Over in London, when news arrived that the Lika-Lika had gone to pieces on a Pacific islet, and not a soul had finally

escaped alive, much interest was felt in the

event in the Ashby family. The yacht had

run ashore, said the Honolulu telegram, on a coral reef in the Manihiki Islands, and been instantly broken up by the force of the gigantic breakers. Most of the crew had perished at once. Mr. Thorold Ashby,

the owner, and two common sailors, names unknown, were flung ashore, more dead

than alive, on the fringing reef, but suc-cumbed to their injuries a few days later.

left every penny he possessed to that de signing girl Nesta."

would marry again, just on purpose to spite them; and, besides, there was Monty, now about to be ordained, and Guy on the very

point of going up for direct commission. But he had his doubts still in his own mind, for all that. "He made a will, I remember,"

the usual rule of succession."

"He may have made a will on the island, though," Mr. Percy suggested. Mr. Percy passed always for the family pessimist.

"He may have made a fiddlestick," Mr.

Archibald answered, with cutting contempt.
Mr. Archibald invariably took the sanguine

view of things. "But how could he-dying among a lot of naked savages? And even

if he did, who'd ever trouble to bring it home to us? The Lika-Lika had gone to

pieces-I always knew she would, with a heathenish name like that on her stern-

like tempting Providence; and where would he get pen, ink and paper, I should like to

of poor Thoroid's property. She'd have

robed our dear children without a mo-ment's compunction, if only she could; and now we'll pay her out. Not a farthing shall she get of it all; not a sou, not a doit, not a cent, not a stiver!" Such is the mollifying and civilizing in-

deed, has been the exact opposite of the Northern Farmer's. It has led me to the

onclusion that the rich "in a loomp" are

Now, in chambers in the Temple, at that

very time, up four pair of stairs, in a room

door to be more alarmingly overcrowded

than any East End rookery, there lived and

moved and had his being a certain modest and unassuming but briefless barrister, by name Will Protheroe. In point of fact, he was the sole occupant of the chambers, and

the other gentlemen aforesaid who nom-inally and legally dwelt there did so only

on the tenure of paying him a guinea a year per head for the barren privilege of having letters and briefs (if any) addressed there. And when Will Protheroe read in the papers one morning that the Lika-Lika had gone to pieces, and Thorold Ashby was

dead, he sat down at once in great trepida-tion, half sympathy, half smothered joy, for

a private cause, and wrote a letter of con-dolence to Nesta Clyde on the loss of her

news confirmed, on very good authority, that the Ashby estate would go to the two

which announced itself by tin plates at the

riage.

That moment, as he stood at the bow, peering deep into the darkness, he saw sud-

peering deep into the darkness, he saw suddenly through the dim dusk—a speck of light to the starboard! It was the light of a fire in some native village.

In a second, Thorold Ashby realized to the full in what jeopardy they all stood. A reef must be close ahead. The yacht was in danger.

"They make their marks to indentures, you know. They may have something or other they may have something

As he looked, the speck of light disappeared—reappeared—and once more dis-appeared again. With a thrill of sudden horror, he knew just what that meant. Breakers on their lee! Not 20 yards off! When she rose on the crest, a light shone from the island. When she sank in the trough again, the light was obscured by the vast wall of surf. He saw it now, rising rising before to their palm-girt village.

The dying man smiled. "They know what I mean, I believe," he cried. "They've seen pen and ink before now, and they've even a missionary here among them." And he let his head fall wearily on the lap of the sheer, like a white cliff of spray, before them. She was making straight for it under full steam. One moment more, and she would ground and be swamped by it.

"Hard a-port!" But the sharp command rang just a second too late. As it broke short from the owner's lips a thrill crashed jarring through the Lika-Lika's hull from stem to stern. Her keel grated on the low stem to stern. Her keel grated on the low barrier of coral rock underneath. The breakers sprang upon her like a wild beast upon its prey. With horrible rapidity she snapped in two amidships. There was a cry of terror; a wild sense of darkness and of rushing water; then they were battling, each for his own neek, with huge billows that flung them resistlessly landward. They were pounded like pebbles on the loose beach of white sand. At that point they lost con-sciousness. The Lika-Lika broke up into shattered planks and fragments.

When morning broke, calm and clear after the storm, three survivors of the wreck found themselves lying, half dead, on the hare ground outside a wattled Kanaka hut in the Manihiki Islands. A crowd of friendly natives pressed eagerly around. The Manihiki people have never been very bad cannibals; and the wreckage of the Lika-Lika had brought them so much good luck that they felt hospitably disposed toward the three shipwreeked mariners.

Thoroid Ashby himself, the owner of the lost yacht, lay, most seriously wounded of

stretched out at full length on a strip of stretched out at the length of a strip of antive matting. Two Kanaka women, with sare brown arms and red flowers in their mair, held up his fainting head. He turned wearily to his companions, both sailors of the crew. They were all that remained to the crew. They were all that remained so, when they'd all made sure Uncle Thorold native matting. Two Kanaka women, with alive. On the beach hard by, a mangled corpse or two, half naked, and pummelled out of all recognition on the jagged peaks of submerged coral, lay white and ghastly. "Rathurst," he said feebly to the nearest of his two men, "I don't want to live now. I'm too battered Mr. Percy repeated, "just after his marnd knocked about to care much for living. Since my wife died at Levuka, I haven't loved my life. And I can't bear to look at those poor bodies lying unburied on the shore. I feel as if it were my fault all this should have come upon you ten good fellows—for I brought you here for my own amusement, But there's one thing I'd give a thousand pounds to do before I die—sign that will I had made for me at Samon. You and I witness it; you're alive enough the usual rule of succession."

"Oh, yes!" his brother answered, with a careless air of assent. "But that's all right, Percy. Trust me for that! I inquired into this long ago. By the will he left everything to his wife absolutely, and, failing her, to the children of the marriage. Well, poor Lucy's dead, and there were no children. So it's practically, to all intents and purposes, an intestate estate. Property follows the usual rule of succession."

