MRS. LAMSHED'S WILL.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

He got up and opened the door slightly, that he might hear the doctor's arrival, and also ascertain whether Kate stayed in the room during Mrs. Lamshed's interview with the young man. Dr. Lakeworth went straight upstairs when he came, and remained with the two ladies for fully an hour and a quarter, whilst Mr. Dottleson sat fuming and fidgeting in the library below.

"Much value the fellow's time must be," he sneered looking at his watch, when the door upstairs opened, and Mrs. Lamshed's shrill cracked voice arose, cautioning the doctor not to forget that he had promised to come and see her on Tuesday.

"I'll waylay him as he goes out, and find out, once for all, whether there is any actual necessity for these incessant visits."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Lakeworth," he said, meeting the doctor in the hall. "Just come this way for a moment, if you please." He led the way into the library, motioning the young man to follow him with the pojpous air which had gained him the sobriquet of "Majestic Monty" among his City friends.

"I wished to ask you whether there is any cause for anxiety regarding Mrs. Lamshed's health," he said when Charles Lakeworth was seated.

"Mrs. Lamshed is under the impression that she is suffering from some internal malady; but I am unable to detect anything amiss. Of course any organic complaint would be serious to one of her advanced age; but I have no reason to suppose there is the least cause for anxiety."

Perhaps the confident tone of Dr. Lakeworth's reply irritated his questioner; for Mr. Dottleson put on his most majestic air, and fixing his pince-nez on his somewhat rubicund nose, he elevated that feature until he could bring his dull fish-like eyes to bear upon his companion. "Is that your opinion?" he asked with light stress on the possessive pronoun.

"That's my opinion," responded the doctor quietly.

"Then there's no actual necessity for your rather frequent professional visits?"

"I can do nothing for Mrs. Lamshed but allay her fears about herself. They are groundless; but a lady of her years is naturally prone to make much of any little feeling of indisposition."

Mr. Dottleson lay back in his chair, considering what he had better say next. If he made any attempts to discourage Dr. Lakeworth's calls, it would infallibly come to his mother-in-law's ears, and her resentment might produce results very detrimental to himself. It would not do to attack the position from this side, when he had only his suspicions to work upon; it would be less risky to go to the root of the matter with Mrs. Lamshed. He rose from his chair and extended his hand. "I'll say good-evening, then, Mr. Lakeworth; you have relieved my mind very much regarding your patient."

Charles Lakeworth left the house, and Mr. Dottleson went in search of his mother-in-law. He meant to lose no time in putting her on her guard against this insidious enemy; but he knew that he would have to approach the subject very carefully.

"I am very pleased to learn from Dr. Lakeworth that your fears about yourself are unfounded," he said cheerfully.

"Oh, yes; he thinks I'm all right," replied Mrs. Lamshed. "I've great confidence in Lakeworth."

"I'm afraid he takes advantage of it to drain your purse pretty heavily in fees."

"He wants 'em," replied the old lady dryly. "Poor fellow! he finds it hard to make both ends meet. But he'll make his way; I'm going to help him."

It was bad enough to hear that this hanger-on was sent for more to benefit himself that the patient; but Mrs. Lamshed's last words made Mr. Dottleson turn red with anger. "Help," in his vocabulary, was synonymous with money, and here was his mother-in-law coolly telling him her heir, that she was going to give help to an utter stranger, who had no claim upon her whatever. It was quite time that he did speak to her, so he cleared his throat and began without more ado: "You know that of late it has often occurred to me that Dr. Lakeworth's attention to you is not so disinterested as it should be. I may be wrong but I cannot get over the idea that he has some ulterior designs upon us."

Mrs. Lamshed put on her spectacles and stared at her son-in-law. "Do you suppose I'm a fool Montague Dottleson?"

