LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

CHAPTER XII.

It was springtime at Easthill-on-Sea, and things were settling down again. Mrs. Dynevor, with her son and daughter, still lived at the Uplands, but with no fear now of the mortgage foreclosing. It was generally believed—and specially so by Harold—that the interest was paid to the young mistress of the Manor, really it went into the local bank account of "Kitty Dynevor," for Lillian knew that A[illegible] Craven's wooing would soon end s[illegible] and wanted Kitty to have a nice little sum in hand for her trous[illegible].

[illegible] was a school no longer. Mrs. [illegible] at the Manor as chap[illegible] Miss Dynevor, and Lillian, [illegible] in all things, had insisted on purchasing an annuity of two hundred a year for her friend, so that, as she [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] need not open a school again.

Mrs. Dynevor and Kitty were often at the Manor and loved Lillian even better than they had loved Miss Leudon, but Harold never went there, and when he met his cousin at Uplands treated her with a cold reserve that almost broke her heart.

"Your brother was kinder to me when I was a poor little governess," she [illegible] Kitty. "And that damsel, then [illegible] of her wedding, [illegible] his manner [illegible]

[illegible]

rare and wonderful one, though astronomers have often expected such an occurrence. Unfortunately, something always seemed to interfere."

"May the interference continue," I said, laughing. "I don't believe this old world will be smashed up yet awhile."

"I did not say it would be smashed," returned the professor with some dignity. "The most advanced theorists agree in saying that the comet itself is now only in a gaseous form, and that [illegible]"

"Hallowell," I interrupted, "go and make the coffee. We can discuss gaseous comets when we eat."

Three days passed and the black was no better. As miseries never come single, his mate, a pretty mare, having the undue curiosity of her sex, experimented with a tempting weed and was in a very serious condition when I found her. I dosed her with several remedies, getting little help from the professor. He was so busy watching a cloud that lay along the horizon that I was tempted to smash his telescope in order to bring him down to mundane affairs. Having done what I could for the poor mare I came back to the wagon.

"I don't believe she'll pull through," I said savagely.

The professor opened one eye up a little higher.

[illegible]

"It is not fading," said the professor, brusquely. "It seems much fainter because you are so near it and because of the action of the sun on it. Do as I tell you—there's no time to lose."

When he was satisfied he made us scramble into the wagon and we sat there, waiting for—what? Three apparently sane men in a horseless wagon, waiting for a sky motor which momentarily grew fainter! When ten minutes passed by outraged dignity asserted itself.

"I won't be made a fool of," I said, angrily, and started to leave the wagon.

Hallowell pushed me back on my seat. Then I became aware of a sickening odor, a fresh breeze on my back—a pale mist around us shot with brilliant hues and lo! we were running over the plain at a rate that threatened to wreck the wagon—our sails swelled out like two great wings.

My hair was rapidly assuming a vertical position, but the two faces near me showed utter unconsciousness of danger. That of the stranger was burning with joy and reverent thankfulness. To him it was a God-sent miracle for a good man's rescue. The professor was radiant over this new factor in his knowledge and he muttered his observations aloud. Neither seemed disturbed by the fact that from the speed and the smell breathing was no easy matter. As to me, my one hope was that I might touch old earth again safely.

On, on we flew. Again and again I expected an immediate smashup, but our wagon was of fine and strong make, the plain was level, and we bade fair to reach the town shortly. In less than two hours we were not three miles from Fremont!

Then a terrible idea flashed on me which I had been too hurried to think of before. We should pass the town! [illegible]

[illegible]

Lesson In Astronomy

It w[illegible] across [illegible] plains. We were [illegible] seventy [illegible] expected to make it [illegible] on rising I was disgusted to find that one of the horses we had only two was dead lame. He had cast a shoe in the night. I was rubbing the strained tendons when the professor came and stood beside me.

"How long before he will be ready for work again?"

"I don't know," I said crossly. "Hand me that oil."

"What is a near estimate?" he inquired, with a touch of mild irritation. "Surely in these days of scientific exactitude so slight a matter as the length of a horse's lameness may be computed with reasonable accuracy."