THERE IS NO WILL AT ALL! IT IS ONLY AN UNSIGNED DRAFT. YOU CAN'T GET to the children of the marriage. Well, poor Lucy's dead, and there were no children. So it's practically, to all intents and purposes, an intestate estate. Property follows the usual rule of succession."

Will Protheroe stepped forward, took her nee my wife died at Levuka. I haven't for that. I have it in my pocket here; it's wet, but not spoilt. All we want now is just a pen and ink. But where are we to get passed all se on a Kanaka island?" How strangely things come about in this

world, to be sure! Thorold Ashby was a weslthy man, the son of a Liverpool ship-owner deceased, who had died in the odor Naples hotel, and whose personalty had en sworn at more than £500,000. For 20 years Thorold Ashby had been engaged in the honest endeavor to spend as much as possible of the wealth bequeathed him; and, having inherited some of his father's ship-owning tastes, he had got rid of a good deal of it on the Like-Lika, his Clyde-built steam vacht, christened after a charming Hawaiian princess he had met at Honolulu on a former voyage. This last cruise, however, had been in many ways a most dis astrons one. His wife, whom he loved tenderly, and for the sake of whose health he had come so long a trip in the remote South Seas, and been taken ill and died in the as, and been taken ill and died in the fluence of the possession of property upon the family affections! My experience, in-Francisco, on route for England, Ashby had called at Samoa, where an English lawyer (there are English lawyers everywhere now) object that was left very near his heart. His wife had a niece, Nesta Clyde by name, who had lived with them long in London, and whom they had learned to treat pretty much like a daughter. But, unless he made a will in Nesta's favor, everything would now go to his two brothers, who were already too rich-having stuck to ships-and who had treated him very ill over that nasty little basiness of the Liverpool house

property.
So be hed the will made at Samoa-atrest of us, thrust it in his pocket unsigned. sisure at San Francisco.

And now, as he lay dying on the coral beach of a Manihikiatoli, with no more chance of getting at pen and ink than if he had been alone in 1,000 miles of unpeopled ocean, oh, how bitterly he regretted his processlin-ation! It was hard to realize, indeed, the immensity of the change. Last night he had been surrounded by every European comfort and luxury in the cabin of the Lika-Lika; this morning he sat among a group of half-naked Kanakas, removed at one blow, nineteenth century to a pervading atmos-

phere of prehistoric savagery.

He took the damp paper from his pocket, opened it, and looked at it faintly. "All my lands, estates, houses, messuages, tenements, stocks, shares, and other property wintsoever that I die possessed of, to my wife's niece, Nesta Clyde, gentlewoman, ab-solutely, and for her own sole use and bene-He drew a deep sigh. That was good able now to sign it; and, even if he did. all? Bathurst and Howe were almost as battered and as maimed as he himself was; and, if they both died there, what would become of a will among all those naked Kana-kas? They would enshrine it in a hut, and worship it as a fetish

And if it didn't turn up, his brothers ercy and Archibald would never allow Percy and Archibald would never allow poor Nesta one peany. He knew those men ell, Percy and Archibald. Oh, how scelly he represented himself now for not couldn't help hoping the rumor was true, and that Thorold Ashby had really died in having signed the will at Samon, and sent it home by post! It was a duty he owed to foreign parts intestate, leaving Nesta penni-Por then, and in that case, Will Protheroe thought to himself, he might venture to ask Nesta if some day she would marry him. He never could pluck up courage to ask a great heiress to accept his hand (which was all he had to offer); but if Nesta was poor, why, he would love to do his best to make her happy.

So, a fortnight later, having heard the news confirmed, on your good authority.

Nesta, and he had grossly neglected it.
"If only I had a pen and ink!" the dying man cried again, with a wild outburst of impotent remorse; "I could sign it even now, and you and Howe could witness it."

"Mr. Watts had a stylograph he used to carry in his pocket, sir," the sailor answered, half dying, yet in the common-sense sailor fashion. "But his bedy's not come ashore yet, so we can't get ht it now. It may turn up two-and-bye." He spoke with the stolid, business-like air of the seafaring man, accustomed to such wild scenes of peril and disaster. To him, drowning was a matter of everyday occurrence.

"Perhaps the natives may know of something to write with," Thorold Ashby sug-

his best black coat and hat, and call at Onslow Square on a visit of condoience.

Nesta received him alone. Oh, how glad he was of that! Mamma was here, she said, to help her pack up her things; but mamma was busy. They were in such a dreadful mess, and had suffered so much, for Uncle Thorold had left her in charge of the house, of course; but Mr. Archibald Ashby had been so very unkind. He wanted them to move out of the place immediately.

"Then it's his?" Will Potheroe asked with a gulp.

"Then it's his?" Will Potheroe asked with a gulp.

Nesta nodded assent. "Yes, it's his," she said, trying hard to repress the rising tears. "His and his brother Percy's. Poor uncle left no will after Aunt Lucy's death, so they divide it between them." Her lips trembled slightly, for mamma was poor, and how they were to live now Nesta hardly knew. She had loved Uncle Thorold, and, beside he had always been so awfully kind. knew. She had loved Uncie Indicate, he had always been so awfully kind

But Will Potheroe's heart gave a sudden leap. "And they're actually turning you out!" he cried, half pleased,

wondering. And the Kanaka entered. Externally, he was clad in the jersey and twissers of a common sailor, but within he was still the unmitigated savage Polynesian heathen.

The black gentleman's knowledge of English was not very profound, being strictly confined, indeed, to the amount he had managed to pick up of the tongue of Shakspare and Milton from his fellow sailors during the course of a voyage as supernumerary from Samoa to London. Nor were his manners more polished than might be expected from so short and cursory an acquaintance with European culture unders what he wanted, for all that, and, in this world of ours, such knowledge is more than half the battle. In a very few broken sentences (whereof every third word consisted off that familiar formative clement dam, which he had learned as a chief component of English idiom from his marine instructors) the Kanaka made Nesta understand, one half by pantomine, he had braught letters and papers for her from her shipwrecked under.

