MRS. LAMSHED'S WILL.

CHAPTER V.

The interview which Kate had with her father that evening was not a very long one, nor was it remarkable for any display of feeling on either side. He had, as he said, made up his mind, and nothing Kate could say had the least effect upon him. She did her best; but when he rose from his chair and told her to leave him, she was no nearer gaining her end than when she broached the subject.

"Will you think about it again when he has got a good practice, father?"

"You have had my answer, Kate. It is finally and absolutely No. I will not think about it now or at any time, and the sooner you forget the man the better."

Clearly, there was no hope of doing things in an orthodox fashion; and before Kate went to sleep that night, she had thought out her project in detail, to lay before Charles Lakeworth next day.

"I sincerely hope I have settled that for good and all," said Mr. Dottleson to the mirror, after Kate had gone. "If there's any more bother about it, I'll send her away into the country for a few months, and see what that will do."

He was not destined to hear anything more from Kate; they met at breakfast as usual, and the hated name was not mentioned. His daughter's manner towards him was unchanged, and he told himself that she had accepted the inevitable at last, and would not trouble him again.

Miss Mumbole might have learned the particulars of Kate's device and told them to us, had she been less interested in a speech which a great politician had delivered at a garden-party the day before; but the lovers conversed in such low tones that only a most attentive listener could have heard what they said. Their last few words were audible, and we are able to place them on record.

"Now, just tell me exactly what you want me to do!" said Charles when Kate had unfolded her plan.

"All you have to do is to go to your lodgings and pack up at once; take away everything, and say you are not coming back. Don't forget to drop a hint to your landlady that you are going abroad."

"Where am I to go, and what's to become of my patients?"

"Go anywhere you like, but don't show yourself on any account. You'd better ask some other doctor to look after your patients; it will give colour to the idea that you have left England."

"If I took lodgings out at Highgate, it would do?"

"Yes; it would do very well. Send your address to Miss Mumbole, so that I can write to you."

Charles reflected for a few minutes before he spoke again; the plan proposed seemed quite feasible, and promised success. He had everything to win, and little to lose; for if it prospered, Kate would be his with her father's sanction; and if it failed, he would be much where he was before. "All right, Kate, I'll do it. Don't forget to write."

"Very well; it's settled. You'd better go at once, and be sure you don't leave your lodgings later than four this afternoon."

By three o'clock Dr. Lakeworth was driving away from his old quarters with all his baggage, having asked a friend to take his practice for a day or two, paid off his landlady, and carefully imbued that worthy woman with the notion that he was bound for the Continent.

When Mr. Dottleson came home that evening, and casually asked for his daughter, he was informed that she had gone away in a cab, taking a quantity of luggage with her, about an hour before. She had not told any of the servants where she was going, and the only clue to her destination was the order she had been heard to give the cabman, "To Victoria."

"Did she leave no message for me?" asked the astounded parent.

"No, sir."

"Did she say when she was coming back?"

"No, sir."

Every domestic in the house was examined in turn; but not a scrap of information could be gleaned which would throw a light upon this extraordinary proceeding of Kate's. There was only thing to be done, and Mr. Dottleson did it. He sent for a hansom, and drove as fast as he could to Victoria Station. There he made inquiries of the booking-office clerks; and his heart bounded with excitement when one of the men looked round from his desk and said that he recollected serving a young lady answering the description with tickets for Dover.

"With tickets!" ejaculated Mr. Dottleson. "How many did she take?"

"Two first-class singles," replied the man promptly.

That looked ugly; the faint suspicions he had dismissed as ridiculous, returned and took a very definite shape.

"When does the next train leave for Dover?"

"Express at 7.30, sir."

Mr. Dottleso n looked at his watch: it was nearly six now, so he had an hour and a half to wait. He would employ the time profitably by going to Dr. Lakeworth's lodgings and making inquiries there.

"Is Dr. Lakeworth in?" he asked the woman who opened the door.

