

Publisher's Notice.

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were so covered with dust and mold as to be scarcely distinguishable. The girls ran to every window for a view of the surrounding prospect...



HERE WAS WHERE THEY FOUND MY MOTHER.

Dora shivered a little as the picture presented itself in her mind. All the long summer days Mrs. Chorley had sat there, never heeding the sunshine or the darkness of purple twilight slowly deepening into night...

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PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1900.

THE HIDDEN WILL

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS IN THE BOSTON TRIBE MAG.

able a young lady, and warmly invited her to make herself no stranger at the Cliff. Olive Harton was no less delighted with the prospect of so pleasant a friend...

After pulling out several articles and making such a dust they were almost stifled, they came to the pictures, old oil paintings that, though much injured by the time and want of care, still preserved a tolerable likeness.

"This was Mr. Harold Chorley," said Olive, "and that Uncle Vincent. I don't know why I call him so; he was no real relation to me, and it always makes papa angry. Yet I cannot help feeling sorry for him."

"Oh, I do, a great deal. And old Persis, who saw his son, said they were exactly alike. You know Mr. Allingham came after mother's death. Clara and I went back to school immediately, so we did not see him."

"Did he really try to murder your papa?" "Certainly. Poor fellow, I suppose he was very angry. I wonder what has become of him. It is seven years since he was here."

Dora could not keep her sympathies from straying to the outcast. She had not at all recovered from her first dislike to Mr. Harton, and it seemed to her so much more natural and right that a descendant of the family should inherit its privileges in preference to those who could claim only the merest shadow of relationship.

dropped listlessly from her hands, and she fell in a swoon about Allingham Chorley and his father, whose portrait had made so deep an impression on her mind. The next day Olive came over to announce that she was going to travel with her father and sister, and would probably be absent a month.

"Let me bring you the key of the tower," Dora said, when they had kissed good-bye for the third or fourth time. "You left it last night."

"Oh, no matter; I'll bequeath it to you for a few weeks, and if you see the ghost don't fail to tell me." Dora promised.

The woman who supplied Mrs. Bertrand with butter and garden vegetables was a laughing-in-law of the old woman who had been Mrs. Chorley's servant so long. Since her quarrel with Mr. Harton, Persis had been especially bitter against all the family save Miss Olive, whom she loved tenderly.

"Suppose some day another will should be found?" the true will Dora was on the point of adding, for Jane inclined to the belief with which old Persis had tintured the neighborhood; and in spite of her love for Olive Dora had always experienced a leaning that way.

"Oh, it couldn't be," replied Olive. "Grandfather said they would find his will in the tower; and even uncle, who was so very angry, could not disprove it. If he had found it instead of mother I suppose he would not have said a word. Only Persis says he loved Uncle Vincent the better, and it is strange he should give him so little and leave all the rest to his other son. There are portraits of them here in his old closet; let us take a look at them."

It was a bright night with a full moon. Dora had lain awake a long while, listening to the ticking of the clock, the rattling and breathing of her mother, and the heavier respiration of Jane. The sleeping apartments were on the side toward the tower, nearly all the rooms being on one floor, as the house itself was low.

"I believe I like Mr. Vincent Chorley's the better," she said. "Oh, I do, a great deal. And old Persis, who saw his son, said they were exactly alike. You know Mr. Allingham came after mother's death. Clara and I went back to school immediately, so we did not see him."

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What if she were mistaken, after all? Perhaps Olive might have taken the window out, and the noise in the night might have proceeded from some other cause. She went cautiously around the study—it was quite reassuring to find nothing unusual there.

Then she entered the passage, and considered whether she would go down or up. It would be an advantage to satisfy herself thoroughly; then she would not be in momentary fear of causing her mother some sudden alarm.

How Dora Bertrand first became aware she was not the only inmate of the place, I can hardly tell. It was a vague impression at first, something shadowy and almost imperceptible, then it grew into a fear, and next a reality.

