# MRS. LAMSHED'S WILL.

He did so without a word, and stepped back to his place by the bedside, where he stood facing his mother-in-law. Mrs. Lamshed neither moved nor spoke till her maid appeared and asked for her commands. Then she collected herself as if for a spring, and sat bolt upright with her white hair falling upon her shoulders, whilst she pointed with her thin trembling finger to the door. Her sunken eyes flashed with suppressed excitement as she spoke the words which Montague Dottleson remembered till the very last day of his life. "Send for Smuggles's partner," said Mrs. Lamshed.

Although the order was ostensibly addressed to the maid, Mr. Dottleson knew that it was in reality given to himself. He offered no protest; perhaps he recognized that it would be useless; he pulled out his watch and glanced at it before he answered, which he did in tones whose coolness surprised himself, and were evidently not pleasing to Mrs. Lamshed. "It's now half-past six, and the office will be shut.—Do you know the gentleman's name and his private residence?"

His mother-in-law glowered angrily at him for a few seconds before she replied: "No, I don't. I want Smuggles's partner."

Mr. Dottleson bowed, and quitted the room; he was in no hurry to discover the nameless individual who was to assist in altering the will. "I'll wait until to-morrow," he thought as he went to his own chamber; "she may have changed her mind by the morning."

But morning came, and Mrs. Lamshed was as firm in her purpose as she had been the evening before. Her son-in-law went to her room to make inquiries about her health before he set out for the City, and was startled at the change for the worse which had taken place during the night. Her breathing was heavy and labored, and there was a listless apathy in her manner which contrasted painfully with her wonted brightness. She seemed indisposed to speak to any one; but when he referred to her demand for "Smuggles's partner," she roused herself with an effort. "It's Starbone and Smuggles—Lincoln's Inn—ask for—his partner."

"Are you well enough to attend to business to-day?" asked Mr. Dottleson anxiously.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lamshed. "Send him to me now—at once."

He said nothing more; but as his gaze rested on the form of the old lady, who seemed to be drawing near her end, a dark thought crossed his mind. She could not last very long; she was breaking up rapidly; a few days, in all likelihood, would see the last; he could forget her commission to-day, and perhaps——

"Don't forget to call at Starbone and Smuggles's office, Montague; I shall expect the solicitor here at twelve o'clock." She spoke more fluently than she had done before and seemed to hint pointedly at his singular forgetfulness in that matter of the note to Dr. Lakeworth. He turned red under her searching eyes, and hastily dismissing his half-formed design, promised to attend to her wishes without fail. After all, it would answer no good purpose to neglect them; she could easily send another messenger, if she distrusted him; and he felt that he had little claim to her confidence. She would put the true interpretation on his remissness, and visit it all the more severely upon him. No; he must close his eyes to the nature of his errand, and execute it with that honesty whose mother is necessity and whose child is self-interest.

He had no difficulty in finding Messrs. Starbone and Smuggles's office, where he was received by the surviving partner, a gaunt, melancholy man, who dwelt in a little back room lined with battered tin deed-boxes.

"Mrs. Lamshed?" said the gaunt man wearily—"Lamshed?—Ah, yes; I remember: 10 Potfield Gardens, isn't it?"

"That was Mrs. Lamshed's address at one time," said Mr. Dottleson. "My mother-in-law now resides with me, at No. 21 Blakewood Square. She is particularly anxious to see you as soon as possible. Could you conventiently call upon her at about mid-day?"

The melancholy solicitor chewed the stump of a very old quill pen thoughtfully, and referred to a memorandum slab on the table. "To-day is Wednesday. I will attend Mrs. Lamshed at noon," he said in a funereal voice.—"Will you be good enough to say that I—Mr. Reginald Slimp—will be in attendance at noon?"

