

Claude Damien's Million.

Queen's Gate looked a little askance at Mr. Ponsonby Walker, though he occupied one of the biggest houses there and dispensed lavish hospitality. He was a tall, stout red-faced, elderly gentleman, with a familiar manner and a jovial laugh, addicted to spotless white waist-coats, loud-patterned trousers and patent-leather boots. He was very hearty and genial with every one, and had the reputation of being able and willing to make fortunes in the city for any of his friends who chose to seek his advice and assistance. But, though his wife wore diamonds and he kept up a considerable establishment, there was a vague feeling of distrust regarding his alleged wealth. Business men shook their heads at the mention of his name, and hinted that, though he described himself as a financier, he dealt with other people's money rather than his own, and was chiefly engaged in the mysterious occupation of promoting public companies.

These rumors, however, did not prevent the Ponsonby Walkers from having a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who assisted at their social functions and returned their hospitality by similar entertainments. In fact, the Ponsonby Walkers were rather fashionable people, and it was, perhaps, envy as much as anything else which caused some of their neighbors to speak disparagingly of them. The prevailing impression among honest, unsophisticated folk was that Mr. Ponsonby Walker was a personage in the theory of scarcely less importance and standing than a Rothschild or a Baring; and no one was more deeply imbued with this idea than young Claude Damien. But three-and-twenty is a credulous age, and a passionate admiration for a man's daughter is apt to shed a kind of golden halo around the young lady's parents. Claude Damien would never have thought of suspecting Mrs. Ponsonby Walker of being dull and commonplace, nor did he ever doubt that Mr. Ponsonby Walker was a merchant prince of almost untold wealth. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the young gentleman felt serious misgivings on the subject of his attachment to Mr. Ponsonby Walker's only daughter, Miriam, for he guessed instinctively that the financier would sternly discourage his pretensions.

But Miriam Walker was an impulsive, warmhearted girl, and having lured Claude Damien to his late by receiving his attentions with marked favor, she scoffed at his idea that his poverty was an insurmountable bar to their union. She fervently vowed that, whatever her father's decision might be, she would always regard Claude as her affianced husband, and prevailed upon the young man to demand the parental consent and benediction. She succeeded in almost persuading him that Mr. Ponsonby Walker belonged to the benevolent order of fathers who are disposed to overlook such trifling drawbacks as absence of income and expectations in a daughter's suitor. Claude Damien could not quite bring himself to regard Mr. Ponsonby Walker in that amiable and fatuous light, but, rendered desperate by the state of his affections, he screwed up his courage and called upon Miriam's father one day at his office in the city.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Damien?" inquired the financier, in a patronizing, condescending tone, as Claude entered with his heart thumping against his ribs like a battering-ram.

"You do not recognize me, sir," said Claude, nervously observing that Mr. Ponsonby Walker read his name from his card with a hesitation which showed that it was unfamiliar. "I had the pleasure of being introduced to you once at the house of a mutual friend, Major Stanhope."

"Ah! to be sure. You're a son of the late Gen. Damien. I remember perfectly," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, encouragingly.

"Can I have a few minutes' private conversation with you, sir?" murmured the young man.

"Well, I am very much overwhelmed with business just now. I have an important meeting of the board of the Grand Eldorado Diamond Mining company at 3 o'clock," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, with importance. "We are proceeding to allotment, Mr. Damien," he added significantly.

"Oh! indeed?" observed Claude.

"Yes, a splendid property, Mr. Damien; a splendid property," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, rubbing his hands. "As a friend of Maj. Stanhope's, I advise you to apply at once for some shares."

"No—no, thank you," interposed Claude, with an ominous sinking at his heart. "The fact is, I have called to ask your permission to become engaged to your daughter, Miriam."

"To my daughter Miriam—to Miss Ponsonby Walker!" exclaimed the financier, staring at the young man with undignified amazement. "Have you spoken to her on the subject?"

"Yes, last night, at Mrs. Anstruther's ball," said Claude eagerly.

"Really, this is very serious," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker solemnly. "I have heard nothing of it. Will you have the goodness, Mr. Damien, to state your position and prospects?"

