

MRS. LAMSHED'S WILL.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was had enough to hear that this hanger-on was sent for more to benefit himself than the patient; but Mrs. Lamshed's last words made Mr. Dottleton turn red with anger. "Help," in his vocabulary, was synonymous with money, and here was his mother-in-law coolly telling him her heir, that she was going to give help to an utter stranger, who had no claim upon her whatever. It was quite time that he did speak to her, so he cleared his throat and began without more ado.

"You know that of late it has often occurred to me that Dr. Lakeworth's attention to you is not so disinterested as it should be. I may be wrong but I cannot get over the idea that he has some ulterior designs upon us."

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

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

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

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

The old lady leaned over, and tapped her son-in-law gently on the knuckles with her spectacle case as she replied: "You are the fool, Montague Dottleton. You're as blind as a mole. If you hadn't betrayed these unworthy suspicions about an honourable man, I might have opened your eyes for you;

but since you have an undeservedly bad opinion of him, I shall leave you to grope your own way to daylight. I've made my will, Montague, and you know what it says; but there's plenty of time to add a codicil to it, you know—plenty of time."

Mr. Dottleton saw that he had made a grave mistake in mentioning his distrust; but he could not repair it now, and beat a hasty retreat. Mrs. Lamshed had hinted broadly that there was something going on which she was going to let him find out for himself. Whatever it might be, he would be very cautious in making his investigations; that remark about the possibility of making a codicil had gone home, for he knew he had not been spoken idly. The will as it stood was in his own favour.

Mrs. Lamshed had bluntly observed when she made it, that Kate was only six years old, and there was no knowing what she might grow up like, so her money should be left to one who would at least take care of it—namely, Montague Dottleton. She had a higher opinion of her son-in-law at that time than she had now; but he had always been kind and attentive since she went to live with him, and she had seen no reason, so far, to alter her designs.

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

His mental vision had been so dimmed by the atmosphere of money in which his life had been passed, that he did not understand the possibility of a man or woman being guided by any other motive. Love was a misty uncertainty outside the pale of his reasoning powers, and therefore did not enter into his speculations at all. His affection for Kate took the characteristic shape of finding a wealthy husband for her; she might choose for herself as she had a right to; but measuring her heart by the size of his own, it never struck him that her choice might fall upon a man whom he would reject as ineligible.

CHAPTER II.

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

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

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

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

"How?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To Be Continued.)

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

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield's nephew and heir, was recently married to Miss Silva in London.

London city is going to hold an exhibition at the Guildhall of the progress of art during Queen Victoria's reign. Sheikh Djemal Ed Din, who was believed to have instigated the assassination of the late Shah of Persia, died recently at Constantinople.

Australia's first native born Roman Catholic Bishop has been consecrated. He is the Rev. P. J. Dwyer, coadjutor bishop of Maitland.

Johann Strauss has brought out at Vienna a new operetta called "The Goddess of Reason." The scene is laid in France, during the Reign of Terror. Official statistics for 1896 of the seven Australian colonies give their population as being 4,233,171. Melbourne is said to have lost 42,486 inhabitants since 1891.

Seven dollars and a half is all it costs to knock down, beat, and kick the referee in a football game in England, when he decides against your side. That was the fine recently imposed in a London police court.

A thermometer was left near a stove in a sleeping room at Dusseldorf recently and the fumes from the mercury poisoned two children so that their lives were saved with difficulty. So says the British Medical Journal.

Bicycling seems to be having a beneficial effect on British art. A critic of a recent exhibition states that "owing, perhaps, to the rage for cycling, the amateur works are less numerous than usual this year, and smaller in size."

Emile Arton has admitted that he received 2,000,000 francs to use in lobbying for the Panama Canal project, and has handed the books containing the account of the expenditure to M. le Poincaré, the juge d'instruction in his case.

The Empress Queen, the largest paddle wheel steamer afloat in British waters, has been launched by the Fairfield Company for service between Liverpool and the Isle of Man. She measures 2,000 tons and will have engines of 10,000 horse power.

Parisians are disturbed at a scheme that threatens to ruin the Champs Elysees. The noisy stream surface line from St. Germain which now stops at the Ark de Triomphe is to be extended to the Rond Point, nearly opposite the Palais de l'Industrie.

For the first time in seventeen years all the Judges of England are about to meet in the House of Lords, to decide what constitutes intimidation in labor cases, the Law Lords of the House having divided equally in a recent case sent up to them.

South Africa is anxious to have a real university of its own. The Cape University is simply an examining body like the London University, and it is proposed to change it into a teaching university. The Beers of the Cape Colony wish the examinations to be held in Dutch as well as in English.

Height has been made a condition for the admission of women to the British postal service, on the ground that the department cannot adapt the furniture of the Post Offices to the size of its servants. Girls of fifteen must be at least 5 feet tall, those of sixteen 5 feet 1, and those of eighteen 5 feet 2.

Paris has been startled by a murder in the most frequented and best lighted part of the city, the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines in front of the Grand Hotel and the Grand Opera. A flower girl one evening stabbed a man who sold newspapers, and managed to escape the police for several hours.

Bishop Creighton, of London, wore mitre and cope at a recent confirmation in London, being the first Bishop of London to do so in 350 years. It will be remembered that objection was made to Dr. Creighton at his official confirmation on the ground that he intended to wear a mitre, and that he abstained from doing so at his enthronement.

There seems to be no demand for artists' houses in London. Sir John Millais's house, on which he spent \$200,000, was offered at auction recently, but no bid was made, and after trying to sell Sir Frederick Leighton's house without obtaining a reasonable offer, but the gift does not seem to have been accepted yet.

A jovial old lady of Paris, after providing liberally for some distant relatives left by will \$400,000 in small sums to a large number of casual acquaintances that she picked up in the streets. She was an invalid and had been left without near relatives or connections, but being determined to have jolly people about her, she gave balls and parties to which she invited any person whose face attracted her in omnibuses or shops. When she died she remembered all in her will.

French criminals manage to escape the detectives occasionally. A man who had been President of the Chamber of Commerce at Rochefort ran away nearly twenty years ago, after committing frauds and forgeries involving over half a million francs, and was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment by default. Just before the term was over, when, according to French law, the sentence could no longer be enforced through prescription, he was arrested for another swindle at Lyons, where he had been living undisturbed all the time under another name, and had established a number of mutual benefit insurance companies, which did a business of 137,000,000 francs. He is just being tried again and sent to jail for a long term.

SIX WEALTHIEST WOMEN.

The following women are said to be the six wealthiest in the world: Senora Giron, \$20,000,000; Hetty Countess, \$20,000,000; Baroness Burdett, \$20,000,000; Miss Mary Garrett, \$10,000,000; Mrs. Woleska, \$10,000,000.



Fifty Years Ago.

President Polk in the White House chair, while in Lowell was Doctor Ayer. Both were busy for human weal. One to govern and one to heal. And, as a president's power of will. Sometimes depends on a liver-pill, Mr. Polk took Ayer's Pills I trow For his liver, 50 years ago.

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were designed to supply a model purgative to people who had so long injured themselves with gripping medicines. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the exact necessities of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.

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The Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

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