RECKONING.

CHAPTER I.

"Aunty, dear, do you know what day so absurd." this is ?""

"If the almanac may be believed, it is the 24th of April." "Six months ago to-day, Gerald and I were married. I feel as if I had been

married for years." "How dreadful to feel that you are growing old so quickly! I hope all

married people don't feel like that." "You misunderstand me, Aunt Jane. I have been so happy since that evensomething to me in the summer-house again. No wonder I have broken my that all my life before I knew him needle.

seems as unreal as a dream," "Such short courtships are positively dreadful. Now, when I was engaged to Captain Singleton-'-'

A third lady, who had been lounging on a sofa and making-believe to be intent on a novel, gave a loud sneeze and sat bolt upright. She had heard Captain Singleton's name introduced so often of late, that she might be excused for not caring to hear it mentioned again-at least for a little while.

The first speaker, Clara Brooke, was a charming brunette of twenty-two. parts, as you call them, that he learnt with sparkling black eyes, a pure clive to be so fond of pistor-practice.

At this moment there came the sound of two pistor-bractice.

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At this moment there came the sound of two pistor-bractice. once vivacious and tender. Miss Primby started to her feet. "My dear Clara," she exclaimed, "if you by, the second speaker, was a fresh-don't want my poor nerves to be shat-don't want my poor nerves to be shatcoloured, well-preserved spinster of-But no; Miss Primby's age was a secret, which she guarded as a dragon cotton wool in my ears, and my Indian might guard its young, and we have shawl wrapped round my head, I may no right to divulge it. She had one of the best hearts in the world, and one "Why, there's your thimble, aunt, of the weakest heads. Everybody smil- on your finger. ed at her little foibles, yet everybody liked her. Just now she was busy over some species of delicate embroidery, in bye to the Baron?" Dwyer, the third lady, whose inoppor- You must make my excuses. Of course, concerted Miss Primby, was a very pretty, worldly-wise, self-possessed young matron, who in age was some six months older than Mrs. Brooke. She in .- There again! Not another moment and Clara had been bosom friends in will I stay. their school-days; and notwithstanding ters and dispositions, their liking for each other was still as fresh and unselfish as ever it had been.

morning-room at Beechly Towers, Mr. about fourteen miles from London. The She pressed the letters to her lips, put stood for a minute in that position, and from the draft?" said he. "We must room opened on to a veranda by means of long windows, which were wide open, this balmy April afternoon. Beyond the veranda was a terrace, from which two flights of broad shallow steps led down to a flower-garden. Outside that lay a well-wooded park with a wide sweep of sunny champaign enfolding the

aunt's last remark. She was seated at a davenport, turning over some old letters. On the wall in front of her hung a portrait of her husband, painted on ivory. "My own darling Clara," she read to herself from one of the letters; and it will seem like an age till I shall tumbler was partly hidden by the long but he was awtu' like him, though!- is here all right enough," Mr. Barnett have the happiness of seeing you again." What sweet, sweet letters he used to write to me! What other girls ever had such letters written to her?" She pressed the paper she had been reading to her lips, then refolded it, and put it away and took up another.

ny, turning to her friend, "as you re- small roll of faded carpet. In point his hands again." marked just now, you have only been a wife for six short months, and of course everything with you is still couleur de rose. But when you have been married as long as Algy and I have, when the commonplace and the prosaic begin to assert themselves, as they do in everything and everywhere, whether you like it or not, then I am sure you will agree that the scheme of married life my husband and I have planned for ourselves has really a good deal sore.

to recommend it to all sensible people." Miss Primby pricked up her ears. "You excite my curiosity, dear Lady Fanny," she said, "I hope you won't refuse to gratify it.'

