THE MISSING WILL.

Sir John Somers was dying. Partly propped up by pillows, he lay back, breathing painfully; but his mind was perfectly

Presently the clock of the village church began to strike in the distance. The old man counted the strokes, ticking them off,

one by one, on his wasted fingers. "Muriel," he said, as the last died away, "Powell won't be here to-night; I must get Major Sinclair to do it. Ask him to come

"Yes, uncle dear," said the young girl addressed; "but don't worry yourself over business matters to-night, or you won't get any sleep.

"I shall soon sleep soundly enough, my little Muriel," returned the dying man; "and what has to be done must be done immediately.'

"Dick," said Sir John, as his old chum came softly to his bedside, a few minutes later. "I want you to draw up my will; Powell's not come, and to-morrow-

"Very well," said the major, in a choked voice; and he sat down by a table near the bed, on which writing materials had been placed for the lawyer who had not arrived, and wrote what his friend with great difficulty dictated to him. It was to the effect that the legacies

and bequests of a former will were to stand, but all the rest of the baronet's property, except such as was entailed—and this was a very small portion of it-was to go to his neice, Muriel Selwyn. "Thank Heaven!" said the old man, as

he sank back upon his pillows, when the document was at length drawn up, signed, and witnessed; "now I can die in peace." An hour or two afterwards, as Major Sinclair was leaving the house, a carrage drove rapidly up to the door, and before it stopped, a young man threw himself out

leading to the entrance. "What's this about my father?" he said, as he caught sight of the major. "What's the matter with him ?"

"He was seized with sudden illness last night, after receiving a communication from his lawyer. You, no doubt, are well that she would one day be his wife. aware what it was about," answered the old soldier, looking at him sternly.

"Well, I'm in a deuce of a hole, that's true," said the other, "but if my revered parent would only listen to reason, and advance me the money I want, it can all be and the promenaders pacing to and fro. hushed up. However, I must see him at once."

"Your father is dead, Jasper," said the major, solemnly.

"Dead!" echoed Jasper, sobered for an apparently forgetful of the fact that he had an auditor, "Well, thank heaven! he's not had time to alter his will.

The major eyed him with the greatest disgust, and turned abruptly away.

"What a scoundrel that fellow is!" he mused, as he walked across the park to his own house, which was just outside the gates. "And poor Somers could never see his faults, until this last disgraceful affair opened his eyes, and broke his heart into

He was still buried in sad thoughts when he reached the pretty, old-fashioned house in which he lived,

There were visitors just then at Poonah Cottage, for the major's only daughter and her little son had come to stay with them for a few weeks.

The old gentleman idolized his grandson, who, for his part, thought nothing so delightful as a visit to the Cottage; for the the major had been a great traveller, and his house was crammed with a most extraordinary collection of curiosities from all parts of the world. In fact, his treasures were a sort of wonder, not unmixed with awe, to all the villagers round about: and one old woman declared that the idol which stood in the hall "had giv' such a awful grin at her, when she saw it, that she'd never bin the same woman since."

It certainly was very ugly-that idol; and the major catching sight of it, as he entered the house on this particular evening, thought its expression more malicious

But he was used to it, and none of the ill-luck which its hideous object was supposed to bring to its possesser had as yet betallen him. He went straight into his study, which was on the ground floor, and, unbuttoning his coat, took from his pocket the last will of his dead friend.

He was just about to put it in a place of safety, until he should hand it to the lawver on the morrow, when the most appealing screams issued from one of the upper

With one bound the major was in the hall, and then cries of "Fire! Fire! Eddie is being burned to death!" reached his horror-stricken ears. Almost beside himselt at the thought of his little grandson's danger, he rushad wildly up the stairs to the scene of the disaster.

He found that a maid had overturned a lamp, and the curtains of Eddie's cot were in flames. Happily, however, prompt measures prevented what threatened to be

When, at length, all danger was over, and peace and order to some extent restored, the major returned to the study, but to his dismay, the will-which he telt convinced be had lett upon the table-was no

longer there. He searched vainly in every possible place he could think of. He summoned the servants, but one and all maintained that they had never entered the room in his absence. The study was turned out from top to bottom, and every nook and

cranny investigated, but to no purpose. It was a raw, cold day, about six months after these events, and a girl who sat copyher while this operation was in progress, haven't a sacred holiday, Mohammedans to regain health and strength. I have

her face, and the man came forward. he said; "but I couldn't be sure until you second gayly idiotic, and then through the looked up. Are you living in London third and tourth stages, after corrections,

you said once that I undoubtedly had talent? | you are saying something complimentary. Now, tell me honestly, were you really in All you can do is to swear at him in a loud earnest, and do you think I could earn my | tone of voice before other men if he does | and you may be assured I will always

living as a portrait painter?" "Your living!" ejaculated Maurice Dal- humbles him, and he goes steadily for few | publish this letter in your work.

ing is necesarry also."

