OR, LOVE'S UNERRING CHOICE.

CHAPTER XL DETECTIVE SMART.

The finder or rather the thief who stole the will, was seated in the back parlor of a low "public" in Camden Town, with a congenial "pal," busily reading the document in question and planning the best way to make something out of his treasure trove. He did not clearly see his to the London streets. way for some time, when a happy thought came to his aid, and jumping up, he excited. ly exclaimed:

Detective Smart, and see what he'll say to it. If anything's to be got out of it he's the man to do it."

On the following morning he was closeted with that gentleman, who quickly the unhappy Hilda's sufferings and priva- any further vain assertions. The will decided upon a course of action. He rightly judged that the person most in. of his darling's misfortunes. As Roger in your office, has been discovered, and is terested was the young lady named as afterward expressed it, he "cottoned" to in the possession of Detective Smart, who heiress, and the midday rail to Marham the kindly detective at once, and poured will see that justice is done to the child of carried the nest person of the detective to that locality. At the inn he learned the particulars of the disappearance of the cidevant Miss Deloraine, and the long low whistle which escaped from his lips revealed a history of suspicion that foul play had been at work, as the attorney who drew the will must have known a gross injushave borne testimony that Miss Deloraine was the rightful successor of her father's property.

ested in the fraud; therefore he was the last person to interview. But then, would he not give a heavy sum to re-possess the acquaintance of a new grandson, and by office," replied Wentworth, his face ashy will? But would not Miss Deloraine outbid him? He resolved, as he said, to act "on the square," because, perhaps, he thought loud double knock at the great hall door, that the game was up, and bitter despair by so doing he would be likely to equally which was so seldom opened, causing her and rage filled his heart as he thought of for a detective has a conscience which ca be-pacified.

He boldly advertised in the "agony" column of the Standard and other papers for the address of Miss Hilda Deloraine, but was unsuccessful in getting any reply. He door. then put the wits of his professional breth. ren to work, and succeeded in tracing the young lady to her then domicile.

It was a cheerless afternoon in February, before her. but Mrs. Grey's cheerful little sitting room | "My darling ! My little love !" exclaim- cute turned and left the room, closing the ruddy complexion. A creamy rosebud in direct interposition of Providence. lady; in fact, he had come there that day unfolded all the plans for the future. especially to see her. In a few minutes "And, my darling," he added tenderly, window, fluttering the papers on the table,

to remain go. unwound the thread of his story, much been married quietly in London and sought master and try to rouse him from what she to Hilda and her kind nurse's astonish- a home in another hemisphere. I have thought was an uneasy sleep. Ay ! call as ment. Hilda could only murmur "Rog- saved money during the past year, and the loudly as you like, chafe the ice-cold hands, er," and seemed ready to faint from sur- sale of my horses would have been enough try to force brandy between the pallid lips, prise and excitement. Mrs. Grey soon to give us a start in another country, but," but it is all to no purpose, and, frightened enlightened the detective as to this same he added gravely, "you must pledge me at last, the good woman hurriedly departed Roger, and giving his address to Mr. your word, Hilda, that you will not leave to seek a doctor. Smart, advised that official to see him with- this shelter, which, if a humble, is still a out loss of time.

A clear, bright morning in February. The beams of the sun, glinting upon the hoar frost with which every leaf and blade of grass was covered, and turning them to diamonds, while it shone cheerfully into the pleasant breakfast-room at the Temple, gleaming on the sparkling silver and priceless china of the breakfast table which was laid for Roger Montacute's solitary meal. It was yet early when the young man, in his shootinge dress, entered the room and rang the bell for his coffee.

"Your letters, sir," said the butler, as he brought in the coffee and took the covers off the hot dishes, causing an appetizing odor to fill the apartment, placing, as he spoke, a pile of letters by Roger's

"Thanks, William," rejoined the young man, and then he asked, as he proceeded to open his letters : " Is Markham in the kitchen? If so, give him some breakfast and tell him I shall be ready in half an

"Very well, sir," replied the man, as he left the room, leaving Montacute to peruse his letters and finish his breakfast ere he and the clerks in the offices of Nigel started on his day's shooting.