"Why should I?" asked Lady Fan, with her merry laugh. "We want converts, Algy and I; and who knows, my dear Miss Primby, but that some dayeh? Well, this is our modus vivendi-I believe that's the correct term, but won't be sure. About eighteen months ago-we had then been married a little ever a year-Algy and I came to the conclusion that married people ought not to be too constantly together if they wish to keep on good terms with A Young Woman Travelling Alone Has a each other. Algy's contention is that half the quarrels and scandals which come out in the newspapers are simply the result of people seeing so much

or six weeks at a time! But it is quite out of the question to fancy anything

Lady Fan laughed. "Wait, my dear, again to her novel Clara Brooke shook her head;

was in no wise convinced. "Gracious goodness! whatever can that be?" ejaculated Miss Primby with Rosenberg practising at the pistolrange. It is an amusement both of his hand?

"An amusement do you call it! I wish they would practice their amusements farther from the house, then. tion was into the ear of the terrified

"It's nothing, Aunt Jane, when you

Seeing that Gerald was brought up

on twenty, (I think I have told you was while he was living in those foreign

going to my own room. With plenty of It was the missing will.

"So it is so it is, dear. That shows the state of my poor nerves." "Will you not stay and say good-

No, my dear; I would rather not me so much in mind of poor dear Major Pondicherry. But I never cared greathorribly of gun-powder when he comes the same position at the fireplace for principal will not to be at hand, if

Clara Brooke's face rippled over with suppressed laughter as Miss Primly the many differences in their charac- left the room. Then she turned to her its contents above the now burnt-out letters again, and tied them up with fire, as though about to drop them "I have heard that some people burn their love-letters when they get married," she mused. "What strange Then he turned hurriedly and glanced Mrs. Crawford and her son were but The ladies were sitting in a pleasant beings they must be! Nothing in the towards the door, put his hand contain- distant connections. world would induce me to burn mine. Sweet silent messengers of love, what happy secrets lie hidden in your leaves!" to hide it from the gaze of some one, him.

Just as she had done this, the pomler at the Towers, became plainly au-Now, the sooner you take your hook below. the better," the two ladies heard him "We don't want none of your deed!" Mr. Bunce in his ire had evidently forgotten the proximity of his

and looking out, saw some little dis- was inclined to laugh at her recent tance away, two strange figures slowly crossing the terrace. One was that of a man whose costume of a street dead man himsel'," continued she. "Eh, shabby overcoat he wore over it, which was closely buttoned to the chin. Over one shoulder a drum was slung, and it the will, and had he got it after a'?" thank you for its restoration, as well in his left, hand he corried a got it. in his left hand he carried a set of "Yes; it was the will. Here it is, last night." of dress he was a miniature copy of But how would be come to get it, the elder mountebank, minus the overcoat. His throat was swathed in a dingy white muffler, while his profusion of yellow curls were kept from straying by a fillet round his forehead em-

She at once beckoned him to approach. all signs of dejection vanished in a mo- him while perusing the will. He has to-day-three days before that brother's ment. He had some kind of old cap had it in his possession all along. The death. He finds his brother's will in bowed profoundly twice. It was a bow fore this. Perhaps he could not make he himself is left almost nothing, and that might have graced a drawing- up his mind whether to destroy it or that this innocent girl here inherits ev- do other birds. They usually mate for room. Then he and the boy crossed the give it up. 1 can understand now his erything, resolves either to destroy or life. terrace towards Mrs. Brooke.

(To Be Continued.)

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

Very Narrow Escape. A train at Wimbledon, Eng., was just starting for London, when a young woof each other that at last they are man reached the station, and simply impelled by some feeling they can't re- had time to jump into the first com-"row" is sure to lead to another, and so on. When once the match is applied, no one can tell where the conflag-ration will ston. Now although as a single fellow traveler, a man, what I had burnt the will stone of the meaters was found an iron pot which the crevice was found an iron pot which is edible; if yellow, it is poisonous.

Not one of the meaters was found an iron pot which much astonished at hearing this speech what I had, as was Henry Monkton. Believing that is edible; if yellow, it is poisonous.

The champion shorthand writer is over five thousand pounds. A hundred the had burnt the wall the crevice was found an iron pot which is edible; if yellow, it is poisonous.

