MRS. LAMSHED'S WILL.

CHAPTER IV.

"You know what your grandmother did to-day, Kate?" her father said calmly.

"She told me she had altered her will, papa, but didn't say how."

"Did she say nothing more about it?

"She only said that you should never complain that she encouraged me in disobedience. I don't know what she meant but she told us so."

"Us?" growled Mr. Dottleson. "Who else heard her say so?"

"Dr. Lakeworth was there, papa."

"He knows all about it," snarled her father.

"I was in granny's room all the time he was there but she didn't mention it to him at all."

"I daresay not. But mark my words, Kate: there's a very good understanding between your grandmother and Mr. Lakeworth."

Kate did not feel called upon to make any reply, and Mr. Dottleson resumed. "Since Sir Alfred took upon himself to place Mrs. Lamshed in this fellow's hands, I can't prohibit his coming here; but when your grandmother has gone, he will never see the inside of my house again."

He had not considered that his daughter would not be aware of the old lady's condition, and only sought to impress upon her that she must dismiss Charles Lakeworth from her thoughts.

"I hope there is time enough to think about that, then, papa."

"A few days, I believe. Sir Alfred gives her until the end of the week. To-day's Wednesday."

His rage and disappointment had made him utterly callous, and his daughter heard him with a feeling of repulsion she had never known before. He left her before she fully realized the meaning of his words, and when it come home to her, she forgot all else in the blow which had fallen upon her. It would be a terrible loss to her. Mrs. Lamshed had done much to replace the mother who had been taken from her in her infancy, and Mr. Dottleson, for ever absorbed in the cares of business had sadly neglected his duty as a father. Now the fiat had gone forth: she was to be deprived of her best friend and her lover in a few days. She could not save the first; but Kate made up her mind there and then about the second; no power on earth could separate them without Charles Lakeworth's consent, and she knew that that was not likely to be given. She would say nothing to her father for the present; it would only increase his troubles; and though she was far from feeling any sympathy with him, she shrank from adding fuel to the fire which blazed so fiercely already.

Thursday morning broke wet and windy. Mrs. Lamshed was visibly sinking, and Kate could not hide from herself that even the brief span of life given by Sir Alfred was likely to be too long. Charles Lakeworth came in early, and his first glance at Kate showed him that she knew the truth.

"Who told you?" he asked in a whisper.

"Papa did, last night," she answered.

The old lady, who had been lying half asleep was roused by his appearance at the bedside, and made an effort to sit up. Kate understood her movement; and with Lakeworth's assistance made her comfortable with pillows in the position she seemed to desire. She remained silent for a few minutes, as though endeavoring to remember something she wanted to say, and at last spoke:

"Call your father, Kate."

Mr. Dottleson's strident voice was audible in the passage below, demanding the immediate production of his umbrella; he was just on the point of leaving for business, and Kate lost no time in running down to him. "Papa, wait a minute. Granny has just asked for you."

"I'll see her this evening; I'm late as it is."

"But, father, please come now; it may be too late this evening."

Mr. Dottleson threw down his hat, and followed his daughter up-stairs, muttering something about 'morbid nervousness.' He was smarting sorely under the recollection of yesterday, and had not intended to pay more attention to his mother-in-law than common decency demanded of him. His manner softened when he entered the room and took his stand at the foot of the bed, for he saw in her face that she would not detain him long. He spoke as gently as he could; he tried to forget his wrongs for the time, knowing that he was in the presence of Death.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

Mrs. Lamshed did not answer at once; she took Charles Lakeworth's hand in hers and reached with the other for Kate's to place within it as they stood one on either side of the bed; then laying her own upon them, she raised her eyes to meet those of her son-in-law. "Promise," she said earnestly.