"Oh, yes! I know it is," interrupted Muriel; "but I am going to work hard." painting lessons, as the neice of the wealthy Sir John Somers, and he had understood

"My uncle is dead," said Muriel, after a pause, for she noticed her companions puzzled expression. Then she said "goodbye," and they parted.

But, in the months that followed, the

and suggestions. Gradually, he heard all her story. How she, a little homeless orphan, had been adopted and brought up by her uncle, and betrothed by him, when she was but sixteen to his only son. Happily, however, before the marriage took place, Muriel discovered what manner of man her cousin was. Her unele was terribly angry when she told him she would not marry Jasper, for until the very last he had been entirely came upon him at length as a terrible blow, and he never recovered from the shock. The will he had signed on his death bed could not be found, and no provision had been made for Muriel in the previous will, as Sir John had hoped to see her his son's wite before he died.

Muriel was, therefore, left absolutely penniless, and the only friend she could look to for help was Major Sinclair, who was far from rich. Her cousin refused to make her any allowance, declaring that he was ready to marry her, if she liked.

"The rascal! I should think he was," Maurice would say to himself, when his and dashed up the flight of stone steps mind reverted to this part of the story, for he had come to the conclusion that Muriel was the prettiest, most fascinating, most loveable girl in the world; and before he started for Italy, where he intended to work for the next two or three years, he told her so, and begged her to promise

> They were sitting under the trees in Hyde Park when Maurice told his tale of love; the sunshine falling through the pleas to see you, but no followers is leaves dappled the grass before them, and allowed." they could see the carriages in the drive,

But the gay scene was in bitter contrast with Muriel's sad thoughts, for although she loved Maurice, and felt confident that he would some day make a great name, she knew well that marriage for a strugginstant. Then an expression almost like ling artist generally means ruin to his relief passed over his face, and he muttered, career. And so, though with tears in her eyes and a voice that trembled, she told him that there must be no engagement between them, and in spite of all his entreaties, she would not waver from her decision.

A few weeks later, Muriel went to Poonah Cottage to spend her summer holidays; but she was shocked to see how the major had aged. The thought that through him she had lost her fortune weighed upon the poor man's mind

"Now, you mustn't brood over it like this," said Muriel, on the day after her arrival; "I shall soon be able to earn my own living, you know; and, in the mean-

time, let's go for a nice walk." On the way, Muriel, affecting a lightheartedness she was far from teeling, described to the old man various comical little scenes she had witnessed in London, and, for the first time for many months, he was laughing heartily, when suddenly heartrending shrieks came from a cottage near. "Fire, fire!" they could hear; "my

boy will be burnt to death!' Muriel turned to rush towards the cottage, but the major grasped her arm. He looked like a man in a dream.

"I have found it," he gasped out.
"Found what?" said Muriel, bewildered. 'For Heaven's sake, let's go and see what's

But he did not seem to hear her. "To think," he muttered, "that it should be that accursed idol after all!"

Muriel aghast, concluded that the sudden fright had unhinged his brain; but, before she could utter another word, the major turned, and started homewards at double

Muriel, after a moment's indecision, hastened to the cottage. Happily, she found that a mother's fears had much exaggerated the danger, which was soon over, and then she immediately set out at full speed after the major.

When she reached home, she discovered him, to her amazement, taking the idol in the hall to pieces as fast as he possibly could. At length, a curious, box-like arrangement, which formed the lower part of it, was undone, and then he drew forth in triumph the missing will. This box part had a split on the outside, through which the worshippers had probably dropped their offerings, and into this the major had thrust his will, when, beside himself with terror, he had rushed past the idol on his way upstairs to the room where his little

grandson was in dange . The screams from the cottage had awakened a train of memories which otherwise might have slumbered for ever, and, in a flash, all that had happened on the night of Sir John's death came back to

"You must come home as soon as possible," wrote Muriel to Maurice Dalton. Thousands are testifying it today, and "I have something to tell you which I miraculous results are the fruits. If you think will interest you." And Maur ce did not long delay in com-

The Hindu Printer.

