible] You won't let Beryl think [illegible]"

Beryl and Kitty looked from one to the other of the little group, bewildered. It was Mrs. Dynevor who [illegible] to Beryl.

"My dear," she said gently, "Mrs. Ransom [illegible]

[illegible]

The girl who had so long thought herself Beryl Lindon burst into tears.

"Then it was [illegible] that I had played in the deserted nursery at the Manor, that I had had a frock like the one in the picture, and 'Pet' was my own name after all!"

Mrs. Ransom accepted the hospitality of Uplands for the night, and [illegible]

[illegible]

"Miss Lendon?" she asked anxiously.

"No," said Mr. Proctor, [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Lindon had waited a few minutes when the bell at Woodland [illegible] Another moment and he was confronted by the man he most feared and disliked and the woman he recognized as his wife's devoted attendant.

"So you are Mrs. Tanner," and the note asking her governess to return [illegible] said Mr. Proctor.

"Sir," said Lindon haughtily, "I deny your right to interfere in my domestic concerns. I have come to Easthill to find my daughter, and remove her from the society of my enemies."

Then Mr. Proctor spoke. He was [illegible] of Harold's suspicions [illegible] felt justified in assuming the facts.

"Your daughter is not in England, Mr. Lindon," he said sternly. "We have [illegible] discovered your fraud. She is buried at St. [illegible] in Brittany, [illegible] of the name of her half sister. Lillian Dynevor is still alive and the lawful owner of all you have [illegible] As she came of age last December you cannot even claim the role of her guardian."

"It is false!" cried the wretched man.

"You married Julia Marsden to make her hold her tongue," struck in Mrs. Ransom. "But you forgot me, Mr. Lindon. Ah! overruling Providence threw your late housekeeper in my way, and when we had exchanged our opinions about you we knew pretty well the truth of the matter."

"I defy you to prove it!"

Harold Dynevor interposed.

"As Lillian's next-of-kin, I am here with power to act for her. Mr. Lindon, you can make your choice: Sign a full confession of your fraud, disgorge your ill-gotten gains and leave England, when you will receive an annuity of 500 pounds a year, or defy us. You may hold your own for two or three months, until we find the doctor who attended your child; but you will then be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law, and the result will probably be penal servitude for life."

Like all bullies, Eustace Lindon was a coward. Mr. Proctor's plan [illegible]

[illegible]

(To be Continued.)

DECIMAL SYSTEM.

A Writer Gives Good Advice to Commercial England.

[illegible]

CHANGE OLD NAMES.

Many Foreigners Begin Life Here Under New Aliases.

The clerk of the city court made public the names of seventy persons who changed their names in legal form in the year 1900, says the New York Evening Post. Most of the original names are of palpably foreign extraction. As a rule all reasonable requests for change of name are granted. They are then filed away, the petition giving the avowed reasons for change and the judgment passed upon it by the court. A glance at the records and the various name changes gives rise to considerable speculation as to the real cause of dissatisfaction. Why, one wonders, should a name of such aristocratic twang as Waldemar Ruthvar be cast aside in prefence to the hackneyed title of Henry Smith? On the next page of the records is the reverse of the question of high-sounding names, where one finds the somewhat plebeian cognomen of Gumbinsky changed to Von [illegible] What evidence of nationality remains in the name of Jay, unless it is discovered to be a corruption of Jablowsky? [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] changes, no doubt, as Chmelnik to Lehan, [illegible] to Reghelli, Yazubjian to Yazak, and Rochowitz to Rockmore. By far the larger part of the list of changed names belonging to those ending in ski or sky. The terminal here is generally dropped, leaving the parent stem. The dropping of this ending results often in names that [illegible] nationality of the changers. Kempinski becomes plain Kempin. Jampelsky is reduced to the Dickens-like name of Jumple.

AS TO UTILIZING BAD EGGS.

Available for Tanning So Long as They Are Not Black.