"I just wish you'd try it, then," I said, sulkily. "He may be ready tomorrow—we may have to wait two weeks—unless you want to ride the mare in. I don't mind walking."

"And leave my specimens to the mercy of any Yahoo that happens along? My dear Curtis, I could not think of it! Since there's only you and I we can make ourselves very comfortable. But I do hope the creature will be all right in a short time. I am anxious to be in Fremont to study the collision of the comet with my colleague there."

"Collision of the comet!" I repeated, straightening up. "There's nothing so tiresome as rubbing a sprain."

"Certainly! That brilliant comet to which I have called your attention for several nights, will surely collide with the earth, in a few days at farthest. The phenomenon will prove a

[illegible]

"France [illegible] scientist," I [illegible]

[illegible]

The man [illegible]. We both stared at [illegible]

[illegible]

"Surely, surely!" I gasped. "You don't think that you can make that cloud of gas help us? Why, it's fading away!"

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

On Christian Heroism—The Great Reward That Comes to the Faithful Soldier of the Cross—Heroes and Martyrs of Everyday Life.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch.)

Washington, Feb. 24.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage praises Christian heroism and tells of great rewards. The text is Galatians vi., 17, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

We hear much about crowns, thrones, victories, but I now tell the more quiet story of scars, honorable and dishonorable. There are in all parts of the world people bearing dishonorable scars. They went into the battle of sin and were worsted and to their dying day they will have a scarification of body or mind or soul. It cannot be hidden. There are tens of thousands of men and women now consecrated to God and living holy lives who were once corrupt, but they have been regenerated and they are no more what they once were than rubescence is emaciation, than balm is vitriol, than noonday is midnight. But in their depleted physical health or mental twist or style of temptation they are ever and anon reminded of the obnoxious past. They have a memory that is deplorable. In some twinge of pain or some tendency to surrender to the wrong which they must perpetually resist they have an unwholesome reminiscence. They carry scars, deep scars, [illegible]

But [illegible] the text [illegible] a seal [illegible] a badge of honorable [illegible] service. He had in [illegible]

[illegible]

Not Ashamed of Scars.

Men [illegible] battle for their country. No American is embarrassed when you ask him, "Where did you get that scar on your forehead?" and he [illegible] "That was [illegible] at San Juan." When you ask some German, "Where did you lose your right arm?" he is not ashamed to say, "I lost it at Sedan." When you ask an Italian, "Where did you lose your eye?" he is not annoyed when he can answer, "I suffered that in the last battle under our glorious General Garibaldi." [illegible] remind you of the fact that there are scars not at all [illegible] illustrious. We [illegible] years ago an eminent [illegible] was called [illegible] not at attorney general. [illegible] he was in a Philadelphia court [illegible] engaged in an important [illegible] attorney on the opposite side [illegible] got irritated and angry and [illegible] brutal manner referred to the disfigured attorney's deformed [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Bearing a Cross.

[illegible]

[illegible] Here and there is a short grave in her pathway, this headstone bearing the name of this child and another headstone bearing the name of another child. Hardly one bereavement lifts its shadow than another bereavement drops one. After thirty years of wifehood and motherhood the paths turns toward the setting sun. She cannot walk so far as she used to. Colds caught hang on longer than formerly. Some of the children are in the heavenly world, for which they were well prepared through maternal fidelity, and others are out in this world doing honor to a Christian ancestry. * * *

Martyrs All Around Us.

People think they must go to the martyrs on battlefields or go through history to find burnings at the stake and tortures on racks when there are martyrs all about us. At this time in this capital city there are scores of men wearing themselves out in the public service. In [illegible] will not have a healthy [illegible] In committee rooms, in legislations that involve the welfare of the nation, under the weight of great responsibilities, their vitality is being subtracted. In almost every village of the country you find some broken down state or national official. After exhausting himself in the public service, rough American politics kicks him out of congress or cabinet or legislative hall, and he goes into comparative obscurity and comparative want, for he has been long enough away from home to lose his professional opportunities. No man that was ever put to death by sword or instrument of torture was more of a martyr than that man who has been wrung to death by the demands of official position. The scars may not be visible, for these are scars on the brain and scars on the nerves and scars on the heart, but nevertheless are they scars, and God counts them, and their reward will be abundant.