Mr. Dottleson shook hands with him and withdrew. He intended to telegraph down to let his mother-in-law know that he had lost no time in carrying out her directions; it would look disinterested and might have a softening effect. Accordingly, he wired, telling Mrs. Lamshed that she might expect Mr. Reginald Slimp to be with her at the hour appointed. "I may wash my hands of it now, I suppose," he said as he affixed the telegraph stamp. "I may sit down and wait for the earthquake."

That was a long-remembered day at 21 Blakewood Square. Mr. Slimp arrived at twelve o'clock, armed with a formidable parchment envelope, which he carried in his hat up to Mrs. Lamshed's room. The old lady dismissed her maid with instructions not to return and to prevent others disturbing her until she heard the bell, as she was going to be busy with the visitor. Charles Lakeworth called, and, for the first time during his acquaintance, was told that his patient was engaged, and could not see him.—Was Miss Dottleson engaged? No. Then he would see her; and was taken up-stairs forthwith.

"Is anything wrong, Kate?" he asked as he took her hands. "Why won't Mrs. Lamshed see me?"

"Hush!" said Kate (the old lady's apartment was next to the drawing-room). "There was a quarrel of some kind last night, and grandmamma sent for her lawyer. I suspect it's about her will. He is with her now; they've been shut up alone together for nearly an hour."

The bell rang sharply at that moment; and a message was sent to the butler to go to Mrs. Lamshed at once. He was not detained very long; he was only called upon to sign his name, after seeing the old lady inscribe hers at the bottom of a document; and a few minutes after he left the room with the maid Sarah, who also acted as a witness. Mr. Slimp with his papers followed, looking, if possible, more melancholy than ever. His aspect gave an increased air of solemnity to the occasion, and impressed the under-housemaid who let him out with the conviction that something very deep and mysterious indeed had taken place upstairs.

Sir Alfred Blodget paid his visit soon after the solicitor had gone, and found the invalid with her grand-daughter and the young doctor for whom he had been kept waiting the day before.

"Explain," said Mrs. Lamshed to Kate, nodding at Charles Lakeworth and then at Sir Alfred. Nothing loth, Kate informed the latter how the miscarriage of a note had caused the mistake of the previous day, and introduced Dr. Lakeworth as the physician who had taken care of her grand-parent for the past twelve months. Sir Alfred was extremely gracious; but Miss Dottleson was a little disappointed to find that he did not at once retire to the window with Charles and earnestly discuss the case in low tones, which was her preconceived idea of a 'consultation.' On the contrary, he only patted Mrs Lamshed's hand kindly and told her to stay where she was for a day or two; said so quite independently, without even asking the younger doctor if he didn't agree with him. It was not much of a consultation, reflected poor Kate, when the great man went out followed by the small one; and she told Mrs. Lamshed her opinion of Sir Alfred, which was quite at variance with that usually entertained about him.

"You are intimate with the family, I understand?" he said to Charles Lakeworth as he drew on his gloves in the hall.

"Yes; I have known them well for some time."

"Well, you may mention to Mr. Dottleson that I can do nothing more than you can, and shall not look in again.—Very old woman. Course of nature. I shall be surprised if she sees the light of Sunday.—Good-day; very pleased to have met you."

The brougham rolled away with Sir Alfred and Charles Lakeworth returned to Mrs. Lamshed's room. He had known before that she was seriously ill, but did not possess the experience which told the older man that her lease of life had so nearly expired. He was charged with the duty of telling Mr. Dottleson that the case had been left in his hands as hopeless, and he would have to break the news to Kate also, a task he cared for even less. He would not tell her yet, he decided; she had no idea of Mrs Lamshed's real condition, and it would only prolong her grief to reveal it sooner than was actually necessary. Mr. Dottleson must be told, of course, and he waited until that gentleman came home in order to see him.

"You arrived here soon after noon, you say, Mr. Lakeworth," said Mr. Dottleson, when he had been told Sir Alfred's opinion. "Did you see Mrs. Lamshed at once?"

"She was engaged when I came, and I did not see her until her visitor had gone."

"Mrs. Lamshed seemed to me to be a little strange in her manner last night and this morning; do you think her faculties are perfectly clear?"