Roger, as he took up a letter in a blus was nearly over, when a gentleman, invelope, addressed in legal handwriting, springing up the wide, echoing stair case, "It can't be a bill; let's see what it's entered the outer office and asked one of bout."

The letter was as follows :

"22 West street, Camden road,

"London, February 19, 18-. "Sir : I trust you will excuse a perfect stranger like myself addressing you on a private matter of business, but I have been given to understand that you are a friend of Miss Hilda O'Conner, otherwise Deloraine, and if so, I shall be glad if you could favorme with a call at the above address, to consider whether any steps could be taken to provide the young lady with the means of support she is at present entirely destitute of. I remain, sir, your obedient serv-

"EDMUND SMART."

"To Roger Montacute, Esq." ently pull the bell and hastily swallow his | world and itself.

hastily exclaimed : "Tell Markham I shall not shoot to day, worn face, asked : and order Wilkins to put Black Bess into | the cart, I must go to London this morning of Mr. Deloraine's will?" and want to catch the 9.30 express."

And before the astonished William could unbounded surprise. reply his master rushed from the room and upstairs two steps at a time to change his shooting dress for a costume more suited | tion ? Surely you know that no pains were

as he sprang into the cart and gave the squire prevented his making any provision mare her head, who started off as if she for-his daughter. "By jingo! I have it. I'll go to my uncle, too, like her master, had gone suddenly

self in Mr. Smart's parlor.

It would be tedious to recapitulate all "Liar and traitor!" he exclaimed inthe story which Mr. Smart told Roger of dignantly. "You may spare youself tions, and the hot blood of the young man executed by Mr. Deloraine, with your boiled in his veins as he listened to the tale name or it as proof that it was drawn up into his sympathizing ears all the history the generous friend whose trust you so of the interrupted marriage and the un- cruelly betrayed. I wonder Mark Deloravailing search for the squire's will,

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE GLOAMING.

Roger Montacute Hilda was sitting at a in my office does not prove that I was tice was being perpetrated, as he could small table, drawn close to the pleasant, privy to its concealment." flower-decked window, taking advantage "Why, just now you denied that Mr. of the fading February daylight to finish a Deloraine made any provision for his of the Queen's staghounds upon the wide who drew the will leaving her everything. As he had not done so, he must be inter_ thicket near her old home. She was What a boundless scoundrel you must be. utterly alone in the great empty mansion, What is your object?" Mrs. Grey having gone to spend the afterand by she began to find the silence oppres | pale and his whole body trembling as i sive and to wish for something to break the affected with palsy. well fill his pocket and satisfy his conscience to start from her seat and hurry up the the consequences of his rash action and short flight of stone steps which led to the knew that he had sinned in vain. Roger empty deserted hall.

"Who could it be !" she wondered, as plied : her little fingers sought to undo the heavy " Those paltry excuses will avail you bolts and bars of the ponderous doors. She nothing; you may be quite sure that no looked out nervously as, the fastenings at | mercy will be shown to you, and you must length undone, she opened the great be well aware exactly what punishment the cake in the box.

Ah ! not even the gathering gloom of the have wrought your own ruin, and the in-February night could blind her to the fact | jury you have done to your dead triend's that it was Roger Montacute who stood | child has recoiled upon your own head."

was ruddy and bright with the glow of the ed the young fellow, gathering her fragile heavy door behind him with a clang, leavfire which flickered and sparkled in the form to his broad breast and pressing fond, ing Wentworth to his own bitter reflecbrightly polished grate. Seated at the impassioned kisses upon the cheeks and tions. table, with a parchment deed in his hand, lips whose levely bloom had fled. "How long he sat there he knew not. was a gentleman. He was middle-aged, cruel you have been to me ! Where have The office hours were over and one by one and his closely cropped hair and carefully you hidden yourself for the last year? But the clerks clattered down the stone steps trimmed whiskers were fast turning gray; I have found you now, Hilda, and I swear and departed to their several homes, and but no sign of age was apparent in his tail, that no power on earth shall part us again! still the wretched man sat in his desolate erect figure, keen, bright, dark eyes and Smart has told me all. It's a miracle-a office, musing over the ruin of his prospects,

