OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"Nathing," replied Philip, loftily; "I had to thrash a fellow this morning, that's all."

"Had you? I dare say. What other poor child have you been bullying?" "He was a little bigger than you," said Philip, with a scornful glance over him.

my size wouldn't scorn to touch a better." kid like you. Go indoors, my dear, and ask your mamma for vinegar Meade," he said, after some wonder and brown paper."

servations, the lads made a life- would, I am sure, deeply regret that they walk round spoil his chances in life." dogs, each other with contemptuous "It won't, it can't be," returned sniffs and growls, and after one or Meade, earnestly. tle or gracious tail-wagging.

tail-wagging was the result. He was What's money beside a father's introduced to the brown cob and al- heart? And a mother's, too?" lowed to mount it, the stranger tak- Again Sir Arthur gazed silently across the room, if she'd a mind to; you, and what's your father ?"

"I'm Claude Medway, and my "I will say no more at present," to explain the importance of ler's son? What's your name?"

that morning in school at catechism prove it in a court of law. You bring him up. The merits of Mrs. eat off from, but, after all, he had given his name as "Philip will think over what I have said Meade's jam were now as nothing Randal," and been dumb when point- at your leisure, and weigh the pros to her; when the thought of losing edly and repeatedly told to give only and cons of it till we meet again." Philip, which penetrated but slowly the Christian name. Until that "Yes, Sir Arthur," replied Meade, into her brain, did at last reach it, mal and surname in one.

words, "But Randal is your sur- airname."

traditions of it still linger in Cleeve ing about the window, was I said, when I brought him home looks well as long as it lasts. consequent hasty flight of both con- pulled himself together, and was tending parties, it is impossible to able to come forward calmly at his

for the interruption, when he walked Arthur, laying his strong, slender sie sent us in our old age-" home with the comfortable con- hand with gentle firmness upon sciousness of having given "that | Philip's head, pushing back the tum- | bless her !" great brute Brown' a good thrash- bled hair and turning the face uping, before he was himself pounded ward for the searching scrutiny he sure, and no trouble with him. into a jelly. A secret conviction gave it. A long, long glance he that the affair might now honorably bent upon Philip's flushing face, kind home from Chichester, 'Here's be considered at an end, together though stern, and with a mingling present for ye, mother,' you says. with a strong suspicion that Brown of sorrow, compunction, and yearn- and it was long since you'd a called would think differently, made him ing which vaguely touched the boy's me mother; for it always made me

"How much?" asked Claude, ways think of others." thinking that all three names be- Then, calling his son, he went out er,' you says, sort of excited. And especially for kitchens is now made are all cads at this." "What's a cad?" asked Philip.

in the town."

Philip, cheerfully, "and I ain't out the plane-tree and watched them Martha." And we brought him in

knife, Medway."

"I'm going to Eton next term," said Claudel handing him the knife. knife upon it.

heard the well-known voice of Matt- his spiritual vision through this ter off in the poorest place than in is always warm with no concern save on the top of a stove? Turn an heard without hearkening until some- weather-beaten face, which

"The boy is mine, Sir Arthur," care, at his striped collarless said Mr. Meade's voice. "He was floury jacket, and for the first time may be we shall see better days be- times, with a good chimney, the case one wants baked potatoes, but left by his own flesh and blood, and he took his outward measure and fore 'tis time to begin the boy's draft is so strong this cannot be does not wish to keep up the kitchen

child, Meade, and of course it would fully shaven, finely moulded face. abouts." be a hard pull to give him up—" Just then Meade looked at him and "Yes, Matthew, you are warm, really right that is not fitted with whole house. Place a dish of unslakbroke in, with an agitated voice; "How would you like to ride a of them times," replied Mrs. Meade; "he's mine, he's all I've got. I've little horse like Master Medway's "and so Randal was the wrong name

up, Sir Arthur,"

"I am, I am," Meade interposed. | miller asked. "You surely would not stand in "Very much," he faltered.