"Perfectly clear. She is very weak, and is growing weaker almost every hour; but her mind is quite sound."

Mr. Dottleson had conceived the idea that his mother-in-law might if necessary be proved mentally incapable of making a new will, and did not intend to give up the notion yet. He would send a line to Sir Alfred Blodget about it; Dr. Lakeworth's opinion was hardly worth having, and might, moreover, be prejudiced. He lost no time in writing to the doctor, and waited until late that evening in keen anxiety for his reply; it would be a great triumph if he succeeded in getting his codicil legally set aside, for he had firmly persuaded himself that it was in Charles Lakeworth's favour. Whatever its provisions might be, he would be acquainted with them in a few days—by Sunday or Monday, at the latest. It was hard that, after all these years, a slight blunder should throw out his calculations when the end was almost in sight; it was very hard. Still, there was a shred of hope left. If such an authority as Sir Alfred Blodget could certify that he had seen Mrs. Lamshed half an hour after she had altered her will, and that she was then incapable of understanding what she had done, he was safe. He could snap his fingers at Dr. Lakeworth and kick him out of the house.—Here was the answer from Sir Alfred at last. He snatched the letter from the servant and tore it open in nervous haste:

Sir Alfred Blodget presents his compliments to Mr. Dottleson, and has pleasure in assuring him that Mrs. Lamshed was perfectly capable of transacting any business such as he refers to at the time he visited her to-day.

Foiled! He crushed the paper into a shapeless lump and threw it into the waste-paper basket. Whatever the old harridan had done, it was done, and would hold good. He swallowed his passion, and went up to see his daughter.

(To Be Continued.)

## STATUES OF GLASS.

A company of glassworkers have recently discovered that ordinary plate glass will make a more durable monument than the hardest marble or granite, for glass is practically indestructible. Wind, rain, heat or cold will eventually crumble the hardest rock, and one can seldom read the inscription on a gravestone fifty years old, but a glass monument will look as fresh after the lapse of centuries as on the day of its erection, and the inscription can be made ineffaceable. The thick plate glass used to glaze the portholes of steamers will resist the stormiest sea, and is practically unbreakable.

## THE FLEET IN THE LEVANT.

**The Ships Available for Blockading or Other Naval Operations.**

The importance attached by the leading powers of Europe to the Cretan crisis may be judged by the naval forces they have at Canea, at the Piraeus, at Smyrna, and at various points of observation in the Mediterranean and the Black Seas.

The British Mediterranean fleet is set down by the London "Times" of a recent date as thirty-two strong, exclusive of torpedo craft. Five battleships, the Revenge, Trafalgar, Barfleur, Camperdown and Rodney; two cruisers, the Scout and Fearless; the sloop Nymphe, the gunboats Dryad and Harrier, and the torpedo boat destroyers were recently in Cretan harbors, with the battleship Nile and destroyer Dragon, Ardent, Bruiser and Boxer Banchee at the Pireeus. The battleships Ramillies, Hood and Anson were at Malta, the Prince George to go to the Mediterranean, and so on. The channel squadron was at that time at Viga, on its way to Gibraltar.

Italy at the same date had actually in Cretan waters the big battle-ships Sicilia, Re Umberto, Francesco Morosini, Andrea, Dora and Ruggiero di Lauria, and the cruisers Vesuvio and Euridice, while the cruisers Marco Polo, Ligurio and Dogali were also then already there or under orders to proceed thither. Of course, all Italy's home vessels are within easy reach.

France, however, seems to rely on her naval strength at Toulon for most of her readiness for action. At the time spoken of she had actually withdrawn a few vessels from the Levant. The cruisers Charner, Suchet, Troude, Wattignies and Fosbin, however, represented her in the Levant, and several vessels seemed to be making ready to join them. Between Sebastopol and Vigo, France had, it is said, eight battle-ships and seven cruisers.