All Mr. Dottleson's angry disappointment rushed upon him with uncontrolable power as he grasped her meaning, and the group waited for him to reply. He turned sharply and strode over to the window, whilst the three maintained their position, watching him in silence. He stared steadily out on the dreary square, hardly conscious that he saw anything, engulfed as he was in the storm of conflicting passions which the appeal had roused. What was he to say? He had been taken at a disadvantage and would not thus be tricked into giving away; he would not make a promise he must regret for the rest o f his life to soothe the last hours of one who had treated him so maliciously as Mrs. Lamshed. But even in his voiceless rage there awoke within him a feeling of something like envy as he saw the mighty difference between his own narrow-minded sordid nature and that of the dying woman, whose last breath was spent in pleading for the happiness of those she loved. He recalled the time, twenty years ago, when, as a struggling, poverty-stricken clerk he married Dorothy Lamshed, against the wishes and advice of her parents. Her mother had opposed the union firmly; but when it had taken place in spite of her, she never turned her back upon them in time of need. Then came the days of his success in the world, when Mrs. Lamshed had acknowledged her shortsightedness, and made him her heir after Dorothy died. The leading points in his life, in which his wife's mother had borne a part, passed rapidly through his mind, and upon no single act of hers could he lay a reproachful finger, saying, "This was unjust," or even "This was unkind." Could such a woman have so changed towards him at the eleventh hour? Were his suspicions as to the doings of yesterday, wrong, after all? He stole a look round: Charles and Kate still bent across the old lady with hands clasped beneath hers, whilst she looked at him in dumb appealing patience. He would grant this last prayer of hers, almost the only one she had ever made, but under conditions. Obstinate pride, if nothing else, forbade his giving free consent to the marriage after he had declared it to be impossible; he owed it to himself. He came back to his station at the foot of the bed and collected himself to speak, but even while he did so the end came. Mrs. Lamshed's hand slid gently from those on which it rested, and the eyes which were watching him so eagerly grew fixed and dull. It was all over—she was dead.

The rain beat fiercely upon the window, and the autumn wind moaned through the leafless branches in the square outside. Within the three stood mutely round the bed, unwilling to disturb the stillness which had last been broken by the voice they were never to hear again. Presently, Mr. Dottleson drew himself up and softly left the room. The real character of the man asserted itself, when he was once more alone. "Just in time," he murmured in a whisper, which had a tinge of awe in it—"just in time." Had Mrs. Lamshed lived only five minutes longer, she would have heard his promise to let his daughter marry Charles Lakeworth as soon as he was satisfied that the income derived from his profession was sufficient to support a wife. Having before him the dread of Dr. Lakeworth inheriting Mrs. Lamshed's money, he was determined that his own loss should not be the means of removing his objection. However, fate ordained that he should be unfettered by any such promise, and he assured himself that it would be long before consent was wrung from him, now that he could forbid Charles Lakeworth the house without consulting the feelings of any one else. Kate's did not count—she was barely twenty, and could not be expected to know her own mind yet. At all events, he knew what was best for her, and would exercise his own discretion in a matter so vitally important to her well-being.

"I won't disturb them now," he reflected cynically; "they know that the farewell they say to-day will be a long one; and Kate, no doubt, is a good deal upset by her grandmother's death.

He saw neither his daughter nor her lover again that day, though the latter remained in the house until dark. Had opportunity offered, he would have told the young man that his decision was, and have ordered him to cease all intercourse with Kate from that day forth; but his mind was too full of speculations as to the provisions of Mrs. Lamshed's last will, and he was disinclined to go out of his way to add a fresh element of trouble to that which already reigned in the house.

Time dragged slowly by until Monday, when the funeral took place, and Mr. Reginald Slimp arrived for the purpose of acquainting Mr. Dottleson with the contents of the document he had prepared on the preceding Wedensday, under Mrs. Lamshed's instructions. It would be hard to say whether astonishment or delight was predominant in Mr. Dottleson's mind when he read the will. His mother-in-law had left her property in trust to himself until the day his daughter Kate should marry with his consent, when it was to b emade over to her; the income derived therefrom being set apart for his sole use and behoof until that event should take place. Should Kate marry during her father's lifetime without first obtaining his permission her wedding day was to be signalised by the transfer of her grandmother's money to the Central Asia Missionary Society, to be devoted to such purposes as the administrators of that institution should see fit. Mr. Slimp was the sole executor.