He handed her the letter first. It turned out to be an introduction from a missionary in samoa, and it described briefly how the bearer, Ramaliralire, a steep the convention of the ship to that sfar-off England, whose very mane he had hardly even heard, in the discharge of what appeared to him a sacred mission. Ramaliralire, a steep the ceived a paper from the hands of a dying man at his native siand—by name, Richard Howe—wit to England, and never to part with it till he gave it to one Nesta Clyde, of Onslow Square, London. The letter went on to say that Ramaliralire accepted this commission in the most serious sense, and was so depely impressed with his immense importance that he took boat for Samos, in the discontinually the course of a continual to the control of den leap. "And they're actually turning you out!" he cried, half pleased, half indignant.
"Well, they—they want us to leave very soon," Nesta answered, just faltering: "Well, they asswered, just faltering: "Well, they they use instead of pen and ink among themselves. At any rate, I'll try them."

With an effort he lifted up his head, and, seizing a twig of broken brushwood from the ground in his right hand as he did so, he went languidly through the motions of signing his name on a blank space of the paper. The natives watched him close, nodding and smiling acquiescence. As the Englishman finished, two or three of them jumped up and nodded still harder. "Oh, yes; oh, yes, Inglis," they answered—it was all they could say in the tongue of the strangers, a phrase learned from the crews of Queensiand labor vessels; and they darted off up a steep path that led by zigzag curves through adense tropical jungle to their palm-girt village.

The dev will they "eactually turning one half by pantomime, he had brought letters and papers for her from her shipwrecked uncle.

Well, they—they want us to leave very son, "Nesta answered, just faltering: "they've not been very kind about it. I turned out to be an introduction from a missionary in Samoa, and it described briefly how the bearer, Ramaliraliro, a Kanaka from the bate on the bearer, Ramaliraliro, a Kanaka from the bearer, Ramaliraliro, and to take ship to that far-off England, whose very manch had bounded.

Will Protheroe bridled up. "But didn't wish to that far-off England, and never to part with the distribution of a dying man at his native island—by name, Richard they we man to do anything?" he asked plumpout, until the hands of a dying man at his mative island—by name, Richard they we man to do anything for you?

Will Protheroe stepped forward, took her hand, let it drop again. "Oh! Nesta," he said frankly, not even aware he was calling her for the first time in his life by her Chri

tian name, "I'm so giad. I'm so sorry."

"Glad!" Nesta cried, thrilling as she looked up in his face, half guessing his meaning. "Why glad, Mr. Protheroe?"

"Because," the young man answered, flushing red in his turn, but saying out his say boldly, now it came to the pinch—"because, if you'd been rich and great, I could never have dared to ask you to marry me; but now, if you'ge poor, oh! Nesta, I dare ask you—I will ask you—I ask you to-day—let me hope you'll be mine—let me hope you'll take me!"

Note toward to him sobbing. Those know, on a Pacific islet? No, no, Perey; it's all right. You may rest assured of that. Not a farthing shall Miss Nesta ever touch

Nesta turned to him, sobbing. The words of pure love and true simple-hearted words of pure love and true simple-hearted sympathy broke her down utterly. She had always liked him, she had always hoped and half believed he liked her, but never till that moment did she know how she loved him. "Mr Protheroe," she cried, with a thrill, "then I'm glad of it too. I'm glad I'm penniless. If it brings me that, I can forgive them, I can be glad of it!"
"And so you you you?" Will Protheroe

"Aud so you say yes?" Will Protheroe broke forth, drawing back, almost too happy for words. And Nesta, letting him take her hand in his unchecked, after that clear proof of his his unchecked, after that clear proof of his genuine love, answered in a very low voice, "I say yes, Mr. Protheroe." For she saw in his face he was really glad; and, being still very young, she was glad herself too, as she said with truth; for the young, poor souls! think much more of love than they do of money. To them the loss of a fortune seems a trifle indeed compared with the gain of a true heart that goes forth to them spontaneously. How silly they are, to be sure! Mr. Percy and Mr. Archibald despise such tomfoolery.

When, a day or two later, these two young fools came to talk things over with one another more seriously, Will admitted that the chances of any immediate marriage were by no means cheerful. "You see, "he said confidentially, as they sat together in the little Bayswater lodgings whither the Clydes had removed on their plain and conventional; but when Nesta opened it her heart too beat high. Then in this trouble that nice Mr. Protheroe had remembered her! He had plucked up heart of grace to write to her at last! He who was ordinarily so shy, so retiring, so timid—scared out of his life by the grandeur of Onslow Square—"you see, Nesta, up till now I've never really worked very hard—at my profession, that is to say—because I'd nothing particular in life to work for, and there are so many things in the world, don't you know, much more interesting to a man than Chitty on Contract. I've given departure from Onslow Square-"vou see ordinarily so shy, so retiring, so timid—scared out of his life by the grandeur of Onslow Square! She was glad he'd written, for she liked Mr. Protheroe!

However, a week passed—ten days—a fortnight—before Will Protheroe could muster up courage to call in person at the handsome house in Onslow Square that had once been Thorold Ashby's. Meanwhile, he had been engaged in prosecuting (the only thing he had ever been asked to prosecute, alas!) researches. Had Nesta—he called her Nesta in his own heart to himself always, though he said "Miss Clyde" to her face; a familiar symptom—had Nesta really been left without a penny? It was wicked, it was cruel, it was selfish of him to wish it, he know; and yet—such is youth—in his heart of hearts the briefless barrister couldn't help hoping the rumor was true, and that Thorold Ashby had really died in foreign warris intestate.

Benjamin; and he dined with solicitors; and he tried his very best in every way he knew to attract attention; nay, he even succeeded in getting a few prospectuses of bubble com-panies to advise upon; but he still remained for many months, for all that, a briefless

barrister.
So things went on, Nesta giving music lessons meanwhile to eke out her slender means, till one morning in May, to Nesta's very great surprise, the lodging house servant came up with a face like a sheet, and announced in a hushed voice that an awful strange black gentleman was waiting below, who asked to see Miss' Clyde, and gave a name which she thought was something like Rummyleery-leero.

volved in the will as at least interested and amused the Court for some 20 minutes. Ramaliraliro grew graphic after a while, and proceeded in dumb show, after his fashion, with a running comment of words, to explain what he had seen of the history of the document. He described how Thorold Ashby had taken the paper in despair from his pocket; how he had looked like this, and spoken earnestly in unknown words to the man Howe at his side; and how at last he had asked for a stick—just so—to write with. -to write with. "A stick?" the learned Judge interposed, leaning critically forward. "What did he

Clyde, and discharge his conscience.

