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* * * * * BY BEATRICE MAREAN. Author of "Tragedies of Oakhurst," "Won at Last," Etc., Etc.

To Helen Pendleton she gives the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and Captain Horace Lennard is left a legacy of one hundred thousand dollars. Then follows small bequests to old family servitors. The Deepdale mansion, with all its appointments and its surrounding estate, is bequeathed to the testator's dearly beloved son, Raphael Southworth St. Clair, and is to descend from him to his first born living child. But in case he should die without having a living child, the legatee is to dispose of the above named estate by will, as may best please him.

The residue of the fortune, consisting of an interest in a certain named steamship line, landed interests, with money and bonds in bank, is to be equally divided between her dearly beloved children, Raphael Southworth St. Clair, and his sister, Beatrice Isabel St. Clair. A long-drawn sight of relief seems to swell up from the hearts of the listeners, as the voice of Mr. Gilbert ceases, and

he folds up the will and resumes his Silence reigns in the library for at least ten minutes, broken only by the low sobbing of the daughter of the

Then Mr. Mason, with a very pale face, rises slowly to his feet, and after clearing his throat two or three times, says in a clear voice and earnest man-

"The duty which I am called upon to perform, my friends, and one which devolves heavily upon me, gives me feelings of mingled pleasure and pain, pain that I am compelled in duty bound, to be the bearer of a startling announcement to the legatees named in the will, which has just been read to them by my esteemed colleague; and pleasure, that my esteemed friend and client, the late lamented Mrs. Captain Lennard, should have done me the honor to impose the confidence in me she did, with the expressed wish that I should see her last wishes in regard to her estate carried into effect.

"In testimony of this confidence, the deceased, while sojourning in Switzerland last summer, at her own request, employed me to draw up another will for her, which renders the one, the reading of which you have just heard, null and void. And furthermore, deceased placed this will of the more recent date in my possession, with the injunction that in case I survived herself, I was to read its contents to her surviving heirs at law."

So saying, Mr. Mason draws from his inner coat pocket a folded document, resembling in outside appearance very much the one which had just been read by Mr. Gilbert, but on the outside of which is inscribed in clear bold type, "The Last Will and Testament of Isabel Southworth St. Clair Lennard.'

Mr. Gilbert still holds the first named instrument of writing in his hand and looks from Mr. Mason to Captain Lennard, with eyes which are dilated with amazement.

"With your permission," continues Mr. Mason, looking toward Mr. Gilbert, "I shall now proceed to do as I have been requested by the testator, and read the will which has been placed in my hands for this purpose."

The old lawyer coldly bows his assent, and there is a look upon his face, which says plainly that he scents mischief in the air.

Mr. Mason unfolds the parchment in his slow deliberate way, and reads its contents in a clear, steady voice

The will goes on to state, that the testator, being of sound mind, and wholly unbiassed by the influence of any one, has seen fit to have another will executed, other than the one now in existence, and which had been drawn up, signed, and witnessed nearly a year since at Deepdale, California, U.S.A. And in this present instrument of writing it is change the disposition of her estate, as set forth in the one of earlier date. And then comes the bequests.

"To my dearly beloved son, Raphael Southworth St. Clair, I give and bequeath the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars in cash.

Isabel St. Clair, I give the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars in cash. "To my dear young friend, Helen

Pendleton, of New Orleans, Louisiana, for her unselfish devotion to myself and family, I bequeath the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be set aside as a marriage settlement upon the day of her marriage.

"To the parish of Deepdale, I give and bequeath the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be held in trust for the benefit of the poor of said parish, by the present incumbent of Deepdale Chapel, Mr. Henry White.

of Deepdale, I give and bequeath the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, as a slight token of my appreciation of his untiring devotion to his church and the cause of God and humanity.