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The champion shorthand writer is over five thousand pounds. A hundred the had burnt the wall that the crevice was found an iron pot which is edible; if yellow, it is poisonous. ration will stop. Now, although ours young, well dressed, but of somewhat It is dated 5th August 1881, exactly But he thought he saw an opening to was a love-match, if ever there was forbidding aspect. For the moment, four months to a day later than the one, we had not run together in harness | however, I did not feel in the slightest | other." very long before we made the discovery degree nervous, and commenced to Mr. Barnett's supposition as to the to be congregated. Thus, ly about him, apparently to make sure ried it with him to his room till he "It is true. I have a witness here. somewhere in the Med- out. Then he came quite close to me. Prior to his meeting with Mr. Ber- what we both saw last night? Perhaps \$35,000, and paid for it in cancelled post to which of them is to get the odd o pass that at the present | that he could not be observed from with | could peruse it at leisure.

his long night-shirt, his feet bare, his in darkness, for a small flame suddeneyes wide open and unseeing, utterly ly shooting up from the fire, dimly lit the surroundings. The light attracted unconscious of where he was or in his attention. wait," was all she said, as she turned whose presence. It was the first time "I have been dreaming of that cursed in his life that Mr. Barnett had beheld will again," he muttered, thrusting his anyone thus walking in his sleep. The do? What was that which he held in it shall be consigned to the flames

pered his discovery of who the appari-Mrs. Crawford, who speedily recovered from ber fright, and both together watched the movements of the somnamare used to it," responded her niece with bulist, who seemed uncertain what to "Used: to it, indeed! I should nev-er get used to it as long as I lived. I packet he carried on the desk, which have no doubt this is another of the the solicitor now saw to be a long enobjectionable practices your husband velope, evidently containing something. picked up while he was living in for- From this envelope the sleeping man drew forth a document, which he openin Poland, and that he lived in that ed out and seemed to glance over, after country and in Russia from the time which he refolded and returned it to he was five years old, till he was close the envelope. This he laid on the before that his grandmother was a Po- desk, left it there, and walked forlish lady of rank). I have no doubt it ward to the fireplace, where he stood had been consigned to dust, to await for a minute or two leaning against the the final resurrection. The next act mantel-piece apparently wrapt in dead man's will, an event usually anxtered for life, you won't object to my over. A single glance was sufficient. rew Diwson, Mrs. Crawford's son Feler,

the envelope, and slipped the newly Miss Ashley appeared calm and comdiscovered one safely into his pocket. kind guardian she had lost than of Next he leant over and soflty placed what he had left behind him. Mr. the envelope with its new enclosure Barnett, who had the will in his pocket, back where it had lain. It was but the work of a second or two; Mrs. you could not fail to notice how the Crawford watching him the while with person to be read immediately after tune sneeze had for a moment so dis- Baron ogled me at luncheon. He puts bated breath, half suspecting what the envelope had contained.

some seconds longer, returned to the I may be allowed to read from the desk, took up the will, went again to principal are precisely alike in subthe fireplace and held the envelope and stance. into flames which he imagined he saw. ing the will behind him, as if wishing them away inside the davenport, and then slowly walked out of the room, closing the door behind him. Mr. Baruntil he saw him go along the corridor

Clara Brooke had scarcely heard her kidney here. This ain't no place for tal see the like o' that " This ex- while framing it, I'll bet.' mountebanks-I should think not, in- clamation barst from the lips of Mrs. Crawford as Mr. Barnett rejoined her in the library. The good woman had Clara crossed to one of the windows recovered the use of her tongue, and fears. "I really thought it was the

Pandean pipes. The second figure was safe and sound. He may do what he Henry Monkton, amazed and conthat of a boy some eight or nine years likes with the one he has got. I will founded at the production of the will,

think ver

hand." terrible extent though. That maun purpose of deceiving those around him

when he found the will. You saw him was to be found. This will which I until two o'clock p.m. this afternoon." of hoodlums in the auditorium brought look toward the door, as if he heard hold in my hand is the one taken from Japanese female servants prove ad- him to life again with a shower of ansome one coming, and then put his hand the library by that man. Up till last mirable attendants, and are coming in- tique eggs, and he jumped up and fled behind him, apparently to hide the night at twelve o'clock, it was in his to vogue among some of the best fam- from the stage.