The Unseen Scars.

In all lands there are veterans of war who may not have had their face scraped with one bullet or their foot lamed by one bursting shell and who could not roll up their sleeve and show you one mark suggestive of battle, yet carry with them weaknesses got in exposures to disease along malarial swamps or from many miles of marching, and ever and anon they feel a twinge of pain, each recurrence of which is sharper or more lasting, until after awhile they will be captured for the tomb by disorders which started 20 or 30 or 40 years before. And their scars are all unseen by human eyes. But those people are as certainly the victims of war as though they had been blown up in an undermined fort or thrust through with a cavalryman's lance. What I want to make out is that there are scars which are never counted except as God counts them, and I want to enlarge your sympathies.

There is a woman who has suffered domestic injustice of which [illegible] cognizance. She says nothing. [illegible] An [illegible] she has done her full [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Marks of Christian Service.

[illegible] I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." [illegible]

[illegible]

Army of Christian Soldiers.

All ye who bear in your body the marks of the Lord Jesus, have you thought what use those marks will be in the heavenly world? What sources of glorious reminiscence? In that world you will sit together and talk over earthly experiences. "Where did you get that scar?" saint will say to saint, and there will come back a story of hardship and struggle and persecution and wounds and victory through the grace of the gospel. Another spirit will say to listening spirit: "Where did you get that hurt so plainly marked?" And the answer will be: "Oh, that was one of the worst hurts I ever had. That was a broken friendship. We were in sweetest accord for years, together in joy and sorrow. What one thought the other thought. We were David and Jonathan. But our personal interests parted and our friendship broke never to be renewed on earth. But we have made it all up here, and [illegible] gone, and we [illegible] in the same heaven, on neighboring [illegible] neighboring castles, on the [illegible]

Practical Application.

[illegible] It is the cultivation of Christian heroism. The most of us want to say things and do things for God when there is no danger of getting hurt. We are all ready for easy work, for popular work, for compensating work, but we all greatly need more courage to brave the world and brave satanic assault when there is something aggressive and bold and dangerous to be undertaken for God and righteousness. And if we happen to get bit what an ado we make about it! We all need more of the stuff that martyrs are made out of. We want more sanctified grit, more Christian pluck, more holy recklessness as to what the world may say and do in any crisis of our life. Be right and do right, and all earth and hell combined cannot put you down.

The same little missionary who wrote my text also uttered that piled up magnificence to be found in those words which ring like battle axes on splitting helmets: "In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us, for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How do you like that, you cowards, who [illegible] back from aggressive work and if so much as a splinter pierce your flesh cry out louder than many a one torn in auto da fe? Many a soldier has gone through a long war, been in twenty battles, led a regiment up a hill mounted by cannon and swept by musketry and yet came home without having been once hit and without a mark upon him. But it will not be so among those who pass in the grand review of heaven. They have all in the holy wars been wounded, and all bear scars. And what would the newly arrived in heaven do with nothing to show that he had ever been struck by human or diabolic weaponry? How [illegible] such an one [illegible] Surely he would want to [illegible] from the heavenly [illegible] permitted to descend [illegible] Give me another [illegible] worthy of an [illegible] some post of danger [illegible] at Thermopylae, [illegible] at Marathon, like Marl[illegible] like Godfrey at [illegible] Winkelried at Sempach [illegible] of the Austrian [illegible] giving his life [illegible] some place where [illegible] something for God. I can [illegible] marks of the [illegible] My hearer, my reader, [illegible] our [illegible] and all eternity thank God for scars!

A HISTORIC HOME.

Rousseau's Famous "Les Charmettes" Ready for a Purchaser.

[illegible] there is hardly any [illegible] more famous than Les Charmettes, that modest dwelling in Chambery, where Jean Jacques Rousseau, the [illegible] French philosopher, spent the happiest years of his life and there [illegible] no wonder that the reading [illegible] of Europe was considerably surprised and somewhat shocked when it [illegible] the other day that it had been [illegible] for sale, says the St. Louis [illegible] advertisement reads as follows: "For Sale, Les Charmettes, the [illegible] house of Jean Jacques Rousseau, together with furniture, fields and orchard." In 1800 the house was built, but it first became historic on July [illegible] 1738, that being the day on which Mme. de Warens, Rousseau's [illegible] it, together with a [illegible] orchard, plowland, [illegible] two cows, ten [illegible] and a cock." The [illegible] at once and [illegible] her there later in the [illegible] there one of his [illegible] To Mme. de [illegible]

[illegible]

Training Boys in Germany.