"My dear madam, you misapprehend my meaning," said Mr. Dottleson with anxious sauvity; "but really I have known such frequent cases in which kind-hearted ladies have been led away by their gratitude towards scheming physicians. I never for an instant imagined that Dr. Lakeworth or any one else would be able to bend your sturdy sense of what is right and just so as to serve his own interests; but he comes so frequently, he stays so long, and"—

"And you think Lakeworth expects my money when I've done with it, and comes here to keep my friendship for him alive?"

"I am bound to confess that this had crossed my mind."

The old lady leaned over, and tapped her son-in-law gently on the knuckles with her spectacle case as she replied: "You are the fool, Montague Dottleson. You're as blind as a mole. If you hadn't betrayed these unworthy suspicions about an honourable man, I might have opened your eyes for you; but since you have an undeservedly bad opinion of him, I shall leave you to grope your own way to daylight. I've made my will, Montague, and you know what it says; but there's plenty of time to add a codicil to it, you know—plenty of time.

Mr. Dottleson saw that he had made a grave mistake in mentioning his distrust; but he could not repair it now, and beat a hasty retreat. Mrs. Lamshed had hinted broadly that there was something going on which he was too blind to see, and which she was going to let him find out for himself. Whatever it might be, he would be very cautious in making his investigations; that remark about the possibility of making a codicil had gone home, for he knew he had not been spoken idly. The will as it stood was in his own favour. Mrs. Lamshed had bluntly observed when she made it, that Kate was only six years old, and there was no knowing what she might grow up like; so her money should be left to one who would at least take care of it—namely, Montague Dottleson. She had a higher opinion of her son-in-law at that time than she had now; but he had always been kind and attentive since she went to live with him, and she had seen no reason, so far, to alter her designs.

"What can the man be after, if it isn't the money?" queried Mr. Dottleson on the hearthrug of Mr. Dottleson in the mirror. "He cant' be so much attracted by Kate. She's a pretty girl and a good girl; but she's got nothing. Then, again, her grandmother was always of a saving turn of mind, and she wouldn't encourage him to pay expensive visits if she had no object in view. It's absurd to suppose that she pays him to come here for nothing. If he admired Kate, he'd come without being sent for, and her grandmother can't fail to know that.

His mental vision had been so dimmed by the atmosphere of money in which his life had been passed, that he did no understand the possibility of man or woman being guided by any other motive. Love was a misty unreality outside the pale of his reasoning powers, and therefore did not enter into his speculations at all. His affection for Kate took the characteristic shape of finding a wealthy husband for her; she might choose for herself as she had a right to; but measuring her heart by the size of his own, it never struck him that her choice might fall upon a man whom he would reject as ineligible.

CHAPTER II.

When Kate came down-stairs she found Mr. Dottleson in a frame of mind very different from that in which he had spent the earlier part of the afternoon; the storm had subsided in cloudy gloom. Papa had evidently something on his mind, and she busied herself to rouse him.

"Shall we go out after tea, papa?" she began. "Grandmamma's asleep, and the rain has stopped."

"I'm afraid I have annoyed your grandmother, Kate," replied Mr. Dottleson, sorrowfully; "but really I felt bound to speak to her as I did for your sake."

"She was rather hurt at what you said; but you can easily make that all right."

"How?"

"Oh, you might ask Dr. Lakeworth to dinner, and make a good deal of him before granny; she would soon forget anything you said to-day."

"I'll think about it," said her father, who had decided to act upon his daughter's proposition the moment it was made. "Your idea is a very good one. It wouldn't do to offend your grandmother, eh, Kate?"

"Dr. Lakeworth is a weakness of hers, you know, papa. It's a regular case of love me, love my dog."

"Then, next time the dog comes to see her, we'll ask him to stay to dinner with us," he replied, more good-humouredly.

"He is to call on Tuesday afternoon," said Kate, who saw the chance of doing a little stroke of business on her own account.

"Very well, I'll be here, and invite him myself."

When Mr. Dottleson announced his intention of asking personally for the pleasure of any one's company at dinner, it signified that he intended special honour to the favored guest; it went against the grain to confer such distinction upon Dr. Lakeworth, but circumstances made it advisable.