Russia, between the same two points, had eleven battle-ships and five cruisers. At Crete where the Navarin, Cizoi, Veliky, Nicholas I., and Alexander II., all battle-ships, and the Admiral Seniavine and Grosiostchy, also armored, while a gun vessel and two torpedo boats were at Messina, under orders to join them. In the Black Sea fleet at Sebastopol were six battleships.

Austria's force was the cruiser Maria Theresa, the small battle-ship Stefanie, the gunboats Satellit and Sibonico, and the destroyers Sperber, Elster and Kibitz, besides the cruiser Franz Josef I., at Port Said.

Germany's chief vessel is the Kaiserin Augusta, the others being old corvettes used as a training squadron.

Of the Greek and Turkish vessels a detailed account has already been given. It is enough now to recall the small battle-ships Hydra, Spetsai and Psara, and the older ones, Georgios and Olga, with a few smaller armed vessels and torpedo craft. The corvette that stopped the Turkish dispatch vessel Fuad was the Nauarchios Miaulis.

The Porte's fleet excites some derision as to its nominal numbers of battle-ships and cruisers, so long have they been left without readiness of service. But its torpedo fleet is considered better than the Greek.

As to the European ships, it is not worth while to go into greater details, because, as the London "Times" remarks, in giving these already spoken of, there are redistributions of forces from time to time and reliefs of some vessels by others. But the Mediterranean, especially along the Levantine coasts, certainly presents a remarkable naval spectacle at this time.

## LEFT HER SECRETARY MILLIONS.

**John Scott Murray Falls Heir to the Estate of Lady Wallace.**

It is seldom that a private secretary reaps such a magnificent windfall as John Scott Murray, who is constituted by the will of the late Lady Wallace the chief legatee of her fortune, roughly computed at about forty millions. When Sir Richard Wallace succeeded to the property of his brother, the fourth Marquis of Hertford, probate duty was paid upon personality in England to the extent of eighteen millions. This did not include the extensive estates of the marquis of England, Scotland, and Ireland, nor his possessions on the continent, where he spent the major portion of his life, rarely visiting England. Indeed, it was stated at the time of his death that by far the larger moiety of his fortune was located abroad.

At the death of Sir Richard Wallace in 1890, he left everything to his widow, and it is known that he vastly increased his fortune during the twenty years that he enjoyed it by means of extensive sales of real estate. Lady Wallace died, leaving all the magnificent and priceless art collections formed by Sir Richard Wallace and by the late Marquis of Hertford to the British nation. She bequeathed everything else, not to her grandchildren, but to the stalwart and good-looking young Englishman, who, after serving her husband for years as private secretary, fulfilled the same duties for her, and became the inseparable companion of her widowhood.

It is admitted that Mr. Murray was invaluable to both Sir Richard and Lady Wallace as private secretary. Moreover, he was always good-tempered, even when Sir Richard and Lady Wallace were most irritable and blue, and the entire Wallace establishment used to revolve around him.

## A CRUEL CUT.

I have seen better days, began the mendicant.

So have I, said the Approached hastily.

But I don't think this rain will last long.

# THE HOME.

## OLD CLOTHING.

There are many housekeepers who have a false idea of economy in keeping old clothing from year to year in the hope that "some day it will be found useful." Every little while each piece must be looked over and put away again to guard against moths, and in this way the housekeeper gives herself more work than she needs to have. Where there are a number of young children some of the old clothes may be used to advantage for garments for them, and this is often true economy if the garment wears long enough to pay for the making. Before commencing the spring cleaning it is a good idea to select such old clothes as are worth keeping and for which one is sure there will be a use, and give away or utilize the rest for something. There are many people who would gladly accept old clothes, and those which are not given away may be cut up for rag carpets or rugs.

Woolen garments which are not to be used for the summer should not be left hanging in the closets, but should be put away, and especially if they are of any value. To leave woolens lying about carelessly exposed is to simply invite moths. Those garments which are to be made over should be brushed free of dust and just as carefully put away as any others. Old clothes which are to be used for the children may be ripped apart and cleaned, and only the best parts saved. If rolled into neat bundles the mother will know just what she has and just where to find it when wanted. If put away in this form the old clothes will occupy less room and may be better taken care of.