As Nesta read on, the Kanaka kept his eyes fixed firmly upon her. When she had want with the stick, my friend? Show me just how he used it." The Kanaka, nothing loth, and unabashed by the dignity of the ermine, took a piece of paper from Will Protheroe's hand, and then, with the blunt end of a penholder, went through the pantonimic act of writing on it, very painfully and carefully. "Him do like that," he said simply. "Him write so. Him make letters." finished, he held out the other paper du-biously. "You Nesta Clyde?" he asked in a tone of half-formed suspicion.

"I'm Nesta Clyde," the girl answered,

trembling violently.

"Dam good," the Kanaka replied, with a friendly nod, reassured by her manner.

"Den take dam paper."

Nesta took it and read it. It was her un-

Nesta took it and read it. It was her un-cle's will. As she took it in gradually, the color came and went in her cheeks convul-sively. Then he had remembered her, after all! On his dying day! He hadn't forgot-ten her! That dear, good uncle! "To my wife's niece, Nesta Clyde, gentle-woman, absolutely, and for her own sole use and benefit." cal disbelief. The witness proved too much.
"He had no ink, you know, my man; and
there are no letters now to be seen on the

use and benefit."

In her joy that he hadn't forgotten her she turned and took both the Kanaka's

she turned and took both the Kanaka's hands in hers. The Kanaka let them drop, and put one finger to his mouth. "Dam hungry," he said briefly, looking almost as pleased as Nesta herself. "No care shakey hands. Want grub! Want groggee!"

Nesta burst into tears. "It isn't so much the money, mamma," she cried to her mother in her joy; "but I'm so glad to know Unele Thorold didn't mean to slight me."

An hour later, while the Kanaka discussed cold pie with Mariar Ann in the kitchen, the briefless barrister, hastily summoned by telegram, came up to share the good news with the family. Nesta met him at the door, now a conscious heiress. It was so glish."
"Oh! he wrote with a key," Mr. Justice
Treeby answered, with a still broader smile.
"A most singular implement, certainly!
And just now you told us he wrote with a
stick, didn't you? Mr. Protheroe, I'm
afraid this witness of yours won't much avail your client's contention. He swears too hard. His notions of truth are too ob-A titter went round the court. The Ka-naka raised his head, knit his bushy brows, and glared about him defiantly. But, at the same moment, Will Protheroe clapped his hand in turn to his own forchead. It came back to him with a rush. He saw it all now. Great heavens! and he'd reproached himself so often these last months for hav-ing wasted all that time on botany, and chemistry, and ethnographic science! Why, the case was in his hands, and he'd as good

door, now a conscious heiress. It was so delightful to feel dear Will hadn't wanted her for her money, of course; yet now she would have money—oceans—worlds of it— to give him. She flung her arms around his neck. "Oh, Will," she cried, "I'm so happy!"

But Will, as becomes a member of the

utter bar, was more strictly business-like. "Let me see the document, darling," he said, after a few unprofessional remarks of what the law would call a pre-nuptial character. And Nesta showed it him. He took it in at a glance. It was all plain sailing enough—no doubt or obscurity. Then he turned to the foot of the page for tne attestation. All at once his color left him. He clutched at the chair for support. It was terrible to be obliged so to disillution that poor child.
"Nesta, darling!" he gasped faintly, "this is no will at all! It's only an unsigned draft.
You can't get anything! Don't you see, there are no names to it, either testator's or

witnesses'?"

It was only too true. Nesta, in her inno cence, had overlooked that small detail whether it had been duly executed. The revulsion was terrible. She was once more

Before the 20 minutes were out he was back in court again, breathless, but very triumphant. In one hand he carried a serious-looking book; in the other, a small vial of some chemical liquid.

"My Lord," he panted, out, jubilant, "will your Lordship have the goodness to let me read this passage? It's in Tallboy's 'Ethnology of the Equatorial Islanders,' and it will explain the evidence I next intend to submit to you." tend to submit to you."

The Judge took the book, and glanced at it superciliously. As he read, however, he raised his eyebrows by slow degrees. "That's certainly possible," he said, in a more judicial tone. "You can try it, at least, Mr. Protheroe. Read alond what the passage says!" and he handed the book back to him. Will Prothero read it alond with very measured intonetion. And now the problem arose, what to do with the Kanaka. He had shown so extraordinary and unexpected a devotion to his own sense of duty, or of superstitious awe, that it was clearly impossible to let him shift for himself in this great, inhospitable, sordid, wealthy London. Indeed, to say the truth, Ramaliraliro, accustomed to with very measured intonationthe easy-going applied socialism of the South Sea Islands, had no idea of quarter-"Many of the islanders also employ for records a sort of rude hieroglyphics allied to picture writing. Speciments from Easter Island have been brought to Europe. In Samoa, these characters are habitually incised on tablets of wood or stone; but in Christmas Island, Samerang, and the Manihiki group, the natives have either independently invented or else borrowed from the example of European voyagers a method of procedure closely allied to our own penand-ink manuscript. They use for stile or pen a joint of bamboo, sharpened to a fine point, and slit up the middle like a quill or steel nib; and for writing fluid they boil ing himself anywhere else than on the person for whose sake he had brought over that precious, that worthless document. Many times over, with many strange expletives and much gesticulation to eke out his scanty English, the Kanaka told them, half in English, the Kanaka told them, half in words, half in dumb show, how the great English chief who owied the fireship, dying, had made over this paper to the sailor Howe; and how the sailor Howe, again, dying in turn, had handed it as a sacred deposit to himself, Ramaliraliro. "Me no.rest," the savage said, standing there in his rough English jersey and coarse white trousers—"me no rest, day or night, till me bring dam ting to England. Find out Missy Clyde. Give dam paper in him hand. Very good. Do all well. Go back den Samoa." point, and slit up the middle like a quill or steel nib; and for writing fluid they boil down the expressed juice of ki plant (manica t nctoria, de candolle). This juice dries at first a deep metallic biue, after which it gradually fades in a few months till it dis-appears altogether; but it can be revived at any time and rendered absolutely permanent by washing it over and a weak solution of nitrate of silver and sulphuric acid."

learned friend is going to try any hocus-pocus of that sort," he said, smilingly, "on this already too dubious and discredited decompany."

this already too dubious and discredited document."

