

COL TREMA

Mr. Bold, the solicitor, found among the correspondence on his office desk one morning, a letter bearing an Egyptian postmark. It turned out to be a communication from a stranger, informing him of the death in the Soudan of a Colonel Ernest Tremayne, and reminding the lawyer that the will of the deceased was in his possession.

"Aha!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, glancing at the inscription. "Will of Mr. Ernest Tremayne, dated sixteen years ago. Executor, Mr. J. Rosseter."

"Captain Rosseter! I know the man," exclaimed Mr. Bold. "I forgot what I've heard of him, but I fancy his reputation is a little tarnished. So he is the executor, is he? Oh! a very doubtful character—quite an adventurer, in fact," said Mr. Bold, looking more and more scandalized. "I wonder what the will says," he added.

Under the circumstances he felt no scruple about opening the envelope and unfolding the will. And glancing at its contents, he said aloud: "He appoints his friend, James Rosseter, executor, and trustee and guardian of his infant daughter. Everything to the child."

"Not much of an executor and trustee," observed Mr. Bold's clerk, Whittaker, disparagingly. "A nice sort of guardian for a young lady."

"I'm afraid this is very serious," Whittaker said Mr. Bold, looking perturbed. "I had entirely forgotten about this will, or I would certainly have suggested to the testator to make another. He made it when quite a young man—I recollect now his telling me his wife was just dead—without sufficient reflection as to the character of his friend. In those days I dare say there was nothing against this young Mr. Rosseter."

Mr. Bold was one of those old-fashioned, fussy, self-important practitioners who are apt to assume a sort of paternal authority over their clients. But he was extremely honest and conscientious, and his main idea was to promote the welfare of those who consulted him. He had for some years past heard rumors concerning Captain Rosseter, which he now considered he ought clearly to have brought to the testator's knowledge. It was true that he was not personally acquainted with the captain, and could not vouch for the accuracy of the scandals that had come to his ears. But he knew Captain Rosseter to be an impecunious gentleman, addicted to betting and gambling, a club lounge, without visible means of subsistence—a loud-voiced, jovial, easy-going dissipated person, of a type regarded by grave men of business with horror and distrust.

The old lawyer fidgetted a good deal during the day, nor was his uneasiness allayed by the report of his clerk of his interview with Messrs. Overland & Co., the army agents. From these gentlemen he had learned that Colonel Tremayne had contrived to amass a considerable fortune during his exile and had remitted home for investment from time to time sums amounting in the aggregate to nearly \$20,000. Whittaker could obtain no information regarding the daughter of the deceased man. Col. Tremayne's agents recollected that they used at one time to pay for the child's schooling at Brighton, but this was many years ago, at the present moment, they knew nothing whatever about the young lady.

"She can't be of age yet," remarked Mr. Bold. "My recollection is that when the will was made the child was a baby. That was the impression I gathered at the time."

"The young lady may have died," suggested Whittaker. "It doesn't follow that she is still alive because the testator did not alter his will."

"There is one thing quite certain," said Mr. Bold, with emphasis: "Captain Rosseter must not be allowed to have the handling of \$20,000. He must renounce, and the money must be paid into court, which will appoint a proper guardian. Did you find out his address?"

"Blenheim Club," responded Whittaker.

"Humph! scouted Mr. Bold seizing his pen.

However, he wrote a polite note to the captain, informing him of Colonel Tremayne's death, and requesting

him to call on the following morning with reference to the will.

Mr. Bold was very determined to have his own way, and he felt very little doubt that he would succeed. Consequently, when Captain Rosseter called the next day, he received him with an air of calm assurance and superiority which was calculated to lend weight to his counsels.

"Captain Rosseter," he said a little stiffly, as his visitor seated himself in the clients chair, "I want to have a chat with you about our poor friend's will. Had you heard of his death, by the way?"

"Yes," said the captain, who seemed somewhat subdued and ill at ease in the presence of the lawyer.

"Ah! What was it? That dreadful climate, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Bold, quietly taking stock of his companion. "Now this is a very unsatisfactory document," he added, in a confidential tone. "To begin with it is sixteen years old. Extraordinary that the testator should not have changed his views for sixteen years."

Mr. Bold glanced up at Captain Rosseter as he spoke; but the latter either had nothing to say or else did not choose to admit to an opinion. He remained silent, and Mr. Bold instinctively mistrusted him the more on account of his reticence.