Poor Claude Damien realized, with painful force, the utter hopelessness—not to any tenuity—of his mis-

sion, as he proceeded, in faltering accents, to describe his unfortunate circumstances; and it is hardly surprising that the brief statement caused Mr. Ponsonby Walker to grow crimson with indignation.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Damien, that you have no means, no occupation, and no expectations whatever?" exclaimed the financier, falling back in his chair, and gazing at him with contemptuous amazement; "no relatives, even, or friends to whom you can look for assistance?"

"I have an uncle—my poor mother's brother—living in America. I have heard that he is rich and a bachelor," said Claude, from sheer desperation.

"Well, and what is his name? and what will he do for you?" inquired Mr. Ponsonby Walker a little more encouragingly.

"His name is Williams Barnes. He emigrated many years ago, and I believe he lives at Princess Town, Kansas county. But I have no right to expect that he will do anything for me," added poor Claude, blushing hotly. "Indeed, he has never answered the letter which I wrote to him some months ago, when my father died."

"Upon my word, this is absolutely preposterous!" exclaimed Mr. Ponsonby Walker, boinding from his chair and glaring at his unfortunate visitor from the center of the hearthrug. "Do you seriously suppose for an instant, Mr. Damien, that I can consent to your engaging yourself to—ahem!—Miss Ponsonby Walker?"

"I love your daughter, sir, very deeply, and am doing my best to seek employment. I hoped, perhaps, that you might consent conditionally upon my—"

"Ishaw!" Mr. Damien: you are wasting my time and your own," interposed Mr. Ponsonby Walker with an angry gesture. "Understand, please, once for all, that I forbid you to speak to my daughter again. Your conduct, sir, is impertinent—nothing less than impertinent. In fact, I—I—Mr. Damien, oblige me by leaving the room this instant."

Mr. Ponsonby Walker was purple in the face with indignation, and he even made a step toward Claude as though he meditated violence. The young man had sense enough to perceive that to attempt to prolong the interview would probably lead to a regrettable scene, and he therefore prudently withdrew, feeling more deeply humiliated and crestfallen than he had ever done in his life.

The truth was that Claude Damien was thoroughly ashamed of himself, for he was an honest lad, and he painfully realized that he had acted the part of an imprudent adventurer. It was, no doubt, the height of presumption on his part, considering that he was absolutely penniless and friendless, to aspire to marry the daughter of a rich man. To do him justice, nothing had been further from his mind than to profit by the circumstance of the girl he loved being an heiress. He was just at the age when to make a fortune seems only a question of giving the mind to it; and he had vaguely determined that he would set to work with that laudable object without a moment's delay. Mr. Ponsonby Walker's indignation had, however, opened his eyes to the unpleasant fact that his conduct was worse than thoughtless; and he was so remorseful and contrite that he immediately wrote a heart-broken and penitent letter to Miriam Walker, releasing her from her engagement.

But Miss Ponsonby Walker was evidently a young lady of considerable spirit of force and character, for she absolutely refused to give up her lover, and declared that she was willing to wait for him for a thousand years. She hinted that she did not despair of overcoming her father's opposition, and peremptorily commanded Claude to meet her at the house of a mutual friend, to which they had both been invited. The young man had neither strength of mind nor, indeed, the inclination to resist the opportunity of renewing his protestations of ardent devotion, and the consequence was that, much against his conscience, Claude Damien continued to carry his clandestine courtship. In extension of the conduct of these imprudent people it may be urged that Mrs. Ponsonby Walker hardly less to blame than they, for Miriam's mother, who was a stout lady and of easy-going, phlegmatic disposition, must either have been intentionally blind or extremely stupid. At all events she never interfered, though Claude Damien contrived to obtain invitations to several entertainments to which the Ponsonby Walkers were bidden, and as the financier rarely accompanied his wife and daughter into society, the young man found no obstacle to his love-making.