But the Judge interrupted him, with a very stern face: "Mr. Protheroe has a perfect right to try the experiment if he likes," he answered quietly. "In his client's interest, indeed, it's his duty to try it. Should it succeed, we shall then have to inquire into the genuineness of the signatures and the fact of the attestation."

With a trembling hand Will drew out from his pocket a little camel's hair brush, and, before the Judge's own eyes, smeared the liquid carefully over the place where the signatures were not. For a minute or two they looked with the intensest interest; then something began vaguely to discolor the paper in patches. The Judge gazed hard at it, and ejaculated, "Re-markable!" After another long pause he held the paper up, and read out three names slowly: "Testator's signature—Thorold Ashby, Esquire, Onslow Square, London; witnesses, Richard Howe and John Bathurst, able-bodied seamen, steamship Lika-Lika, last from Samoa."

"Perfectly regular," the Judge added; "herfectly regular, as far as one can sepprovided always, of course, the signatures are genuine. But, under the circumstances, this mine being sprung upon them—unexpectedly, so to speak—the defendants would no doubt wish for a fortnight's adjournment to consider their action. Is that so, Brother Montague?"

When, some two months later, Romaliraliro left London for Samos en route for his native islands, it was as a first-class passenger on board an Orien liner bound for Sydney; and the number of presents he took back in his boxes fully convinced the people of his own remote home of the importance of his mission to the unknown lands far beyond the sunrise. He is regarded to this day as a person of very great distinction in his own stoll, and he

garded to this day as a person of very great distinction in his own atoll, and he frequently narrates to large parties of listeners the profound impression his personal charms produced on the highest ladies of the land, including two houris named Betsijane and Mariarann, in that remote world of civilized wonders—England.

As for Will Protheroe, the case made his fortune. The fame of his universal knowledge and his intimate acquaintance with the habits and manners of the ki plant spread so far and wide around Chancery Lane that he rose rapily to fame as a cross-examiner of scientific experts; and he makes so large an income to-day from patent cases and other briefs requiring special attainments that he would be a rich man on that alone, even if he hadn't married his first client, that pretty Miss Clyde, the heiress of the Thorold Ashby property. And he no longer regrets that he wasted his time for so many years on botany, chemistry, and that which profiteth nothing. For we all of us recognize how good and how pleasant a thing wisdom is—when a man can make \$10,000 a year by it.—Grant Allen in Illustrated News of the World. much valuable time over botany and chemistry, and that which profiteth nothing! How he wished he had devoted himself, body and soul, to Davey on Wills or to Smith and Macleod on the Law of Probate!

However, though the Ashbys declared it was a frivolous and vexatious proceeding, he got his case on at last before Mr. Justice Treeby, and proceeded to argue that Thorold Ashby, deceased, had practically executed his testament in Miss Clyde's favor, though, island, he had never actually signed it. It was a verbal will. As such, it stood on all was a verbal will. As such, it stood on all fours with viva voce bequests made by a wounded soldier on the field of battle, which the law of England had always recognized as possessing testamentary validity. The cases fell at once, Will urged, under the same general principle.

Mr. Justice Treeby, pen poised in hand judicially, was pleased-with the legal subtlety of the way the young counsel set forth his singular plea, though as a matter of law it was plain that the learned judge was entirely opposed to him. But when Will Protheroe put forward Ramaliraliro in the box to support his case expectation in court

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER de scribes the harem of the Nizam of Hydera-bad in THE DISPATCH to-morrow. She recited 'Osler Joe to the beautiful captives. box to support his case expectation in court stood on tiptoe with interest. So strange a witness had never before appeared in that place—a Polynesian heathen, who was only

SHERMAN. *

acquainted with the nature of an oath in the

most colloquial sense, and whose English was still by far too imperfect to stand suc-cessfully the ordeal of cross-examination. However, by skillfully leading his sav-age on bit by bit, Will Protheroe succeeded

at last in getting out of the Kanaha (duly sworn on his own fetish) such a coherent ac

count of the death of the three persons in

volved in the will as at least interested and

The Kanaka, nothing loth, and unabashed

what did he write with?" th

learned Judge asked again, smiling a cyni

The Kanaka looked disturbed. He shook

his head, and touched his brow. He pres-ence of mind forsook him. "Him write with ki," he said at last, after a long pause.

"Say ki in Kanaka talk. No say it in English."

hand in turn to his own forehead. It cam

"My Lord," he said suddenly, turning to the Judge, all flushed, "this will is signed—

duly signed and witnessed. I haven't at present the slightest doubt of it. Ramali-

realiro's words have suggested the truth to me. I beg the Court's leave for a very brief delay. If your Lordship will only impound the document for the moment, and allow me 20 minutes to return to my chambers, I can exhibit it before the Court with a signatures in proper order. If, my

the signatures in proper order. If my learned friend wishes, he may continue meanwhile to cross-examine the witness." Before the 20 minutes were out he was

"Many of the islanders also employ for

Miles, a thousand from the East, Miles, a thousand from the West, Through a mourning nation's heart, Went a soldier to his rest. Not as goes a conqueror, With the trumpets joyous notes; Not as hero 'mid huzzas, From an hundred thousand throats; But with moan of muffled drums, Knells of solemn tolling bells, That a nation's sorrow speaks, That a people's sorrow tell. Not 'neath arch triumphal reard, Amid banners borne on high, Clamors loud of brazen horns, Cornet, and the fifes shrill cry; But in hush of sorrow sore, Cornet, and the mes shrin cry, But in hush of sorrow sore, That a mourning people feels, When a patriot lyeth dead; When to Death a hero yields.

