

## A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

A Doctor's Story.

CONTINUED.

AFTER the incidents previously mentioned, nothing particular occurred for more than a month. I had several conversations with Mr. Russel; but the will was never brought out again. I also cautiously sounded Ellen as to her cousin Charles; but she could tell me very little about him, except that he was the son of her uncle David, and on his father's death—which occurred when Charles was about fourteen years of age—his uncle took him to his office and home. He was a fine bright clever lad; but when he was about eighteen, he seemed to fall into evil courses. His uncle bore with his irregularities for some time, but at length could do so no longer, and therefore requested him to find apartments for himself in some other quarters of the town. "From this time," continued she, "I saw very little of him, although he continued his attendance at the office. It appears, however, that his conduct, instead of growing better, became worse; and shortly afterwards I heard that he had been sent away altogether. I never rightly understood the exact cause of this, as dear uncle would never talk about it and was always angry when it was mentioned. I believe however, it was some forgery, which would have brought disgrace on the office had not uncle paid a considerable sum of money to hush it up."

"That," said Ellen in conclusion, "is now four years ago; and since then I have heard nothing of him, except that he is living in London, but how, I have no idea."

This was all I could learn of the nephew at that time, though I had reason to know more of him afterwards.

My readers may perhaps wonder why Ellen and I did not get married forthwith, as everybody seemed in favor of it; but Mr. Russel's state gave us great anxiety, and we certainly could not think of our own happiness while his health was so precarious. It would have been really unkind to have taken her from him just at that time, and my professional duties obliged me to live in the village. We were now in the middle of March, and all hoped as spring advanced the old gentleman would rally; but, alas! our hopes were doomed to disappointment. He gradually became weaker; and by the end of April it was plain to me that his end was approaching. I now hardly left the Willows except in the daytime, just to run round to my other patients. We had engaged a nurse to wait upon him at night, Ellen performing that service during the day. For the last few nights I slept in a chair in a small adjoining dressing-room. At length it seemed to me that the last night had come, and Ellen and I remained in anxious expectancy together in the same little room. Mr. Russel was asleep, but we gave strict orders to the nurse to call us when he awoke. We waited till daylight, but the call never came. He had passed calmly and peacefully away—the loving heart and once active brain were forever at rest.

According to his request, we buried him in the quiet country churchyard, in a plain and simple manner. There were very few mourners. Ellen and myself together with a Mr. Benson from Kinton, occupied one coach; and Mrs. Watkins and Miss Leclerc another. At the grave, however, the funeral cortege was joined by a tall dark young man, and Ellen whispered to me that it was her cousin Charles. He was dressed in a complete black, and behaved in a proper and becoming manner. When all was over, and we had returned to the house, I was much surprised to see him also enter. His temerity and coolness astonished me, as certainly he dared not have done so during his uncle's lifetime. As however, he really belonged to the family, and as the will was about to be read, in which I knew he was mentioned, I told Ellen to speak to him, and invite him to stay. "Perhaps," I said to myself, "his presence here may be taken as a token of repentance." It did not occur to me just then that it was something strange that he, without intimation, should have known the exact day and hour of the funeral.

Leaving them all seated in the drawing room, I went up stairs opened the secret receptacle and brought out the will. It was in the long envelope, sealed as I had sealed it, and endorsed "The will of Charles Russel, February 2, 1870." Returning I passed it over to Mr. Benson requesting him, as an old friend of the family, to break the seal and read it. He took it, and holding it up in full view, asked if they were willing that he should do so. As no one objected, he opened the envelope and drew it forth. I dare say it was an anxious moment for some there,—Ellen, Charles, Mrs. Watkins, and Miss Leclerc; but as for me, knowing already the contents I was quite calm. "I CHARLES RUSSEL, of the Willows, Cottam," began Mr. Ben-

son in a steady voice, "declare this to be my last will and testament. I bequeath to Elizabeth Watkins, my house keeper, the sum of one hundred pounds. I bequeath to Jeanette Leclerc, the companion of my niece, the sum of fifty pounds. I also bequeath to my niece, Ellen Saunders the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds."

"What?" I interrupted. Read that again, please."

Mr. Benson with a look of surprise, did so and went on: "And as to all the rest, residue and remainder of my real and personal estate, I devise and bequeath the same to my nephew, Charles Russel, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, absolutely and forever. And I hereby appoint my said nephew sole executor of this, my will. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, this 2nd day of February, 1870."

I was thunder-struck. Again I requested him to repeat; and once more it came out clear and plain, that with the exception of the legacies named, all the property was left to Charles, and he was also left sole executor. I was dumfounded, and at last exclaimed: "That cannot be the true will. I have seen another, the real will, and it is just the reverse of that. Here let me see it myself."