"No, sir; but Dr. Lakeworth he see as Dr. Wilmot——"

"I don't want Dr. Wilmot. When is Dr. Lakeworth expected home?"

"He ain't expected; but Dr. Wilmot——"

Time was too precious to be frittered away like this: he pushed past the woman into the passage and told her to call the landlady. The landlady took some time to answer the summons, and when she did, she proved to be but one degree more intelligent than the servant. Mr. Dottleson speedily discovered this, and took her in hand with a firm patience which would have done credit to a Queen's Counsel.

Was Dr. Lakeworth at home? No, but—— Never mind that. When did he go away? Go away? It might have been three o'clock, or half-past, or even four; the clocks was—— Never mind about the clocks. Was Dr. Lakeworth coming back? He said as how he wasn't; but them medical gentlemen—

Never mind medical gentlemen just now. Did he say where he was going? The landlady's countenance lit up with intelligence, and she fairly beamed with superior knowlegde. She knowed exactly where Dr. Lakeworth had gone. Mr. Dottleson almost jumped off the table upon which he was seated, but choked down his eagerness, and repeated the question. The doctor was gone to furrin parts; to the Continong, he said. There was a certain amount of latitude in the address, but it was quite enough to harden suspicion into certainty. It was as clear as daylight. The two were off to the Continent by way of Dover. Kate and her lover had left their respective homes at the same time; the former had taken their tickets, and the latter had disclosed the direction they intended to take.

Mr. Dottleson did not stand on ceremony; he was out of the house and back in his hansom before the landlady could turn round. Kate had eloped with Charles Lakeworth! A thousand pounds sterling per annum was trembling in the balance! O the wickedness, the deceit of the human heart! O the shortsighted, unfathomable folly of old ladies who made wills like that!

"Double fare if I ca h the 7.30 from Victoria!"

They must be stopped. He would search every hotel in Dover. He would put on detectives to watch the Calais boat. A thousand pounds a year! Central Asia—— Good heavens! was there ever such a snail in harness before? Were the London streets ever so crowded as they were now? This was all the outcome of that call for Smuggles's partner; the words were ringing in his ears when he got out at the station and paid off his cab. He was in time for the train, and lay back in his seat panting and breathless; he was tired, but as unswerving as ever in his purpose.

Dover at last. He walked out of the station and hailed a cab; he had had no dinner, but hunger was forgotten.

"Take me to all the hotels in the town one after the other," he said to the dumbfounded jehu.

the dumfounded jehu.

"It will take the whole night, sir."

"I'll make it worth your while."

Whatever remuneration the cab-driver received he fairly earned it. He took his fare from one hotel to another, until his horse broke down, and he passed Mr. Dottleson on to a belated "growler" who was crawling home. At four o'clock in the morning he drove up to the Station Hotel and dragged himself to bed; he had examined the visitors' book in every hotel in the place, and had questioned the hall porters besides; but not a trace had he found of the fugitives.

He slept until nine o'clock from sheer fatigue; but as soon as he awoke, he rose, swallowed his breakfast, and went to the police office where he succeeded in obtaining the services of men to watch the boats, who were to telegraph to him if the pair were seen. Then he took the train back to town, and went direct to Starbone and Smuggles's office to see Mr. Slimp, whom he found in his room looking as gaunt and sorrowful as ever.

"You made a most exhaustive search at Dover, Mr. Dottleson?" he said when he had heard the whole story and the manner in which his client had passed the preceeding night.

"Most thorough. I cannot think they are there, though they were too late to catch the afternoon boat."

"It may be that taking the tickets was a mere blind, Why should Miss Dottleson not have booked through to Paris or wheremot, if she actually intended going?"

Mr. Dottleson had not thought of that; it was a little strange. Kate had often been across the Channel with him, and knew the saving of trouble booking "through" implied.

