LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"If the will is really lost, and there is no copy, I am not my uncle's heiress," she said.

"Colonel Branscombe's wishes——" I began.

"But the law—I am asking you what is the law," she interrupted, impatiently. "I shall not be allowed to take everything if the will cannot be found?"

"It will in that case be a deadlock," I returned reluctantly.

"And the heir-at-law will come in?" she queried, with a touch of unconscious triumph in her tone.

"The trustee will oppose—there will be probably a long and tedious lawsuit; the matter will not be so easily settled. And—pardon me, Miss Branscombe—that the wishes of the testator, the known wishes in this case, should not be carried out must surely be a matter of regret."

"My dear uncle," she said gently, "did not, I know, mean to be unjust, but he was mistaken. I think if he could know—dear uncle!—he would be glad that an accident should prevent the carrying out of a great injustice!"

She was absolutely infatuated, and the unprincipled scoundrel, Charlie Branscombe, was trading on the noble generosity, the too trustful simplicity of his lovely cousin. A rush of jealous indignation choked my utterance. How she must love this wretched scapegrace to do so much for him!—that was my predominant thought.

She stood still, struggling with the tears which the mention of her uncle's name had brought; then she recovered her composure and held out her hand timidly to me.

"You have been very kind, Mr. Fort," she began; then a faint pink blush tinged her cheek. She hesitated, and finally broke down in confusion; whilst I, I think, lost my head, and, with her soft trembling hand in mine, I cast duty, professional reputation, all to the winds, and vowed in my inmost heart to guard her secret, even at the cost of all I had hitherto held dear.

I left Forest Lea the next morning. As I drove away, a slim, black-robed figure glided to the side of Miss Elmslie, who was standing at the hall door, speeding the departing guest, and a farewell smile, breaking like a ray of light through a dark cloud, sent me away with my heart beating furiously and my head in a whirl.

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"Date, July 3d; time, 11:40 a. m. Kindly describe your fellow passengers, sir."

Mr. Widdrington, from Scotland Yard, paused, notebook in hand and pen suspended, his keen dark eyes fixed upon my face. My partner, Mr. Rowton, Sr.—now convalescent—sat in an arm chair by the fire, looking more disturbed than I had ever seen him.

"A couple of country gentlemen," I replied in answer to Mr. Widdrington's question. "Middle-aged—nothing particular about them; they talked politics and local gossip—and a lady."

"The lady whose bag was exchanged for yours? She got in at Wivenhoe," referring to his notes.

"Yes."

"There was no other lady?"

"No—none."

"The country gentlemen traveled with you the whole way to London?"

"Yes."

"And they had neither of them a Gladstone bag?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"The bag left with you contained articles of lady's clothing?"

"Yes."

"And has never been claimed?"

"No."

"The lady got out at——?"

"At Molton Junction."

"Precisely—at Molton Junction. She had a Gladstone bag with her when she entered the carriage?"

"Yes."

"And she took one away with her when she left?"

"Yes."

"Can you describe the lady?"

"She was thickly veiled," I replied. "I did not see her features."

"Was she young or old?"

"I believe she was young."

"Dark or fair?"

"She had fair hair. She sat on the same side of the carriage as myself, and, as I said before, she was closely veiled. I had no opportunity of studying her features."

"I believe you made every inquiry at Molton?"

"Yes."

"And the railway officials in London?"

"Yes; we have taken every step possible to us, we think."

"Your departure for town, with the will in your possession, was, I presume, known to the household at Forest Lea?"

"Undoubtedly."

"You have no recollection of having met the lady who traveled with you at Forest Lea or elsewhere?"

"I could not swear," I answered unflinchingly. "I had no opportunity, as I said before, of identifying her."

"Is it your impression that she was disguised?"

"The idea never occurred to me. She wore the kind of thick veil I have often noticed on other ladies in traveling. There was nothing uncommon or remarkable about her."

"Did she converse either with you or the other gentlemen?"

"No."

"There are no marks or other means of identification on the articles of clothing left in the bag?"

"None whatever."

"I can see them, of course?"

"Yes; they are here."

"One more question, Mr. Fort: Did you leave the carriage at any time during the journey?"

"Yes, I left it, for perhaps half a minute, at Molton. I crossed in the direction of the book stall, hardly out of sight of the carriage. The guard recalled me as my train was starting."

"You did not take the bag with you?"

"No."

"Was this after the lady left?"

"Yes."

Mr. Widdrington read over his notes carefully, and presently took his leave, promising that we should hear from him "as soon as he had anything to communicate."