"Ay, he just looked something like

likes were opposed. For instance, next passed one station I happened to glance got possession of the will was quite cor- and gaining courage, "that this gentleto me, I believe Algy loves his yacht; toward one end of the carriage. I ob- rect. He had found it on Mr. Monk- man accuses me first of stealing my whereas I detest vachting; it seems to whereas I detest yachting: it seems to served the man to be greatly agitated, ton's desk amongst the other papers; brother's will, then, apparently, of reme a most stupid way of passing one's me a most stupid way of passing one's and gazing intently in my direction. and after reading it was unable to storing it again. This restoration, actime. On the other hand, I delight in The story would seem to have time. On the other hand, I delight in Then he got on his feet. A sudden, over- make up his mind whether to destroy cording to his story, would seem to have going from one country-house to anwhelming fear took possession of me, he
in turn; while Algy, dear fellow, is alin turn; while Algy, dear fellow, is alivs awfully bored in general society. was awfully bored in general society. Inought of shrinking for help, but my lord had disturbed him in the for aught I know was the same. I did fourteen eggs, most of the latter being library before he had time to read it, not see him after dinner yesterday. The swallowed raw, with orange juice. vially wherever a number of our for so he seemed to me-looked anxious- hence he hastily folded it up and car- whole tale is a base fabrication.

ile I-well, je suis ici. at the same time putting his right hand nett in the garden, he had, after much you will convince him. give ourselves time in his overcoat pocket. Was it a revol- inward discussion, determined to de- "Deed, I'll soon tell, and no be back- averaged in value from ten cents to ch other; and when | ver he had, or a knife, or a pestle, or stroy the will; and as he knew the ward either," said Mrs. Crawford; and \$1,500 each. g a part for a month what? Springing to my feet I faced selicitor to be well aware of its exis- she proceeded to relate in detail what are "real nice," him in despair. "What do you mean?" tence, he had invented the story of she had seen the white figure entering ekover from New I cried, half fainting as I spoke. He having met his brother in London, and the library; her terror when she saw, bent toward me, smiled grimly, and of having become reconciled to him, in as she thought, the apparition of her her head. "I am said: Excuse me, madam, I offer you order to raise a belief in Mr. Barnett's dead relative; the packet which it caranny. that your ten thousand apologies if I have alarm- mind, when he found the will not forth- ried in its hand; how the figure turntters are very nly say that I fit to adopt is, if have to alight at the next station, and since you entered the train you have been sitting on my hat!' I for a month for a mo watters are very ed you. Such a thing was the furthest coming, that Mr. Monkton might him- ed out after all to be Henry Monkton

Foiled by Himself About half an hour after Mr. Barnett had retired to his room, Henry Monkton suddenly awoke from the deep sleep into which he had fallen. There he stood, clad in nothing but ever left it. His room was not quite

hand under his pillow to feel if the document were safe. "Full fifty times sight was to him something ghostly have I resolved to destroy it, and as and terrible-a sort of life in death. often something has held me back. The What was the sleeping man going to fire is still burning. I will be torthen surely I shall have peace. It is an Mr. Barnett stooped down and whis- unjust will. It should never have been made. That girl, an utter stranger, to get everything, and I nothing. Not while I live to prevent it."