Through the masses gathered wide; From where Hudson's waters roll To Missouri's turbid tide; Men, and women, young, and old, Through the ranks of veterans tried Groups of children wonder eyed, Gathered by the roadway side;— Gathered on the city's street;— Gathered on the city's street;— Paying tribute to the man, To the patriot homage meet; Baring heads with tearful eyes As, with sword upon his breast, Wrapped in flag his arm sustained Thus went Sherman to his rest; Miles, a thousand from the East, Miles, a thousand to the West.

It is well when granite shaft
On a hero's grave is placed;
It is well when patriot tombs
With the sculptured wreath is graced;
These will crumble, or forgot,
Gather moss in Time's decay;
But the people's love outlast
Monuments of stone, alway.
Grander monument is that,
Than triumphal works of art,
By the love for Sherman borne,
Rearred within the people's heart. By the love for Sherman Borné, Reared within the people's heart. True, and honest, his motto was; Honest, true, his history: Honest, true, the people's love: Honoring his memory.

While our annals hold a page;
While our annals hold a page;
Sherman's name, and Sherman's fame,
Will be told from age to age;
Told in story, and in song,
Sherman's march unto the sea,
Through the heart of foeman's land
In the cause of Liberty;
Told how, in the after years,
Mid a people's pflayers, and tears,
Miles, a thousand from the East,
Miles a thousand to the West,
Through the mourning nation's heart
Sherman went into his rest.
Passing to the shoreless sea,
Through Time, to Eternity;
Followed by a people's prayers
As when he, triumphantly,
From Atlanta to the sea,
Marched victoriously.

Long will Glory's laurel wreath Green on grave of Sherman be, Still when patriots are named, Will be Sherman, rightfully.

Toll no longer mournful bells, Muffled drums your moan forget, One more gem the nation sees In her crown of jewels set; He who wore a patriot's crown, He who won a soldier's fame, Dying, 'mid a word's acclaim, Left a name without a stain.

Honor unto Sherman's name, But to God the glory be, Who, in all our country's needs, Gave the nation victory. GEORGE HENRY THURSTON.

*This poem was written on the occasion of the funeral of General Sherman, but is applicable to Memorial Day. SHIRLEY DARE advises people have had the grip to have "a lazy spell." See her letter in THE DISPATCH, to-mor-

Will Run Daylight Boats. F. E. Randall, General Agent for the De-

troit and Cleveland Navigation Company, is laying his ropes for the Grand Army people going to the encampment in Detroit next August. He says the company has decided to run daylight boats, leaving Cleveland at I and 10 o'clock P. M. The outlook for the excursion business on the lakes this summer

APPETITE is generally restored to deli-cate children by the use—in tonic dose—of Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge; and not only an appetite, but strength and vigor as well. While essentially a strengthener, it is also an excellent vermifuge; and if these pests of childhood are present, there is no better, safer or cheaper remedy. Sold by all drucogists. H. J. Lynch, 438-440 Market Street.

Is offering extraordinary inducements in black and colored silks, India silks, surahs, dress goods, cashmeres, Henriettas, plaids, stripes, serges, French suitings and elegant embroidered robes. Special bargains in every department for the next 20 days.

Those intending to pay a visit to Schen-ley Park on Decoration Day can take the Second avenue electric cars every five minutes from Fourth avenue and Market

A FLOWER SACRAMENT

The Patriots Who Gave Their Lives to

the Nation in the

Timely Topics to Be Discussed in Our Pulpits To-Morrow.

GLEANINGS FROM CHURCH FIELDS

To-day is the time appointed by na-tional custom for the "Sacrament of Flowers."

No better time could be chosen for com

memorating the dead patriots, who, in the time of our country's greatest peril, gave hemselves for its service. A great orator, themselves for its service. A great orator, in a speech on Decoration Day years ago, said: "It is a good time to lay these floral offerings upon the soldiers' graves, just as the spring is passing into summer and the full bloom of the world is about us to make this symbol of the feeling that is in our hearts for those who went forth as spring was opening into summer in their lives, and gave them to their country. It has been my lot to kneel at the deathbed of many Christians. I never was by one on which the light of heaven shone quite so clear as it did on the poor cot of some soldiers who could not tell me mpch of their faith, but could tell me all I wanted to know about their duty. Dear, tender, beautiful souls, speaking of the wife and children with their last breath, and of their hope that the country for which they died would not forget them, and then leaving all the rest to God. To die for the great mother was enough—that they felt was in their poor measure as when Christ died for their race."

At a congregational meeting of the new Shadyside United Presbyterian Church, held on last Wednesday evening, a hearty and unanimous call was made out for Rev. J. K. McClurkin, D. D., late of the Reformed Presbyterian Seminary. The pros-Christians. I never was by one on which the

formed Presbyterian Seminary. The pros-pects of this congregation are very bright, and it is hoped Dr. McClurkin will accept the call, as in this case they feel that suc-

Sunday Services in Pittsburg Churches. Dr. I. C. Persuing will preach in the Ames M. E. Church, Hazelwood, at 10:30 A. M. HIGHLAND CHAPEL-Rev. Albert M. West will preach at HA. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday school at 2:30. GRACE ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH, Car-

son street, at 10:30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. F. E. Whitemore. EIGHTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. E. Onehoo, pastor—Subject at 10:45 A. M., "Unfit Teachers." At 7:30 P. M., "Temptation."

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CRURCH, Fifth avenue, Rev. John Edwards, pastor—10:30 a. M., Welsh service; 7 P. M., English service. ST. MARK'S MEMORIAL REFORMED CHURCH, North Highland avenue—Services II A. M. and 7:45 r. M. Sermons by Rev. J. N. Arm-

In the First English Lutheran Church, Grant street, services forenoon and evening, conducted by the pastor. Rev. Edmund Bal-four, D. D.