morning coat and his whole attire bespoke speech-Hilda led the way downstairs upon the name he had always striven to one whose lines had fallen in pleasant to Mrs. Grey's cheerful little sitting. keep untarnished. But worst of all was the places. By and by he rose from his seat, room, and, having stirred the fire into a thought that his sin was unavailing, and a and putting his memorandum book into blaze, permitted her lover to draw her bitter, despairing sigh broke from his heart the pocket of his coat, he asked Mrs. Grey down beside him on the sofa, where, her as he thought of Hilda's soft dainty beauty to call Miss O'Conner, as he had something golden head pillowed upon Roger's breast, once more folded in her lover's arms. of importance to communicate to that she sat in bliss too deep for words, while he

Hilds made her appearance more than taking the girl's round chin in his hand and but Nigel never stirred, but leaned forward astonished that any one wished to see her. lifting up her face to his, while his glances on his desk, his head resting on his arm. She thought she was quite blotted out of passionate love were reflected in the In this position the housekeeper found him from the world's remembrance, and wished sweet eyes of the woman he adored, "if when, at 8 o'clock, she came in to arrange we had failed in establishing your right to the offices for the day. She was an old and The detective cautiously and slowly inherit your father's estate we would have trusted servant, and ventured to touch her safe one, until I return to claim your

The long months of separation, with all time, had broken down Hilda's pride, and odor of peaches, from the stiffened hand, now Roger's tender words found an echo in her breast, and she realized, besides, how poisoned himself with prussic scid." cruel a thing had been her desertion of the man who loved her, even though she had done it from a mistaken sense of duty; and looking up in her lover's grave, earnest face, her violet eyes swimming in tears, she laid her little hand in his broad palm and and bewildered clerks gave evidence as to promised all he wished.

and lip pressed to lip, and the lovers parted, Roger with hope beating in his heart, to take his way to his hotel, while so respected and honored by his many Hilda, hardly able to realize the joy which friends and acquaintances he was laid to had come to her, returned to her wonted vocation, and busied herself in preparing tea for her kind old friend, whose return she expected every moment.

CHAPIFR XIII

BROUGHT TO BAY.

The bright Spring afternoon was waning, Wentworth, in Gray's Inn, where congrat-"Now, I wonder who that's from ?" said ulating themselves that their day's work the busy clerks if Mr. Wentworth was disengaged.

"I believe so, sir," was the reply. "What name shall I say !'

"Give Mr. Wentworth this card, and say I shall not detain him long." In a minute or two the clerk returned and asked Mr. Montacute to follow him

into his master's presence.

Roger found Nigel Wentworth seated at | this way. his table busily engaged in writing letters. Much as Roger had reason to dislike the lawyer, he could not but be struck with the marked change in his appearance which had taken place during the past year. His dark hair was thickly streaked with silver, his eyes were sunk and burnt with a feverish lustre, while the deep lines graven upon | either!

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Montacute." said Nigel, rising and holding out his hand. The young man, however, was putting his hat and gloves upon a side table, and took no notice of the other's CAN BE MADE WITH ICE. SUGAR offered hand,

A sarcastic smile curved the lawyer's lips coffee was with Roger but the work of a as he drew a chair to the fire and asked his moment, and when the butler entered he visitor to sit down. Roger took the seat, Every Girl Should Learn This Lesson. and then looking keenly at Wentworth's

" Have you ever discovered any traces

The lawyer gazed at his questioner in

"Mr. Deloraine's will !" he exclaimed. "What makes you ask so strange a queswanting on our part to find any traces of "Give my love to my aunt, Williams, such a document! It is quite clear to my and say I shall return to dinner," he said | mind that the sudden death of the poor

Nigel brought out the last word with difficulty, and Roger leaped from his chair A couple of hours later Roger found him- as he spoke, confronting him with his the ice makes when it swishes through bright, hazel eyes flashing with rage.