To Beatrice St. Clair and Helen Pendleton were given the family diamonds belonging to the testator, amounting in value to about one hundred thousand dollars, the same to be divided equally between the two named.

devotion and faithfulness in the capacity of lady's maid to testator, is given the sum of one thousand dollars, together to the library door. with the wardrobe of the testator. The residue of the estate entire, including all CHAPTER XVIII.-WORSE THAN bonds and monies pertaining thereto, with all landed interests, including th estate known as Deepdale, beside a certain residence in San Francisco, together with all furnishings, horses, carriages, silver plate and ware belonging to said estate, is given without reserve, in his own undivided right, to be disposed of by himself, by will, free gift, or otherwise, as he himself may husbe to the testator's "dearly beloved Thind, Captain Horace Lennard."

testate will was properly signed by the yor, and witnessed by Mr. Frederick writtelason, son of the lawyer who had nephen the will, and Charles Russell, ember 1st, 187-.

mad a thunder-boit failen from the clear, blue sky of a midsummer day, it could not have astonished the little party of persons gathered in the library at

Deepdale, as much as the reading of this

remarkable will had done. All except the reader and Captain Lennard. The former stands slowly and calmly refolding the will, which he holds in his steady hands, and the latter sits beside a writing desk, with his elbow resting on its edge, his head bowed upon his hand, while his eyes, veiled by their long lashes, rest upon the highly polished floor.

His face is perfectly calm and unmoved in its set look of strong grief, which has brooded over it ever since the

hour of his bereavement. A death-like stillness pervades the room for full five minutes, upon which the loud ticking of the library clock, and the faint sighing of the autmn wind in the trees outside, fall with painful distinctness.

Then, from his seat beside his newlymade wife, the stunned brain Raphael St. Clair suddenly opens to the full purport of the words contained in the will just read by Mr. Mason and a full sense of the terrible injustice done his sister and himself leaps into his heart, stirring to its very depth the anger which is ever slow to rise in his breast, but terrible in its intensity when once fully aroused.

In the clear undimmed light of a new vision given by the revelation of this will, he sees through the hypocritical mask which has been worn by his mother's husband.

With face and lips as colorless as the silent dead, and eyes flashing forth flames of righteous indignation, he springs from his chair and clears the distance between himself and Captain Lennard at a bound.

"Dastard!" pants the white lips of young St. Clair through his tightly clenched teeth, shaking his clenched hand in the white face of Lennard who has hastily risen to his feet, and resolutely stands facing his stepson.

"Hypocritical villain!" he goes on, "I now see through your hellish designs, and realize how you used your Satanic wiles on my dear mother in her weak physical condition when far away from home and kindred, in such a manner as to induce her to almost disinherit her own children, and give the bulk of her fortune to you, stranger and alien that you are, and of whose antecedents we know nothing. Son of Satan! for this act of perfidy, I will have your heart's

blood or you shall spill mine." Before Lennard's white lips can frame a reply to his outraged stepson's tirade, which has ended in a challenge to meet him in a duel, Mr. Mason has thrown himself between the two men, and Helen, who has given one wild shriek at this outburst of rage from her husband, bounds to his side and throws her soft arms about his neck, and begs him in loving tones for God's sake to be calm. The others have risen excitedly to their feet, and with one stifled moan of anguish, Beatrice lies with closed eyes in a deathlike swoon in her young hus-

band's arms. He bears her tenderly from the great library, upstairs to her own room, and places her unconscious form upon the bed, kneels by her, chafing her cold hands, and trying by every device known to affection, to awaken her to life and

consciousness. At last his efforts are rewarded, and with a low shuddering sigh, the blue eyes unclose and tears come to her relief. And through these come the solution the mysterious, unexplainable dislike and distrust of Captain Lennard, which has haunted her ever since she first knew him; but which, for the sake of her mother and the peace of others, she has tried so hard to overcome. Her dear, affectionate, fragile mother! The the wish of the testator to materially daughter can easily see how her affections have been played upon, in her weak and enfeebled condition, until she knew no will other than that of the strong one which was leading her with a firm and cunning hand, toward the purpose he was not long in accomplishing.