"Not so fast, if you please," interposed Charles. "It seems that I am sole executor; the will, therefore, belongs to me, and I do not intend that you shall have it."

"But," I contended, "that cannot be the right will, as I have seen another."

"Then perhaps you will produce that other which you pretend to have seen.—You cannot of course, because there is no other; and this gentleman"—turning to Mr. Benson—"will bear witness that the seal was unbroken. Perhaps sir, you know Mr. Russel's seal, and handwriting?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Benson: "as it happens, I know both, as I have had many dealings with him."

"Then what is your opinion of the genuineness of the will which this gentleman"—with a sneer towards me—"seems to question?"

"Oh as to that, I cannot see the shadow of a doubt. At the same time knowing what I do," with a significant look at Charles, "I am somewhat surprised."

"Indeed! Well, I don't see anything surprising in it. My uncle probably discovered that I was innocent of the crime laid to my charge, and took this method of making amends; and I must say it was very handsome of him. Besides, I am the son of his brother, and of the same name as himself, and he no doubt wished to keep everything in the family."

All this seemed very plausible, but it was to me only the more aggravating as I knew perfectly well that his uncle was as bitter against him at the end as he ever was, and I said so. At this Charles lost his temper, or pretended to do so, and exclaimed:

"Look here, sir; I don't know who you are, and I don't want to know. I only know that you are not one of the family, nor is your name mentioned in the will. It seems to me you have meddled long enough. Let me remind you that this house is now mine—mine, sir; mark that; and I must request you to take your departure at once. If uncle's will had not been made as, I daresay you would have made it, and you think you can upset it, I can only say you know your course; the law is equally open to you as to me. I tell you plainly I shall take the will to a solicitor at Kinton to-morrow and get it proved at once; and you may take whatever steps may seem to you fitting. At present I decline to hold any further communication with you."

I was almost speechless, as much with rage at the cool way in which I was turned out, as at the disappointment both for Ellen and myself; but, seeing nothing could be done, I left the room beckoning Ellen to follow me.

"This is a severe blow," I said when we were alone, "and I am very sorry for you."

"Don't say that dear; I am very sorry; for it is a severe and totally unexpected blow; so inexplicable too. But my sorrow is more for you than for myself. You will have to take me now as an almost portionless girl, instead of the rich heiress you were led to expect in me."

"Oh my darling, you know I shall be glad to have you, rich or poor; but do you think it would be well for you to leave this house and take apartments in the village, until I can arrange for our marriage? It is not likely you will be very comfortable here."

"Nay; I do not see the necessity for that. Charles will not turn me out; he was never unkind, though wild, and I am afraid wicked. But dear, is it not too soon after uncle's death to talk of our marriage?"

"I know what you mean Ellen; you think, 'What will the world say?'—Well under ordinary circumstances, I

should not urge you; but these are not ordinary circumstances. You have no home here but on sufferance, and so the sooner you come to mine, the better."

"Well, we will talk about that to-morrow, when we have had a little time to think."

I bade her good night, for in truth I wanted a little time to think. That Mr. Russel had really made another will totally altering the disposal of his property, I could not believe; his whole conduct and conversation forbade it, and yet how else explain the will as read that afternoon? To be sure he might have done so, without saying anything to me about it; but I could not bring myself to think so.

When I retired to rest, I fell asleep no nearer a solution. The last thing I remembered was, that I was determined to go to Kinton the first thing in the morning and consult Mr. Sparks, a legal friend of mine. This resolution I duly carried into effect, and luckily found him at his office and disengaged. After the usual greeting and a little ordinary conversation, I opened the subject uppermost in my mind; and that he might clearly understand it, I gave a detailed account of my connection with the Russel family. I recounted the old man's affection for his niece, and the confidence he reposed in me; and then narrated the incidents of the interview in which Mr. Russel showed me the will and contents. I then dwelt upon the death, the funeral and reading of the will; the contents of which were totally different from what I had expected. This done I asked his advice and opinion.

"As to my opinion," he said, "I must have time to consider; but my advice is, that you leave the matter in my hands for a few days, and I will see his solicitor and examine the will myself. I suppose there is no question of the validity of the signature? Who were the witnesses?"

"Their names are James Dobson and Wm. Green."

"Ah! Well, come to me in three days and bring them with you; or if they cannot come, bring a specimen of their hand writing. By-the-by who were the witnesses of the will which you read in the presence of the old gentleman?"

"Unfortunately, I cannot remember just now."