Not allowing himself one instant for reflection, he rose, and crossed the room quickly to the fireplace. The flame was still burning invitingly. By its light he read the writing on the back of the envelope, to make himself certain that it was the one containing the will then thrust both envelope and its contents into the heart of the fire. glittering eyes be watched the creaping flame speedily devour them. For some seconds the whole room was brilliantly illumined, and then came darkness. The incubus was removed; the

Mr. Monkton's funeral was over. Dust

who was a clerk in the City, and Mr. Barnett. Several of the principal serperhaps— Dear, dear! now my thim- was lying beside him throat it into could be will found by Mrs. Crawford, which was lying beside him throat it into

"You all know, of course, that it is customary for the will of a deceased the funeral," he began, fixing his eyes Henry Monkton, who quailed under their keen glance. "But before I say The somnambulist, after standing in more, I wish to know, supposing the

No one spoke for some seconds. No one, indeed, had any interest to speak save Henry Monkton. Miss Ashley was no relation to the deceased, and

Mr. Barnett was about to resume, when Henry Monkton interrupted "What is the good of reading have the will itself. Where is it? Why have you not got it?"

"These inquiries, Mr. Monkton, you pous tones of Bunce, who filled the nett darted after him and followed him are probably in a better position to joint positions of majordome and but- cautiously up-stairs. He watched him answer than myself. Have you no idea where your brother's will is?" outside the side-door and addressing his and enter his room in safety; after Henry Monkton lost his temper. "What remarks to some one on the terrace. that the solicitor returned to the room do you mean?" he said in an angry tone. "How should I know anything "Mercy on us! Did ever ony mor- about it? It is not likely I shall gain

Mr. Barnett, without noticing this innuendo, simply said: "Then you know nothing of the will? You have not seen it?" "No; I have not seen it, if that will satisfy you; and now, kindly proceed.

I suppose the upshot of all this is that there is no will?" "Oh, no. You are mistaken; the will

hand. Under one arm he carried a take care this one does not fall into which he could only conclude to be a later one than that which he had Every one in the room turned to look into a room occupied by Mrs. Arthur

burnt, had not a word to say. He was, at him; he was pale as death. Aware Gibbs, at Munnisville, N.Y., and this however at a loss to understand the that he occasionally walked in his sleep, gave her warning that the house was last sentences uttered by Mr. Barnett. be had no doubt of the truth of what on fire. She had just time to run up-"That is quite easily understood, Mrs. "I do not understand you," he said at Mrs. Crawford had just narrated, or of stairs and save her sleeping infant. Crawford. Mr. Monkton must have length. "I have no connection with the fact that he had been tricked had it beside him the night he died, and the will whatever. If it was ever lost, the solicitor. He did not speak. Foilit would be lying among the loose pa- it is evidently found again. Be kind ed by himself, by his own unconscious pers on the desk. His brother, hunt- enough to leave me out of the matter act, he slunk out of the room, and self. "Bunce had no business to speak ing amongst these papers on his arrival altogether; I know nothing about it." shortly after left the house. here, had found the will, read it; and "My friends," said Mr. Barnett, "look look, and the shild seems quite foot- knowing that if it were destroyed or at this man. He comes down here, preput out of the way, he himself would tending regret for the brother he had

At this juncture the man happening be heir to everything, resolved to re- lost, and with a lying story on his lips to turn his head, caught sight of her. press it. I remember you said he seem- that his brother and he, who for a ed a little confused when you entered very long time had not spoken to each the room. You had probably disturbed other, had become friends again a week wonder is that he has not burnt it be- the library, reads it, and seeing that non-interference with things. He conceal it. In his policy, he does not know that the game was in his own assume the mastership here; he interferes with nothing, knowing well that "It maun has preyed on his mind to a he can bide his time; and this for the be what caused him to walk in his into a belief that he never expects nor Philadelphia is George F.Osborne, whose desires to gain anything by the death height is 6 feet 9 1-2 inches. over again what occurred in this room to counterfeit surprise when no will moved that "this body do now adjourn ber of groans and contortions. A gang possession, at which time it found its liles in New York.

way into my own."

of the solicitor's statement. "You will all observe," said he, rising

Mrs. Crawford, will you kindly tell

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Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY. We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash,

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DISEASED MEN CURED

THOUSANDS of young men, middle aged men and old men can look back at the ignorance of early youth, or later on a misspent life as "one of the boys" has sown the seeds for future suffering. SELF ABUSE is a terrible sin against nature and will bring a rich harvest. Blood and Private Diseases sap the very life and vitality of the victim. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively ours all the following diseases.