What wonder that Raphael seeks to "To my dear daughter, Beatrice take the life of this man, who has not only robbed them of their rightful inheritance, but had alienated the mother's loving heart from her own children! Then came thoughts of danger to which her brother may be exposing himself at the hands of this villain, and starting wildly up, she cries:-

"Oh, Percy! what of my brother? Oh, darling, for the love of heaven, go downstairs to him, and do not permit him to fight a duel with this cool-headed wretch, who will surely murder him. Oh! go at once, or let me go!"

"Calm yourself, my wife," he says "To Mr. Henry White, present rector in a reassuring tone. "Mr. Gilbert and General Dale are both with Raphael, and will prevent any rashness upon his part. Besides, he has Helen-wise, level headed Helen-with him. But to relieve parishioners, and his zealous work in your anxiety, I will run down and see what they are about; but, you must promise me, before I go, to lie perfectly quiet, dear, and let Millie take care of you until I return. I shall not be gone

She promises him, and the young hasband, whose honeymoon is shining To Annie Josephine Ballone, for her on such unusual and turbulent scenes, kisses his wife fondly, leaves the room, descends the stairs, and makes his way

WAS EXPECTED.

Upon reaching the library door, where the scene related in our last chapter has just transpired, Percy Randal finds it deserted by all save lawyer Gilbert and journey; and but for the irrepressible General Dale, who are standing beside a table, engaged in earnest conversation.

"Excuse my intrusion, gentlemen," he says. "but my wife is very anxious concerning her brother, and has requested ing wings of some huge bird of ill-omen. me to inquire about him."

"His wife and Mrs. Dale have prevailed upon him to go to his own room; thing, and talks so hopefully and cheerand I hope before he comes down again | fully of the future that her cheerfulness he may have recovered his self-possession, Septew of the same, and it bears date of Poor boy! This is a terrible blow to both six delightful weeks amid scenes where his sister and himself," says General nature has done her best to delight man

Dale; and then goes on vehemenly: "By in scenery, climate, fruit and flowers. the Gods! I never was so astonished in all my life at anything, as I am at this will made in Lennard's favor," and the old General brings his hand down upon the table with a ringing slap. "Never,

sir. Never!" "If you had been a 'limb of the law' as long as I have," replies the old lawyer, calmly, "you would never be astonished at any whim a testator might take; although, if I could be amazed at anything of the sort, I should certainly be staggered at the wholly unexpected facts which this morning has developed. You had better keep a sharp eye on St. Clair to prevent a meeting between himself and Lennard, which would be a most deplorable thing. Edwards," he breaks off to say to the butler, who has appeared in answer to the bell, which had been rung a few moments before, "I think I shall have to trouble you to bring these gentlemen and myself a glass of

"Certainly, sir.," replies the butler, bowing politely, and disappearing toward the wine closet.

"But cannot this last will be set aside, sir?" inquires Randal, addressing the

"Of that I am totally unable to conjecture," returns Mr. Gilbert, thoughtrully. "A legally executed will is the hardest thing in all creation to break, and as far as I am now able to judge there is not the smallest opening in which we may insert a wedge to knock this one to pieces. The only weak point it has is that of undue influence and this I am thinking will be a hard fact to prove even if it exists."

Edwards enters bearing a silver tray on which are placed a decanter of wine and wine glasses and Percy Randal excusing himself to the other gentlemen

leaves the library. As he passes the music room the door of which stands ajar he hears the voices within of Captain Lennard and Mr. Mason engaged in low, earnest converse. He passes on to his wife's room, and two hours later he hears the sound of carriage wheels upon the gravel drive below, and looking from the window he sees Captain Lennard and Mr. Mason enter the Clair." family carriage, which is drawn up to away from Deepdale. Later on in the day, when he descends the stairs in answer to the luncheon bell, he finds only Raphael St. Clair and Helen, with the

Both Raphael and Helen are looking very pale, and the former very dejected; but the latter's cheerful, sunny disposition shines through the suffering and anxiety which have left their marks upon | fortune, I am told." her sweet young face, like the sun shining behind an April cloud.