An Englishman, who was for some years editor of the Morning Post, of Allahabad, gives some curious particulars of the uning a picture in the National Gallery telt | certainties of the native Indian printer. so benumbed. that she paused from her He says: "You want about three hundred work, and rubbed her long, slender hands | compositors, one-halt Hindu and the other | it my duty to inform sufferers what this together to warm them Glancing round half Mohammedan. When the Hindus great medicine can do for all who wish her eyes met those of a man, standing a few have, so you must prepare for all emer- been a great sufferer for years from neryards off, who was staring very hard at gencies. They don't understand a word of her. A smile of recognition passed over the English language, and they set up the the advice and attendance of doctors copy by a kind of intuition. The first proof "I thought it must be you, Miss Selwyn," is disheartening and incomprehensible, the to use your Paine's Celery Compound, it assumes a coherent form. You can't "Yes," said Muriel, with her beautiful argue with the foreman printer, who is an eyes fixed earnestly upon him, "I have be- imposing creature in flowing robe and turcome an art student. Do you remember, ban. He doesn't understand, and thinks

ton somewhat staggered. "You see, talent alone is not sufficient; so much traincrease and his usefulness to evaporate. But look at the wages. At two dollars a month the compositors consider themselves furiel; "but I am going to work hard." | wealthy enough to keep a wife and family Maurice looked mystified. He only | and several other families involved by their knew Muriel, to whom he had once given | marriage. The coolies who work the presses get no more than one dollar a month and at that figure you must admit that she was engaged to the baronet's son | that they are cheaper than gas, electricity, or any other motive power for that matter."

A Self-Taught Doctor.

The degree of M.D. was in 1888 conferred by the university of Heidelberg on a self-taught artisan, Karl Umbach, who young painter saw a great deal of Muriel. had never attended any gymnasium or He haunted the gallery on the days she realschule, and who while employed at a went there, helping her with his criticisms | dye-works had, though not attending any school of medicine, merited the degree of M.D. In 1887 he presented an able dissertation upon "The influence of anti-pyrin upon secretions," which was most favorably judged by Dr. Kulme, of Heidelberg, and Professor Rencki, of Berne, and printed at Stuttgart. Umbach then went through an examination by six professors of the medical taculty with such success that, according to the statutes, the degree of Doctor of Medicine and Surgery had to be conferred blinded to his son's faults. The truth upon him as well and legitimately won. Dr. John Hunter, born 1728, was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, but offered his services as anatomical assistant to his brother William in London, and became himself a most distinguished surgeon, a bold and skilful operator, and, above all, one of the most renowned comparative anatomists. Hunter's museum was purchased by government for £15,000.

No Followers Allowed,

A dignified Berkshire rector interested himself in getting first places for little workhouse girls of fourteen belonging to his parish. Having satisfactorily placed one of his protegees in the family of a small tradesman at the East End as "general servant," he wrote a kind note to the child a few months later, to say he should be coming up to town shortly for the May meetings and would call to see how she was getting on. To his surprise and bewilderment, he received a curt reply by return of post, saying: "Honoured sir,-Emily Bates is very sorry, and I should be

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nature's great medicine is used. In the past tens of thousands have used the waters of that unfailing fountain of virtues, and have been made whole. are suffering, dear reader, delay no longer; test the great healer that has won so many victories, it will meet your wants and needs. For your encouragement the following letter from Mrs. Fany M. Huff, of Salmon Point, Ont., is given as a proof of what results you may reap, if you use Paine's Celery Compound :-"After receiving so much benefit from Paine's Celery Compound, I think vousness and weakness, and have had with but little benefit. I was induced some time ago, and I must confess it is the best medicine I ever used. Nothing else has ever done me so much good, and I now feel quite a different person. "I trust sufferers will not be influenced

to use any other medicine while they

can procure yours which does such good

work. I cannot speak strongly enough

In Seoul, the capital of Corea, may be een, near the Royal Palace, the famous bell which for over 400 years has given the signal for the closing of the city gates at dusk and their opening at dawn, and which has nightly wrung the curfew warning all citizens under pains and penalties to keep within their doors. Except the Joppa Gate, all the entrances to Jerusalem are closed each night at sunset; a custom as old, at least, as the days of Joshua. At the noon of Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday, the gates are shut for an hour, when the faithful hurry to pray before the Mosque of Omar. The shutting of the gates had its origin in a belief among the Moslems that the Christians would, at some time, take the Holy City during the great hour of prayer, it this precaution were neglected. The only connection between the rock on which Gibraltar stands and the mainland of Spain is a narrow strip of sand, and the only entrance to the town on that side is by two gates. which, of course, are closed at night. The fortified towns of Strasburg and Metz close their gates from sunset to sunrise, and Vittoria, Badajos, and Salamanca, in Spain, preserve the same custom.

The Strange Capital of Corea.

A Candidate with Wife and Baby. Kissing babies, without regard to cleanliness or beauty, has been frequently resorted to by political candidates, but we remember of only one instance in which a nominee was aided by his wife's campaign songs on the stump, and he was an Englishman. Congressman Tim Campbell, of Maine, however, who is running as an independent, goes the Briton one better. He is accompanied in his vote catching trips

by both wife and baby.

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On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch Connexions made at Eastport with steamers for Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.
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> GEO. F. BAIRD. Manager.