

Have Faith in God. When the stormy winds are blowing, And the angry billows roll...

DR. WYNYARD'S PATIENT.

Dr. Wynyard was a young medical practitioner who had just started in business and was doing fairly well. He had selected one of the districts of Nottingham Hill, as the field of his labors, and, being a bachelor, he contrived to make both ends meet.

He saw nothing, however, which led him to doubt that the Burtons were most respectable people. The patient was evidently not a highly educated man; but Mrs. Burton was very refined and ladylike, both in manner and appearance.

The doctor considered it his duty, on the earliest opportunity, to communicate to Mrs. Burton his opinion of her husband's illness terminating fatally. The poor lady was not prepared for the announcement, having been warned some time since by a physician of high standing, that she was terribly distressed at the prospect of the end being so near.

For the next three months Dr. Wynyard never missed visiting the patient daily, and sometimes oftener. He earned the gratitude of the dying man by his skillful attention and constant care. He was well remunerated for his services, as Mrs. Burton insisted upon his sending in his account periodically, which she paid forthwith.

"I think, Dr. Wynyard, my husband wishes you to see Mr. Burton, and, certainly," said the doctor, glancing at the patient, who nodded acquiescence. "He had prepared some time ago, Shall I fetch a carriage for you?"

Dr. Wynyard unfolded the will, which was very short, and read it aloud. It contained a bequest of \$500, free of legacy duty, to Charlotte Emily, the wife of John Emlyn, and gave the residue of the estate to the said John Emlyn, who was appointed sole executor.

the document upon the bed, but she could not restrain a flush of indignation from mounting to her cheeks. "Doctor," said the sick man, as soon as he could speak: "I want you to take charge of it."

"I am quite content with the arrangement my husband suggests, interposed Mrs. Burton, calmly. After this there was nothing more to be said, upon speaking to her afterward, that she had only resided there about six months, but not being of a curious disposition, the young practitioner never troubled himself to inquire about their antecedents.

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When the memory of the amiable widow was beginning to fade from his mind, Dr. Wynyard earnestly congratulated himself upon the abrupt termination of his acquaintance. He was a prudent young man, and he could not conceal from himself that to have married the lady in question would have been an unwise step.

"I haven't the slightest notion what has become of her," said the lawyer. "I left Hastings about a year ago, and she never addressed—and, indeed, she never had any address—any, said my bill," he added, laughing.

"Did her husband leave her pretty well off?" inquired Mrs. Burton. "No, poor thing! He left nothing but a policy of insurance for \$5,000 and a small amount of furniture," said the lawyer, sighing his wife.

Three years passed, and Dr. Wynyard prospered. A neighboring practitioner died, and the young surgeon profited considerably by the sad event. He married a wife who possessed a comfortable income, in short, he was generally regarded by his professional friends as an enviable individual.

"What is his name?" inquired Dr. Wynyard. "Ambrose Tucker. He will be a millionaire." The doctor was duly presented to a quiet-looking middle-aged Englishman in gold spectacles. He was a small man, wearing a scanty beard and moustache, and inclined to baldness.

Dr. Tucker, however, though perfectly civil, did not respond to Dr. Wynyard's friendly advances. After exchanging a few words as possible, he made an excuse to move, and shortly afterwards he took his departure.

Tucker's family?" he inquired. "Has he a sister?"—"A Mrs. Burton?" "Nobody knows much about Mr. Tucker's family," said the lawyer, with a humorous expression. "He has left them over the pond."

"I wish I had thought to ask him," said Dr. Wynyard; "he must be a brother of a lady I once knew. I never saw such an extraordinary resemblance in my life—face, voice, eyes, and manner even! I could not at first think what made his features appear so similar to me, but I've just remembered whom he reminds me of."

"Well, we'll ask him," said the lawyer. "I will invite him to meet you here again." Dr. Wynyard was so very much struck by the resemblance between Mr. Tucker and Mrs. Burton that he was related. The fact of Mr. Tucker being an Englishman naturally gave some slight probability to this supposition, though the chances were that it was a mere accidental likeness.

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"What about?" asked the doctor. "Well, in the first place, they dispute the signature of the lawyer; but I pointed out that you had witnessed it, and that the signature of a sick man frequently differs from his ordinary handwriting."

"I saw him sign it," said the doctor unhesitatingly. "Quite so; but then they took a more serious objection. They declare their brother was a widower."

"So he may have been once. For all I know, this Mrs. Burton was his second wife. I dare say she was." "So I suggested," said Mr. Seaford, "and I produced her marriage certificate, which I happened to have among my papers. It was the certificate she handed me herself."

"Well, the brothers swear that Clara Newcombe, the person named in the certificate, and who was married to the brother in 1876, died in 1879, and they have since furnished me with a certificate of her death. Here are both the certificates. You can inspect them."

"Of course, it might; but it looks much more as though the woman, whoever she was, had passed herself as somebody else. I believe the brothers are right, and that she was not the testator's wife at all," said the lawyer, gravely.

recollect the legacy in the will to Charlotte Emlyn?" "Yes, who was she?" "The wife of John Emlyn; and I'll guarantee that it was John Emlyn who personated Burton," said Mr. Seaford excitedly. "When the woman came up to town to receive her legacy I was struck by her manner."

The following sketch of the "hula-hula," or national Hawaiian dance, is given by a correspondent: At the end of the feast finger-bowls were again passed around, and at a signal from the queen rose, and the invited guests followed the royal party into the palace, from the veranda of which we could look back upon the scene we had just witnessed.

Then, amid a wild burst of applause, the "Dandy" led forth two women, the crack ball-dancers of the kingdom. Strange-looking creatures they were, with black hair twisted about with yellow face, dark, swarthy, bushy shoes, and fluffy feathers about their ankles and wreaths of flowers about their heads.

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FOR TOBACCO SMOKERS.

Starting Facts for the Consumers of the Periculous Cigarette. Two new cases have been added within a few weeks to the hundreds already on record, in which the inordinate use of the cigarette has been charged with producing fatal results.

What are the signs of the disease? In the strictest sense of the phrase, it is a question on which doctors and experts must differ, but there is no disputing the fact that the appetite for the cigarette has been strangled in these cases, life would certainly have been prolonged. The late Mr. C. F. Woerster was an incessant cigarette smoker, and he died of it.

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The Banana and Pineapple.

The large steamers and sailing vessels from the West Indies and Central America carry bananas come into New York all the year round, for in the happy countries where the fruit grows there is no season, new vegetation coming up all the time. The banana requires a deep, rich earth and much moisture to grow to perfection.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

—King George, of Greece, is said to be tired of his throne. —The present season is one of great promise to summer resorts. —Rhode Island's prohibitory law is reported to be full of flaws.

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Waiting for the Train.

Gentle reader, did you ever notice the man who is waiting for the train? He waits into the depot, and after waiting around and gazing at the time-tables, he sits down with a sign and begins to read his paper; but before he has had time to read an item about a man being hanged in death, he is jerked up by the whistle of the train.

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Perfectly Harmless.

Bill Wilberly, a lawyer, made application to join the Knights of Labor. "They won't let you in, Wilberly," some one remarked. "Because you are a lawyer."

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