"I hev considered them, Sir Ar- hand tighter. hot brow, "but money isn't every- half crying, and they turned, both say it myself." a father, I've taught him so, and in.

-aye, and I mean to save and scrape for him, and I'll bring him up to be a gentleman, please God--'' he could say no more in the fullness of his heart.

Sir Arthur smiled, and looked silently at the rough man in his floury miller's clothes, whose chest was heaving with strong feeling; while the words broke gaspingly from him. "I like that. As if any fellow of "Better than my own blood, better

"These feelings do you credit, as to how the miller proposed to With such amiable and polite ob- breed up a gentleman. "But you acquaintances. Boys are your affection for the boy should

two trials snaps and a display of care for him, sir? You've got yourn, teeth, come either to a pitched bat- there's Master Claude and the rest of them, and mine would be nobody, In this case, luckily for Philip, a poor stray bird among them all

ing Philip's boat and sculling about and thoughtfully upon the miller's it's jellied that solid." the pound. Knives were produced earnest face, and when he saw him Matthew Meade did not stop to and compared, at which stage Philip draw the back of his brown hand doubt the probability of high-born deemed it time to say, "Who are hastily across his eyes, his own be- ladies wishing to throw jam across came dim.

father's Sir Arthur Medway," re- he observed at last, rising and tak- Arthur's mission, to tell of the serplied the lad. "Are you the mil- ing his hat; "we are both of us con- ies of clues by which he had traced vinced of the child's identity, Philip's identity, and of his great Philip colored before replying. Only though I am not sure that we could desire to take into his own care and

moment, it had not struck him as awed in spite of himself by the im- she put away her work and cried at strange that Randal was his baptis- posing presence of the baronet, the thought. "The many whose head only just escaped the buried, Meade," she sobbed, "and it After school there was a fight in heavy beams of the old-fashioned did seem as though the Lord had the playground in consequence of the parlor, a man in the prime of life, sent us this one to make up." frequent repetition of the usher's with a gracious smile and winning "And the Lorh did send him." um. It can be put down over any

father's call.

er," he replied defiantly to Claude's hand ta last; "never missuse your though my best bonnet was that dirt slide it in the most delightful swers the purpose very well. strength; be gentle, loyal, and al- shabbed I didn't like to go to church way.

longed to him. "Well, you're a queer through the garden gate, first pres- I thought 'sure it must be some that can be cleaned by wiping with little beggar, names and all. How sing into Philip's astonished hand a prize poultry, he've got. Then far are you in Latin? Do they fag solid golden sovereign, the like of went out to the cart in the dark and at your school? I suppose they which he was first afraid to keep heard a little child crowing to itlest it should have been given by self, and I began to cry thinking of mistake, and mounted the beautiful them we'd lost. And you told me

of Delectus yet. I say, lend us that clatter over the bridge and vanish and he cuddled up in my arms, and up the hill, each with a tumultuous laid his little head again my arm stir of feeling. The miller had taken and went off to slepp like a little the child's hand in his powerful angel." "Where's that?" asked Philip, in- grasp, and clutched it so firmly that sorbed in cutting his initials on the tion and repulsion. It was as if all said, 'the child's bite and sup was hours.' Many ranges have no dam- bottle. frame, and, the windows being open, the glory of the world opened upon nothing, and I thought he'll be bet- per for the reservoir and the water 'Did you ever try baking potatoes

thing was said which interested him. drawn with anxiety and gray already started for the workus when reckoned him a common old man, schooling. Right enough. So it fell done, yet is no fault of the range. A fire. Of course rather more time is I took him and bred him for my more meanly dressed than the mean- out. Everything throve with us damper in the pipe is the remedy. required than when baked in the ow est working-man, and contrasted his from the day the child came. And When burning coal it is usually more en. "No doubt you are attached to the stubby chin with Sir Arthur's care- now I'm reckoned a warm man here- satisfactory to use a little wood with The "cellar smell" is extremely dis-

bred him up so far, and he's more Philip? And go and live at Mar- after all?" to me-I tell 'ce I can't give him well Court with Sir Arthur, and to read, and plenty of money?" the name."

tinued Meade, crushing the child's for him, and he grown a fine lad, heart?"

somehow-I've done that much for Why did Sir Arthur want him? there's his prospex! I reckon you till hard upon midnight.

the miller's adopted child? Philip wondered.