"What course would you suggest, Mr. Slimp? The consequences of such a marriage would be ruinous— simply ruinous."

Mr. Slimp stroked his hair up the wrong way and thought hard. "We must advertise, Mr. Dottleson, and at once."

Blazon the wretched scandal to the world through the Agony Columns of the penny papers! That it should come to this! He laid his head upon his arm and groaned. "Couldn't detectives do it?"

"They're too slow, Mr. Dottleson; and the parties haven't committed and crime."

Hadn't committed any Crime! And they were throwing away Twenty Thousand Pounds! No crime! How could any reasonable man sit there and talk like that?

"I leave the matter in your hands, Mr. Slimp; I feel myself unequal to the task of dealing with it. My daughter must be brought back, and Mrs. Lamshed's money must be saved to us. Do whatever you think most advisable."

"I will do my best," said the melancholy man with a sigh, "but it's a difficult case."

Mr. Slimp had not a reassuring way with him, but he was an energetic man enough. He put the business in hand at once, and did what he thought was most efficacious. Mr. Dottleson saw the result next morning in the Times; here it is: "Mr. M. D. of Blakswood Square, Kensington, earnestly requests his daughter to communicate with him immediately. He hereby undertakes to consider her wish if she at once retutns to his care. Mr. C. L. is also invited to return."

(To be Continued.)

SHOULD VISIT THE COUNTRY.

Some of the Boston schoolmarms need an occasional rural outing. One of them placed this problem on the blackboard: "If a hen lays three eggs a day, how long will it take to lay thirty eggs?"

HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

Never Safe to Fool With Them—A Miner's Lesson.

"As you say, I am extremely cautious about handling high explosives," admitted Drifter, "and, for a man who has mixed in the mining business, I confess I am unique. Why, I actually avoid fireworks displays, except at a safe distance.

"I wasn't so easily scared when you first knew me. That's true. May be I can explain how the scare developed in me. One day while tramping along over a dusty road down East—there being no stage line to my destination—I was overtaken by a jolly young chap who was driving such a wagon as cigar and candy peddlers. He gave me a lift and put the whip to his horses. He went at a hot pace, and puffed away at a cigar from my case. I enjoyed my smoke, too. That, is until we reached the village. Then the driver tossed his stump in the road and said:

"'Young fellow, fire that cheroot. Your're riding on a powder wagon, and the boss would bounce me if he caught us smoking. I'm used to taking chances. Wasn't born to be blown up."

"The very next day an explosion shook the country. A powder plant went up in the twinkling of an eye, and that careless driver—well, he was too widely scattered to need a funeral.

"I was rattle-brained when I made my first trip to the mining region now famous as the Lake of the Woods mineral belt. We had to pack all the supplies to our camp, and when we came to a portage I took my share of the work. I picked up a box weighing about 50 pounds and toted it half a mile. I wanted to fill my pipe, so I carelessly tumbled that box—containing canned goods for all I knew—down on the ground. Jack Brown, the foreman of the outfit, lounged back to their trail and said quietly;

"'Drifter, don't be so kittenish with that box. It's full of dynamite. Lucky for you and the lot of us that I filled it at the winter cache near Rat Portage and it's frozen.

"I didn't talk above a whisper during the rest of the trip. The next summer I went up the mine and did my turn on one of the drifts. One day I proposed a fishing trip. Mike, the day engineer, laid off and went with me in our canoe. The pickerel didn't show up to suit Mike, so, paddling to a rock entirely bare of vegetation, he stretched himself and said:

"'Now, Mr. Drifter, I'll show you how to catch fish.' He had a dynamite cartridge in a bottle. He inserted a fuse, packed the dangerous stuff tightly in the neck of the bottle, and said: 'I'll touch this off, toss it in the lake, and heaven help the fishes. I argued against such unsportsmanlike slaughter, and Mike got rattled. We were standing on a naked rock. Mike's foot slipped that infernal bottle dropped from his hand and we—

"No, we were not blown to kingdom come, for Mike just grabbed the bottle an inch or so from the rock. He threw it out in the lake. There was a convulsion, a vast jet of water shot up in the air and hundreds of fluttering dead and dying fish lay on the surface. I couldn't have touched one to save me from hanging, and though Mike simply said that was close enough,' he suggested returning to the camp, and he was the quietest man in the outfit for the next month.

