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Poetry.

A Brakeman on the Train.

If you are a brakeman running on the cars, be careful where you step my boys, and look out for the jars...

And when your daily toil is o'er, and you have made the run, there is always something good for you, after the setting sun.

Literature.

EGERTON'S WILL.

'You are brutally frank, Heriot.' 'Well, my dear Fred, what is the good of mincing matters? You are absolutely a physical wreck.'

'Well, you needn't rub it in. When I met you four years ago I was a silly fool with a fortune. I am still the silly fool, but you have got my money.'

'To revert to our discussion, my dear Denman, you have not yet given an answer to my proposition.'

in ignorance of the fact that her brother lived the life of a gambler and died a pauper? Now, look here; agree to my proposition, and I will allow her £200 a year while you are alive and, if you carry things through properly, £500 a year when you are dead.'

'That is pretty bad,' remarked Heriot; 'you had better make up your mind before it is too late. What is it to be?'

'What are the details?'

'Simply that you change your name to Philip Egerton, and before you die you send for a lawyer, make a will, and leave everything you possess to me.'

'And Philip Egerton?'

'Is dead. You remember the row in Rafferty's saloon?'

'When the lights were put out and a stranger was shot?'

'That stranger was Philip Egerton.'

'And you killed him?'

'An accident, my dear Fred. He had quarrelled with his father in London and was living in Australia under an assumed name. No one knew who he really was, so you see everything is quite safe.'

'And what am I, as Philip Egerton, supposed to be worth?'

'Hard to say. Perhaps £4,000 a year.'

'All right, I'll do it. But what about my dear wife, Sophie?'

'She must know nothing about it. It is two years since we set eyes on her.'

'Exactly; but you know my dear Sophie. She smells money as a vulture smells blood, and I wouldn't mind wagering that she'll be knocking at the door before the breath is out of my body.'

'All right, let her knock. Now, here are the details. An old certificate of the birth of Philip Egerton, a photograph of his mother, a gold watch with his name on, the Bible his mother gave him, a few books and several specimens of his hand writing.'

'You have got things fixed up.'

'Now, you will remove to other lodgings, practice the signature of Philip Egerton, and rehearse your last earthly tragedy. Scatter these things about your room to establish your identity, and when you have made the will everything will be plain sailing.'

'Twenty-four hours later Captain Roger Heriot had arranged everything to his satisfaction and took train to London, there to await the speedy demise of the poor wreck of a man who had once been respected as Fred Denman.'

He had not long to wait, for it was but ten days later when he received a communication from a firm of lawyers in Liverpool announcing the death of Philip Egerton, and begging the captain to journey north without delay.'

The dead man lay in the darkened room, and a woman sat by the bedside. She glanced curiously at the corpse now and then, and the suspicion of a smile played round her mouth. The door opened and Captain Roger Heriot entered. At the sight of the woman he started back in amazement.'

'Sophie! You here?'

'Yes, Roger; is not a woman's place beside her husband?'

'Hush! be silent! This is not your husband.'

'Oh, I beg his pardon. May I inquire the name of this late gentleman?'

'Be quiet and don't be a fool. The lawyer is here now. Remember that'

ITCHING BURNING SKIN. Disfiguring Humors and Eruptions Permanently Cured. Dr. Agnew's Ointment.

Diseases of the skin inflict intense pain, suffering and disfigurement. If not cured in time, they end in the decay of the bones, a pallid complexion, loss of strength, and a gradual wasting away of the body.

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes buncches in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

'Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since.' J. W. McGIBBS, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

this man is Philip Egerton; stick to that, do you hear?'

'On one condition.'

'And that is?'

'Halves.'

Further talking was precluded by the arrival of the lawyer, who after various preliminaries proceeded to read the will which Fred Danman had executed before his death.

'This will is short, sir, quite short, but in perfect order.'

'This is the last Will and Testament of me, Philip Egerton, of Hyde Park Lane, London, in the County of Middlesex, and Dalling Lodge, Little Willoway, in the County of Surrey, Gentleman, whereby I bequeath to Miss Mary Denman, of Oak Cottage, Barnes, in the County of Surrey, sister of my friend Frederick Denman, an Annuity of £3,000, and I make this Annuity a first charge upon my estate. The residue of my property I leave to my friend Captain Roger Heriot, of Albany, London, and appoint him sole Executor of this my Will.'