If they are not worth keeping, that is, if they cannot be made over or given away, they will make very nice carpet rags. One housekeeper who knows how to make use of everything cuts up the old clothes, cotton or woolen, as soon as they are useless, into strips an inch wide. These pieces are then sewed together, making one long strip, which is rolled into a ball. If the garment which she cuts up is not clean, it is washed first. When she thinks she has enough rags for a rug she braids three strips together until she has a goodly number of yards of this braid, from which she sews a rug, round or square, using strong thread and a stout needle. Very often she crochets her rugs. She had a heavy wooden crochet needle which her husband made for her. If the colors of the rags are not as bright as she wishes she procures some dye, and makes them red, green, blue, or any color she desires. Such rugs are very strong, and even if they can not be compared to Smyrna carpets, they can be made quite pretty if some taste is exercised.

## IMPROVED MOTHERS

It is characteristic of motherhood that the first general assembly at Washington called in its name proved to be a congress for the benefit of children. As the daily programmes were developed, all the interests of mothers seemed to lead to a discussion of what is best for the child in training, surroundings, education, physique, recreations, moral safeguards, hygiene, home ties and the deep problems of heredity. The mothers came together for themselves as represented in their offspring, and if there is anything selfish in this then the most devoted unselfishness is without a definition. Perhaps no congress of mothers is conceivable in which the welfare of the rising generation could fail to take precedence of all other questions. Let it therefore be understood that an improved mother is one who seeks the best way to raise an improved child.

Some subjects were brought forward and some things said at the mothers congress which will come before the world with increasing force as the years go. A child is a promise and an opportunity as well as a prophecy. The twig may be bent and the tree inclined. A time will come in later life when the propheсy will be written out in good or evil lives, and the day will long have passed when the decree can be changed. What the mothers in the convention seemed most to desire was a more definite assurance that their children are to be reared under good influences and to be properly protected as long as they are subject to the guiding hand of the parent. "Amid the maze of manifold theories and schemes for human betterment," said one speaker, "the idea has been growing that the answer to the crowding problems of the race lies in the conditions and possible development of the child." The proposition appears to be sound. It is only necessary to look into the streets or into the households where vice, improvidence or domestic discord prevails to realize that a multitude of children are not raised at all in the moral sense. They are simply spoiled for growing up, and in the end worse must come of it.

The responsibility for a child thus dwarfed or corrupted rests upon society, and the congress has done right in emphasizing the point. During the dependent period of the child the mother may herself be helpless to shelter it from the effects of an evil environment. Society has already provided for the education of children outside the home, and partly for its own well-being. Its duties in this direction do not end in the schools. They are manifold, and it should be a pleasure, not a burden, to study them in all their bearings, and in this way improve the world by the quickest and surest means. The mothers in congress assembled have framed no declaration of grievances of their own, and they know that their sacred title rests upon a supreme and immortal love. But amid all the philanthropies of the day they ask a more earnest consideration of their plea to be strengthened, amply and intelligently, in their great share of the task of making the humanity of the present and future better, nobler and happier.

## SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Soft Gingerbread.—Cream half a cup of sugar with the same quantity of butter; add one beaten egg. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in a little water, stir it into a half a cup of molasses and put with the rest; add a tablespoonful of ginger and half a teaspoonful of salt; sift two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cups of flour, and after beating half a cup of milk (sweet) into the other ingredients, stir in the flour. Bake half an hour, in a shallow pan. These recipes are from the American Kitchen Magazine.

Sugar Gingerbread.—Half a cup of butter; one cup of sugar and half a cup of molasses; one egg; half a cup of milk; half a teaspoonful of salt; a quarter teaspoonful of soda; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour to make about as stiff as biscuit dough. Put part of the dough on the cake board, having previously floured it, pat it out the size of the baking pan—which should be shallow, and run a fluted roller over it before baking. When baked it should be half an inch thick, tender and delicious.