Meanwhile, Claude made strenuous efforts to obtain employment, but unfortunately without success. His friends were chiefly retired half-pay brother officers of his late father, who had no influence whatever in the commercial world, and the lad possessed no accomplishments or resources of any kind which he could turn to account. Luckily for himself his temperament was sanguine, and he found Miriam's sweet encouragement a sufficient antidote against the demoralizing influence of perpetual disappointment. In this manner a month or six weeks passed, and the only result of this lapse of time was that Claude Damien became more infatuated than ever. He was even beginning to feel a little depressed in moments of solitude, when one day he was startled by receiving a formidable-looking letter, addressed in an unknown hand, and bearing

an American stamp. The sight of it caused the young man an anxious thrill of expectation, for he immediately concluded that it was a reply from his maternal uncle, to whom he had written many months previously. When, with trembling hand, he broke the seal, the following communication met his astonished gaze:

337 BLOCK A, PRINCESS TOWN, KANSAS CO.
Sir: I beg to acquaint you that by the will of your late uncle, Mr. Williams Barnes, of this city (copy of which I enclose), you are entitled, as residuary legatee, to the whole of his property and effects, estimated at about \$5,000,000. The testator died on the 21st of last month. Awaiting the honor of your instructions, I am, sir, yours obediently,
SILAS G. BLOTTING, Barrister, &c.
To Mr. Claude Damien.

The young man fairly gasped for breath as he read this amazing intelligence, and for several minutes he stared blankly at the letter, unable to realize that he was actually a millionaire. But as he grew calmer and proceeded to read the will of his deceased relative, he grasped the situation sufficiently to jump into a cab and drive straight to the office of Mr. Ponsonby Walker.

Miriam's father received him with very scant courtesy, but when he announced his good fortune, and produced the letter of Mr. Silas Blotting and the copy of his uncle's will, the financier's manner changed completely.

"My dear Damien," exclaimed Mr. Ponsonby Walker, in an almost awe-stricken voice, "this is glorious news! I congratulate you."

"I love your daughter, sir," murmured the young man tremulously. "A million sterling!" ejaculated Mr. Ponsonby Walker, rising excitedly in his chair.

"It belongs to Miriam," cried Claude, with emotion.

"My dear Claude, your constancy is touching," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, quite overcome. "God bless you, my boy!"

"Thank you, sir," said Claude, wringing the hand of his future father-in-law.

"Claude, my boy, regardless of your fortune, it will be better that you should have some employment. As a start, therefore, I would suggest that you should join the Board of the Grand Eldorado Diamond Mining company," cried Mr. Ponsonby Walker, with sudden eagerness.

"Certainly, sir," said the young man promptly.

"May I put you down for a hundred shares?" inquired Mr. Ponsonby Walker, in a business-like tone.

"I'll take a thousand," replied Claude, with a new and delightful sense of recklessness.

"No, no; you mustn't put all your eggs in one basket. The Grand Eldorado, however, will be a splendid thing—a splendid thing. Ponsonby Walker, rapidly filling up a printed form. "There, my boy, sign that, and you will discover that I have given you a princely wedding gift."

Claude Damien dashed off his signature in a lordly manner and then started off in a state of delicious happiness to claim his affianced bride. Then came a period of delicious excitement, during which the young man was scarcely conscious of his own identity. His sudden elevation from poverty to extreme wealth almost turned his head. Now only was he received with affectionate deference into the bosom of the Ponsonby Walker family, but he was overwhelmed with congratulations and polite attentions from every one. The fame of his good luck spread abroad like wildfire, and before a week had elapsed every newspaper in England published paragraphs alluding to the event, and also mentioning his engagement. Mr. Ponsonby Walker expressed great annoyance and indignation at the introduction of his daughter's name into the public prints, but Claude could not help fancying that his father-in-law elect was not so displeased as he affected to be.

But Claude Damien had something else to think of besides love-making and responding to congratulatory epistles. In the first place it was necessary to take steps to obtain possession of his property, and for this purpose he placed himself in the hands of a firm of solicitors recommended by Mr. Ponsonby Walker. Unfortunately Mr. Blotting wrote in reply to telegraphic inquiries that the testator's estate consisted almost entirely of land and houses which could not be converted into money, until after the usual interval. This was a disappointment to Claude, for he longed to taste the sweets of his inheritance, and, moreover, he had been applied to for the purchase money of his shares in the Grand Eldorado Gold Mining Company. Having no means of meeting this demand he had no alternative but to seek the advice and assistance of Mr. Ponsonby Walker.