I breathed more freely when the office door closed after him. The ordeal was over, and my darling was so far safe.

"It's a most unfortunate thing—most unfortunate," grumbled Mr. Rowton when we were left alone together. "I'm not blaming you, Fort; it's as great a misfortune to you as to any one concerned."

I bowed silently.

"If the will should not turn up, that scamp, young Branscombe, will take possession, and we cannot prevent him. And these things are so uncertain. You know we had a case in '55—will lost. I refused to prove on the draft; five years later the original will turned up in an old box in the undertaker's workshop! And nobody ever knew how it got there—was discovered by the merest chance, too—the merest chance."

"We must hope for the same good luck this time," I replied. "I am more sorry than I can say, sir."

CHAPTER XI.

Colonel Rector.

The old man was considerably shaken by his illness and by the unfortunate loss of his old client's will, and a certain half-guilty consciousness made me tender toward him as I looked at his bent figure and thin, worn cheeks. In fact, we were mutually desirous of sparing each other's feelings, for Rowton was a good fellow, and he believed I was greatly cut up by the unlucky failure of my first great commission for the firm.

"Never mind, man," he said, kindly. "Widdrington is as sharp as a weasel; he will unearth the mystery in no time. I never knew that fellow to fail in all my experience of him. We shall soon hear that he is on the scent."

"Heaven forbid!" I ejaculated, mentally.

"It is to be hoped that rascal of a nephew won't turn up to complicate matters. I wonder where the fellow is? His last scrape was more serious than all the rest, and his uncle sent him abroad. But he would be likely to hear of the Colonel's illness, I should be afraid; and the death was announced in the papers, unfortunately. That was a false step—I thought so at the time."

"Miss Elmslie is responsible for that mistake, sir."

"Yes? I thought as much. Trust a woman for mischief," responded my partner, irritably. "Well, well, there's no use in thinking about it. We'll look over those leases, Fort; and Spence and Brown must be seen today."

So, to my great relief, the subject of Forest Lea was for the time dismissed.

For the next fortnight I lived as a man might live over a slumbering volcano, in hourly dread of an explosion. For that space all was silent as the grave. Widdrington made no sign. Then two events of almost equal importance to me broke up the monotony of legal work in which I had buried myself. A distant relative died and left me a fortune, and Mr. Heathcote telegraphed to Messrs. Rowton and Fort: "Come as soon as possible. C. B. taken possession."

Old Rowton was laid up again with a return of bronchitis, and for the second time it fell to my lot to obey the summons intended for him. What wild hopes and daring aspirations thrilled my heart and filled all my thoughts during that journey over the well-remembered road! My love and I were standing on equal ground now. As the owner of a landed estate I might without presumption ask even the heiress of Forest Lea to be my wife. And as events were tending, with the secret knowledge I possessed, I felt sure that Nona would be no heiress. Doubtless it was she who summoned Charlie Branscombe, in pursuance of her scheme of restitution; and—how joyfully my heart beat at the thought!—it was in my power now to restore to her all she had given up.

The Rector was waiting for me in his dog-cart, the smartest of grooms at the horse's head, in place of the somewhat loutish fellow whom I remembered in the summer.

"London bred," I said to myself, as, touching his hat to me, he sprang to his place behind us.

"You have a new groom," I remarked to Mr. Heathcote. "A smart fellow, he looks."

"Yes," answered the Rector, absently, then plunged at once into the subject of my journey. "Here's a pretty mess! Mr. Charlie Branscombe has installed himself at Forest Lea, and I want your help to turn him out. No news of that unlucky will, I suppose?"

I glanced around at the groom before replying; the rector spoke in a loud tone—louder than was prudent, it seemed to me, with a listener so near.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," he said; "you may speak out."

There was a twinkle in the clergyman's eyes which made me turn once more to the man. He was sitting with folded arms, his immaculate top boots stretched out in orthodox fashion, his heels resting on the footboard, his features composed into the respectful vacuity of expression peculiar to a thoroughbred servant. Was the fellow deaf? Was that the meaning of the rector's lack of caution? I decided that it was, and hesitated no longer.

(To be continued.)

"OH, IT DOESN'T MATTER," HE SAID, "YOU MAY SPEAK OUT."

A Tarantula of Trousers.

