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"Mr. Warrington, I believe !" Simple words and true as far as I am Mr. Warrington ; but this I can assert, that never had words so taken me by surprise, nor has my name ever been put to me under more singular circumstances. That this may be circumstances. That this may be clear, I must explain. As shortly as I can I will do so, for I distike explanation, and would have my Judge, when I am moving the Court, know before I am moving the Court, know before the contrary, she helped to unfasten the outer door with almost petulant eagerness. Once in the open air she breathed more freely, but she hardly again, except to thank me when

I am a barrister, as you guess, and spoke again, except to thank me when
my chambers are in Hare court, it is I put her into the cab. he most ancient, quiet and retired easons will appear why I should be eticent as to it. One reason which will not appear, but a cogent one never-theless, being that solicitors are not fond of counsel who rush into print, unless their lucubrations are bound in calf. I have one room in which I sit to take a light and go and see.

clerk's room and a passage; the rest of after a short time the set are occupied (I am talking of went home to bed. time six months back) by Sergeant Greathead, Q. C., of the Western Circuit, whose large room in the rear is the only comfortable and well furnish ed one, my rooms being as dingy and cheerless as most ground floor apart-ments in the temple. A couple of doors shut us in, but the oak is only sported when the clerks leave it at 7

Price \$1, per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5. Sent to any address in the United; States, free of expense, on receipt of cash or P. O. order. ioned. I was obliged, no matter why fallacy in the opinion to be sent out the next morning-I found myself obliged, for the first time for certainly danes was striking the half hour after

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With one hand resting on the table and pressing something among the many papers which littered it, stood the speaker, a lady. Apparently about 35, him to she was tall and of a good figure, her away. dress handsome though simple. A side. I stood dumbfounded, and at least twice this unexpected apparition repeated the words I have set down. Who was she and what was she loing alone and at this time of night in our

was though, with a vengeance.

"Mr. Warrington, I believe

chambers ! As far as I remember I to me: 'Here you'll find it when its said at last in a bewildered tone, still wanted, Ford,' and he tapped the taholding the door-handle: "Yes, certainly I am Mr. Warring-"You must be surprised to find me

I am Sergeant Greathead's "Oh, yes!" I answered, with a bow and a vain attempt to indicate by my tone that I thought this a perfectly satisfactory explanation of her presence at 9.30 in his chambers. "Oh, yes."

"He is rather unwell this evening, and thought he would like to have some papers to read, in case he should not sleep. I have volunteered to fetch my cab is waiting in Fleet street." corry. Can I give you any assist- will leaves her nearly everything."

From the appearance of the table she must have undone most of the bundles in search of the right papers, such was the litter upon it. She really was a very good-looking woman.

"You can undo the harm you inro-certly caused, Mr. Warrington, by

"If I have frightened you I do wish had stayed away-which is unselfish. I added gallantly: "But it is curious fate should have led me here to night or the first time this year." "Yes; not only curious, Mr. Warington; provoking also.

I laughed and hastened to my room, it a candle and drew some water from the filter. There was a flavor of romance about this, and yet, handsome as she was, and singular as was the circumstances, something repelled me. had not got over the start she caused ne perhaps. "Are you sure you have got what you want?" She had replaced the pa-

ers and cleared the table with wonder ful deftness while I was away. She was standing now by the fireplace, evilently ready to go. "I have to thank you," she answered rather thoughtfully; perhaps you would be good enough to escort me to

my cab; my nerves have hardly re-covered yet." She smiled bewitchingly as she poke what I took for badinage, but he next instant I saw that it was true mough. We were moving toward the door, and I had just said, "With pleasure, when a heavy footste ming along the passage outsid

companion's face—it had turned white little Russia leather case. He opened rington, who, you may be aware, has slitt the door, again and had the same nervous, exthis and held the portrait within for chambers—had, I should say—with again and had the same nervous, ex-pectant expression I had first observed. Her nerves had not recovered the sur-"Well?" he uttered, impatiently, prise of my sudden entrance.
"It would hardly do for any one to

Columbian.

laugh, finding my eyes fixed upon her "No? But that is so like your uncle's

"I hope the Sergeant will sleep to place in the temple, just on your right, night and not need his papers," were if you come in by the archway at the my last words, which she only acbottom of Chancery lane. My number knowledged by a bow, as she threw herself back. But I had cause, as will be seen, to remember them.