The luncheon hour passes as all hours freighted with troubled, anxious thoughts will, slowly but not the less

luncheon room. "He and Mason have gone to the city, and the Captain said nothing about returning to Deepdale," returns the old gentleman, in the same low voice.

Helen comes up softly to Percy's side, and asks him to go into the parlor and sit awhile with Raphael and then trips upstairs and knocks gently at the door of Beatrice's room. She finds her sister-inlaw almost completely prostrated from the suffering through which she has recently passed. She is lying upon the bed with pale face and red swollen eyelids, and Millie stands by her side bathing her temples with cologne. Helen takes the bottle from the maid's hand, and dismisses her, and sets herself about the oft-repeated task of comforting and advising Beatrice, whose courage and fortitude are so much weaker than Helen's, and the result is more satisfactory than even she, with her sanguine

nature, had hoped to gain. At the end of an hour Percy comes again into hisw fe's room, and his heart, which that he was deceived in Lennard as account, lightens quickly at seeing a tender smile on her face as she welcomes him to her side. He also notes, with a Raphael, enthusiastically. feeling of deep gratitude to Helen, that the moans, sighs, and lamentations, in which Beatrice has indulged since the reading of the wills that morning, have ceased. Deeply as he sympathizes with his wife in her sorrow at the loss of her mother, he cannot share her grief over the loss of the fortune, other than the fact of Mrs. Lennard's having made her husband her chief heir, would imply that the mother's love had not been quite true to her children.

Farther than this, he cares not a whit: for the fact of Beatrice being a great heiress has always been rather more oppressive to his feelings than otherwise. He is anxious to carve out his own fortune, and blessed as he is with the love of this fair being by his side, the future holds no gloomy shadow of defeat for this young man, who is looking forward towards a life of usefulness with eyes which see only with the hopeful vision of youth and inexperience.

After breakfast the next morning, Mr. Gilbert gathers the four young people into the library, and there holds a long confidential consultation with them. Acting upon his advice, the young people decide to leave Despdale at once.

"This will made in Lennard's favor," says Mr. Gilbert, "will undoubtedly be presented immediately for probate; but if I can catch the least shadow of evidence on which to base a suit, I shall take immediate steps to try to have this unjust and infamous will set aside." But the old lawyer shakes his head in a doubtful manner as at his success.

The newly married people decide to set off on a little quiet trip to southern California and, after sojourning there a few weeks, promise to come to San Francisco and makes the Dales a visit. Accordingly in two days more, Deepdale is deserted by all except the old family servants. The men shake their heads doubtfully and mutter to each other that "all is not right," and tears flow and God-speed, and turn back to the house, sobbing dismally over the sad changes which the last few days have

brought to Deepdale. who, in sable robes and bands of crape, board the car at Deepdale station, setting out upon the delayed wedding spirit of Helen, a gloom from which they could not escape might have settled down upon the little party, and shadowed their sunlight like the brood-

But Helen is so determined to see nothing but the bright side of everyis caught by the others, and they spend

Then the young people return to San Francisco, and make the promised visit at the residence of General Dale on California street. Good Mrs. Dale welcomes the brides with kisses and tears as though they are really her own children, and thus softens the pangs of homesickness their return to the city

has induced. The next morning Raphael and Percy seek the office of Mr. Gilbert, whom they are so unfortunate as to find absent upon business; but the clerk tells them that the lawyer is expected home that night. Will they call at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning?

The young men promise to do so, and inwardly chafing at the delay of the interview they so much desire, stroll again into the street.

It is near the hour of luncheon, and they enter a first-class cafe, order coffee, and whilst waiting to be served, sit leisurely looking over the morning

Raphael St. Clair's ear catches the sound of a name uttered by the lips of a man sitting at a table not far from the one at which Percy Randal and himself are seated. The man sits with his back towards them, and he is conversing with another man whose face is unknown to young St. Clair. The gar-

side that time for a fact," says the first active and strong. speaker to his companion, as the two men leisurely sipped their coffee. "When he first came to 'Frisco' he was deadly hard up."