"What a ridiculous situation," exclaimed the financier, with a hearty laugh, as he slapped his future son-in-law on the back. "Imagine an impecunious millionaire!"

"It's awkward all the same," said Claude, laughing also.

"Pooh! There need be no difficulty," responded Mr. Ponsonby Walker. "I'll write you a check. Stay, though!" he added, thoughtfully. "I think on consideration, that I had better not. One can't be too careful in these matters, and remarks might be made if it should transpire that the money came from me."

Mr. Ponsonby Walker winked confidentially as he spoke, and looked so knowingly at the young man that the latter, without the least understanding him, felt impressed by the wisdom of the financier's remark.

"I suppose not," acquiesced Claude doubtfully; but where shall I get the money from?"

"You can borrow it from your sol-

icitor, or—well, perhaps it is better to be independent, and you can afford the luxury—why not get it from Benlevi?" said Mr. Ponsonby Walker.

"By all means. But who is Benlevi?" inquired Claude.

"Benlevi of Burlington street," replied Mr. Ponsonby Walker, with another sagacious wink. "A money-lender, but honest as they go. He will make you pay for the accommodation, but what will that matter to you?"

So Claude, nothing loath, paid a visit to Mr. Benlevi, who received him very civilly, having evidently read all about him in the newspapers. From this worthy the young man obtained, on somewhat startling terms, a sum of money which enabled him to take up his shares and left something over. Being thus in funds, Claude Damien did not scruple to launch out a little by taking an expensive set of chambers and furnishing them luxuriously. He found no difficulty in obtaining credit from tradespeople, and having once set the ball a-rolling, he soon raised a very considerable crop of debts, and began to live in a manner worthy of his enviable circumstances.

At the instance of his future father-in-law, who represented that he ought not to neglect his own interests, Claude Damien attended one or two meetings of the directors of the Grand Eldorado Diamond Mining Company, though the proceedings, and indeed the company itself, rather bored him. It was gratifying, however, to the young man to learn that his connection with the company had had a very good effect, and that its shares were being eagerly applied for, especially as he understood that in some mysterious way the success of the company was an excellent thing for Miriam's father.

Claude was a little puzzled at this, because Mr. Ponsonby Walker's name did not appear on the prospectus of the company, nor among the list of shareholders. But the young man asked no questions, being completely absorbed with the raptures of love-making and the delights of luxurious living, and, as Mr. Ponsonby Walker soon ceased to trouble him any more about the company, Claude was perfectly content not to refer to it.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the young man's peace of mind that he shirked the directors' meetings, and never read the financial columns of the newspapers, for he thus remained in happy ignorance of ugly rumors which began to be circulated about the new venture. He did, indeed, hear something of an unfavorable report which had come to hand concerning the company's mines, and which had caused a panic and a great outcry among the shareholders. Still, this gave him but little uneasiness.

Early one morning, however, a few days after these rumors first came to his ears, Claude Damien found his sitting-room occupied by a gaunt-looking, elderly gentleman, who was seated in his best easy chair, tranquilly smoking a cigar and reading the newspaper. Claude stared in amazement at the stranger, whose shriveled features seemed oddly familiar, though he was not conscious of ever having seen him before. His unceremonious visitor stared at him in return with an amazed, half-contemptuous expression, which excited the young man's wrathful indignation.

"Who are you, sir? and what are you doing here?" demanded Claude angrily.

"I'm a corpse," said the old gentleman with a sardonic grin.

"A what!" exclaimed Claude, starting.

"I used to be your mother's brother-in-law, and consequently your uncle, young man," said the stranger with a decided American twang; "but it seems, on this side, I'm only a testator. When I heard the news over yonder, there seemed to me to be something kinder wrong about it, so I've come over to make inquiries."

"Good heavens!" gasped Claude, turning pale. "If—if what you say is true, I have been duped. But Mr. Silas Blotting, of Princess Town—"

"There is no such person," interposed the old gentleman calmly.