Mr. Meade said nothing more on the subject to Philip that night, parrying his questions and bidding him wait. But when the children were gone to bed, he sat long by the light of the single candle in the parlor, smoking his short clay pipe and talking to his wife.

"Why ever hadn't you come, Martha?" he asked, testily; "Sir Arthur said himself you had as much right over the boy as I had my-

"Me come? What, and me right in the middle of the plum jam? And Sarah no more fit so much as to stir a spoon when your eye's off her," returned Mrs Meade, dropping the stocking she was mending and dle's dim pyramid of flame at her strenuous by lack of conveniences to husband. "There, Meade, I will say work with, writes a correspondent. this for ye, of all the men-folk

into. Not but you've your good points, and have been a middling husband, as husbands go."

with your jam, I do. Anybody med

"The whole world may depend upon my jam," retorted Mrs. Meade. into my kitchen to-morrow morning ance, and it's wonderful how fast and throw all the jam I've got they will appear. Oiled floors are

Mrs. Meade's kitchen, but went on

Perhaps Pdilip was not very sorry "So this is the boy," said Sir her kind eyes; "there was little Jes- the floor always looks clean. "Ay, the little maid was sent,

"And such a boy as he was, to be mind that night when you came of a fine Sunuay. 'It's alive, moth-

"Oh! Why, a day-boy that lives bay horse while Claude sprang upon to look pleasant and not frighten the brown cob, and they rode away. the little boy. 'For,' you says. 'the "Then we are all cads," returned | Matthew and Philip stood beneath | Lord has sent us an orphan child,

the workhouse, though I did want keeping the reservoir filled. The iron pan or basin over them and they familiar accents of Arthur Medway, He looked up at his foster-father's to breed him up a gentleman, know- majority are fitted to burn both wood will bake nicely. If the fire is very was ing, as the landlady tole me, the and coal, and with a system of hot place them on an asbestos mat, with poor dead mother was a honest dampers that, properly manipulated, They should be turned occasionally. and woman and real lady. But I thought will keep a fire all night. Some- It is convenient to know this, in

"Aye, she never said but 'twas is now a necessity in every farm lamp have become tarnished past rehave servants to wait on ye, and wrong herself. She was hiding, and "If you are indeed attached to the fine ladies to cosset ye, and books the lad had a right to his christened

house, his own flesh and blood !" us !"

him, I've saved and scraped for him What interest could be possibly have wouldn't stand in Phil's light Mar-

About the .... House

THE FARM KITCHEN.

So much of the time of the farmsity spent in the kitchen that it realin the house. The outdoor life and "wimmen folks" to satisfy, and all

ever came across you're the very well stocked with modern utensils, is it can be built about a corner, and worst for putting any understanding a source of pride and joy to every may be as broad and as long as the housewife so fortunate as to own size of the kitchen and the taste of one; and her sister who does not has the housewife permits. A narrow always in her "mind's eye" a mental strip of wood is placed about the "Well, there, Martha, I can't say picture of the ideal kitchen she means edge of such a shelf, under the zinc, what sort of a wife you've a been, to have some day when the mortgage to raise it above a level and prevent for I haven't had a many wives to is paid, or the new house built, or any drip falling to the floor. Undertry you agen," the miller replied, John has all the new fences and neath it cupboards are arranged for "but I wish the deuce would fly off binders and corn harvesters he wants. the various articles that every house-It is with a desire to help make that wife wants out of sight when not in think the world depended upon your mental picture a reality that this is use. written.