"I see," said Mr. Dottleson, gleefully rubbing his hands. "The poor old soul thought that I would give way at the very end, and this clause about the missionaries was provided in case I retracted afterwards. Well, well; we needn't say anything more about it, now she's gone; but it will be a long time before a shilling finds its way into Central Asia or anywhere else. She must have been a little touched in the head when she put that in. She might have left me as executor too."

Foreign Missions were Mr. Dottleson's special antipathy, and Mrs. Lamshed had borne this in mind when she dictated her will. When in the heat of the moment she ordered the solicitor to be sent for, she contemplated making a far more radical change in its terms than she afterwards thought would be either just or prudent. She had intended to strike out Mr. Dottleson's name, and leave all she had unconditionally to Kate; but she reflected that her son-in-law's conduct hardly merited such treatment as this, and that, moreover, such a step would place him in direct conflict with his only child, by enabling her to defy his authority. Firm in the conviction that her grand-daughter and Charles Lakeworth would remain true to one another, she trusted to Mr. Dottleson's better nature to yield to their wishes in time. When he saw that the two were bent upon marriage, it was hardly likely that he would continue his opposition, particularly if the total loss of the estate to the family were made the penalty of discountenance. Her aim was to compel his sanction to a union she had set her heart upon bringing about, and, as we have seen, she was called away in the very act of trying to obtain it.

Mr. Dottleson lost little time in placing his veto on Charles Lakeworth's visits after Mrs. Lamshed's death. To give him his due, he went about the business with less bluster than might have been expected, for his mother-in-law's will had given him an agreeable surprise, and it made him generous. To use his own expression, he held all the trumps, and could afford to play his hand easily. He took Kate to book first, and with all the delicacy he could command—it was not much—pointed out that as her lover was not just such a man as he could conscientiously approve of, he must request her to give up all communication with him. The attack was a failure. Kate firmly but respectfully declined to throw over the man to whom she had given her promise. Mr. Dottleson reminded her that she had no right to make any engagement without obtaining his sanction. Kate admitted that there was truth in this; but called his attention to the fact that he had given Charles Lakeworth permission to come to the house when he declared his attachment, and had never withdrawn it. If that did not justify her action in promising to marry him, she couldn't help it now; she had given her word, and intended to keep it.

Mr. Dottleson, very majestically, would be glad to know what she proposed to do. Kate candidly admitted that she proposed to ally herself with Charley as soon as he was in a position to make her his wife, and hoped that her father would not withhold his consent. Mr. Dottleson hastened to assure her that he would never permit his child to marry a man who had revealed such a character as Dr. Lakeworth in his paltry attempt to impose upon poor Mrs. Lamshed. Kate hotly repudiated the insinuation, and any one's right to make it.

Mr. Dottleson's knowledge of the world compelled him to adhere to his opinion, and he capped this remark by hinting that when Dr. Lakeworth was made acquainted with his objections and the terms of Mrs. Lamshed's will, his affections for Kate would probably cool down. Miss Dottleson, who inherited a small share of her father's temper, retorted angrily, that if he thought that, there was no necessity for him to keep them apart.

Mr. Dottleson smiled a smile of superior wisdom and brought the discussion to a close by telling his daughter that he preferred to be on the safe side, and must therefore forbid Dr. Lakeworth's visits at Blakewood Square.

To that, Kate had nothing to say; she could not dispute any orders her father pleased to give in his own house, however deeply they affected her. She shrugged her shoulders, and left the library in silence, to write a long and passionate letter to Charles, telling him the substance of the conversation she had just had with her father, and begging him to name a place where they could meet.