"By his will made sixteen years ago," said the lawyer, meaningly, "the testator left everything he possessed to his daughter, and appointed you sole executor and trustee and guardian of his child."

The lawyer looked keenly at his companion as he made this announcement, and felt puzzled at his demeanor. The captain hung his head for a moment and then blew his nose violently. One would almost have imagined that he was sentimentally affected by the news. But the lawyer being in a suspicious mood, was chiefly struck by the fact that Captain Rosseter studiously avoided meeting his gaze.

"I suppose the young lady Miss Tremayne, is alive still?" inquired Mr. Bold.

"Yes," answered the captain.

"She must be nearly grown up," continued Mr. Bold.

The captain nodded, but seemed by his manner to wish to change the subject. Mr. Bold noticed this at the time, and thought a good deal about it afterward.

"Of course, Captain Rosseter," said Mr. Bold, in the most convincing and authoritative tone, "you will not take upon yourself the responsibility thrust upon you by this will, which, no doubt, was never intended to stand."

"Why do you say that?" inquired the captain, rather quickly.

"Well, frankly, Captain Rosseter, between you and me, do you consider that you are fitted to be a young lady's guardian? Excuse my outspokenness," added the lawyer, endeavoring to soften his remarks by smiling and showing his false teeth.

"But really, now, would you in the testator's place—"

"Anyhow, there is the will, but I should certainly advise you to wash your hands out of it," said Mr. Bold, in a fatherly manner. "What I propose to do is to pay the money—by the way, I suppose there is money?"

"I suppose so," said the captain, with real or affected earnestness.

"Pay the money into the court and get a legal guardian appointed," resumed Mr. Bold, with cheerful confidence. "You will thus be relieved of all responsibility and trouble."

The captain, who had become very red and uncomfortable, made no answer to this suggestion, but stretched out his hand and took up the will. He read it through carefully, and then proceeded to fold it up.

"I am entitled to have this, I suppose," he said, almost defiantly.

"Well—er—yes, in strictness," replied Mr. Bold, completely taken aback. But it has to be approved and deposited in the probate court."

"Yes, I know," replied the captain, rising from his seat and thrusting the document into his pocket.

"Am I to understand," grasped Mr. Bold, turning crimson, "that you propose to employ your own solicitor?"

"I have a solicitor," said the captain, shortly. "Good day to you, Mr. Bold."

"Stay! Stay, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, endeavoring to control his indignation, which almost choked him.

"I must trouble you to give me a receipt for the document."

"By all means," said the captain, who seemed to have recovered his assurance.

The lawyer struck the hand-bell upon his table sharply, and with forced calmness instructed Whittaker to prepare the necessary receipt. This formality being completed, the captain strode out of the office, leaving the lawyer and his clerk staring at one another in speechless indignation.

"The man is a rogue!" said Mr. Bold as soon as he could speak.

"Means to collar the money," remarked the clerk.

"Not if I can help it!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, with unusual energy. "I'll apply to the court immediately and have the man removed from his office."

"You will have to get evidence first," said Whittaker, prudently.

"Pooh! his reputation will be sufficient," returned Mr. Bold, impatiently.

However, when he came to make inquiries about Captain Rosseter—which he proceeded to do forthwith in the heart of his virtuous indignation—he found it more difficult than he had imagined to convict him of serious misconduct. The captain had led the life of a man about town, had had numerous transactions with the money-lending fraternity, had played high and drunk pretty freely, and there were dark corners in his career which would not, perhaps, have stood the test of censorious investigation. But there was no recorded act of his that could be pointed out as disgraceful or dishonorable. To Mr. Bold's secret vexation he found that people were inclined to judge the captain leniently, to speak lightly of his faults and lay stress upon his good nature, easy generosity and his joyful disposition. Moreover, it seemed that during the last year or two Captain Rosseter had abandoned his usual haunts and occupations, had given up cards and had shown distinct symptoms of sober respectability.

The result was that the lawyer could not see his way to make a case against Captain Rosseter which would justify him in invoking the interference of the court of chancery in the interest of the captain's ward. Mr. Bold did not admit that he was beaten, even to himself, and his prejudice against the captain was as strong as ever. He was convinced in his own mind that Captain Rosseter contemplated a gross fraud in connection with his trusteeship, and he fully intended to checkmate him. Meanwhile, however, it transpired that there was no living member of the Tremayne family who could be brought forward to pose as next friend to the young orphan, and this technical difficulty, combined with the absence of proof of the captain's doubtful reputation, caused him to defer taking any steps.