Personally, I've no use for a carpet on a kitchen floor. A grease spot on "Any lady in the land might walk a carpet stares one out of counten- in the room, if properly placed, nice, but it's no light task to keep them oiled. Painted floors are an abomination, for the paint soon wears I shall be very grateful if she'll tell off, making the floor unsightly. Even me how it was done. Fortunate, inthe beautiful white ash floors our grandmothers loved are not exactly a like the famous city, is set on a hill, scrubbing and mopping. Of course, it's lovely to have a floor always beautifully white and clean enough to

WHAT'S THE USE?

You'll never want to eat off it, any way! And surely there are higher ambitions in life than that of having the most beautiful kitchen floor in the neighborhood. Altogether, nothing I've ever used, or seen in use, has proven so satisfactory as linolecried Meade, smiting his fist on the old floor, and it comes in pretty pat-The listener in the meantime, table so that the candle jumped and terns that are stamped all the way It was considered a good fight, and screened by the myrtle grow- the flame flickered. "You mind what through, so it never wears off, but it Grammar School. Blood was shed pale as death, the knife falling from seven years ago, Martha. A voice wears well. We have some that has on both sides, and how it would his nerveless hand. What should seemed to whisper plain to me 'The been in use for ten years and does have fared with Philip against his all this mean? Was the school-boy same hand that made you childless, not look at all worn. It should be older and stronger adversary, but taunt but the bare truth, or how? made this boy an orphan; save him laid by an experienced workman, for for the untimely appearance of the When Sir Arthur came out of the from the workhouse, and he'll bring it must be very carefully matched and head-master upon the scene and the porch with Mr. Meade, Philip had a blessing on the hearth you take cut to fit into all the corners of the room and about all the curves of "Yes, Meade, and he did bring a the door frames. When down it is blessing," interposed Martha, drying down to stay till worn out, and

A WALL PAPER

I a damp cloth, and is said to be very satisfactory. Never having used any, I cannot vouch for it, but I can say a good word for the painted walls. They are pretty and pleasing and sanitary and with such walls, woodwork and floor a kitchen is very

easily kept clean. The young housewife, or one familiar only with a cook stove, hardly knows what to expect of her first range. Good ranges are never cheap a drop door to the fireplace that ed lime in the vegetable cellar and permits no ashes to fall on the floor. it will absorb the moisture in the air

A GASOLINE STOVE.

kitchen. In harvest and thrashing demption paint them with white en-

"And they left him to the work- tha, just to let him bide long with

as well-spoke as you could wish to Mr. Meade thrust his hands deep cook as fast in the oven as in the thur," replied the miller, wiping his "Not for the world," he replied, see, and a good boy, Mat, though I into his pockets and frowned over hot water? What is gained? this question; the candle burnt thing, sir. The boy looks to me as too much moved to speak, and went "Ah! But so fur as I can make down, he lighted another, and the out, they hev a right to en. Then two went on discussing the question

(To be Continued.)

time, when the range is hardly equar to the demands upon it, the gasoline stove can join forces and make the hard work much lighter. And where the thermometer is up in the 90's to can boil a tea-kettle in less time than a fire can be built in the big range, and with far more comfort and economy.

The kitchen cabinet is a comparatively new thing, but a more convenient and useful article was never invented; it deserves all the popularer's wife and daughters is of neces- ity it is winning. Such cabinets are made in many styles and at prices ly ought to be the pleasantest room to suit all purses. The larger ones are really pantry, storeroom and work of the farmer and his hired kitchen table, all in one. They have men create appetites that require a place for everything needed when strenuous exertion on the part of the baking or preparing a meal, and they save many steps. The better ones looking reproachfully across the can- too often the work is made extra are warranted dust and mouse proof.