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ARE YOU? NERYOUS and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blarred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back, bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varico-less; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strangth—WE OAN OURE YOU OR ASK NO PAY. CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY-CONFIDENTIAL

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE. A Warning from the Living. "At dectors and nerve tonics by the score without benefit; emissions and drains increased. I became a nervous wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised me to try them. I did so and in two months was positively cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children."—C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw.

VARICOCELE CURED. "Varicocele made life miserable. I was weak and nervous, eyes sunken, bashful in society, hair thin, no ambition. The 'Golden Monitor' opened my eyes. The New Method Treatment of Drs. Kennedy and Kergan cured me in a few weeks.—I. L. PETERSON, Ionia, EMISSIONS CURED. J. P. EMERSON relates his experience. "I lived on weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Family doctors said I was going into 'decline' (consumption.) Vinally 'The Golden Monitor,' edited by Drs. Kennedy at Kergan, fell into my hands. I learned the TRUTH and the CAUSE. Self-abuse had sapped my vitality. I took the New Method Treatment and was cured. My friends think I was cured of consumption. I have sent them many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood."

SYPHILIS CURED, "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight returned. Eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the mouth and on tongue, bone pains, falling out of hair, weakness, etc. My brother, who had been cured of Gleet and Stricture by Drs. Kennedy and Kergan, recommended them, they cared me in a few weeks, and I thank God I consulted them. No return of the disease in six years."—W. P. M., Jackson.

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DRS.KENNEDY & KERGAN, No.148SHELBY ST. OEG:XXXIIDEN·XXXIIDEN·XXXIIDEN

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Few Items Which May Prove Worth Some of the railroad lines in Russia have smoking cars for ladies. Eagles, rarely change their mates, as

is five times greater in the country

The tallest man on the police force of I the station-house. A very precise Oklahoma senator given his quietus, and died after a num-

prove the falsity of some part at least cent test of speed, in Quincy, II., he pied by an old miser. in a minute.

An experiment in the breeding of elephants, lions, hippopotami, tigers, to be tried on a thousand-acre menagerie farm in Merced County, Cal.

The Harvard athletes, when training for a boat race, each eats in one day an average of two pounds of meat, and

"Secret service shoppers" is the title applied to young women in the employ of the large dry goods houses in New A Louisville bank had in its vaults

her husband put a fifty-cent piece on the collection plate in church. She further expressed her indignation by taking out the half dollar and putting a nickel on the plate.

Perfume warming-pans are used in some of the country mansions in France. When guests remain over night the host endeavors to discover the scent each prefers, and thus the sheets are impregnated with heliotrope, rose lily, or other desired perfume.

A Chicago policeman arrested an inoffensive man on State Street, and was hurrying him off, when the prisoner asked, "Why do you arrest me?" The risk of being struck by lightning "Never mind," replied the officer, giving him a savage jerk, "come along. I'll find some reason bechune here and At a Chinese theatre in Portland,

A fire in a stone hut in Tullamore, To distinguish a mushroom from a Ireland, occupied by a poor family, retoadstool, sprinkle salt on the under | vealed a huge crevice in the wall. In

Ore., one of the villians of the play was

At a town election in Madison, N.J.

the canvassers discovered a one-dollar bill folded in a ballot. One of the canvassers thought the ballot should be liamas, and other foreign animais, is considered defective; but the others ing the vote as regular and spending the money for cigars. A young lady of sixteen, a farmer's

daguhter, fell into the Ohio, in Jackson County, W. Va., and was rescued by three boys. The girl's father munificently rewarded them with a quarter Byron T. Ross, of Chicago, lately saying, "There! divide that among bought a hotel at Hurley, Wis., for you." The boys are still disputing as

WHERE THE COMPARISON ENDED. Yes, said the hotel keeper, a hotel is as hard to manage as a nation. In York and Brooklyn, who visit rival es- fact, one is very like the other. We tablishments merely to price goods, have our problems, foreign and do-And you apparently believe in

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