"Why, I thought Lennard was a

wealthy man," returns the other. "Wealthy to-day and dead broke tomorrow," replies the first speaker, sententiously; and then continues: "I lost sight of him for a while, and then I heard that he was courting the rich St. Clair widow; I only met him at rare intervals the whole season, and then he seemed rather disposed to snub me. The next thing I heard he had bagged his game and was married to Mrs. St.

Raphael glances over his paper at the veranda steps, and are driven rapidly | Percy, and sees that he too is listening to the conversation.

"Did he appear to be flush after that?" asks the second speaker. "I only met him once or twice after Dales and Mr. Gilbert in the dining- his marriage and then he declined to play with me, and seemed so uppish, that I concluded he had forgotten the

> for larger game than myself." "And his wife left him all her grand

"Most of it." "But won't the other heirs break the

'They did try to kick up a muss about it, but I hear that they are powerless. That is the reason I say Lennard's "Where is Lennard?" whispers Percy in big luck. Ah he's a sharper, and to General Dale, as they are leaving the | don't you forget it. Gad! I wish I could get a chance to pull him, though; I'd done to prevent this barbarous custom. try mighty hard to get even on some old scores with the stuck-up upstart."

The other goes off in a low chuckle at his companion's chagrin, and the two light their cigars, and saunter away.

Raphael drops the paper, which he has been holding before his face, which has brother-in-law the necessity of their grown white with rage, and looks going at once to Germany to complete blankly at his companion.

"Then it is worse than we have suspected. My mother's husband was a detestable gambler and an associate of such men as these," he says, shuddering-Percy, I feel as if I must kill that vil- old world. lain!" exclaims Raphael, in a low voice,

intense with passion. "It cannot be possible that General Dale knew of Lennard's real character?"

says Percy, thoughtfully. 'No, indeed, you may depend upon it, renowned college of Heidelberg.

no good, and will only add to Beatrice's eur and strength of the noble edifice.

"I agree with you, Percy, but think comes, they repair to Baden-Baden, and that we ought to tell Mr. Gilbert about | the quiet days pass, freighted with peace

"Yes, certainly. Mr. Gilbert should brother are becoming reconciled to the know all the facts in the case," and the loss of their fortune, but the bitter two friends leave the cafe, and turn thought of their mother having proved their footsteps toward the Dale mansion, untrue to her children still rankles deep to join their wives, who are eagerly in the hearts of each. awaiting their coming.

At the appointed hour the next morning the young men call at the lawyer's with first honrs, and are ready to return office, and find Mr. Gilbert in. He to their native land. shakes hands with them in his cordial fshion, and inquires kindly after their once upon the duties of his profession: wives; but when the business topic and soon after reaching San Francisco which has brought them hither is an eligible office is secured, and gilt letapproached, the countenance of the old | ters on a newly painted sign bears the lawyer falls, and he tells the young names of "St. Clair & Randal, Physicmen that it has turned out as he feared, and that not the slightest evidence can be discovered upon which they may base proceedings for a suit to set the will

head by himself and Percy, the day before, between the two gamblers in the

The lawyer is very much surprised at this new insight into the character of Clair has placed him almost on a Lennard, but adds: "This only makes financial level with his brother-in-law, the case sadder, and doese not help our side one particle."

to accept the situation," says Raphael, dejectedly. Then, springing to his feat, he exclaims, with flashing eyes: "I feel sometimes as though I must shoot that hypocritical thief,"

Gilbert, soothingly. "Such a rash pro- rights your home would be a mansion ceeding on your part would only make a instead of this humble two-story cotbad matter worse, and involve you in tage." most serious difficulty. You blood is hot, I am aware, and this is a most terrible | Psalmist meant when he said 'Give me outrage to have to submit to; still I fear | neither poverty nor riches,' " she freely from the female portion, as they | there is no other alternative. Whatever | replies. "Do you suppose, Raph dear, bid their beleved young people good-by Captain Lennard's character or calling that I should be as happy if my home mother, he has earefully covered up all great wealth, burdened with all the traces of it by which we might unearth | caress and responsibilities it involves, as him, and now appears in the role of an I am in this dear sunny little cottage, It is a sad looking wedding party honorable man and sadly bereaved with its bright new furnishings, and all and costly monument, which Captall widower of a woman whom he succeeded our own?" in making believe, as he has the public. he worshiped for herself alone."

gether in rage over their helplessness, resumes. "I never could be happier than and after a short time spent in further conversation, the young men bid the law good day, and go out upon the street again.