Many modern kitchens have a broad zinc-covered shelf in the place of a A conveniently arranged kitchen, table, which is particularly handy if

THE KITCHEN SINK

is often a troublesome piece of furnidrained and cared for, but on level ground the problem of drainage is a serious one. If any reader of this has satisfactorily solved the problem, deed, is the housewife whose home, joy forever, for they require so much for she can install any system of plumbing she likes and need have no fear of the dreaded typhoid fever

As nearly all farms have now either a windmill or a gasoline engine for pumping water, it is a simple matter to have the water pumped into a tank in the kitchen-so simple one wonders why it is not more often done. Many a hard cold and attack of la grippe can be traced to the lack

of this convenience. Few new houses are built without a separate dining-room, but in many old ones the kitchen must do double duty. Some very pretty pen pictures have been drawn of the big, sunny, old-fashioned kitchen, with the kettle bubbling on the hearth, the cat basking before the fire, and the family gathered about the table loaded with viands "that mother used to cook," but the prosaic fact remains that such a kitchen is apt to be too redolent of the odors of

SALT FRIED PORK,

boiled cabbage and scorched The woodwork may be painted any cakes to be really agreeable. Too preferred color, if one doesn't object much care cannot be taken with the to repeating the process every three ventilation of such a room. There of four years. If one wishes to do should, if possible, be a ventilator in it but once "and be done with it," the ceiling above the range, and the and wants something really nice, it windows should be so fitted that they is best to have it grained and given may be lowered from the top as well a hard oil finish. It will need re- as raised from the bottom. The colvarnishing once in several years, but lapsible screens, so handy in other very glad to reach the mill, whither self-steeled heart and gradually sub- sorrowful, thinking of them that was the thrifty housewife can do that parts of the house, have no place in Brown would not dare to follow dued the bold defiance of his upward gone, and so I felt all a tremble, herself, if so inclined, and will find a kitchen. The screens there should And I thought to meself, 'I do hope it much easier than painting. Such be large enough for the whole win-"My name's Philip Randal, and "You are tall and strong for your Meade haven't been spending his woodwork cleans easily; finger marks dow. Mosquito netting tacked on Mr. Meade, the miller, is my fath- age, Philip," he said, removing his money on nonsense to pleasure me, do not show upon it, and dust and the outside of the window frames an-

The warm, moist air of a kitchen is usually very favorable to plant growth, and a few geraniums blooming in the windows add the artistic touch that all women love. Finally, let no young housekeeper grow discouraged because the conveniences she desires are long in coming. "Rome was not built in a day," and it is worth while to work and wait and plan for even so prosaic a thing as the furnishing of a kitchen.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A correspondent of an exchange "Right," corroborated Meade, and poor ones are dear at any price. tells how to make a paste that will differently, going up to the window- the small fingers were all white and 'that's quite right, Martha, and All modern ones have asbestos lin- always be conveniently ready for use. frame of the best parlor to try the cramped together and aching; but you took to him as though you'd ings, which insure a warm oven and Take a handful of flour, mix it Philip was unconscious of any phy- bore him in your own body. And a cool kitchen. The heat should be smooth with cold water, and pour "Well! you are a duffer!" mutter- sical sensation in the whirl of feeling we wasn't doing well, if you mind. uniform in every part of the oven, on boiling water sufficient to cook it. ed Claude, revolted at Philip's ignor- with which he gazed upon the splen- So many farmers failed, and we'd and it should be unnecessary to turn Add a teaspoonful of powdered alum, ance, and marching away to re- did steeds and their gallant riders, been unlucky with the dairy, and anything around while it is baking. and a few drops of carbolic acid and and especially upon Sir Arthur, who there was bad debts in the town The warming oven permits the cook oil of cloves. Strain through a thin Philip, in the meantime, was ab- inspired him with mingled admira- and one thing and another; but you to easily serve "warm meals at all cloth and put into a wide-mouthed

and also the unpleasant odor.

amel. Then you can gild them.

Somebody has discovered that if boiling water is poured over potatoes his light," continued Sir Arthur, "And leave poor old dad and she cried; "and now they think to "Prospex! what's prospex," she and they are left in it fifteen mingravely. "consider the advantages mother and the little maid?" con- take him from we after all we done cried, "alonside of a mother's utes they will bake in about half the usual time. But wouldn't they

> A man meets with a financial reverse when he turns his money the wrong way.