[illegible] at school of [illegible] are trained systematically in all the branches of gardening. At other seasons of the year the boys are engaged at various light crafts in workrooms, such as the making of baskets, brushes and brooms, and plain carpentry, where the use of tools is taught. Typesetting and bookbinding are taught to the advanced classes. Each boy receives a small remuneration for his work when [illegible] faithfully and obediently performed. The money, however, is not paid to him directly, but is put into a savings bank for him, and from time to time he receives his certificate of deposit. The girls are taught knitting and all kinds of sewing in the same systematic manner. [illegible] The children [illegible] in the room [illegible] at the same time [illegible]

New York's Social Settlements.

[illegible] social settlements in New York which are in touch with [illegible] In the settlements [illegible] classes and 228 clubs with a membership of 17,650. Social [illegible] are the object of 162 clubs, while [illegible] and instructive features [illegible] others. In [illegible] kindergartens with [illegible] children.

Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction.—Goethe.

DEER IN CONNECTICUT.

Their Number Probably Greater Now Than 150 Years Ago.

It seems to be a fact, proved by almost daily observation now, that the deer are returning to Connecticut, and in good numbers, too. Reports are heard almost daily of one or more of these graceful animals being seen in one or another part of the good old state, under circumstances which fix it that they are new arrivals. There are probably more deer in Connecticut today than at any previous time within the last 150 years, says the Hartford Times. They are seen on railroad tracks in fields and gardens and even feeding with the domestic cattle. Where they all come from and what is drawing them here seem not to be very clear. They are not only seen in most unexpected places, but appear to be singularly free from fear of human beings. They are seen, too, in nearly all parts of the state. A few days ago a young lady down the river below Middletown succeeded in photographing one of them by a snap shot. At almost any time within the last 100 years down to 1900 if a hunter wished to shoot a deer he made a long trip to find his game, going either to the Adirondacks or the far backwoods of Maine. Their appearance in such numbers might be accounted for by the disappearance of the wolves that formerly destroyed them, but the wolves have been gone in almost all parts of New England for a long time, and their disappearance cannot now be relied upon to account for the deer. Whatever may turn out to be the cause of their sudden and rapid increase in numbers here in old Connecticut, it is a pleasant thing to see them returning to this neighborhood. What a pleasant addition to the neighborhood of our forest patches their graceful presence would make if their seeming trust in human kind is permitted to take root and stay.

A Remedy for the Grippe.

Physicians recommend KEMP'S BALSAM for patients afflicted with the grippe, as it is especially adapted for the throat and lungs. Don't wait for the first symptoms, but get a bottle today and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed. If neglected, the grippe brings on pneumonia. KEMP'S BALSAM prevents this by keeping the cough loose and the lungs free from inflammation. All druggists, 25c and 50c.

It is almost an assured fact that Gerrit J. Diekema, of Holland, Mich., will be appointed as the first member of the Spanish war claims commission.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A woman says there is no pleasure in suffering if it must be done in silence.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15c and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Before marriage men and women argue; after that they dispute.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease Free.

Write today to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. Makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Chilblains and Frost-bites. At all druggists and shoe stores; 25c.

The world is a prison from which no man need hope to escape alive.

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 Frostbites and Chilblains. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

When a man is dead to the sense of right he is lost forever.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

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

The greatest cowards kick the dead lion most heartily.

There is no remedy that can equal Garfield Tea for the cure of all derangements of the liver; it has for years been the standard by which other remedies are judged.

Purity is not negative, but positive.
True courtesy is of the heart.
Sin is the curse of society.

Fine

The skin and flesh feel like the fit of a new soft glove when

St. Jacobs Oil

has driven out

Soreness and Stiffness

from cold.