> aine's spirit could rest in its grave while you were causing his unhappy daughter to suffer privations and be exposed to dangers almost unheard of to satisfy your revenge."

"Take care what you say, Mr. Montacute," replied the lawyer. "You have no On the evening of the day which witness. proof of what you choose to assert; the

"I'm not supposed to recollect the noon with her daughter and to make the contents of every document drawn in my

stillness. Her wish was soon gratified, a But even while he spoke Nigel knew laughed a bitter, scornful laugh as he re-

the law will mete out to you. What have A cry of surprise broke from her lips, you gained by your cruel treachery? You

And without another word Roger Monta-

a bitter pang rending his soul as he thought the buttonhole of his faultlessly fitting blue | Silently-for her heart was too full for of the disgrace and shame which would rest

Morning broke clear and cold, and the chill breezes came in through the open

"He has been dead for hours," said the medical man, as, his brief examination over, he turned to those about him, "and, see," forcing, as he spoke, a little bottle, the privations and sorrows of that bitter from which proceeded a strong, subtle "here is the cause of his death; he has

An inquest was held over Nigel Wentworth's body, and, in mercy to his dead foe, Roger Montacute forbore to speak of that last interview between himself and the lawyer, and as his grieving housekeeper their master's strange ways and abstracted A fond, lingering caress, heart to heart manner, the merciful verdict was recorded, "That Nigel Wentworth had destroyed himself in afit of temporary insanity." And rest, and the secret of his wrong-doing was buried with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Fire a Pistol.

It is a peculiar fact that very few men, even accomplished shots, know how a revolver ought to be handled. Nearly all are taught to handle a revolver as if it Object aimed at and the fore and hind sight into a line. This is all well enough back, much better results are obtainable in | stand five minutes.

Couldn't Decide on a Choice.

sitting is more becoming to her.

She is determined to be a musician, but with water. can't decide whether to make aspecialty of the violin or the piano.

Has she no positive predilection for drink fit for the gods, especially when it is upon the host with still more profound his brow and around his mouth told their Oh, yes; but some of her friends think prefer to take limes themselves and squeeze gratefully received. The bright little

DRINKS TO MAKE AT HOME

WATER, AND A FLAVOR.

How to Make Plain Lemonade-"Horse's Neck" and Easpberry Vine gar-Important Hints for All Hospitable Housewives.

In many a household during these hot summer evenings the guest of an hour sits in a dimly lit parlor or on a rug-covered band-"Hardly; the baby hasn't waked stoop, mayhap a balcony, and even though up yet." the girl beside him is his very best feels a queer dryness of the throat and a yearning "Both." for a liquid that is cool. If, a few seconds tinkle through the hallway, the sound that one of his own faults." water and knocks against glass or china then his evening is a complete success.

Every modern girl, therefore, should learn this lesson, and keep pinned up in her knowledge box a list of liquid preparations that can be speedily and effectively made | Nell-"Yes; he told me you sang like an to regale the palate of the visitor. Nor will the young matron or the mother of a large and growing family find this caution | the word. I don't think he can get away." and such a list malapropos. A hot evening needs the sound of clinking ice.

What a woman can do with a pitcher of ice-water, or rather with a bowl of cracked ice, is legion. Until the trial is made it ed the interview between Mr. Smart and fact that Mr. Deloraine's will was executed would seem that the combinations are few. There is lemonade, the amateur says, lemonade. In reality there are at least twenty different preparations which desketch she was coloring of the Easter meet daughter, although you are the solicitor mand little time, little trouble and little Papa, does that mean skye terriers? expense in their concection.

There is no prettier hospitality than to always have cool glassfuls of some daintily count is the only man I know of who can flavored liquid, to be replenished from a great pitcher near by, and a plateful of some dainty sweet cake. The housewife should look far enough ahead to see that thundering bugs, I suppose." "No; I the icebox is well filled. Fresh and juicy oranges and lemons should be somewhere George." within the cupboards. Nor will a bottle of fruit syrup, of any flavor preferred, be forbidden you the house ! He -" Forbidtound out of the way. Bottles of soda and den me the house !" I never asked him for ginger ale should always be among the his house. His daughter is good enough necessary supplies, and at least two or or me." three of each should be upon the ice long before nightfall. And there should be

Lemonade, perhaps, is the most felicitous thing to begin on. Lemonade is generally either too sweet or too weak.