It was a queer mix-up that met his fond mother's gaze as she stepped into the boudoir of her only "hopeful" to tell him that it was time to tip his hat to slumber and hie himself to breakfast and to business. The room looked like a clothing counter during a fire sale. The bed was a tangled mass of trousers legs, and it was with difficulty that the startled mother found the peaceful, sleeping face of her only son. Her expression hardened into a look of sternest disapproval, for the accent of inebriety was only too plain—so she thought. But she was mistaken. It was only an accident. The gas was burning low when he went to his room that night, and in attempting to turn it up he turned it out. For lack of matches he had disrobed in the dark. Consequently he did not see the eight pairs of trousers that were lying in a pile on his bed after a return from the presser's. Those eight pairs of trousers ran up a good-sized tailor's bill during that one-night stand with their restless owner. When he awoke one pair was wound around his neck, and the immediate surrounding country looked like a fricassee of pantaloons.

Why Musicians Tune in Public.

It has often puzzled the uninitiated to give a reason why musicians tune their instruments in public and not before they enter the orchestra. If they tuned their instruments before entering the theater or concert room the temperature is very apt to be different in the place of performance, and, therefore, the instruments would not be in tune. A piano which is in tune in a cold room would get out of tune if the room were suddenly heated.

A woman never minds a made-over dress so long as it is made over silk.

MET IN PARADISE.

I saw Brother Joseph, Brother Benedictus and the young monk Anselmo gathered about my bedside with sad, tear-stained faces. Suddenly a light of more than noonday brightness flooded the little cell. I closed my eyes to shut out its brilliancy.

"He is gone," said Brother Benedictus, whose fingers clasped my wrist. He listened with ear close pressed against my breast. "No, no," he said, "the heart still beats faintly."

The monastery bell began to peal forth the hour of nine; its mellow tones reverberated from crag to crag and ended in little musical tinkles far down the gorge, but ere its last echo had died away my soul had passed out from the mortal body into the vast unseen.

Free from pain, with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy in every part of my being, I rested in air, an exact counterpart of the body lying on the bed, which even then the good brothers were preparing for burial; the limbs were straightened; the long, slender hands, clasping a crucifix, were folded over the breast. I hovered over this house of clay which had once been mine, and gazed at it as a gorgeous winged butterfly might look upon the chrysalis from which it had just been freed.

Whither am I to go, thought I. Are souls freed from the mortal body doomed to remain forever near it, seeing, knowing all, yet themselves unseen?

I gazed upward, and lo! from unknown heights, with a fluttering of snowy wings, a dove descended. Nearer and nearer still it came. I reached forth to touch the gentle creature, and as my hand rested upon it we began slowly to rise. Out from the narrow cell we passed, onward, upward, above the tree-tops, higher and higher, till the river, far below, seemed a slender silver ribbon as it shimmered in the moonlight. The highest spur on the mountain dwindled to a tiny speck beneath us, and then—above, below, in every direction, nothing but space.

At length we came to a beautiful green island, dotted over with gardens of poppies, where lotos blossoms gently swayed along the margins of its rivers, and the whispering winds murmured their lullabies. Over this island, in letters of never-fading flowers, floated the name, "Dreamland."

But my gentle guide paused not to rest on this beautiful island; on and on we soared, till we came to a dazzling white city. With walls of polished marble, cut in thousands of fanciful shapes, with slender spires and graceful minarets rising on high, this city hung suspended in the air.

LED HER FROM THE THRONG.

We approached its walls. Noiselessly, on golden hinges, its great gates swung open, and a voice bade me enter. I entered the portal; a flight of marble steps rose before me. As my feet rested upon the first of these my guide flew from me and alighted on the landing above, where it sat resting and preening its wings.

As I looked, behold a change. Slowly the dove faded from before my eyes, and in its place the form of a lovely woman stood.

She turned toward me with outstretched hands. "Thou hast kept me waiting so long, so long, beloved," she said.

"Angela!" I cried, hastening toward her. "Do I at last behold thee? I, too, have grown weary with the waiting. The day I kissed thy cold lips for the last time, and turned away from the mound of earth that covered thee, my heart did break. In vain tried I to take up the old thread of life so rudely broken. My old pursuits became hateful unto me. No maid, however fair, could fill thy place; in dreams I saw thee still. Among the holy brotherhood, in comforting the dying and ministering unto the living, at last found I peace. But the way has been long and wearisome."

"Yes, dearly beloved," answered Angela, "but all that is now ended, and because of thy purity of soul and thy good deeds wrought thou art come direct to the city of the blessed. Look about thee; surely mortal mind could never conceive of such beauties. All this is thine to enjoy forever."

Reluctantly withdrawing my gaze from my long-lost Angela's face, I looked about me. Glistening white palaces of the same pure marble as the city's wall rose here and there.