'This is the will, sir, duly signed and attested in the presence of witnesses.'

'Do I understand that this Miss Denman receives an annuity of £3,000 a year, and that I am simply residuary legatee?'

'That is the situation, Captain Heriot.'

'And until this annuity is provided I handle nothing?'

'Exactly.'

The lawyer, after undertaking to see matters through, took his leave, and Sophie immediately indulged in a peal of laughter.

'Oh, Roger, this is splendid. Who would have thought Fred so cute? Three thousand pounds a year to his sister, and what do you get, my poor deluded friend?'

'A house in Hyde Park Lane, a lodge in Little Willoway, and £400 a year to keep them up.'

'We can't live on £400 a year.'

'We?'

'Yes. Either I share or you get nothing.'

'I get precious little as it is. But I suppose it must be halves. I must stay here until to-morrow and see the late lamented put under.'

'Right you are. I suppose that fool of a lawyer will communicate with this Mary Denman.'

'I suppose so, unless I do so first. By Jove! I see a way out of it. If I marry Mary Denman that £3,000 a year is safe.'

'And if there was no Mary Denman there would be no need for an annuity. Dead men tell no tales, nor women either.'

'You mean—?'

'Exactly.'

Tap, tap, tap. The blind beggar crept slowly along Hyde Park Lane, feeling the railings carefully with his iron-shod stick. Outside a certain house he stopped, and leaning against a pillar gazed vacantly through his heavily-rimmed glasses. The house door opened, and Captain Heriot and Sophie came out.

'You know the address, Roger?'

'Oh, Jack—Jack, such good news. Guess I am an heiress. £3,000 a year, Jack—just think of it.'

'Good news, indeed, little girl; but tell me all about it.'

'I can't understand it yet, Jack, but somebody has died and left it to me. A gentleman named Captain Roger Heriot called just now to tell me. I am to have all the money and Captain Heriot the houses, and—oh, Jack, it is so funny! It appears he hasn't got enough money to keep up the two places, and he wanted me to think about marrying him.'

'Ha, ha! very funny!'

'Of course, I told him that I was going to marry you.'

'But you haven't told me who left you the money.'

'Oh; how stupid of me; I never knew the man, but his name is Philip Egerton.'

'Philip Egerton?'

'Yes, Jack, a friend of Fred's, I believe.'

'And—and is Philip Egerton dead?'

'Of course he is, you stupid; how could he leave me the money if he was alive?'

'Why certainly. But listen, little woman, are you quite sure that you want to marry me now that you are going to be so rich?'

'Don't be an old goose, Jack.'

'Well, I have told you my circumstances. My name is not John Castle; I have an enemy, that enemy is occupying my place; I am waiting patiently to track him down and until I have done that I cannot reveal myself.'

'You have told me all that before, dear. I love you. I trust you.'

Two days later the blind beggar took up his position in Hyde Park Lane. It was late in the afternoon; the autumnal wind swept the road in boisterous gusts, and the sky gave evidence of a tempestuous evening.

He had been at his post for an hour. Sophie Denman had entered the house, opening the door with her own key, but of Roger Heriot he had seen nothing.

But half an hour later his vigil was rewarded. Captain Roger Heriot drove up to the door and handed a lady from the hansom. They passed up the steps together and the captain fumbled in his pocket for the key.

'Here we are at last. You are not afraid to trust yourself in a bachelor's den?'

'Afraid! A woman will do much for the love of—'

The concluding words were lost as the door closed upon them, and the blind beggar stood as if turned to stone, for the voice was the voice of Mary Denman, his betrothed wife.

The twilight deepened into night, hour after hour passed, the rain was falling in torrents, but the blind man stood immovable. The inmates of the house made no sign and the street was deserted. Then a carriage drove up to the door and the driver waited without dismounting from the box. Then Roger Heriot came out and peered up and down the road, and the voice of Sophie called to him from the doorway.

'Is all clear?'

'Yes.'

Sophie came down the steps with her arms around Mary Denman. The girl walked willingly enough, but there was a dull, stupid expression on her face. They helped her into the vehicle; Sophie and Heriot followed, and they drove rapidly away.

Mary Denman lay back in the carriage and appeared to sleep. Presently she opened her eyes.

'To where are you taking me?'

'I am keeping my promise, my dear.'

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