FULTON STREET EVANGELICAL CHURCH, G. W. Brown, pastor—Services 19:39 A. M., subject: "The Hidden Word." 7:45 P. M., subject: "The Good Soldier." EAST END CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Rev. H. K.

Pendleton, pastor-Morning subject, "The Service of Love;" evening subject, "More Than Conquerors." THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Sixth avenue, Rev. E. P. Cowan, D. D., pastor—Services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Evening subject, "The Need of Wisdom."

SEVENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Herron avenue, Rev. C. S. McClelland, pastor—10:30 A. M., "Symmetrical Growth;" 7:45 r. M., "The Wheat and the Chaff."

Universalist services in Curry Hall, Sixth street, at 10:45 A. M. Text, Prov. 1,26: "I also will laugh at your calamity. I will mock when your fear cometh." FIFTH AVENUE M. E. CHURCH, L. McGuire,

pastor-10:30 A. N., "Do We Remember the 'The True Aim of Life." FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Mansfield Valley,

Pa., O. H. Philips, pastor—Morning: "A Small Beginning;" evening, "An Excuse That Does Not Excuse." DENNY CHURCH, Ligonier and Thirty fourth

streets—10:30 a. m., Sacramental services, ser-mon by Rev. J. W. Miles, D. D.; 7:45 r. m., "The Dreadful Conflict." CHRISTIAN LUTHERAN CHURCH, Sherida avenue, East End, Rov. Hiram J. Kuder, pas

tor-10:45 A. M., "Steps in Sin;" 7:45 P. M.,
"Labor Until Evening." FOURTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, COTHER OF Ross street, H. C. Applegarth, pastor—10:30 A. M., "The Fruitfulness of Truth;" 7:45 P. M., "A Personal Question."

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Wood street, Rev. George T. Purves, D. D., pastor-Ser-vices at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Evening subject, "Three Mistakes." HAZELWOOD CHRISTIAN CHURCH, J. R. Mc-

Wane, pastor—Morning subject, "The Gospel Adapted to Our Needs;" evening subject, "Repentance of Nineveh." SHADYSIDE UNITED PRESERVERIAN CHURCH, Baum street, Rev. H. P. McClurkin, D. D., of

Baum street, Rev. H. P. McChrain, B. D. Ott Wahoo, Neb., will preach at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbuth school at 2:30. Fifth U. P. Church, Webster avenue, Rev. J. W. Harsha, pastor—Service at 10:30 A. M.

subject, "Experience the True Test in Religious Truth." No evening service. OARLAND M. E. CRURCH, I. N. Eaton, D. D., pastor—Morning, "Feeding of the Five Thou-sand." In the evening the first of a series of "Studies in the Lives of the Apostles." UNITARIAN CHURCH, Mellon Bank building

Preaching at 10:45. Last Sunday of the mirlister, Rev. J. G. Townsend, D. D. Sub-ject: "The Power of the Liberal Gospel." HOMEWOOD AVENUE M. E. CHURCH, Rev. E. S. White, pastor—Morning services at 11 o'clock, subject, "The Thorn in the Flesh;" evening subject, "A Young Giant Slayer." CHURCH OF GOD, Rev. W. T. Cross, pastor-Services at Smith's Hall, 6004 Center avenue at 10:45 and 7:45. Morning subject, "Hidden Things Revealed;" evening, "Death Moves in the Glass."

POINT BREEZE PRESBYTERIAN CRURCH, Rev. DeWitt M. Benham, pastor-Morning service at II A. M., subject, "The Goodness of God;" evening service at 745 P. M., subject, "The Resurrection."

SECOND P. M. CHURCH, Patterson street, SECOND P. M. CHURCH, Patterson street, Southside, Rev. H. J. Buckingham, pastor— Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M.; subjects: Morning, "God's Thoughts of Man;" even-ing, "Short Weight."

ing, "Short Weight."

Mr. Washington Pressyterian Church,
Rev. E. S. Farrand, pastor—10:30 A. M., "The
Kingdom of God;"7:30 p. M., "Come to Jesus,"
6:30 p. M., "Giving." Anniversary of the Sabbath school at 2:30 p. M.

ST. PAUL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church, Liberty avenue, near Pearl street, Rev. B. F. Benzell, D. D., pastor-Morning subject, "David's First Victory;" evening, "The Ninth Commandment."

Grace Reported Church, corner Grant street and Webster avenue, Rev. John H. Prugh, pastor-Morning subject, "Seeking the True and Showing It;" evening theme, "Questions and Answers."

"Questions and Answers."

KNOXVILLE PRESETTERIAN CHURCH, W. A.
JONES, pastor-Morning service at Il o'clock,
Subject of sermon, "Regeneration." Evening
service at 7:45 o'clock. Subject, "Some Lessons From the Life of Josiah."

THIRTY-TRIAD STREET U. P. CHURCH, Rev. J.
McD. Hervey, pastor-Prenching at 10:20 and
7:45 by the pastor. Subjects: Morning, "The
Churches' Prosperity Assured;" evening,
"Helpers in the New Life to Be Lived."
LAWRENCEVILLE PRESENTERIAN CHURCH.

"Helpers in the New Life to Be Lived."

LAWRENCEVILLE PRESETTERIAN CHURCH,
Thirty-ninth street, between Pend avenue
and Butler street, Rev. A. E. Linn, pastor—
Subject: 19:30 A. M., "Divine Goodness and
Beauty." 7:30 Z. M., "The Prophets Witnessing for Christ."

SMITHFIELD STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH, Rev. Charles Edward Locke, pastor
—Services at 10:30 and 7:45. Morning, "The
Local Church," evening "The Tenth Com-

Services at Manhad 730. Morning, The Ideal Church; evening, "The Tenth Commandment With Practical Application to Things Present."

Library Street M.E. Caunch, Rev. J. P. Mcrket Kee, pastor—Services at 10:30 and 7:30. In the evening the Union Veteran Legion will attend in a body and addresses will be delivered by Rev. J. T. Core, Rev. Colonel John A. Danks and others.