"Those," said Angela, whose gaze followed my own, "are our dwelling places, if we wish; but we love better to live beneath the trees. See, are they not grand?"

Giant forest trees reared their great trunks on high; fruit trees, laden with ripe fruit, others yet in blossom, were on every hand.

"We do not pluck the fruit," said Angela. "We sustain not life as mortals do. The trees bear because they are perfect only in their fruiting, and nothing but perfection is found here."

Under the arching branches cool avenues stretched away in dreamy vistas; fountains of perfumed water scattered fragrance on the air; music from stringed instruments floated on every breeze. Flowers blossomed along the pathways; lilies of the valley shook their tiny bells and mingled their sweetness with the odorous violet.

"All is beauty, all is peace," I murmured.

"See you not those who dwell here?" asked Angela. Suddenly the place seemed peopled with smiling, happy beings. Old friends whose earth-life had long since ended came toward me with greetings. Kings, warriors, priests and poets of all times mingled in the passing throng. Queens and women of humble birth walked side by side, all smiling, happy.

A feeling of perfect peace stole over me. Taking Angela's hand in mine, I led her gently from the throng. "And thou hast never forgotten thine earth-love, sweet one?" I asked.

"Nay, dearest," answered she. "Such love as mine and thine lives down through the forever of eternity. Oft have I been with thee when thou knewest it not. When danger threatened thee, Angela's hand did ward it off, and oftimes guide thy footsteps over rough and stormy pathways."

"I seem to have seen thee many times in dreams, my sweet one," whispered I.

"Truly," said Angela, "between the earth and the City of the Blessed lies a country they call Dreamland, whither we of the city may go at will; but thou, hampered by thine earthly body, couldst travel thither only when the body was in that state which they call sleep. Inactive, thy senses deadened to all things earthly, while in the state so like unto death, thine inner being, which now hath come to dwell in regions of light forever, mightest steal away for a brief while to Dreamland, there to commune with other spirits, some like thyself, subject to a summons from the waking body, and those who dwell in the soul existence only."

Thus, listening and marveling as the wondrous beauties of the new life are revealed to me, I wander with my darling through Paradise.

SELDOM MARRY AGAIN.

Widows of Chicago Policemen Remain Single and Draw Pensions.

Chicago Times-Herald: Only one per cent of the widows of the Chicago policemen who are left with a pension ever marry again. Of 200 women who have received pensions during the past 22 years only two took a second trip on the matrimonial sea, and both of them married policemen. At present there are 150 women on the pension list whose husbands either died or were killed in the service. This list will soon be increased on account of an act passed by the last legislature, which provides a pension for a policeman's widow, no matter whether he was in active service or not, so long as she remains unmarried. Heretofore the law has been that if a retired policeman, drawing a pension, should die, his pension died with him. All his widow received from the police department was $2,000 life insurance from the Benevolent association. But the pension law recently enacted makes her eligible for her husband's pension, the smallest sum being $500 a year. The amount of a widow's pension depends upon the rank her husband held in the department. A patrolman's widow receives $500 a year, one half his salary; a sergeant's widow $600 a year, a lieutenant's widow $750 a year, and so on. Mrs. Welter, widow of Colonel Welter, who a few years ago was drillmaster of the department, with the rank of inspector, draws the largest pension of any woman on the list. She receives $1,500 a year. This is perhaps the largest pension received by any woman in Illinois. Next to Mrs. Welter comes the widow of Inspector Michael J. Schaack, whose annual pension is $1,400. The oldest pensioner on the list is Mrs. Nellie T. Mackey, who has been a widow for nearly 20 years. Policemen's widows, it is said, have many opportunities to marry again, because in most cases they are left in fairly good circumstances and are sought by bachelors or widowers who have an eye to money matters when casting about for a mate. But from the examination of the pension records one is forced to believe that a policeman's widow thinks $500 a year better than a husband.

Mrs. McKinley's Miniature.

A gentleman of the Virginia Hot Springs was in the city the other day on a trip combining business and pleasure. He related a little incident connected with President and Mrs. McKinely's visit to the springs recently. When the distinguished party were taking the train on the return to Washington he, with many others of the village, went to the station to bid them a public good-by, and by their presence to assure them of their appreciation of the stay at the resort. After the party had entered the train he happened to look underneath the presidential car, and near the wheels lay something glittering. He reached down and picked up the object, and discovered that it was a miniature picture of a little child set in a heavy gold oval frame. He handed it to one of the trainmen and requested him to hunt the owner aboard the car. The trainman did so and found the owner in the person of Mrs. McKinley. She had not noticed its loss, and was very grateful for its recovery.—Washington Post.