"What does it mean, then?" cried Claude wildly. "I have had letters from him. He told me that my uncle William Barnes, of Princess Town, was dead."

"There is no such person as William Barnes, of Princess Town, either, I guess," said the old gentleman, with another grin. "I'm located at Chicago, and left Princess Town a dozen years ago. Have you any doubt that I'm alive still?"

Claude looked earnestly at the face before him, but in truth his scrutiny was unnecessary. Already the conviction had been borne upon him that he was speaking to his mother's brother, for the family likeness was unmistakable.

"Seems to me, nephew, that you've embarked on a pretty big swindle," said his uncle, with a significant glance round the well-appointed room.

"I am ruined, dishonored!" exclaimed Claude, overwhelmed with shame as he thought of his debts and the difficulty of his position. "What will Mr. Ponsonby Walker—what will Miriam think? I am innocent of any swindle, Uncle William," he added with fierce energy.

"Say, how did it all happen then?" inquired his Uncle in a more friendly tone.

Claude Damien, feeling that he was on his defense, pulled himself together, and gave a tolerably lucid and coherent account of the events which had been narrated. His Uncle listened with close attention, and occasional-

ly asked questions, which, if the young man had been less agitated, would have given rise to a suspicion that the old gentleman had already made himself acquainted with the circumstances.

"Well, nephew, if you ain't a knave, you are a fool, which is almost as bad these days," said his uncle, when he had finished. "Your Mr. Ponsonby Walker has played you a nice trick!"

"Mr. Ponsonby Walker!" exclaimed Claude, with a start.

"Why, certainly. It was a plan of his to boom his precious company, whose shares, by the by, are now worthless. But that don't matter to him. He floated the concern, and got his promotion-money, you bet," said the old gentleman, with quiet conviction.

"Impossible!" gasped Claude, horrified at the suggestion.

"That is so, and you've got into an awkward scrape. The best thing you can do is to clear out of it, and come along with me," said his uncle not unkindly. "I've a business over yonder in Princess Town—a dry goods store. It ain't aristocratic, but it's honest. I call myself Williams over there because I'm in trade and don't want to hurt the family pride," added the old gentleman sarcastically.

"Hang family pride! I'll go with you, uncle, certainly, and, if necessary, sweep out the shop," cried Claude, with heartfelt earnestness. "But what about my debts?"

"Never mind your debts," replied the old gentleman who seemed pleased at his nephew's evident sincerity. "They are not your debts; they are Mr. Ponsonby Walker's. He shall see to 'em."

"And—Miriam!" exclaimed the young man with a beating heart.

"Miriam! Oh! That is the girl? You don't suppose that she really cares for you, you young idiot," said his uncle brusquely.

"I'm sure she does. Whatever her father may be, Miriam is true, and—"

"And I love her, Uncle William, better than my life!" exclaimed Claude excitedly.

"Well, is that so," said his uncle, in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone, "as I've no room for absent-minded lovers in my establishment, you had better marry her straight away. You think she would come, eh?"

"Uncle!" ejaculated Claude, completely staggered by the boldness of the proposition. "Why—why, of course she would. But—but, her parents would never consent. Mr. Ponsonby Walker—"

"Leave him to me," said the old gentleman with a grim smile. "He will be only too anxious to get rid of the ghost he has raised on any terms, you bet! I've got evidence in my pocket which will make him listen to reason. If you can persuade the girl to come back with us in the Etruria at the end of the month, I'll fix matters with her father and get his blessings—for what its worth—into the bargain."

Claude never quite understood how it all occurred, but he not only received Mr. Ponsonby Walker's blessing, but, what was more to the point, the hand of his daughter and receipts for all the money he owed—London Truth.

Everybody Smokes.