Forbes and Seneca streets, Rev. A. A. Mealy, pastor—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 r. M. Morning subject, "Nothing but Leaves." Evening subject, "By the Way of Marah." Sabbath school, 2:30 r. M.

SIXTH UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Collins avenue, East End, Rev. R. M. Russell, pastor —Services II a. M. and 7:45 r. M. Morning ser-mon, "The All-Attracting Jesus." Evening, "The Gospel Veiled"—some causes of modern skepticism and unbelief. DAY OF PERIL ARE NOT FORGOTTEN

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, E. E.—Preaching morning and evening, by the pastor, Rev. Seth R. Gordon. Subject at 11 A. M., "The Holy Spirit Before Christ's Glorification." In the evening at 7:45, "The Holy Spirit After Christ's Glorification."

SHADY AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, near Penn avenue, Dr. W. A. Stanton, pastor—Services at II A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Morning subject: "An Educated Ministry." Evening subject: "What I Saw and Heard at the Cincinnati Anniversaries." Bible school at 9:30 A. M. SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner Penn

avenue and Seventh street, Rev. J. R. Sutherland, D. D., pastor—Services at 19:30 A. M. and 7:45 r. M. Subject in the morning: "Ministering Before Knowing." In the evening: "The First Convert of a New Continent—a Woman."

-a Woman."

ALLENTOWN U. P. CHURCH, S. W. Douthett, pastor-Preaching at 16:45 a. M. by Rev. T. H. Walker, of New York, "Glorying in the Cross." At 7:30 r. M. the Rev. J. M. Foster, of Cincinnati, O., also a delegate to the Synod of the R. P. Church, will preach upon "sabbath Reform." CHRIST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Rev.

G. W. Izer, D. D., pastor—Preaching services in the Bijou Theater. Morning subject, "Christianity Confronting Classic Pagan-ism, Paul in the Areopagus:" second sermon of the series. Evening subject, "God's Sig-nal Lights Along the Mountain—Crests of Human Life."

FIRST REPORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Grant street, Rev. Nevin Woodside, pastor—Rev. James Kennedy, D. D., of New York, will preach at 10:30. Subject, "The Believer's Day and Strength Proportional." Rev. H. W. Reed, of Youngstown, O., one of the seven young men, will preach at 3 o'clock, Subject, "Equality in Christ."

Allegheny Churches.

TRINITY LUTHERAN, corner Stockton avenue and Arch street, Rev. A. S. Fichthorn—10:30 A. M., "A Great Victory;" 7:45 P. M., "Shin-SANDUSKY STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, B. F.

Woodburn, pastor—19:30 a. M., "What Is Truth?" 7:45 P. M., "The Secret of a Great Life." SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, COTTER North and Grant avenues-Morning subject, "Baptism;" evening subject, "The Lord's

NORTH AVENUE M. E. CHURCH, corner Arch street, Rev. James T. Satchell, pastor—10:30 A. M., "The God of the Generations;" 7:45 P. M., "High Life."

ARCH STREET M. E. CHURCH, Rev. W. F. Conner, pastor—10:39 A. M., "The Pearl of Great Price." 7:45 P. M., "The Mount of Transfiguration."

GREEN STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, Scott and Robinson streets, R. S. Laws, pastor—Ser-vices at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subject, "Willing Devotion." SPRING GARDEN CHAPEL, R. P. CHURCH—Rev. T. H. Walker, of New York, will preach at 7:30 r. m. Subject: "Choose Ye This Day Whom Ye Will Serve."

FOURTH U. P. Chuscu, Montgomery ave-FOURTH U. P. Church, Montgomery avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. by F. M. Foster, of New York City, and at 7:45 p. m., Rev. C. D. Trumbuil, of Morning Sun, Ia.

PROVIDENCE PRESENTERIAN CHURCH, Liberty,

near Chestnut street, Rev. W. A. Kinter, pastor—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 F. M. Young people's meeting at 7:10 F. M. Burna Vista Steer M. E. Church, Allegheny, Rev. J. H. Miller, pastor—At 10:30 A. M. Holy Communion after sermon. At 7:45 P. M. Rev. A. L. Petty, D. D., will preach.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH, W. F. Richardson pastor—Morning sermon, "The Shepherd and Bishop of Our Souls." Praise service in the evening by the choir and congregation. AVERY MISSION A. M. E. Z. CHURCH, corner North and Avery streets—Morning services at 10.30; subject, "The Giving to God." Evening services at 7.45. Preaching by Rev. N. E. Willet.

CENTRAL PRESENTERIAN CHURCH, COTHER Anderson and Lacock streets, Rev. S. B. McCormick, pastor—Subject, 10:45 A. M.: "Feeding on Christ:" 7:45 F. M., "A Desperate Situation Happily Relieved."

NIXON STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, between

Chartiers street and Manhattan, J. S. Hut-son, pastor-Morning, 10:30, "Your Life; What Is It?" Evening, 7:45, "The Old Gospel."

In the absence of Rev. David S. Kennedy, Rev. J. S. Nichols will preach in Carnegie Hall. Morning topic "The Race and the Prize," evening topic "The Blinding, Binding, Grinding Power of Sin." Bible school in semimary on Ridge avenue at 2 o'clock. FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner

Franklin and Manhattan streets, Rev. S. W. McCorker, pastor—Subject of sermon at 10:20 A. M., "Not Juiceless Creeds but the Living Christ the Want of the Times;" at 7:45 r. M., "John B. Gough, the Orator and Reformer." CENTRAL R. P. CRURCH, Sandusky stree.

Rev. S. M. Stevenson and W. M. Glasgow, of Kansas City, will preach at the morning service, the latter on "Equipments and Responsibilities." At 3 r. M., Rev. J. S. Thompson, of Utica, O., will preach and at 7:30 creeds and terms of communion will be discussed by Rev. F. M. Foster, of New York.

FRANK G. CARPENTER is traveling through Mexico for THE DISPATCH.
Though our nearest neighbor we know less
about it than we do of European lands,
Carpenter's letters will be full of interest.
First one to-morrow.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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