I did not get much work done that night, quiet as it was; my visitor had unsettled me, I suppose. Twice I thought I heard some one in the Sergeant's room, and was foolish enough myself, and the undivided half of a course there was no one there; so after a short time I gave it up and

The next day, be it observed, was scription," he cried. Sunday. I pass on as briefly as I can, at breakfast on the Monday I received a most serious shock. Among the items of intelligence in the Morning Post appeared this paragraph (it will you say the fire was out. She might save me much explanation):

"We regret to have to announce the out. It gives her £5000, too." sudden death, at his residence, Glouheart complaint, from which the learn gives the housekeeping cousin two-

"Umph," I said to myself, and, being a lawyer, began to think and put two and two together, not without a year, to go to my chambers after now and again a little eerie feeling The clock at St. Clement down the small of my back. Mr Sergeant Greathead died on Saturday 9 as I turned into the lonesome and evening. On Saturday evening, be echoing temple. I opened my outer fore or after the event is not proved, door with my key, after ascertaining a lady is occupied all alone among Mr. that I had some matches in my pocket, Sergeant Greathead's papers in his and did the same to the inner door, drawing the oak to behind me and quite sure about, among the drawers guessed by the sagacious reader. shutting it; then I stood still. It was of his private writing table. "Umph!" very odd!—all should have been darkiess, but from the keyhole of the Serterms with the old gentleman, who geant's room a bright ray of light was thirty years my senior, and it is "Yes." I answered, mischievously; very odd!-all should have been dark- well, I was never on very intimate geant's room a bright ray of light was thirty years my senior, and it is shone steadily, and from within came no particular business of mine. & Bittle, of Staple's inn, whom I knew familiar sights in the offices of Messrs.

"Now perhaps you can help me, Mr. Warrington," he said, after a few pre-

"Not the slightest. We were not on very intimate terms, though the with "our Mr. Ford." In the backbest of friends. Have you searched ground are old Humphreys, the clerk, his cupboards and books?

ble, so I took it for granted he meant to lock it up there." "What family has he left, Mr. Ford ?" "He was never married. His niece remarkably nice girl, has lived with

him for a year. Except a distant cousin, who has acted as a kind of housekeeper, she was his only connec

"Was his niece a great favorite of "Yes, of late, very much so. Her them-was it not bold of me ?--and Mr. Greathead, who was as good a man at bottom, took the girl home. "The Sergeant not well? I am very don't mind telling you that the missing

> "What!" I cried, in huge astonishment, "leaves her nearly everything?" "Yes; and very naturally, too. Why not?" Up to this moment I had had, since

getting me a glass of water, if you will be so kind. You startled me not a little. I was prepared to find darkness and loneliness, but not to meet any one."

If I have fright and the old man died, its proposed by face and went will and testament, and a fresh current of conveyancer's English, much shorter than the last, however, is let loose and left her. It cost upon us. One person in the room, I and fooled me afterward. But how can safely assert, feels on the rack, about this theory now? Cui bone.

ursing my chin. "Nor can I!" cried the other brisk-"Is the niece, Miss-Miss Great-

ly to burn the will to benefit some one "She's not so mad as to throw away £70,000, if you meant that. Good man by the heavens, sir, what suggested such a full height. thing to you !"

I told him all that had occurred on the Saturday night, just as I have re satisfied with my powers of descrip- getic tone, busy with the paper. "If you had not told me face to

syllable of it, he said emphatically, "not a syllable!" "Could you"-after I had thought a minute or two-could you procure me a glimpse of Miss Greathead or of her photograph ?"

Our Mr Ford actually blushed. Well, I could Perhaps it would be more satisfactory if you saw herself."
"Not at all." What in the world made the man fidget so?"

my inspection.
"Well?" he uttered, impatiently, while with a critical eye I was examining a very pretty, very youthful, find me here," ... she said, with a forced | wholly good face.