"If I'm not to see him here, I'll see him somewhere else," thought Kate as she laid down her pen. "Papa isn't likely to throw away a thousand a year when he sees I'm determined to marry him."

"She'll soon get over it," mused papa as he climbed into the City omnibus that morning. "She isn't likely to throw away a thousand a year hard cash, when she understands that I have made up my mind."

Kate was so thoroughly satisfied with the soundness of her reasoning, that she troubled herself much less about her father's prohibition than he anticipated, whilst he felt that it needed little vigilance to protect so strong a position as that which he now held. He therefore decided that he would carefully abstain from referring to the matter at all for the future. He knew that his orders regarding Dr. Lakeworth's seclusion from the house would be obeyed, and though he had passing doubts as to whether that would put a stop to the young people's friendship, he thought it best not to draw the reins too tight all at once. Time would complete what he had begun, and harsh treatment might drive Kate into doing something foolish.

So he remained in happy ignorance of the fact that his daughter and Charles Lakeworth made a practice of meeting regularly at the lodgings occupied by a Miss Amelia Mumbole, who was proud to call the young doctor her nephew, and would do anything for him that he chose to ask. When Miss Dottleson's letter telling him that the servants had been directed not to let him in when he called, and asking if he had any relation or friend at whose house they could meet quietly, reached him, he put on his hat and went straight to his aunt Amelia in Barton Terrace. Miss Mumbole gladly welcomed the chance of taking part in anything which would give a little interest to the monotonous humdrum life she led, and her sitting-room was at once placed at her nephew's disposal whenever he might want it. The tryst thus thoughtfully provided was in very frequent requisition; and one afternoon about three weeks after Mr. Dottleson had closed his door to Charles Lakeworth, it witnessed a meeting which requires some notice from us. The two were sitting over the fire, and the considerate Miss Mumbole reclined on the sofa as far away as possible, absorbed in the pages of the Queen.

"Has your father said nothing about me yet?" asked Charles. It was a question he put as often as he saw Kate Dottleson.

"Not a word. He has never mentioned your name since the day I told you of."

"What do you think it means?"

"I suppose he imagines that I've forgotten you," laughed Kate.

"We can't go on like this for ever, you know; my work is gradually increasing, and for your sake I must push on."

"I don't intend to go this way any longer, Charley. I'll make one more attempt to get papa's leave, and if that fails, I have thought of a plan to make him give it."

"How will you manage that?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow. I can't say for certain that it will succeed, but we must try."

They parted soon afterwards, and Kate went home to Blakewood Square. She had no hope of obtaining Mr. Dottleson's sanction by begging, and her mind was full of the scheme by which it was to be wrested from him.

(To be continued.)

THEY DO NOT SPEAK.

I saw your mother going to the neighbors as I crossed the street. When will she be home? asked the lady caller.

She said she'd be back just's soon as you left, answered truthful Jimmie.

ABOUT THE HUMAN BODY.

SOME QUEER AND INTERESTING THINGS IN YOUR ANATOMY.

Ingenious Devices By Which You Are Made to See, Hear, Move, and do a Great Many Other Things.

Few people are aware of the wonderful engineering skill and ingenuity with which their bodies are constructed. If patents were taken out for all the clever contrivances to be found there, they would probably keep the staff of the Patent Office going for three months.

Who would think that in his eye there was a block and pulley, or "tackle," as the sailors call it, as complete and efficient as that with which a ship hosts her mainsail? There it is, however; and whenever you look at the tip of your nose the muscle that moves your eyeball works in it. There are several of these pulleys in the body.

Another clever dodge of Nature is shown in the bones of the face. Accomplished engineer that she is, she always uses the smallest quantity of mateial sufficient for strength. In making the bones of the face she wanted a large surface to which to attach the muscles; but, as she didn't wish to encumber us with heads as heavy as an elephant's, she burrowed hundreds of little holes in the bones, called air cells, and thus secured strength, large surface and lightness.