At length, however, after many weeks had elapsed, Whittaker came into his master's room one day with a startling piece of intelligence. The ever-watchful clerk had discovered that Captain Rosseter had purchased for himself an estate at Stanmore for \$7,000.

"At least he bought it in his wife's name," explained Whittaker. "But the question is, where did the money come from?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Bold. "Married, eh? I heard a rumor, but he isn't supposed to be married. However, as you say, the question is, where did he get that \$7,000 from?"

"I don't think it is difficult to guess," said Whittaker, with a grin.

"On my word, Whittaker I'm afraid it is a case of serious fraud. I know for certain that the man has not \$7,000 of his own," said the lawyer, getting excited.

"I wonder where the young lady is?" exclaimed Whittaker.

"We must find out," said Mr. Bold, energetically. "Overland & Co. gave you the address of the school at Brighton, didn't they? Well you must go down there at once, Whittaker, and trace her. I feel it my duty to investigate this matter, for I should not be the least surprised if it transpired that this Captain Rosseter has been helping himself to the trust money."

Whittaker, being entirely of the

same opinion, started off on his mission without delay, and was absent about a week during which time Mr. Bold fumed with impatience and curiosity. Whittaker's report, when he returned, was not calculated to allay suspicious. He had traced Miss Tremayne through her girlish career, from Brighton to a school at Cheltenham, and from thence to Bath. At the latter city she had resided until a year or two ago with an elderly lady who had suddenly died since which event nobody knew what had become of the young girl or where she had gone after leaving Bath.

"I've made up my mind what I will do, Whittaker," said Mr. Bold, after discussing the situation with his clerk. "I shall go and see Captain Rosseter and insist upon his telling me where the young lady is. If he refuses, I shall feel justified in taking legal steps. My belief is that the poor young girl is dead or is being kept out of her inheritance or part of it."

"It looks black—very black," acquiesced Whittaker.

The consequence was that next day Mr. Bold, who was a plucky and determined little gentleman, and was capable of making personal sacrifices for the sake of justice and principle, journeyed down to Stanmore and presented himself at the door of the captain's newly acquired residence. His object was to take his adversary by surprise and to profit by his confusion. His design was partially successful, for no one could have looked more startled and confused than Captain Rosseter, when his sturdy accuser was ushered into his presence.

"Mr. Bold!" exclaimed the captain, nearly dropping the post-prandial pipe which he was smoking.

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer severely and as soon as the door was closed he confronted his companion and said: "Captain Rosseter, I have come down here as solicitor to the Tremayne family for many years, and as solicitor to the late Colonel Tremayne, to demand of you information concerning Colonel Tremayne's daughter."

"Sit down," said the captain, not very politely, perhaps, but with tolerable calmness.

"No, thank you, Captain Rosseter returned the lawyer in a tone which showed that he did not intend to be trifled with. "I give you fair warning that if you don't answer my question I shall invoke the aid of the law to find out what I have not been able to discover myself."

Before the captain could reply the door opened, and a young lady entered the room. The lawyer, turning round, only caught a glimpse of her as she endeavored to retire, but he perceived that she was young and pretty. The captain however, called after her.

"Annie, my dear, come in. Let me introduce you, Mr. Bold, to my wife."

Mr. Bold bowed stiffly, and the young lady, as though instinctively suspecting the lawyer's hostile intentions, crossed over to her husband's side and laid her hand lovingly on his shoulder.

"Annie, my darling," said the captain, with singular gentleness, "you must let me tell Mr. Bold your little history. How your father, my good friend, on leaving England, laughingly confided his little daughter to my care. How I used to call and see you at school with my pockets full of sweetmeats. How your bright face and innocence brought sunshine into my heart when it was full of darkness. How you grew up and teased me and made me realize the unworthiness of my life. How I strove to be better, only to learn my weakness. How at length, upon your old school-mistress with whom you lived, dying, two years back, you voluntarily consented to devote yourself to reforming—"

"Nonsense, James," interposed the girl, putting her little hand over his mouth and kissed him impulsively.