"Nose a little—just a little—too re-trousse," I murmured, "Eh?" shutting it up with an angry

"But, however, that is not the lady who was occupied here on Saturday night. That is one point clear, Mr. Ford. Now, who would profit by the destruction of this will?" Is an earlier one in existence ?"

"Yes. There is a former will discov ered in the Sergeant's desk at home. It was made before Olive—I mean Miss Greathead—came to live with

"Its date !" "January, 1879."

"Well ?" "It leaves two-thirds of the estate to the cousin who then kept house for "A tall, pale, dark-eyed woman, decidedly good-looking!

"Yes. By Jove, I see! She was your visitor, and with instinctive caution gave Olive's name, or rather de-"And has destroyed the last will ?" "I don't know so much about that," he answered, slowly wiping his fore-head. "She did not burn it here, as

that no heart in the room was going pit-a-pat like his. How long Humkeep it to see how things would turn "Ab, does it? Wait a moment Then our chambers, not very lively during the day time, are abandoned to darkness, silence and the mice. In a word they are merely offices.

Well, about the time I have menting the day time, are abandoned to darkness, silence and the mice. In a word they are merely offices.

Well, about the time I have menting the day time, are abandoned to darkness, silence and the mice. In a disease, which took place very suddently saturday evening, was caused by a tioned, I was obliged, no matter why heart compilaint from which the last temporal time. pernaps because over my dinner at ed gentleman had for some time suf-thirds, about \$50,000 say: the later But suppose one were-only suppose-

> give her nothing, eh?" "No chance!" said the lawyer; "J don't think I quite follow you."
> "I can explain in two words.

> one were to turn up between the two

But as the words lengthened themselves to 200, as two words always do, I need not go through any more of chambers, and, though this I was not our conversation. Its drift will be At parting, "It's rather a serious

"it's five years." the familiar sound of the rustling of papers. It was very odd. I had known the Sergeant to say he never worked at night, and certainly I had worked at night, and certainly I had successed the old gentleman's hear the will read. It may seem odd before anyone else, I expect." never heard of him coming to his death, with the due amount of sympa-chambers in the evening. Very sin- thy, with his clerk, and forwarded a that I, John Warrington, of the Inner. "A week won't do us harm; the guiar that we should both be there on letter of condolence to the family, of Temple, barrrister at law, was not. A nothing turns up we must find out this particular night! At any rate I whom I knew nothing, applied to the would see if it was all right. I opened the door and walked in quietly, an apology on my lips. The room, as I have said, a spacious one, was covered a will now I have said, a spacious one, was covered a will now I have said, a spacious one, was covered a will now I have said, a spacious one, was covered a will now I have said, a spacious one, was covered a will now I have said, a spacious one, was covered a will now I have said to the last time something wrong with our precious document. But I don't think she is inclined to fight." And the confidential singular emphasis, to his guest on his right: have said, a spacious one, was covered with papers and books: but no Sergeant Greathead was there! Some one was covered geant Greathead was there! Some one was covered for four days. Then something hap amount of ostentation, was present. But he was merely Mr. Ford's clerk, astonishing freedom and an utter for and if his figure and face were not getfulness of his seedy hat and boots.

to be the late Sergeant's solicitors.
"A new client," said I to myself, with excitement. With a judicious mix for business of so confidential a nature ture of courtesy and dignity I waved him to a seat, which was all thrown The tall, gracious, almost queenly woman sitting near the fire with her back was toward me as I entered. Either her complexion was naturally colorless or agitation had driven the blood from her cheeks. The latter, I conjectured, since her left hand was pressed to her.

Warrington, he said, after a few preliminary observations which sufficient by enlightened me. "Have you any idea where our poor friend is likely to have put his will?"