"That's a pity; still it does not matter much. The chances are that Mr. Russel had the same men, and you can easily find out if they witnessed his signature at two different times; or if not Cottam is not such a large place that it would be difficult to find out if any other two men ever acted as witnesses."

"Then you think two wills were really made?"

"Why what else could I think? You yourself saw one, and another was produced."

"But, could not the one I saw be altered?"

"Ah! that is an exceedingly difficult matter and almost certain to be detected. Besides, who was to do it? You say it was kept in a secret receptacle, known only to Mr. Russel and yourself; so that it really does seem to me on the face of it that he changed his mind, and made another will some time between his conversation with you and his death. The old will he would doubtless destroy at the same time. But leave the matter in my hands, and I will look into it for you."

As this was all that could be done at the time, I took my leave and returned to Cottam. The next day I sought out Dobson and Green; and as they could not go to Kinton, I asked them to give me a specimen of their usual signature. They both remembered witnessing Mr. Russel's signature to a paper; but neither had done so more than once. With this information I waited upon Mr. Sparks at the time appointed. He was ready to receive me, and entered upon the matter at once.

"I have seen the will," he said, "and I am bound to say it seems correct in every particular—not a sign of an erasure or alteration in any part. Everything is written in the clear, concise style for which Mr. Russel was so noted. We lawyers of Kinton have had many opportunities of seeing wills made by the same hand, and I for one have no doubt that the one shown me is the genuine work of Mr. Russel. Whether it was before or after the one you say you saw, is another question, which can only be decided by the production of what I may style—your will, if still in existence. Until you can produce that, I see no help for it but to let things take their course."

"But can we not oppose the proving of the will?" I said with some heat, not being pleased at the idea of giving up the fight so easily.

"My dear sir, I should be only too happy to enter a caveat for you, or rather for Miss Saunders, for you can have no standing in the matter, not being of kin or legatee; but what should we gain unless we can support it in a court of law? and I confess at present I see no

grounds to act upon. We cannot say on account of undue influence, when by your own showing, all the influence, if any, was on the other side. Nor can we bring evidence that Mr. Russel was incapable of making a will; the very clearness and precision of it prove that he was."

"But," I still persisted, "what do you make of the will which I read with Mr. Russel's sanction and in his presence?"

"Well, truth I cannot make anything of it. Produce it, and I daresay I shall do better. But I tell you what I think an opposing counsel would say. He would first say that doubtless Mr. Russel had altered his mind, made another will, and put it in the desk without telling you. Or, he might suggest that you read it after dinner, possibly after sundry glasses of wine, and that, in fact, you misread it, reversing the names, the wish being father to the thought."

"Then is there no side on which we can attack it?"

"No; I am afraid not; and I am too much your friend to advise you to take proceedings in law with no better grounds than you have. We might perhaps say that the purport of the will is against the weight of evidence as to his intentions; but what proof have we that it is so? Principally his conversations with you; and it would certainly be pointed out that your evidence could hardly be disinterested, as it well known that you are engaged to the niece, the other devisee. Besides, a man's intentions are very difficult to gauge; what he intends to do to-day, he may not intend to-morrow. No; my friend. This plea as against a will so properly drawn up and executed as this is, would count as absolutely nothing. Moreover, it is counterbalanced by the plea set up by the nephew, and most probably his uncle, when looking over his papers, and finding that said nephew was not guilty as he was thought, had taken this means of making amends. Again, his nephew bearing the same name as himself, he may have wished to perpetuate it in a much more effectual manner than would be done by leaving his property to a niece, who was about to marry alien to his blood. I have more than once known such considerations have much weight."

Plausible as all this sounded, I neither could nor would believe it, although it was evident that Mr. Sparks' faith in my will, as he called it, was very considerably shaken. However, seeing no help for it, I was obliged to submit; and this is how my wife's inheritance was lost,—for a while.—Concluded next week.

## Why Hans was Late.

"Hans, what kept you owd so late to-night?"

"Well, Katrina, I was at dat teeyader I met Yon Biber, und ve had some peer mid each other und Yon he says, 'Hans I wants you to come into my teeyader und see Lew Raddler und dem fellers sing a liddle song.' Very vell I goes in mid him, und it don't cost me somedings at all—he yost told der toorkeeper, 'Doe all right,' und I baes in. I vas a head-dead, like doze noozebaper fellers."

"Vell, Hans, and how vas you like it?"

"Like it! It vas just schkeplendit, Katrina. Dere vas dot pootiest song you hever heard in all my life. It begins down at der bottom like dis here way:

You befer miss dot vasser till dot well don't got some more in it."