The captain bore his fiction cheerfully enough though his eyes were moist as he turned again to the lawyer and said: "The long and short of the matter is, Mr. Bold that I married this young lady two years ago, with the full consent of her father, Col. Tremayne."

"You might have said so when you called upon me that day," retorted the lawyer, feeling smaller than he had ever done in his life.

At a sign from her husband Mrs. Rosseter glided out of the room and

when the door had closed the captain retorted: "So I might, if you had been civil. But your manner was so suspicious, and I may add, insulting—"

"I'm very sorry," interposed the lawyer looking shamefaced.

"Pshaw! Never mind my dear sir," cried the captain, heartily. "It was my own fault—an unpleasant reminder of my past life. Thanks to my wife, I have mended my ways, turned farmer, grown respectable—the least I could do in return for the sacrifice she made in throwing herself away upon me. There was no concealment; she married me with her eyes open, and her father also gave his consent after I had made full confession of my career. He knew, poor fellow, what it is to fall. God bless Ernest Tremayne! He trusted me with his child and his child's fortune. In all your experience, Mr. Bold, you will never find a more faithful guardian and trustee than I shall be, in spite of my antecedents."

"I believe it, Captain Rosseter—I honestly and sincerely believe it," exclaimed the lawyer, genuinely moved; "and if you will permit me to apologize to you, and to shake you by the hand, I shall feel more comfortable—I shall indeed."—London Truth.

WHAT CAN BE DONE.—By trying again and keeping up courage many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters, after everything else has been tried in vain. So don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure, and so perfect a Blood Purifier. Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcome all Urinary Difficulties. Large Bottles only 50 cts. at J. ZELLER & SON.

—Beads, Fringes, Gimps and Buttons—GARDNER'S.

Subscribe for the CENTRE DEMOCRAT

A. V. SMITH, GROCER. —Everything in the line of—

Canned Goods, Cheese, Starch, Syrups, SOAPS SOAPS, SOAPS SOAPS, Fresh, Sugars, Coffees, Teas, TOBACCOS, TOBACCOS,

Spices and Confectionery. Telephone Communication and Goods Delivered Free.

—Subscribe for the CENTRE DEMOCRAT

THE STAR

A Newspaper supporting the Principles of a Democratic Administration. Published in the City of New York. WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, Editor and Proprietor.

Daily, Sunday, and Weekly Editions. THE WEEKLY STAR, A Sixteen-page Newspaper, issued every Wednesday. A clean, pure, bright and interesting FAMILY PAPER.

It contains the latest news, down to the hour of going to press: Agricultural, Market, Fashion, Household, Political, Financial and Commercial, Poetical, Humorous and Editorial

Departments, all under the direction of trained journalists of the highest ability. Its sixteen pages will be found crowded with good things from beginning to end.

Original stories by distinguished American and foreign writers of fame. THE DAILY STAR, The Daily Star, contains all the news of the day in a attractive form. Its special correspondence by cable from London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Dublin is a commendable feature.

At Washington, Albany, and other news centers, the latest correspondents, specially retained by the Star, furnish the latest news by telegraph. Its literary features are unsurpassed. The Financial and Market Reviews are unusually full and complete. Special terms and extraordinary inducements to agents and canvassers. Send for circulars.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY STAR TO SUBSCRIBERS, FREE OF POSTAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, OUTSIDE THE LIMITS OF NEW YORK CITY: Per year, \$1.00; Six months, \$0.50; Three months, \$0.25; Single Copies, 10 cts. Clubs of Five (and one extra to organizer), \$3.00

TERMS OF THE DAILY STAR TO SUBSCRIBERS: Every day for one year (including Sunday) \$7.00; Daily, without Sunday, one year, \$6.00; Daily, six months, \$3.50; Daily, without Sunday, six months, \$3.00; Address, THE STAR, 90 and 92 North William St., New York.

1859-1886

Great Reduction

IN

PRICES!!

I am now Prepared to Give

BIG BARGAINS.

IN

DRY GOODS,

Dress Goods from 5c to 50c per yard.

NOTIONS

Hose from 3c to \$1 per pair

AND

GROCERIES

Lower Than the Lowest.

Give us a Call.

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

Country Produce

On hand, and Wanted at all times.

C. U. HOFFER

Alleghen St., Bellerose, Pa