A year or so ago Egypt made over six million pounds of tobacco a year. She now makes none, and the reason for this is that the khedive has imposed a tax of \$157 an acre on all lands raising tobacco. This is done that the tobacco used will have to be imported and it will pay a big import duty. The Egyptians are great smokers. You see the Turks in the bazaars with long hookahs or water-pipes before them, and you seldom meet a man or a boy without a cigarette in his mouth. The women smoke as well as the men, and puffing at cigarettes makes up a large part of the occupation of the rich ladies of the harems. I am told there are some women in Cairo who have regularly 100 cigarettes a day, and I have seen women walking on the streets puffing at cigarettes. Neither the khedive nor his wife smokes, but it is the custom in Egypt to offer a cigarette or a pipe to all visitors. The tobacco used here is very light and first-class cigarettes cost about 70 cents a thousand. The tobacco trade is in the hands of the Greeks, who have cigar stores all over Cairo.

A Tooth from a Man's Nose.

A peculiar piece of dentistry was performed yesterday, by which a tooth was extracted from William Barnhardt's nose. Mr. Barnhardt was kicked by a horse sixteen years ago and some of his teeth were knocked out of place. When he had recovered from the injuries resulting from the kick he was troubled with a dull headache, which has scarcely ceased a day since that time. He also had a distressed feeling in the upper portion of his nose and supposed that he was suffering from catarrh. In course of time he discovered what he thought was an extra piece of bone and a doctor dug out one of the teeth. Since that time he had been troubled still more. There was still another tooth that had grown loose and longed to get out. Drs. Condon and Cook undertook the job of arresting the roving tooth, which had gathered little moss, and captured it. This is probably the first record of a tooth being extracted from a person's nose.

Ice Cream.

Ice cream is the best food to take in hot conditions, and a simple making it when only a tin bucket instead of a large tin or wood and ice between them. The provement applied to use an egg-beater to beat the mixture. When it is thoroughly frozen with a fine grained quickly, the quantity of so small.

THE HOUSE

Hints for the

Ivory black stirred shellac varnish makes varnish for iron stoves.

Drain pipes and all sour and impure with lime-water or car-

Beat half a teaspoon alum to a curd with egg, for inflamed eyes, soothing and efficacious.

Boiling water, poured from the kettle upon white goods, is recommended to move them.

Poach an egg in a milked at the bottom of a boiling water, and see looks.

Kid gloves can be milk and castile soap with warm water, put to prevent shrinking.

Bread should always soft as it can be handled sooner and higher, is more digestible, and is er.

A tonic for the hair: 1/2 ounce of glycerine, 1/2 ounce of 20 drops tincture, 1/2 dram tincture flies.

For the face ointment: paste with two parts and one of water may be used under a mask, as improver.

To clean and whiten wash in tepid water, dissolved a teaspoonful of few drops of ammonia cold water, and stand or hang in the sun to dry.

Lime and alkali stain moved from white goods washing. In the case goods and silks the goods moistened and citric acid, applied with the

Table linen and bedclothes to often. Pinning tablecloths on the same place, and let whip in the wind and let them very soon.

To mend broken china thick solution of gum to it burned or baked until of a proper color, apply this with a brush, edges, and stick them dry before using.

Stains of vegetable red wine and red ink moved from white goods fumes of chlorine water, cottons and woollens lukewarm soap, i.e. Silk the same, but more

ALWAYS HOT ROLLS—of the cold rolls require hastily in cold water, between two pans and set hot stove oven. In a they become hot and so equal to freshly baked caterpillars can also be of them.

A California subscriber have several times had certain top jars set so could not unscrew the broke the top off one. come hard I turn them putting the top in half a minute, when easily.

To treat sprains give part rest and apply warm. If inflammation put on leeches and cold, which may be retards if necessary. inflammation subsides stimulating liniments, stices made of bread, water.

For an ulcerated piece of thin muslin, about one-half inches wide, and desired, wet some ground cold water, place in the fold and baste it together upon the outside of this will soothe the pain in and draw the ulceration where it can be easily

Mr. John L. Davis, of Pharmacy, asserts, tested it in his own case, aration of one ounce of one quart of water agitated during inter hours, and the head sore morning with the clear a few weeks, remove dandruff from the hair will become soft

ICE CREAM.—Ice cream best food to take in hot conditions, and a simple making it when only a tin bucket instead of a large tin or wood and ice between them. The provement applied to use an egg-beater to beat the mixture. When it is thoroughly frozen with a fine grained quickly, the quantity of so small.