He came home from the City half an hour earlier than usual on Tuesday, that he might make sure of meeting the doctor, and actually took upon himself to instruct the butler about the wine, a thing he had never been known to do since the memorable occasion upon which the ex-private secretary of an ex-viceroy of India came to dine with him.

The entertainment was a success from every one's point of view. Mr. Dottleson was in high spirits that day; and as Dr. Lakeworth was fully alive to the importance of ingratiating himself with his host, he applied himself to the task with great assiduity. He listened to him with such deference, and received his loudly expressed opinions with such respectful attention, that Mr. Dottleson's overweening vanity was gratified, and he reproached himself for the injustice he had done the man. "He seems a very gentlemanly, well-mannered young fellow," he mused, as they went up-stairs. "Perhaps, I have really been mistaken in him. Anyhow, I will put matters right with Mrs. Lamshed at once. I will give Dr. Lakeworth my photograph."

The fortunate being to whom our friend presented his photograph was expected by the original to bear himself thenceforth as became one who had been distinguished above his fellow-men by an exceptional mark of Mr. Dottleson's approbation.

"I had a new photo taken a week or two ago, doctor," he said blandly, interrupting the guest's conversation with his daughter. "If you will come over here, I will show it to you."

"If papa gives you one, speak to him to-night," whispered Kate hurriedly, seizing the opportunity with the promptness of true generalship.

Charles Lakeworth gave a nod of intelligence, and followed his host to the end of the room, where he was detained for fifteen minutes criticising Mr. Dottleson's uninteresting person as delineated in nine different attitudes more or less constrained.

"I shall be very happy if you care to select one," he said patronisingly to the victim when the ordeal was over.

Dr. Lakeworth's gratitude was sincere, in view of the opening which the presentation indicated as before him. He took pains to select the most flattering portrait, and finally won Mr. Dottleson's heart by begging him to inscribe his autograph upon it. His request was so graciously complied with, that almost before the ink had had time to dry he had disclosed his halting tale of love. It was listened to gravely, but not unkindly, Mr. Dottleson's blindness was being lifted from him; this young doctor was in love with his daughter, and frankly admitted that he regarded Mrs. Lamshed's calls for his services only as a means of his communication with Kate. Mr. Dottleson could hardly believe it; but he recalled his mother-in-law's remark, and felt suddenly reassured regarding the object of the young doctor's attention to her. No doubt he might have some other end in view; but it seemed clear that Kate was the primary attraction. So relieved was he at the discovery, that for the moment he lost sight of the fact that the suitor was a struggling professional man, who had in all probability never owned a bank account, and he did not give the point-blank refusal he would have done at any other time. He hesitated, and took refuge in a promise to consider the matter. Kate was young, and he believed Dr. Lakeworth was also young. He could give no definite answer now; he must think it over; meantime, he should be glad to see him whenever he cared to look in, though he must not regard the invitation as in anyway foreshadowing consent.

It was not much for the most sanguine lover to build upon; but Charles Lakeworth, who had never dared hope for anything but a positive refusal, was more than content with the answer.

Alas, poor human nature! A slight lapse of memory hopelessly wrecked all the good work of the evening. Charles was so completely absorbed in Kate Dottleson's society that he quite forgot everything else; and when he bade the family good-night, on the best of terms with everybody, and his host in particular, he left that gentleman's photograph behind on the sofa, where he had spent the greater part of the time after dinner. There it lay unnoticed until Mr. Dottleson, casting a look round the room before he turned out the gas for the night, discovered the neglected honour sticking ignominiously between the cushions. He raised his eyebrows in veritable astonishment as he picked it up. That such a gift from himself should be forgotten thus was almost incomprehensible; surprise soon gave place to indignation, which he strove unsuccessfully to smother.

"He didn't want it," he said to himself, throwing the picture into a dish; "but he might at least have had the grace to take it away with him, after asking me to write my name upon it. I shall be very careful to whom I give my photograph again; that's all."