Hot Water Gingerbread.—One cup molasses; one tablespoonful of melted butter; one teaspoonful soda in the molasses; one tablespoonful ginger; half a teaspoonful of salt; one-half cup of boiling water and two cups of flour. Mix in the order given, beat well and bake in well buttered shallow pans.

Rice and Chicken Pie.—Select a large fowl, draw, singe and thoroughly cleanse. Place in two quarts of boiling water, with a sprig of parsley, a slice of onion and a bay leaf, and let it boil rapidly for 10 minutes; then lower the temperature, and let it simmer until it is tender. Add a teaspoonful of salt to the water half an hour before removing the fowl. Pick over and when the chicken is taken from the water put in the rice, and when it is thoroughly cooked stir into it a tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of milk, and one well-beaten egg. Joint the chicken; season each piece with salt and pepper; using a teaspoonful of salt and one quarter of a tablespoonful of white pepper. Spread half the rice in a baking dish, distribute the pieces of chicken upon this, and cover with the rest of the rice; dot the top with pieces of butter, using a tablespoonful in all, and bake in a moderate oven until a crust is formed. This is a favorite Southern dish, and is much more wholesome and nutritious than chicken pie with a rich crust.

Frozen Charlotte.—Whip one pint of cream to a stiff froth; cover a quarter of a box of gelatine with a quarter of a cupful of cold water and soak for a half hour; then add four tablespoonfuls of milk, stand it over a kettle until dissolved. Add to the whipped cream one cupful of powdered sugar a dessertspoonful of vanilla, and, if you use wine, four tablespoonfuls of sherry or one tablespoonful of brandy. Strain in the gelatine and stir constantly until it begins to thicken. Put this into a mold, cover the mold, bind the joints with pieces of waxed paper, pack in salt and ice and stand aside for two hours.

Little Cream Cheese With Anchovy.—Weigh four ounces of finely grated Parmesan or Gruyere, add to it in a bowl a tablespoonful of made mustard, a dessert spoonful of the best French vinegar, six fillets of anchovy and the yolks of three eggs; work the whole through a hair sieve into a bowl, and add to it a gill of whipped cream. Have ready half a dozen little saucers, cold, fill them with the mixture, dust over with Parmesan and serve.

## HOW TO WASH CORSETS.

To wash corsets, take out the steels in front and sides, lay them on a flat surface and with a small brush scrub thoroughly with a tepid lather of white castile soap. When quite clean let cold water run on them by holding them under a running faucet until the soap is all rinsed off. Pull them lengthwise until they are straight and shapely, and let them dry in a cool place, pulling them again and again until perfectly dry. Do not iron.

## A PHOSPHORESCENT LAKE.

This peculiar phenomenon may be seen at New Providence, near Nassau, in the Bahamas. It is an artificial lake, having originally been constructed as a place in which to store green turtles and fish. It is about 1,000 ft. long, and from 200 ft. to 300 ft. wide. In the daytime it looks the same as any other small lake, but at night, which is the proper time for visiting it, the least disturbance of the water causes it to emit phosphorescent light. When agitated, the whole lake looks like a sea of fire. Rowing boats are for hire to visitors, and as soon as the oars touch the water they seem to pass through gold. A young girl who lives with the keeper of the property can be induced, for a trifle, to plunge into the water and swim and splash about for the delight of her audience, when she appears enveloped in flame or struggling in a lake of burning oil.

## UNATTAINABLE.

Not any rose that fronts the dazzling sun,
Nor any lily of the moonlight night,
Is half so sweet as she, my dearest one,
My love and heart's delight.

Not any ruby shut in middle earth,
Nor any pearl deep hid in sighing sea,
Is half so precious as one smile's dear worth,
—Did she but smile on me.

Not any star in purple skies aglow,
Nor any cloud o'er pathless hills afloat,
Is half so unapproachable or so
Eternally remote.