"From that day to this I have been just a trifle discreet, as you might say. I don't nose around powder mills or try to investigate chemical works, and when I go back to mining the miner who tries to thaw out a dynamite cartridge by the fire in our shack will get out of the camp before he's a minute older, if I catch him."

TRIUMPH OF SURGERY

False Teeth Removed From a Girl's Throat With the Knife.

The long missing plate of false teeth swallowed by Stella Burke last Wednesday night was found lodged in the girl's throat after several hours' work on the part of Dr. Carr and the staff of physicians at the Emergency Hospital, says a Washington dispatch. Owing to the irritated condition of the girl's throat, however, the plate could not be removed. Dr. Carr and the physicians located the teeth by means of a probe. Stella bore the intense pain incident to the attempt very bravely.

At the end of about half an hour's work Dr. Carr announced that he had found the obstacle, and, after the instrument reached about six inches down the throat, a faint click could be heard as it touched against some hard substance. Cocaine was then sprayed down to render the throat less sensitive.

After this had been done thoroughly a pair of long forceps were inserted and an attempt made to draw the teeth out. But the throat was still too sensitive, and the forceps could not be pushed far enough down.

The rare operation of esophageotomy was then performed on Stella Burke, and the plate was removed from the throat. An incision two inches long was made in the esophagus at the point where the tooth-plate had been located, and the plate removed with ease. It had lodged sideways, and being thin had not interfered seriously with the swallowing of food and liquids. The throat was not badly swollen, but as a precaution the woman will be fed by nutrient enema for some days. The tooth-plate was about the size of a half dollar, and contained one tooth as large as a bean.

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

No one has a more solemn time in the world than the professional maker of jokes. One such man tells how the "humorist's wife" called away her little boy from his papa's door.

You must not trouble your papa just now, dear, she said; in his present mood he is not to be trifled with.

What is he doing, mamma?

He is writing things to make people laugh, and he's awfully cross!

BRITISH NAVAL HISTORY.

GREAT CHANGES WHICH HAVE TAKEN PLACE SINCE 1837.

Her Majesty's Marine Strength—Some Interesting Particulars About Her Warships—Great Advance in Efficiency.

Mr. Archibald S. Hurd, editor of "The Naval and Military Record," writes as follows about the Queen's navy from 1837 to 1897: During the Queen's record reign the British supremacy at sea has been the most potent factor for peace. This supremacy has been so undoubted that it has been practically unquestioned, and over our mere handful of plucky soldiers who from time to time have been engaged in various parts of the world has always been the shadow of the great British fleet, even when the active assistance of a naval brigade or a detachment of Royal Marines has not been given. As a military power Great Britain cannot hope to compete with the great armies of France, Russia and Germany, but on the seas Britannia still holds sway. Among the most noticeable features of the latter part of the Queen's reign has been the gradual recognition by the "man in the street," that the navy is in fact as well as in name, our first line of defence, and that the fall of the empire must date from the decadence of our sea power.

EVOLUTION OF THE NAVY.

According to the latest return, we have 57 battleships with a displacement of 634,110 tons against 53 ships of Russia and France combined, with a tonnage of 514,972. Our cruisers number 150 vessels with a displacement of 706,565 tons against 122 cruisers with a total tonnage of 464,213 tons, owned by France, Russia and Germany combined; while we still have a practical monopoly of torpedo-boat destroyers, those delicate fighting machines of which such deadly work is expected when the long anticipated great war occurs. Of course, such a mere "counting of noses" is apt to convey a fallacious impression; but the fact remains that during the past 60 years, the Queen's navy has been built and practically rebuilt, and, on paper at least is to-day able to meet the naval forces of any other two European powers with every hope of victory.