In the same way she made the long bones of the legs and arms hollow in the middle. What a saving this is may be understood from the fact that a hollow shaft of bone or iron—or any other substance—is about twice as strong as a solid shaft containing the same quantity of material.

When you get a severe cold you are apprised of the presence of

ANOTHER CUNNING DEVICE

—the Eustachian tube. This tube is two inches long, and passes from the inside of the ear to the back of the mouth. It was put there to keep the air at the same pressure inside the drum as outside. Otherwise there would be no vibration of the drum, and you would be almost stone deaf. When you get a bad cold this tube sometimes becomes inflamed and blocked, and you are made quite deaf.

Adam's apple, if it was once that fruit that brought into the world all our woe, is now a useful organ. It serves as a sort of storage cistern of the blood for the supply of the brain. When the heart sends up too much blood Adam's apple intercepts it, or part of it; and when the direct supply from the heart temporarily runs short, Adam's apple gives up its store.

The liver is a most wonderful organ, containing facilities of several kinds. But perhaps the most wonderful thing in it is that part set aside to look out for and arrest poisons.

All the food that you eat, except the fat, has to pass through the liver before going to the heart and body generally; and in the liver there appear to be stationed something of the nature of customs officers, who examine every bit of food and remove from it all substances dangerous to the body. But they are only capable of dealing with the small quantities in ordinary food, and when you are so foolish as to eat poisonous mushrooms or mussels, they are quite overpowered.

Another protection from danger is afforded you by the supply of a small quantity of hydrochloric acid to the stomach. There are little machines in the stomach specially designed for the manufacture of this acid from the salt you eat, and they are so regulated that they produce a quantity equal to one-fifth of one per cent. of the contents of the stomach. Exepriment shows that this is exactly the percentage required to destroy the microbes that we swallow in thousands in our food. But for this thoughful provision of Nature we would probably get a new disease

WITH EVERY MEAL.

Most people know the use of the epiglottis, which saves us from imminent death every time we swallow a bit of food. At the back of the mouth the air passage and the food passage cross each other, and, whenever we swallow food, it would inevitably go into the windpipe and choke us, only that this little body pops down and covers the entrance. It is like the policeman who regulates the traffic where streets cross.

The semicircular canals, for centuries a physiological puzzle, are an extraordinary device for enabling us to keep our balance. They are little channels, hollowed out, in connection with the ear, in the bones of the head, and partly filled with fluid lymph. As our head or body sways the fluid moves, acting like a spirit level, and informing the brain whether we are standing in the perpendicular or at a dangerous angle.

One of the most valuable of all the inventions made for our comfort and safety is the perspirative gland. It acts like the safety valve of a boiler, letting off heat when we are becoming dangerously warm. If our temperature rose seven or eight degrees, we would not have twenty-four hours to live. The value of the sweat gland is therefore obvious. In fact, without it a football, or cricket, or rowing match would be out of the question, and we could not safely walk at a speed of more than a quarter of a mile an hour. Nature has taken good care, however, that we should not run short of these useful organs, and has given us no less than 2,500,000 of them.

So inventive was Nature when constructing our body that the difficulty is to stop enumerating her clever ideas. She saw that we would very soon grow tired if we had to hold up two heavy legs by means of muscular effort, so she made

TH EHIP JOINT AIRTIGHT,

and the pressure of the air alone keeps the leg in its place.

At the same time, although she had not discovered ball bearings, she made the ball of the leg bone and the socket of the hip so smooth, and oiled the joint so well, that the friction is practically nothing.

When the spinal canal in the backbone was made, great pains had to be taken for, while it consists of many pieces and is freely movable, it contains the precious spinal cord, one nip of which would be fatal. The measurements are so accurate that there is no danger of such an event. Wherever there is much and free motion, as in the neck, the canal is large and open, and a nip is impossible.