A two-quart pitcher full will satisfy six to eight very thirsty persons. For this quantity five lemons, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and a quart of water are needed. The sugar should be granulated. Squeeze the lemons into a bowl by means of a squeezer; add the sugar, and stir the mixture. Then add the water. The mixture should then be strained over the cracked ice in the pitcher. To cool properly, the pitcher should have been about a third filled with this cracked ice, and the wise will let the completed beverage stand a good fifteen minutes.

"Horse's neck" is not an attractive name and from a point of art the beverage not pretty, but it is extraordinarily palatable. Use tall, thin glasses instead of a pitcher. "Horse's neck" consists of lemon peel and ginger ale, theory being that the ginger ale draws out the bitterness in the lemon peel. A lemon is carefully peeled so that it comes off in one continuous spiral, and the peel is then wound up and down the inner sides of the empty glass, from top to bottom. The glass is then filled with cracked ice, the ginger ale poured in and allowed to stand for several minutes. Straws should invariably be used in serving this drick.

Ginger ale alone is exceedingly palatable, but keep the bottles on the ice several hours. The glasses should be half filled with cracked ice.

two-quart pitcher full), every particle of elocutionists." the oranges being used, rind and all. In fact, the rind is a very important factor in orangeade's success. Sugar to suit the taste and drop in a few whole cloves.

Raspherry vinegar is decidedly an oldtimer as a drink and one that has very in curl." much to recommend it. It is an old farmhouse delicacy, and for years in rural districts has been the great "company drink," being brought out at an afternoon call, a tea drinking, a wedding or a funeral. Sevteral days are needed to get it to its full meed of glory. Red raspberries only must | that to-morrow evening I should call again, be used. Take two quarts of these, and and having nerved myself up to it, suddenly adding to them one quart of good vinegar while we were conversing, I should without let the mixturestand for twenty-four hours. a word throw my arms around your neck Then strain through a flannel bag and pour and deliberately kiss you-what would you the juice over two more quarts of berries. do?" Miss Pinkerly-"Oh, Mr. Tutter, Again let the mixture stand twenty-four don't ask me to look so far ahead." hours, then strain once more and stir in cut sugar, three-quarters of a pound to every pint of juice. After carefully stirring place in a stone jar that is covered. The jar should be set immediately in a kettle of water and let boil until the sugar is dissolved. Then bottle for u e, before it gets cool, cork and seal and set in a cool place, preferably a cellar. This beverage should be mixed with water according to the tastes of the people who are to drink it and poured over ice.

To thrust the letter into his pocket, vio- own tale of a heart ill at ease with the she looks better standing, and others that them as if they were lemons. A very waiting maid received her yen with the excellent lime juice, however, may be same show of modest rejuctance."

bought in the shops in bottles. It is poured over eracked ice and diluted to

Many concections of roots, such as dandelion and sassafras, are known to old housekeepers, but the knowledge of these must be taught personally, and can hardly be adequately told in print. Leed tea is too well known to be described, though many are the crimes of cookery that are

SUMMER SMILES.

committed in its name.

The Wife-"It must be bedtime." Hus

"Hi, Jimmy, wot's the matter?" "Back's blistered." "Swimmin' or lickin'?"

"They say Hamsey is generous to a before the clock strikes 10, there is a gentle | fault." "Yes, he is, if it happens to be

If a bicycle's known as a "bike," A tricycle must be a "trike,"

And when winter comes round It will doubtless be found That an icycle goes as an "ike."

Belle-" Mr. Jolyer is such a nice man. He said that I had a voice like a bird." "Isn't he rather fast?" asked the anxious

mother. "Yes, mamma, in one sense of This world would land in glory yet

And make a lively stir, If in these days we could forget

The mad thermometer ! "That man causes me no end of annoyance over a bill." "Why don't you sue him and collect it?" "Collect it? He's trying and | to do that."