Waste eggs—that is, heated or spotted eggs—unless they are absolutely black, are utilized for the preparation of a tanning solution known as salted egg yolk. This is used largely by tanners of America and Europe in preparing fine kid skins. The eggs are first broken in a churn, in which they are rapidly revolved for about twenty minutes. The albumen rises to the top in the form of foam and is skimmed off, leaving the yolks. Next 30 per cent by weight of salt and 1 per cent of powdered boracic acid is added, and the churning continued, the skimming being again repeated. This compound is then stored in barrels. Crystallized eggs are made from the broken eggs and surplus stock, says the Egg Reporter. These are largely used on shipboard, but increasingly of late by bakers as well. Good eggs are broken and churned, thoroughly mixing whites and yolks. The liquid is then dropped on slowly revolving stone cylinders, through which arms of the same material extend. Over these cylinders is passed a strong current of warm dry air, evaporating the moisture from the eggs. After being thus dried the egg is scraped off by means of a stone scraper. The resulting powder is known as crystallized eggs. When hermetically sealed they may be kept indefinitely. For use they are merely moistened with water and beaten up to the natural consistency of their original state.

The Emperor's Portrait.

When Mr. Charles Denby was minister to China a publisher wrote to him asking him to procure a photograph of the emperor of China. His reply, printed in a New York exchange, shows that the pictures published as likenesses of the emperor cannot be trusted. Mr. Denby wrote as follows: It would afford me great pleasure to send you a photograph of the emperor if one could be procured. After making inquiries I find that his photograph or portrait of any kind has never been taken. The Son of Heaven is not visible to any eye except when foreign ministers are received in audience. On such occasions all cameras or sketch books are absolutely forbidden. When the emperor goes out in his sedan chair all the cross streets are barricaded with mats, and every door and window by which he passes is closed. Should any one be caught spying, death follows immediately.

Remains of Oriental Edifice.

While making some excavations at St. Martin's church, at Vevey, Switzerland, recently, another edifice was discovered a few feet beneath the floor of the building. It has the appearance of a church, but the style of the architecture is quite foreign to Europe, being rather oriental in general character, somewhat similar to that of Taj Mahal, Agra, India. The structure is to be carefully unearthed, when efforts will be made to determine its true historic age. Experts are of the opinion that it is one of the earliest buildings in which stone was used.

Overlooked the Gold.

An old resident in the eastern Transvaal has told his friends in Kensington how he passed through the enemy's country with $1,000 in gold, which the Boers never succeeding in detecting. After spending some months on his mine, cut off from the world, he determined to say good-bye to the Boers. So he beat $1,000 worth of gold into clasps and clamps and nailed them onto his box. He daubed the whole with thick paint and set out on his journey. Although his box was frequently searched the Boer officials never suspected the metal clasps, and the adventurer at length landed with his treasure on safe ground.

Confederate Reunion.

The reunion of Confederate veterans which meets in Memphis in the closing days of May promises to be the most successful gathering in the history of the Confederate organization. The railroads entering Memphis are alive to the situation and have promised to do everything possible looking toward the comfort and pleasure of the old soldiers and their friends. Every courtesy will be extended the local committees in meeting incoming trains so that the thousands of strangers may be taken in hand and assigned to their quarters. A special rate of one cent a mile has been recommended by the general passenger agents of all lines interested and it is certain that the joint passenger association will authorize the rate.

Fifty thousand dollars will be raised by the citizens of Memphis so that all visitors may be assured of a good time. All of the subscriptions so far have been voluntary and one of the most notable was that of Robert R. Church, a representative negro citizen, who contributed a check for $1,000. Church was born a slave in Mississippi, and after the war removed to Memphis, where he has since lived. He is a good business man and citizen and numbers among his friends many of the representative business men and financiers of the city.

The Great Herb Cure.

The uses of Garfield Tea are manifold; it regulates the digestive organs, cures constipation, purifies the blood, brings good health.

Lipton to Build Sailors' Home.

Sir Thomas Lipton, with that forethought which when transmitted into coin has made knighthood a possibility, is about to build a sailors' home and hotel for the accommodation of officers of the fleet at Waterfall. The merchant prince already furnishes the vessels stationed there with supplies to the value of over £200 ($973) per week.

Sufferers from sick headaches are not users of Garfield Tea, for this HERB TEA is a positive cure for sick headaches, constipation and liver disorders.

No one bothers to prune pumpkin vines.

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people are killed every year in this country by CONSUMPTION. The fault is theirs. No one need have consumption. It is not hereditary. It is brought on by neglect. You have a slight cold and cough. You do nothing to get rid of it.

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