Warrington, he said, after a few preliminary observations which sufficient by enlightened me. "Have you any idea where our poor friend is likely to have put his will?" to the light and a large black fan in

> and several servants. "Carefully. Yet I feel sure that it is here. The day he signed it he said I ought to read," says the lawyer, witnessing my uncle's signature about softly, taking his seat at the end of the a year ago? "The first is dated 1879, the poor friend must have destroyed it, intending, of this I have no doubt, to make another in its place. In the "Thank you? he said, with a half-quarter."

make another in its place. In the midst of life we are—yes, indeed!" Having uttered this in low but clear tones, he takes from me-I mean from the clerk, who produces them from his black bag-some papers, and proceeds in more business-like tones to read the "last will and testament of Jonathan mother and the Sergeant did not get Greathead, of Gloucester road, in the on; a year ago the mother died, and county of Middlesex, and of Hare the way into the room. She stood in I don, barrister-at-law."

"The purpurt is this," said he, after -for the most part harmlessly-over our heads, "that the bulk of the testator's estate would go to his cousin, Miss Chilling, and a share, very much smaller but still considerable, to Miss dance of triumph that would have

and Miss Chilling's fan never stays Her fortune of £45,000 is swept away as by a stroke of the pen, and a miser-able £500 all that is given her instead. head, of a Quixotic spirit! at all like- Of the residue, after payment of certain legacies to the servants, clerks and others, the whole is given to Miss Greathead. When he ceased the woman by the fire rose grandly to her

"This is not the final arrangement my friend intended to make; so much I know; it is a sad lesson of the danger "Oh, Edith, I am very sorry!" Miss

Greathead had risen, too, and put her face, sir, I would not have believed a hand upon the elder woman's shoulder. The servants were filing out Chilling pushed the other aside, not cruelly, but as if she were in the way. "The will! show me the will!" said, in hoarse, low tones, holding out one white hand imperatively. Ford handed it to her without a word. She took it to the window and examin ed it carefully. Wonderful as under

the circumstances was her self-com

the Sergeant, and the laundress, who died some months ago. So it is evident that it was made at chambers.' There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment. Then Miss Chilling crossed the room and rang the bell.

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said to the servant. "Yes, Miss."
"Ask him to come to me, if you please. "My clerk shall fetch him," cried Mr. Ford, hastily, with a glance first at the servant and then at his unpre-

possessing follower. "No," said Miss Chilling, impera-tively. We all stood still and listened

to the old clock ticking solemnly, till the old clerk appeared.
"Humphreys," she said, with a strange yearning in her tone, a sudden softness, as it were, "please to examine this signature, and tell me if it

is your late master's?" He was her last hone The old man slowly took out and put on his glasses. Miss Greathead, nervous and frightened, cowered in the window seat. Mr. Ford looked steadily into the fire. I fancy he saw there a short law report, headed, "In the matter of Charles Henry Ford, gentleman, one," etc., or it might be more shortly, "In the matter of a solicitor." As for his clerk, I can answer for it,

phreys was poring over it! At last he spoke and then with torturing slow-"Ah, that's his writing sure enough.

God bless him." Then two of us drew such a sigh of relief as, well, I am at a loss for a sufficiently strong metaphor, but at any

rate it was a very deep sigh.

Mr. Ford murmured a few words of condolence to the one lady and of congratulations to the other; and he and his clerk got themselves out of the room as well as they could. The last seen of Miss Chilling she was brooding over the fire, with a face ever so much older, as it seemed to us, than that which had shone in dusk behind her fluttering fan.

"Upon my honor," Ford whispered to his confidential clerk, as the door closed behind them, "I am almost afraid to leave them together.' "Pooh! your young woman hasn't made a will.

-!" he stood still. "The Sergeant? No, I don't. I've the scene, that's all ; a couple of hours i "What if our plan doesn't answer

"A week won't do us harm ; then if arm with that of "our Mr. Ford" with John Warrington, barrister-at law, was sitting alone in my room next day.

when Thomas came in. "A lady to see you sir," I was not greatly surprised. "Show her in. Good gracious! How do you do? Please take a seat, Missah, yes, Miss Greathead. Very sad things have happened since I saw you last." It was my former visitor, the Sergeant's niece.

Yes indeed; they are too fresh to sure I may trust in your discretion. "Absolutely," I assented warmly. "Please do not think it an odd one.