It is almost impossible to fully appreciate the evolution which the navy has undergone since 1837. It finds no place in the history books in our schools, and is almost unrecognized by the public. The Admiralty is often referred to as an abode of fossils; yet there are few administrative offices which have seen greater and more rapid changes. Some of the old officers who occasionally haunt the stately buildings at White Hall can carry back their memories to the accession of Queen Victoria when the wooden walls of England were still the pride of the nation. They can remember the introduction of steam into the navy, the gradual banishment of sails, the adoption of armour plating for our battleships, the disappearance of wood and the construction of vessels entirely of iron; and they can call to mind the changes of armament and means of propulsion which have resulted in the gradual growth of the great iron and steel navy of to-day.

INCREASE OF ARMOUR.

When the Queen came to the throne the importance of sea power to the empire was not fully appreciated, and the strength of the navy had become attenuated. Only about £5,000,000 a year was being devoted to the navy, which consisted of less than half the number of vessels that were numbered in it when Nelson died on the Victory at Trafalgar 22 years before.

The naval constructors were led to gradually increase the thickness of armour, until in 1880, the competition between artillery and protective plating reached its climax in our present Inflexible, which carries in parts armour 24 inches thick. The introduction of Harveyized steel has since resulted in the thickness of armours being greatly reduced.

WHAT HAS BEEN SPENT

Since Queen Victoria came to the throne the British fleet has been twice practically rebuilt. In 1860 the introduction of armour plating rendered wooden vessels obsolete and in 1886 the process of rebuilding the fleet again commenced, and is still proceeding. From 1863 to April 1886, nearly £37,000,000 were expended in ships, quite apart from the sum spent in the maintenance of the fleet amounting to £193,000,000, and making a total insurance of British commerce and territory of £230,000,000 sterling. From April, 1886, to the spring of the present year over £46,000,000 have been expended in the vessels which to-day form the most effective portion of the British fleet; while an additional £125,000,000 have been required to maintain the fleet. For this expenditure on new ships of £83,000,000 during the past 34 years we have to show a navy of 57 battleships, 150 cruisers, 15 coast defence vessels, 35 torpedo vessels, 90 torpedo boat destroyers and 101 torpedo boats including vessels now under construction at the Royal dock yards and by private firms.

In contemplating the expenditure on the navy, there is always a satisfaction in knowing that a considerable portion of the annual outlay is converted into powerful war vessels, while the remainder is used in financing and developing our great dock yards, in maintaining the efficiency of the fleet, and in training officers and men.

MANNING THE NAVY.

During the past few years much has been heard of the manning question, but it is altogether fallacious to suppose that the love of the sea in these islands, so far as naval recruiting shows, is any less widespread or strong than when the Queen ascended the throne. Then the officers and sailors numbered only about 35,000. During the Queen's reign the numbers have fluctuated greatly from year to year; but the general tendency may be judged by the fact that in this year of grace, including cadets, engineers and boys under training and pensioners in the reserve, there are over 90,000 officers, men and boys ready to fall in at the roll of the war drum, while the British flag waves over our ocean-borne commerce in every part of the globe, sustained by foreign squadrons more powerful than at any previous date in the history of the Empire.

COST OF THE NAVY.