"Papa !" "What is it, Johnny !" "I read a poem in my school reader which spoke of 'dogs of high degree.' " " Well?"

Nibbs-" What a perfect poem the count's rich wife is !" Dibbs-" Yes ; the make poetry pay him thirty thousand a She-"Oh, my ! there's something gone

down my back !" He-" It's one of those guess it's one of those lightning bugs, She-" Do you know, Harry, father has

"Have you the 'Relice of By-Gone Days?" " asked the young lady, entering a bookstore. "Yes," replied the polite clerk

with a bow, "we may have some of last year's calendars." Lea (sadly)-" I don't know what to do with that son of mine. He's been two years at the medical college, and still keeps at the foot of his class." Perrins (prompt-

ly)-" Make a chiropodist of him." Police justice-"What's the charge against this man ?" Policeman-"Impersonating an officer." "What did he do?" "He walked up to a street vender's stand and took a handful of peanuts."

Won't some inventor, sage or mentor, Find that chief of boons, The wear-resisting, long-persisting,

Non-bagging pantaloons?

Charles-"What makes you look so glum, Harry?" Harry-"Maud Sweetser has thrown me over." Charles-"Oh, I wouldn't mind that; a woman never hits where she means to when she throws."

Patient-"How can I reduce my weight ?" Doctor-"You should have something to do. Something to keep your mind busy, to worry you even." Patient -"By the way, you might send your last month's bill in.

The perfume of her violets I never shall forget,

For the florist's bill that came with them Is hovering 'round me yet.

Mrs. Fogg-"Then there was a man who recited a poem or something. I couldn't for the life of me make out what, but he Orangeade is made with three lemons | was tremendously applauded." Mr. Foggand two oranges (this being the rule for a "Evidently one of our most talented

"Yes," said the girl who was chewing gum, "it is simply awful the way the poor people do suffer this frightful weather. How I pity them! And the worst of it is, of course, that one's hair simply won't stay

> Oh, sweetly tender was her look, Her hair was bright as gold; I bought three copies of her book, And then her glance grew cold.

Young Tutter-'Miss Clara, suppose

Paying a Hotel Bill in Japan.

Canon Tristram, in the Leisure Hour, gives an amusing account of settling his hotel bill in Japan. "The final reckoning with our host," says the Canon, "was to me a most amusing illustration of the national courtesies. Mr. Kanaya acted as Blackberry jelly dissolved in water is in | though the production of his bill were the were a rifle-that is, by bringing the many ways by far the best of hot evening most painful effort, and at length reluctdrinks. For each glassful served a good, antly brought it forth, consisting of a generous tablespoonful of jelly should be number of Chinese scrawls on strips of used, and it will be greatly improved if tissue paper. On bended knees and forfor shooting gallery practice, but should just a dash of lemon juice is added. Cocoa- head touching the mat, did my friend push never be followed in the field. When nut cake makes a very good side dish for it forward, I, bowing as well as my stiff training troops to use the revolver they it. Tamarinds dissolved in water are a Western back would permit me, placed are taught, in aiming, never to look at the decidedly palatable variation of this, and the proper sum, wrapped in thin white weapon at all, but to keep their eyes on wafers should be eaten with them. The paper, before him, for nothing is more the object to be struck. In quick firing, fruit should be put into the water whole illbred than to hand coin without its being and especially in shooting from horse- and thoroughly stirred. Let the beverage wrapped in paper. Again it was received with bowing, low, lower, lowest; but it is The French have a drink that is very always the rule of politeness to pay somesimilar to the last two, and goes by the thing more than the bill-in fact, to pay a name of "cassis." It is drunk without hotel bill net would be considered an insult, any other flavoring and is usually mixed or, at least, a mark of great dissatisfaction. Therefore, wrapping a yen (dollar) in white Lime juice should not be forgotten. Ac- paper, I added it with low bows. It was cording to the taste of many people, it is a returned with lower, and finally pressed accompanied by sponge cake. Some people inclinations, and was at length duly and