Mr. Dottleson was not the man to forget the slight he had received at Charles Lakeworth's hands; and the incident narrated above was no small factor in helping him to come to the decision he did when, next morning, he remembered the young man's avowal of love for Kate. He would not admit even to himself that such a thing weighed a single grain in his disfavor; but it is doubtful whether he would have dismissed the subject from his thoughts with a contemptuous "impossible," had his guest held the ground he had gained by treasuring that photograph as it deserved. The good impression his would-be son-in-law had made upon him had been more than obliterated by the unlucky forgetfulness which had wounded Mr. Dottleson on his tenderest point—his vanity. He recollected with annoyance that he had given this presumptuous suitor permission to come to the house when he pleased, and had thus placed himself in a somewhat delicate position. Had it been anyone else, he would have had no hesitation in informing him at once that he had considered his proposal and found it impossible to give his sanction, and, if necessary, directed him to cease visiting at his house. But, in his own interests, he could not deal so summarily with Dr. Lakeworth. Mrs. Lamshed's feelings, or, to be strictly accurate, Mrs. Lamshed's money, had to be taken into account. To close the door in the face of "her doctor," as she called him, might put an end to his intercourse with Kate; but the step would certainly bring about the fulfilment of that half-made threat of a "codicil," and that was a contingency which must never be permitted to arise. It was no consolation to Mr. Dottleson to discover that his action in asking his bete noire to dinner had effected its object in conciliating his mother-in-law, particularly when he found that she regarded it as a formal installation of her favorite as a prospective kinsman. She now looked upon Dr. Lakeworth's engagement to Kate as a settled thing, which the course of time would bring to a satisfactory conclusion; and so warmly did she express her approval of the match, that Mr. Dottleson felt reluctantly compelled to be silent as to the views he haid on the subject. If he declared his intention of opposing the young people's wishes, his mother-in-law would join issue with them against him; and although she held very decided opinions on the duty of a child to a parent, the fact was by no means a sufficient guarantee to satisfy Mr. Dottleson that she would not substitute Kate's name for his own in her will, and thus render her independent of him. That would undoubtedly be preferable to the realisation of his previous fears; but it was an alternative he did not relish. He would treat his only daughter liberally if she married with his approval; but he was more ambitious for her than she was for herself, and there was little chance of their agreeing as to Charles Lakeworth's qualifications.

(To Be Continued.)

Boys in the Atchison County High School at Effingham, Kan., took advantage of a young country schoolgirl's ignorance and sent a letter to her, in the name of one of them, inviting her in terms of some endearment to accompany him to an entertainment. She answered in a warmth of language not strange in one so green, and the next day all the school quoted portions of her letter to her. She hastened home, sixteen miles, through a rainstorm, and was taken critically ill.

TOLD OF CIRCUS ANIMALS.

NERVE DISPLAYED BY A KEEPER WHEN A LIONESS GOT LOOSE.

Strategy by Which the Brute Was Lured Back to Her Cage—The Lamented Jumbo's Love for Children—Affection of an Elephant for a Mahout—A Struggle With Big Pythons.

"Circus life is not all picnic," said an old showman. "It is better to be for a long spell in a city like New York than to cover the outlying country towns and cities. Many a lad who runs after the show and thinks he is lucky to get a job finds it is lucky to get a job finds it is a rough road to travel, packing tents, etc., until 1 or 2 A. M., then sleeping on the jolting wagons until the next town is sighted, then getting up by 8 o'clock or so, getting the parade in order and setting up the tent again, and following the same programme day after day. It's easier than it used to be, though, but we have some odd experiences.