Again, the heart and lungs are, of course, the very basis of our life. They aer in constant motion, and if allowed to rub against the chest walls around them they would either get inflamed or wear away by friction. Nature has therefore surrounded them with a double sac, and between the outer and inner layers of it she has placed a quantity of lubricating fluid.

But the most remarkable of all devices is that for splicing broken bones. The moment a bone is broken, a surgical genius is at once dispatched from the brain to the spot. He proceeds to surround the broken ends with a ferrule of cartilage. This is large and strong, and takes quite a month to complete. When the two ends are held firmly and immovably in place by the ferrule, this mysterious surgeon begins to place a layer of bone between them and solder them together.

And when the layer is complete and the bone securely welded he removes the ferrule, or callus, just as the scaffolding is removed from a finished building. Often a bone does not get broken for two or three generations, and yet this power to form the callus, and knowledge of how to do it is never lost.

THE GREGORIAN CALENDAR.

How and When the Present Time System Was First Adopted.

The present time measurement that is now used by nearly all nations is the remodeled system adopted by Julius Caesar in the year 46 B. C. There were 354, 360 and 365 days in the Greek year at different times. Under Numa the Roman year had 355 days, and there was so much variance between the civil and astronomical year that the autumn feasts were celebrated in the spring, and those of harvest in midwinter. Every second year an extra month called Mercedonius was added. This month had no certain length, but was arranged by the pontiffs, as they saw fit, which naturally gave rise to corruption and fraud, interfering with the duration of office and the collection of debts. In order to restore the seasons to their proper months it was necessary for Caesar to make the year in which he inaugurated the change contain 445 days. On the hypothesis that the astronomical year contained 364 1-4 days, he had each fourth year contain 366 days and the others 365. The extra day was added to the 24th of February, which was called Sexto-calendas, being the sixth before the calendo, or first of March, celebrated in honor of the expulsion of the kings. The additional day was placed next to this feast and known as Bis-sexto calendas.

But this year of Caesar was too long by 11 minutes and 13.95 seconds, or about three days in 400 years, so that by A. D. 1582 the error amounted to ten days at least. To correct this miscalculation, Pope Gregory XIIII. ordered that October 5, 1582, should be known as October 15, 1582, and to prevent a recurrence of the error it was arranged that three intercalary days should be omitted in four centuries—that is, one in each centenary year except the fourth. Thus 1600 was a leap year; 1700 and 1800 were not. The passing year 1896 was a leap year, and under ordinary circumstances 1900 would be, but it will not be, in order to come under the rule of the Gregorian calendar. Therefore the years which have 366 days in are, first, those that are exactly divisible by 4 and not by 100, second, those that are exactly divisible by 400 and not by 4, 000; hence the year 2,000, A. D. will be a leap year, and the only one in the series of the four centenary years.

All the Catholic countries adopted the Gregorian calendar as soon as the papal bull was issued, but it was not introduced into England, and her colonies until 1752, the error then being 11 days. The dates previous to that change are referred to as old style.

THE THING HE FORGOT.

The absent-minded German professor continues to contribute to the gaiety of the nations. Lately he had, late at night in his chamber, disrobed himself when he sat down with his head in his hands.

Donnerwetter! he said. There was something I was to do. What was it, now?

He sat down and pondered intensely for half an hour, growing colder and colder. Finally he sprang up.

Ah, I have it! he exclaimed. I intended to go to bed.

SURE TO SUCCEED.

Original men are not contented to be governed by tradition. They think for themselves, and the result often is that they succeed where others fail.

A certain Paris photographer never says to a lady customer, Now look pleasant, madam, if you please. He knows a formula infinitely better than that.

In the most natural manner in the world he remarked, It is unnecessary to ask madam to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise. Then click goes the camera, and the result is never in doubt.

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE.

Little Sister—What's the difference 'tween 'lectric'ty an' lightnin'?

Little Brother—You don't have to pay nuthin' fur lightin'.