"Well, I remember this much, that I second about a year back. A third did so, but I don't think I can tell you She laid down a silver quarter. Being will was made within the last six much about it. As far as I can recall months, but I regret to say that our the matter Mrs. Cell was there. No the agent drew up from his pocket a

audible sigh, drumming softly on my table with her gloved fingers. That is all, I think, that I wanted to ask. Now that I am here, I should like to see my uncle's room for-for the last time, Mr. Warrington if you please."
"Most certainly. Nothing has been dis arbed since you were here." I led Court, the Temple, in the city of Lon- the middle and looked around with a

steady, scrutinizing gaze. "I will leave you for a moment," said I, consideratethe usual flood of verbiage had passed ly, and, half-closing the door, stepped into my room and sat down-to finish the statement of claim in Davey vs. the lawyer opened his business to me, but one idea, which was that on the night on which the old man died, his with this will."

Greathead. In one respect I very much regret that my task does not end with this will."

Greathead. In one respect I very much regret that my task does not end with this will."

Greathead. In one respect I very much regret that my task does not end of this I composed my face and went of this I composed my face and went for this I composed my face and went face and went for this I composed my face and went for this I composed my face and went for this I composed my face and went face and went for this I composed my face and went face and went face and the composed my of this I composed my face and went family. Then we all listen to another last back to the old gentleman's room, bowed from the presence of more than cing around the room. "Thank you," she said, sweetly.

> "You may depend upon my retidevotion and an overbowing appreciation of her affection for her uncle ap-

the. There was a melancholy tidiness "Sir, master presents his kind compli-everywhere. Quickly I opened the ments, hopes you are well, and requests drawers, cast my eye over them, felt your acceptance of a small present." behind them; as I expected, nothing. Does he? replied the boy. Then I procured a chair and a candle, him my best thanks, and here's half a and with a care and a minuteness that | crown for yourself." would have done credit to a Fouche, I caught in his own trap, laughed heartilooked along the top of row after row iy, and gave the boy a crown for his of the calf-bound books, that, on three ready wit. The teacher, as well as sides, concealed the walls from the the scholar, received a lesson that time. floor to ceiling. Two sides had been the boy certainly knew enough to examined before I found what I had make his way through the world. expected. Low down between the fire place and one of the windows it was, dmost within reach of the writing tamand, one could hear the paper rastle in her shaking hands. In a moment the candle beside me, and took out my ble. Then I sat down on the floor, put watch.

Seven minutes passed before Thomas

"There has been a lady here, your

boy tells me! "Yes, the lady. She wished to see her uncle's room once more. Sweetly appropriate, wasn't it ?"

Yes, yes! "Well, out of consideration for her · "Is Mr. Humphreys still here !" she feelings-"Bother her feelings I"

"I left her alone—and look here!" He was on his knees in the twinkling of an eye, and had both his eyes glued on the top of the eleventh and twelfth volumes of Bevan's Reports of the Court of Chancery. The layer of dust, which elsewhere lay in uniform smoothness, was here disturbed.

"The will is in chancery, and may depend upon it," I said, airily. At a sign from me Ford gingerly removed the books and cpened, first one and shook it—nothing. I won't swear that our faces did not flush as he opened the other and shook it-nothing! Then he got up and used a naughty word. I examined the volume closely, with the same result.

"Nothing wrong with our calculations, is there !' "No; under the missing will she gets £5000. That will disappears that she may get two-thirds of the whole estate under the first, when, lo, up starts an intermediate will—a devlish odd will-leaving her only £500, and good, as far as she knows, until the missing one turns up. She's no fool

therefore it will turn up." "If she has not destroyed it!"
"Exactly. How much time did you

give her ?' "Five minutes at least, and some one has been at these books, Wai, a minute; what fools we have been! The two volumes of Bevan's reports lay upon the floor side I plunged my hand into the orifice caused by their absence from the shelf. I groped. Ford's eves grew perceptibly bigger. Ford's eyes grew perceptibly bigger "What's this?" I cried, and brough

out a paper.

"Right!" he shouted, as he hastily glanced at it outside. "The lost will! We've won. "No chance of five years witheh. now. Ford ?'