"There was a man travelling with us some twenty years ago, an Englishman named Wilcox, who came to this country when quite a boy. He was a helper around the animals, and somehow he went to England and got a job with the old Wombwell Menagerie, long before it was sold to Manders. When the split occurred he went to the big Bellevue Garden at Manchester with some of the animals the proprietors had bought. He soon rose to be head man over the lions, tigers, etc., and had a house in a pretty little garden just within the great wall near the entrance gates. Five nights before Christmas the lioness, a new purchase, recently imported from Africa gave birth to a litter of four cubs, and the cage front was boarded up and every care was taken of her. Well, Wilcox went on Christmas Eve to a party with his wife, leaving his helper to feed the animals and close up. Toward midnight he returned, entered the gardens, and went to sleep in his house. An hour later his wife woke him, saying there was a noise outside in the garden, and he got up and looked out of the window. Right in front of his house, at the big gate, was that lioness with one of her cubs, and she was biting at the door and

SCRATCHING FOR DEAR LIFE

to get under it, her idea being to get out in the open. In that open, within a circuit of five miles, were more than a million people. Some one must have fastened her cage door insecurely or something had gone wrong.

"Wilcox slipped on his trousers and shoes, and, despite all his wife could do, he slipped out of the front door of his cottage, hurried around by the private hedge, and in the moonlight went running down through the lines of forcing houses for plants keeping them between him and the gate as much as possible, and so vanished from his wife's sight, in the direction of the lions' house. In a short time he reappeared right in the centre avenue with a cub in his arms, and his wife saw him come boldly right down the walk until he was within twenty yards or so of the lioness. Then he picked up a stone and threw it at her as she lay biting at the door. The brute looked round, saw the man, and jumped up with an angry growl. The man bit one of the cub's ears and made it cry out just as the lioness was about crouching for a spring. At that sound she rose, her tail moved softly instead of lashing her sides, and she walked straight to the keeper. Wilcox held the cub out to her and said, 'Hello, Queenie,' as if it was the most natural meeting in the world, and, letting her take the cub from his hand, he passed her and picked up the other one. She dropped the one she held and came to take the one he picked up, getting more friendly every minute. So, picking up the cubs and giving them to her, stepping backward all the time, he slowly led the brute to her cage, and then mounting the narrow platform, pushed the iron gate open and threw a cub inside to the furthest corner. The lioness bounded in after it, he threw the other cub in also, banged the gate to, shot the bolts, and fell unconscious from the platform to the ground.

"Not seeing him return his wife sounded the alarm and brought all the helpers to the cottage, and they cautiously went to look for him, and there they found him with a third cub curled up by his side. Well, the matter was of course kept quiet, the under keeper was severely scolded for carelessly shooting the bolt past the socket instead of into it, and as for Wilcox they gave him

A PRESENT OF $2,500,

and his place was solid for keeps. It was a piece of good old-fashioned grit just the same.

"Animals are funny things, especially elephants; you never know when you are sure of them. Some are kind all their lives, like old Jumbo was, and some are kind part of the time, but break out at last, and some are just born cussed. That little fellow that Jumbo died to save from the train was just a natural-born comedian, and when he was about four feet high he attracted more crowds to see him raise Cain than all the others with their learned tricks. Poor old Jumbo! how the children did love him, and how he loved them. There is no doubt about it; he did just love them. I remember one day, I forget if it was in Chicago or St. Louis, the children were riding him, and he was carrying them up and down along a sort of road with a crowd on either side to se ehim do it. With his load on his back he was coming swinging at a good round pace up to where he discharged his cargo, when a tiny tot of about 4 years, a pretty little girl, wiggled away from her mother's hand and started to run across in front of the advancing Jumbo to join a little friend opposite. Her foot tripped and down she went right under the elephant's feet. Well, the crowd turned faint in a moment, expecting to see the child mashed; but quick as a wink that noble old beast, going full tilt, whipped his trunk round that child and handed her safe and sound up to the mahout on his head. Say, I can hear that cheering yet.

"If the elephant is a good elephant he gets very fond of the mahout, and it used to be an established custom in the old days before these big companies were formed, that when the elephant was sold the mahout went with him to his new place. Well, one day the elephant was sold, and the mahout took him to headquarters and was told that his services were not wanted, that they had already three mahouts and did not want another. He looked stupid for a minute, and then said he guessed he would say good-by to the old beast. He went and cuddled up to the elephant and folded one of the beast's ears round him, and the brute twisted his trunk about his keeper, and then the keeper turned away and the new keeper advanced to take the animal to quarters and began by giving him

A PROD WITH A GAFF.