Not the One That Was Out.

"Is the cashier out?" he asked as he looked around. "No," replied the president, as he glanced up from an examination of the books, "the cashier is not out; it's the bank that's out."

STORAGE BATTERY.

As a Motor for Street Cars, Said to Save Half the Expense.

New York Mail and Express: The installation of the storage-battery cars will add a new motive power to the diversified resources of a city which is using steam engines, the cable, the underground trolley, compressed air and horse power in the business of local transportation. The storage battery, however, is not a novelty to the metropolis, for almost the first cars to be manufactured were placed on the old Madison avenue line more than a dozen years ago by a Frenchman named Julian. Half a dozen ponderous vehicles were kept running on the horse-car tracks with some success for about eight months, when adverse litigation compelled their withdrawal. Since then the storage battery has been perfected and elaborated in this city and applied to electric cabs. The operation of the two storage-battery cars upon the Grand street line has demonstrated the efficiency of the system to the satisfaction of the officers of that line. A report has been rendered upon it by the secretary, based in part upon the findings of the chief engineer of the electric company that supplied the cars. The favorable results enumerated were attained despite the fact that the track is an old one and intended for lighter cars, and despite the fact that the motors were designed for a speed of sixteen miles an hour—and not half that speed could obtain on Grand street, the effect being a considerable loss of power. This will not be the case with motors designed for a lower rate of speed. The two cars were kept running for four weeks, excluding Sundays, and covered in that period 4,329 miles. The secretary of the Grand street road estimates from the cost of operating these two cars that if all the cars on the line had been independent motors the cost of operating them in the items relating exclusively to traction for a given period of nine months would have been $28,000 less than what it actually cost to run them for that period, a saving of more than one-half. Again, the number of cars could be reduced 25 per cent, because of the superior size and quicker schedules of the storage-battery cars. On this it was estimated that a saving of $8,000 more in "platform charges" could be made, making the total estimated saving to the line in a period of nine months about $36,000.

THE PULPIT AND THE PEW.

Minister Makes the Congregation and the Congregation the Minister.

Between a minister and his congregation there is an action and a reaction so that the minister makes the congregation and the congregation the minister, says Ian MacLaren in the Ladies' Home Journal. When one speaks of a minister's service to his people one is not thinking of pew rents and offertories and statistics and crowds; nor of schools and guilds and classes and lectures. The master achievement of the minister is to form character and to make men. The chief question, therefore, to consider about a minister's work is: What kind of men has he made?

And one, at least, of the most decisive questions by which the members of a congregation can be judged is: What have they made of their minister? By that one does not mean what salary they may give him, nor how agreeable they may be to him, but how far he has become a man and risen to his height in the atmosphere of his congregation. Some congregations have ruined ministers by harassing them till they lost heart and self-control and became peevish and ill-tempered. Some congregations, again, have ruined ministers by so humoring and petting them that they could endure no contradiction and became childish. That congregation has done its duty most effectively which has created an atmosphere so genial, and yet so bracing, that every good in its minister has been fostered and everything petty killed.

COLORED WOMAN.

Who Saw the Capture of Washington by the British.

Mrs. Hope Ann Cook, colored, who died at her home, 1617 Madison street, recently, was one of the few remaining witnesses to the capture of Washington by the British in 1814. Mrs. Cook was a remarkable woman. She was born in Charles county, Maryland, in 1804. Her ancestors were never slaves. Mrs. Cook, though 95 years of age at the time of her death, had a remarkably clear memory. She was about 10 years old, she often said, when the British entered the city. She had a vivid recollection of the stormy scenes of that period. Mrs. Cook, with hundreds of others, took refuge at Alexandria, she going with her aunt. She also told of the numerous atrocities committed by the British soldiers in the neighborhood of Washington and Alexandria, some of which have never been recorded in history. Mrs. Cook was brought to Washington by her aunt, and since her coming had resided in the same house till she died. Her husband, in 1840, and for some years after, conducted a restaurant on F street, near Fifteenth street, which was a favorite resort of the prominent men of those days. Among the distinguished military men who frequented the "Hope Club," as the place was called, were Gen. Winfield Scott and her staff officers.—Washington Post.

An uncommon disease caused the death of Mrs. Rose Funk, a resident of Bloomington, Ill. Portions of her flesh had become as dry and hard as bone.