Raphael, wishing to hide his despondent face from the chance of meeting any of their acquaintances, hails a cab, and they are driven hastily back to the residence of General Dale.



How to be Healthy In Winter

Winter is a trying time for mo people-especially so for delic ones. Colds, la grippe and pne monia find them easy victims.

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> Mrs. R. Doxsee, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes :- "I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. When I began their use I was so weak that I was scarcely able to be out of my bed, and showed every symptom of going into a decline. I was pale, emaciated, suffered from head sches and nervous exhaustion I used Dr. Wil. liams' Pink Pills for a couple of months, and they have completely restored me."

Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

CHAPTER XIX-AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.

The last will of the late Isabel St. Clair Lennard has been admitted to probate, administrators appointed, and the estate is to be closed as speedily as pos-

Fortunately for all concerned, Raphael St. Clair does not again meet Captain Lennard. Had this been the case, smarting as he is under the sense of injustice done his family through the machinations of his stepfather, the description of 'day of small things,' and was looking a bloody tragedy would here be in order. As it is, Lennard, conscious of his guilt in defrauding the rightful heirs of his late wife, keeps out of St. Clair's Raph, we will not vex our hearts on

way. But it is only by the urgent entreaties of his friends and through the prayers of his wife, that the young man is prevented from sending Captain Lennard a formal challenge to a duel, which, as a means of settling difficulties, is of no rare occurrence upon the Pacific coast even to this day, much as has been

Raphael, therefore, is kept under the watchful care of his friends without his being aware of the fact, and the direful money in two snug little homes, situate catastrophe they so much feared is averted.

Percy Randal begins to urge upon his their college course, according to their original plan. To the delight of all his friends Raphael does not refuse to go, and ere many days have elapsed, Percy Randal and wife and Raphael St. Clair ly. "No wonder that our poor Beatrice and wife, are passengers on a magnificent always hal such an instinctive dislike steamer, that turns her prow and moves for him. How could my dear mother majestically out into the bosom of the ever have been so basely deceived? mighty deep, bound for the shores of the

Immediately upon landing in Europe they proceed to Heidelberg, and after securing pleasant lodgings in an interesting portion of the city, the young men enter upon their medical studies at the

The young wives find a great deal to has been very much depressed upon her much as we were. I have known old interest them in this ancient and historic General Dale all my life, and would city, and while away many a pleasant stake my life on his honor," replies hour, busy with their sketch-books, amid the magnificent ruins of the once "Let us not mention what we have famous castle, the remaining architecjust heard," advises Percy. "It can do ture of which tells of the former grand-

When the short summer vacation and happiness. Both Beatrice and her

By and by the collegiate course is ended, and the young men both graduate

It is the intention of each to enter at ians and Surgeons.'

The young doctors enter with zest upon their work, not alone for the reason that they are in love with their profession, and see in it a vast field for doing St. Clair relates the conversation over- good and benefitting their fellowmen, but it is also necessary to apply themselves diligently to business for the financial success it may bring.

The change in fortune of young St. and Helen often says laughingly to her husband that the loss of the large in-"Then there is nothing left for us but heritance will yet prove a blessing in disguise, because with no incentive to work other than his love for the science of medicine, he would soon grow weary and abandon it, and drift into idleness. "Just think of what you have lost, "Gently, my boy, gently," returns Mr. | my darling," he says. "Had I my

"I think I understand what the may have been before he married your were a mansion and I the mistress of

He does not answer, but stands looking gloomily out of the open window Raphael St. Clair grinds his teeth to- into the tiny garden below, and she I am at present; although, my darling, I sympathize with you over what both Bee and yourself will persist in making a grief of."