But if our navy is great, it must also be remembered that the duties and responsibilities that devolve upon it find no parallel in the history of the world. The officers and men of the Queen's fleet share with the army the guardianship of over 11,000,000 square miles—a fifth of the whole earth—with a population of 380,000,000 while our ocean-born commerce, valued at £954,485,591, is in the proportion of 10 to 6 compared with that of France, Russia and Italy combined. It has been well said that a strong navy is a luxury to the other powers, but a necessity to Great Britain. The annual naval expenditure is a national insurance premium, and Englishmen—not, of course forgetting Scotchmen, Irishmen and Welshmen—have the satisfaction of knowing that while the navy (equal to any other two in Europe) is costing them a large sum, their neighbours are paying very much more dearly to compete with them. This necessity to the British trade and empire costs only £1 9s. 8d. on every ton of shipping, while for an infinitely smaller luxury Russia is paying at the rate of £10 10s., France £9 7s. 11d., Italy £4 18s. 8d., and Germany £3 5s. 6d.

Any review of the naval progress of the Queen's reign would be incomplete were no mention made of the notable advance in the training of officers and men, which has been systematized in accordance with the teaching of experience; of the organization of the coast guard service and the Royal Navy Reserve; of the millions sterling which has been expended in strengthening and in various ways improving our naval arsenals and coaling stations; and of the building up of the Royal Marine force. The British navy has shared the progressive spirit which has characterized the Victorian era.

HE WOULD GRUMBLE.

A Tourist's Conversation With an English Fruit Grower.

A stranger tramping in mid-June through "the garden of England," as the county of Kent is called, sees posted on boards and fences notices announcing that the growing crops of fruit will be sold by auction. He also sees the fruit—cherries, gooseberries, currants and strawberries—growing in fields and gardens, and observes the great barns bursting with thousands of bushel-baskets waiting to be filled with the ripe fruit and sent to London. The stranger, should he express his admiration of the orc[illegible], hop-fields and market-gardens to a countryman will be surprised at two facts: The peasant-proprietor never thinks of eating any of the fruit he grows, and the more plentiful the crops the less pleased he professes himself to be. This report of a conversation between a traveller in Kent and a fruit-grower shows the fruit-grower a born grumbler, who in his own opinion, is a most unfortunate man.

"Good day to you!" said the tourist, meeting Hodge, who nods his head and mumbles:

"Morn'n'!"

"Splendid crop you have down here! I should think things must be going pretty well in these parts?"

"Ay, goin' down-hill fast enow, I'se warrand."

"Oh, how d'you make that out?"

"Make it out, is it? Why, look a-here at them there turmuts; d'you iver see sich poor things? Ay, an' all the root crops is bad's can be."

"Yes, but you're all right with your fruit—cherries and apples."

"'M yes, there's a dale o' fruit this year. A sight too much to please me."

"But you can't have too much of a good thing, can you?"

"Can't you, though? Look at the price; down ter nothink, as you might say. Get it for the asking."

"But I didn't get cherries for the asking. I had to pay eightpence a pound for some I bought at Chatham."

"Oh, I dessay. Wish I c'd git a penny a pound. But that's jist like them 'ere starve 'em, rob 'em and cheat 'em folks! Wouldn't give 'ee so much 's the parings o' their finger-nails if they c'd help it!"

"Then why don't you make preserves of some of your fruits?"

"Preserves? What's that, mister?"

"Why, jam, you know. Besides, surely you eat some of your own fruit, don't you?"

"Fruit's to sell, not to beat."

"Well, then, if you can't sell it, don't preserve it and won't eat any of it, what do you do with it?"

"Give it ter the pigs, in coorse."

"Yes, but why not eat some of it yourself?"

"Heat it! D'yer take me fur a bloomin' Nebuchadnezzar? Besides, it's that there condergestuble—"

"But Nebuchadnezzar didn't eat fruit. He hadn't the chance, poor fellow! He could only find grass to eat, as fruit, I reckon. You town folks think a man can live on nothink. Now a pound or two o' steak, a few rashers o' fat bacon, an' a few heggs fur breakfus'—that's more my line. Hexpeck a Christian man to heat fruit!"

"But you expect people to buy yours, don't you?"

"Naw, I don't hexpeck nothink."

"Then why do you grow it?"

"Because I suppose I'm a fool; that's about the size o' it. Good day t' ye, mister!"