"No; but, upon my honor, at one time things looked awkward." The £5000 were promptly paid to Miss Chilling, and she has passed from our sight with that modest independence. She was a very clever woman, and will most certainly get on in the world. I am glad she never learned "Why? what! you don't think she how she was checkmated. Olive Great head is now the wife of "our Mr. Ford." seen his doctor. She was the first on A cozy, pleasant resort is their house in Grenville place. So much of the business of Ford, Ford & Bittle comes to my chambers in Hare court that I also am thinking of setting up a little double establishment at the West End. Ford and I sometimes chat over the

suppose, Sir John ?

"I, sir ?" cried the alderman, with portentous dignity. "Oh, no, of course not; but do you know, I dare say you've dined at the same table with the people who have.' The worthy merchant swelled and swelled with indignation until I quite feared for him. And yet, do you know,

I think Ford was right .- Time.

She Turned the Tables. The public has long conceded that the power of the hotel clerk is superior speak of I have called to ask you a to that of Presi lent. A new rival has question, Mr. Warrington, and I am sprung up in the railroad ticket agent. sprung up in the railroad ticket agent, as was demonstrated at an Iowa sta-

tion a few weeks ago. "I want a ticket to B---," said a well known lady of the town, just before train time. "Twenty-four cents," responded the agent, working his sausage machine. well acquainted and a practical joker,

"Is that a legal tender !" asked the lady, quietly.

"Oh, yes," he answered with mock gravity, "they are the mainstay of the epublic. She pocketed it and got aboard, leaving the agent's face cornscating with smiles.

A few days after he told it to a brig-

ade of runners buying tickets for B-, and while enjoying the encore, the lady appeared with—
"Ticket for——, please "Twenty-four cents," with a sly wink at the runners. He laid down the ticket. She scooped it and laid down twen-

ty-four dazzling buttons, exactly like

presidential prerogative. A Lesson in Politeness.

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present by a servant "I can't make it out!" I said, slowly but flutters, now slowly, now with a am so much obliged. I am very glad who had frequently been on a similar sudden impetus. And no wonder. I came. You will not mention my vis errand, but had never received any-thing for his trouble. Having gained admission he opened the study door, cence," I said, with a bow, in which I and putting the fish on the floor cried flatter myself that a sincere personal out, rudely: "Master sent you a turbot !" "Young man," said the Dean. rising from his easy chair, is that the peared to mingle. The moment, how-ever, that I had got her out of the teach you better manners. Sit down chambers, and the doors closed behind in my chair—we will change places, her, I sent Thomas off with a note, and I will teach you how to behave in darted back into the Sergeant's room. the future." The boy sat down, and There I stood in the middle, where my the Dean going out, came up to the iated it above. If my readers feel a of procrastination even in the wisest of tithe of the wonder he expressed, I am us." Thus Mr. Ford, in a low, apolo-The Dean, thus

Professor Huxley holds that an acre of good fishing ground will yield more food in a weel than an sere of the best land will produce in a year. Haxley evidently never tried catching tish himself. If he had he would returned, and some one with him. I know that one fish to each square mile of water is about the average nowa

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. ande itself clearly beard, even through "Then I think-I have-somewhere, Sold by all Desgrists. he closed doors. It haited a couple of if I've not left it, the very thing you she faced as seconds as if going no farther, and want. Oh, yes, here it is." "You did not draw this will ?" York, of Peanisylvania.

He lover, of N. Y.

N. ee a, of London.
Qo. h British, of London.
Qoid British, of London.
Qoid British, of London.
Qoid On Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg.
Qot. 74, 79-19 then it proceeded on and up the stairs.

Well, just during the second or two that it halted at the door, I saw my the red in the face, produced a neat the acceptance of the stairs.

And, Yes, here it is. And, and so the stairs of the wind in the face of the stairs.

"No," Mr. Ford answered, nervous the from his breast pocket Mr. Ford, a little at the door, I saw my the red in the face, produced a neat the acceptance of the stairs.

The attesting witnesses are Mr. War.

"Ford! here I am; come in and days. \$65 A MONTH and BOARD for three live Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.