Just then the old keeper disappeared round a movable band kiosk and some wagons with glass sides. Some say a whistled sounded, some say nothing of the kind happened; but, anyway, that elephant just upset the regular mahout, and with trunk raised and trumpetting in anger, or fear, or sorrow, went crashing through that band stand and the glass-sided wagon after the keeper, spreading havoc in his path. Reaching his old mahout he just put his trunk around him and walked back in that fashion to where he had been left, mild as milk, after doing about $200 damage in about twenty seconds. He was a trick elephant, and his mahout stayed with him at a pretty large salary for those days. Everybody suspected the elephant had been trained to that little piece of business; and it looked like it.

"The monkeys, birds, antelopes, and the hippos are pretty good to get along with. The camels are nasty vicious things. But the ticklish things are the snakes. You see a snake has to be kept looking good and feeling good or it dies, and the plaguey things won't exercise themselves as a lion or any of the cats will do, so they have to be bathed every two or four weeks, according to the season and the weather. I remember one day when I was a young man we had a big case containing eight or ten pythons, ranging in size up to 18 feet long. It was fitted with a little slide door, and when we wanted to wash them we opened this door, and presently one of them would pop his head out, and the boss would grab him around the neck, pull out about four feet, take another hold and pull out the rest. Then I shoved the slide to, and the tub of water being ready we lowered the squirming reptile into it—and they can squirm pretty hard, too. As soon as the water touched the snakes, they settled right down and lay there, letting the boss wash them gently around for ten minutes or so. Then he would roll them up in

WARM BLANKETS

and drop them into a case to wriggle out of the blankets.

"One day we had the biggest brute out and in the tub, when the boss looked round and said: "I've left the blankets in the office. Take hold, Bob, and keep him moving until I get them." So I took hold of the big reptile, which was apparently half asleep, and the boss went to fetch the blankets. Just as his footsteps died away I felt something at my ankle, and turning saw another python loose on the floor coiling itself round my leg and up my body. Looking toward the case I saw that the slide door was open. The snake in the water was all right, half asleep, and holding him with my left hand I grabbed the second snake with my right hand close by the head, forcing it off from my body, and straddled my legs as wide apart as I could to prevent his tail from getting a brace hold. Then began a struggle. The tension was getting pretty hard, and my right arm was being slowly forced down and in against my body. The snake in the water was beginning to squirm, I suppose I was nipping him, and I saw the head of another snake protruding from the case. I was just fit to drop when I heard the boss coming with the blankets and I yelled to him to hurry up. He came on the run, just in time to help me out. I dropped the snake in the tub, the boss seized the tail of the one round my leg and unwound it, and we dropped it back into the case. The one in the water was rolled up and shoved into the cage, and then we went after the third one and got him; but I assure you no more snakes were bathed that day."

NECK BROKEN, LIVED 8 MONTHS.

During that Time Athlete Patterson Could Speak, Think and Eat, but Could Not Move.

Jerome C. Patterson died on Friday night at his home, in Chicago after living nearly eight months with a broken neck. He was prominent as an athlete.

Aug. 8, 1896, he dived from a pier at Manhattan Beach, and his head struck the bottom. It was several minutes before his companions noticed his absence and pulled him from under water. His spinal cord was nearly severed at the neck and his body paralyzed from that point down.

The young man, however, retained his mental faculties, and his internal organs were uninjured. Ever since the accident Patterson has had a good appetite and digestion. He was wracked by frightful pains, however, and could not move.

At times he has complained of feeling a sting in his back, and his mind has wandered for brief periods. Electricity failed to benefit the patient and X-rays availed nothing.

Mr. Patterson declined slowly but steadily from the time of the accident till his death. His mind was clear and his powers of speech unimpaired to the end. It is probable that there will be an autopsy in the interest of science.