"It is not the loss of the money that grieves us, Helen " he replies, "but it is the thought of how we were all deceived, and how my precious mother was the greater sufferer of all; for no one can ever make me believe that she voluntarily made that last will. There is some

mystery about it that can never bee plained satisfactorily to my mind." "It was only the mystery of glamour of love, Raph," she answer in her usual matter-of-fact fashion.

you suppose that if I possesed a lan fortune, and could dispose of it a chose, I would not give it to you?" "You might give it to me, dearest, the father of your child, knowing the its best interest would in my hear identical with my own; but you won

not almost disinherit your own chill and give your fortune to its stepfathe and one who was almost a stranger." Helen laughs and blushes bright then patting his cheek answers: "Wel what we cannot help. We are happy, as have health and plenty, and you ar

patronage. What more upon earth a we crave?" "Nothing, darling," answers young husband, with moist eyes, as i folds her to his bosom.

Percy are getting a liberal share

Soon after their return from Europe the young people, acting upon Heler advice, invest the greater portion of the in a lovely suburb of the city. The lie side by side-trim two-story brick a tages, standing back from the street with a bit of yard covered with gree grass in front, and a white gravels walk, bordered with roses and other flowering shrubs leading to the gat Two large pomegranate trees stand front of the gates, and fling their lon shadows across the yard, to the ve steps of the vine-clad plazzas, whe birds sing in their gilded cages in the shady coolness. On the right-hand sid of each yard a tiny fountain springs my glittering in the bright rays of the su and splashing its bright drops into the marble basin beneath. In the rear each cottage is a small fertile gards which is the delight of the Chines

gardener having it in charge. The young wives are together all de during the absence of their husbands and the sound of the six o'clock bell which brings the doctors home to di ner, is hailed by them with delight

Five happy, prosperous years has winged their flight into eternity. voices of little children are heard at twin-cottages of our young people. girl and boy have come to bless th hearts of Raphael and Helen, and to little home is still further brightened their merry laughter and innocent protlings; while to Percy and Beatrice lovely boy, with eyes like blue forge me-nots, and shining golden hair, he found his way, and nestles in the your parents' hearts like a tiny birdling

its sheltered nest. Captain Lennard has long since dis appeared from San Franciso, and it i said that he is traveling in foreign lands None of our young friends have seen him since that memorable morning in the library at Deepdale, seven year previous.

The old family mansion of the S Clairs, on California street, has been closed and deserted for years, by all say the housekeeper and caretaker.

Deepdale, too, has been deserted an last summer Dr. St. Clair and his wife with Percy and Beatrice, had spent st weeks at the Beach House, in the vicinity of Deepdale, and it had mad their hearts ache, and their tears flow to see the neglected grounds of the once elegant old home, and the lofty of mansion itself standing deserted and silent, like some grim sentinel in the waning light.

"What a strange being Captain Let nard must be," says Helen, as they tub their steps away from the deserted place. "He does not appear to care in to least for the two splendid homes he was so determine to possess."

"There is some mystery about it this has never been explained," returns be husband, shaking his head. "I hav always felt convinced of this, and Let nard's disappearance, and his entire neglect of the property, has proven, think, that I am correct."

They pause at the gateway of Deepda Cemetery, and enter with slow footstep and hushed voice, and stand in the deep ening summer twilight, beside to graves of the beloved parents of Beatrice and Raphael.

Grand and stately towers the elegan Lennard had caused to be erected, in the first weeks of his bereavement, to mare the resting place of his "dearly belove wife," and the grave is strewn will freshly cut flowers, the dying fragrand of which float in the quiet evening all (To be conunued.)

TO THE DEAF .- A rich lady, cured her Deafness and Noises in the Head by D Nicholson's Artifical Ear Drums, has set £ 1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf peop unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department A.T. The Institute, "Longcott," Gunnersbur London W., England. -22-1yr.