"It's a vine sediment in dot song, Katrina. I got id all in ad my head, but I vas so bleased und oxidized about it I haf forgot again once. It vos like dis vav. [Sings:]

'Don't you vass dot vasser, Das do moddo I would teach you, Let your watchword be dispatches, Und practice like dem preachers. Do not let a few moments, Like dot sunshine pass by, For you nefer miss dot vasser Until you get poety dry sometimes ven dot vell has all run out!"

"Now, Katrina, don't you like dot sediment?"

"Yes I like dot sediment, und I like it better if you don't sthup out till twelf o'clock at night and more, und come home trying to play me oud dot foolishness."

How admirable is the symmetry of the heavens; how grand and beautiful. Everything moves in sublime harmony in the Government of God. Not so with us poor creatures. If one star is more beautiful than others, it is continually shooting in some erratic way into space.

## A Loozing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it costs him a good patient.

## MUSSEY &amp; ALLEN

CENTRAL STORE  
NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer the public

A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

## DRESS GOODS

Consisting of all shades suitable for the season

## BLACK ALPACCAS

AND

## Mourning Goods

## A SPECIALITY.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED

## MUSLINS,

AT VARIOUS PRICES.

AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS

We sell and do keep a good quality of

## SUGARS, COFFEES &amp; SYRUPS

And everything under the head of

## GROCERIES!

Machine needles and oil for all makes of Machines.

To be convinced that our goods are

## CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST,

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

No trouble to show goods.

Don't forget the

## CENTRAL STORE,

Newport, Perry County, Pa.

## The Blood is the Life.

## LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

Is rapidly acquiring a national reputation for the cure of

Scrofulous Affection, Cancerous Formation, Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Mercurial and all Skin Diseases.

This remedy is a Vegetable Compound, and cannot harm the most tender infant. Ladies who suffer from debilitating diseases and Female Complaints, will find speedy relief by using this remedy.

C. W. Lincoett, of Mesopotamia, O., says it cured him of Scrofula of thirty years. Two bottles cured Mrs. E. J. Duke, of Colfax, Ind., of ulcerated ankle and leg, and Lindsey's Blood Searcher cured my son of Erysipelas—Mrs. E. Smetzer, Larimer Station, Pa.

THE BLOOD SEARCHER is the safest, surest and most powerful purifier ever known. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

R. E. SELLERS &amp; CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## To Regulate The Liver.

Use only SELLERS' LIVER PILLS, the best and only true Liver Regulator. Established over 20 years. They cure Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, and all similar diseases like magic. Get the right kind. Sellers' Liver Pills, 25 cents.

The great worm destroyer—SELLERS' VERMIFUGE. Expelled 400 worms from my child, two years old.—Wm. Sarver, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cents a box. R. E. SELLERS &amp; CO., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa. Send for circulars. 40 ly.

## BLOOMFIELD ACADEMY.

The next regular term of this Institution begins MARCH 29th, 1880.

Full preparation, classical or otherwise, is given for any college—male or female—either for Freshman or Sophomore year.

A thorough course is provided for teachers, and the option is given of selecting one or two of the higher studies.

Prof. J. C. Miller will have charge of the Penmanship and business courses.

Music, Drawing and Painting.

Philosophical and Chemical apparatus for the study of the Natural Sciences, Literary Society, Library.

Students are at all times under the supervision of the Principal and their progress and conduct noted on their weekly reports.

Boarding, if in advance \$1.50 per week, otherwise \$2.75; Tuition from 50 cents to \$1.00 per week, in advance.

For further information, address J. H. FLOCKINGER, A. B., Principal, or Wm. GRIFFIN, Proprietor, New Bloomfield, Pa.

J. M. GIRVIN. J. H. GIRVIN

## J. M. GIRVIN &amp; SON,

## FLOUR, GRAIN, SEED &amp; PRODUCE

## Commission Merchants,

No. 64 South Gay St.,

## BALTIMORE, MD.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of Country Produce and remit the amounts promptly. 45 ly.

## J. M. GIRVIN &amp; SON.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that Letters of Administration on the estate of David Field, late of Marysville, Perry County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in the same place.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned, residing in the same place.

SAMUEL G. GRUB, Administrator. March 16, 1880. CHAS. H. SMILEY, ATT'Y

## NEW WAGON SHOP.

THE undersigned having opened a

## WHEELWRIGHT SHOP.

## NEW BLOOMFIELD,

are now prepared to do any kind of work in their line, in any style, at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction. Carriages of all styles built and all work will be warranted.

STOFFER &amp; CRIST.

New Bloomfield, April 23, 1879.

JOB PRINTING of every description neatly and promptly executed at Reasonable Rates at the Bloomfield Times Steam Job Office.