A young man of six or eight and twenty, in a careless but graceful position, one arm under his head for a pillow, the other drooping over the edge of the settle, and displaying a firm white-hand settle, and a pair of a sunny brown, the upper part of his broad forehead clear and fair as a girl's but the rest of his face many shades darker.

"Are you Olive Harton?" he asked, at length, in a constrained tone. "No," she remembered, then, how she had come to know the face so well and added, "But you are Allingham Chorley."

"I cannot deny it," he said, with a haughty gesture, "and I may be confessing to friend—or foe." "There was a silence of some seconds; then he began: "How did you come here this morning?"

"I live in the house," and Dora longed to add something more assuring, yet scarcely knew what to say. "Indeed," he said, in a surprised tone, "I thought the house was empty. I did not know Mr. Harton would dare to let it; and there was a perceptible sneer on his lip and in his voice."

"We came here in May," Dora added. "It had never been tenanted. Mr. Harton is home, of course?" "No, this family are all away and will not return in several days."

"I must beg you to pardon me," he said, rising, "for thus entering your abode. If I had been aware of your residing here or of Mr. Harton's absence, I should not have chosen this course. There are reasons why I do not care to have my presence here known; yet, believe me, I would not on any account have disturbed or alarmed you. May I trust that I have not given you too severe a fright?"

Dora could not but smile at this finding herself on familiar terms with a person who a short half hour ago was the object of her deepest solicitude and fear.

woodwork of the window partially disengaged, with the aid of my knife soon formed an entrance. I should have been more careful had I supposed the noise would alarm any one. And now, what is my sentence to be for thus feloniously entering your residence? Please be a little merciful."

"It was not my house," returned Dora, with a smile, "so I may be lenient. But do you really hope to find the will?" "My father died in the positive belief there was a will hidden away somewhere. His brother's wife found hers in a closet in the room below, a place he had searched through vainly. Indeed, he felt well convinced she must first have put it there. Mr. Harton acted very suspiciously, I think, after his wife's death. He was not at all willing for me to enter the tower. Now, if he felt really satisfied as to my grandfather's will, why should he object to any search I might like to make? My present purpose is to penetrate every conceivable nook or possible hiding place—that is, if I can gain my mother's permission to stay here awhile."

Dora remained talking until she heard Jane's voice calling her to her morning's duties. Promising to arrange for an interview between Mr. Chorley and her mother, she ran down, received a small scolding from the impatient Jane, who wondered what she could find in that old tower to interest her so much. She ghosted while to her mother and then assisted Jane with the dinner, finding no time for the conversation she had promised herself.

"Why, no, child," said Mrs. Bertrand. "But you know he could not do it openly, on account of his former trouble with Mr. Harton. So he would have to remain concealed, and work quietly. Should you disapprove very much of such a course?" "It is not likely he will come, Dora. Why do you seem so interested?" "I think he will, mamma; indeed I have seen him."

"Mrs. Bertrand gave a sudden start, glancing around almost as if she expected to see him. "Where is he?" she asked. "Surely not in the village? It is well Mr. Harton is away." "He is here in this house, or rather in the tower, and wishes to see you."

"To see me! When did he come? Are you sure it is he, Dora?" "Quite sure; he looks so like the picture of his father. And now do not be frightened, mamma, while I tell you the whole story," and Dora came and knelt beside her mother, while she repeated the incidents of the morning, leaving out much of the alarm she had experienced.

Mrs. Bertrand was greatly surprised, and quite undecided what course to pursue, but Dora pleaded so warmly in Mr. Chorley's behalf, that she at length said: "I think we might manage it but for Jane."

"But Jane is very trusty when one really confides in her. I think she would be proud of having a secret to keep." "No presently Dora went to summon Mr. Chorley, who succeeded in deepening the good impression the young girl had begun to form. He was very manly and straightforward, and when he repeated his father's dying charge, Mrs. Bertrand began almost to believe in the possibility of a will being found.

They were still talking earnestly when a shadow passed the window. Dora sprang into the hall, closing the door behind her, and found an old friend, but most unwelcome guest, entering the wide passage.

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