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IN THE PROBATE COURT, COUNTY OF YORK.

L. S.
TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF YORK OR ANY CONSTABLE WITHIN THE SAID COUNTY, GREETING:

WHEREAS, Albert F. Smith, administrator of the estate and effects of Josephine Smith, late of the Parish of Prince William in the County of York, farmer, deceased, has filed in this court, his account of the said account and has prayed that the said account may be passed and allowed according to law and that all proper orders may be made and citations issued:

YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the said Albert F. Smith, administrator, and the next of kin, creditors and all others interested in the said Estate and Effects to appear before me, at a Court of Probate for the County of York, to be held at the office of the Judge of Probate for the County of York in the City of Fredericton, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of July next, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to attend the passing and allowing of the said account and the making of such Orders as may be required on the passing of said account and the distribution of the Estate as prayed for. (Sgd.) FRED ST. JOHN BLISS, Judge of Probate in and for the County of York.
(Sgd.) R. B. HANSON, Registrar of Probates in and for the County of York.
GREGORY & WINSLOW, Proctors.

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IN THE PROBATE COURT, COUNTY OF YORK.

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TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF YORK OR ANY CONSTABLE WITHIN THE SAID COUNTY, GREETING:

WHEREAS, Albert F. Smith, administrator of the estate and effects of Josephine Smith, late of the Parish of Prince William in the County of York, widow deceased, has filed in this court, his account of the said account and has prayed that the said account may be passed and allowed according to law and that all proper orders may be made and citations issued:

YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the said Albert F. Smith, administrator, and the next of kin, creditors and all others interested in the said Estate and Effects to appear before me, at a Court of Probate for the County of York, to be held at the office of the Judge of Probate for the County of York in the City of Fredericton, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of July next, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to attend the passing and allowing of the said account and the making of such Orders as may be required on the passing of said account and the distribution of the Estate as prayed for. (Sgd.) FRED ST. JOHN BLISS, Judge of Probate in and for the County of York.
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AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

—BY—
WEATHERBY CHESNEY

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"Very well, if you prefer it."
"I do, sir."

Scarborough kept nothing back in what he told these two; he gave them the whole tale simply, and did not fear that he was violating confidences in so doing. He guessed that he probably had a clever adversary in Gillies, and he was quite sure that he had an extremely clever one in Mrs. Carrington; and he judged with a cool prudence that was characteristic, that the heavier the battalions which he could bring to bear against them, the more likely was he to win in the end. He would have liked, of course, to win without the heavy battalions, but it was safer if less glorious, to be as strong as possible. The best general is not he who brings off forlorn hopes by gallant fighting, but he who concentrates all available forces, leaves the leading of forlorn hopes to the enemy, and never requires to lead on himself. Scarborough did not despise the glory which is won by making a gallant fight against odds, but he was a good enough general to prefer safety to glory. Had he been fighting for his own hand, he would probably have reasoned differently; but just now he was fighting for Elsa.

These two, then, would be staunch recruits. Scott he could vouch for himself, and Mona had vouched for Montague. It was all right.

When he had finished Montague said:
"That's all right, sonny. Of course we'll chip in and help you to beat the widow. You're boss in this show. Just tell us what you want us to do, and we'll do it. Is that right, Mr. Scott?"

"Oh, yes," said Scott, laughing. "But I see the part I'm cast for with out being told. Extra spells in front of the siphon-recorder, while Scarborough goes treasure-hunting. That's the form of excitement I'm billed for, isn't it, Horace?"

"I do want you to relieve me to-morrow morning at five, if you will," said Scarborough. "I'm afraid it's a pretty sore part for you, old man."

"Never mind, I'll do it. I've just laid in a fresh stock of modern French fiction in paper-backs, so I'll jaw through it. Give me a chance of being at the death, as a reward, if you get any real fighting."

"Now, Mr. Scarborough, your order to me!" said Montague. "I gather that I'm to look after the widow. Any particular way of doing it?"

"The most effective you can think of, please," said Scarborough. "I leave it to you to decide. Better wait till you see to-morrow what she means to do."

"No, sir," said the circus-man. "That's not my way of doing business. If I put my finger into this pie, it's going to be my pie. I shall arrange the programme, not the Widow Carrington. You give me a free hand?"

"Oh, yes; short of actual violence. We may come to that in the end, but I don't want our side to begin it."

"Then get up, and go to that writing table, and write me a letter of introduction to her."

"What's the good of that?" asked Scarborough, laughing. "She will laugh at you."

"Maybe she will, but that's the way I'm going to do it. You said I could have a free hand, and I said it was going to be my pie. Don't know how to word it, don't you? I'll dictate. 'Dear Madam:—During my unavoidable absence on a picnic with your daughter and Mademoiselle Mona de la Mar, our Mr. Val B. Montague, of Val B. Montague's American Circus Combination is fully empowered to represent me, and to make any arrangements that may be necessary for your comfort. He is a man in whose ability I have perfect confidence, and I have given him a free hand in the matter. He requests me to inform you that this is his pie, and though the metaphor is not very clear to me, he promises that you shall understand it before the day is over. Horace Scarborough, Cash Station, Ribeira Grande.—Sign B.'"

Scarborough threw down his pen and heard Scott burst into a roar of laughter. Val B. Montague gravely picked up the paper, blotted it, and put it into his pocket-book.

"Now tell us what you really mean to do," said Scott.

Montague turned to him solemnly. "Mr. Scott," he said, "you don't show the intelligence which I have gathered, from your conversation or other subjects, that you possess. I am going to call at the Chinelas to-morrow morning early, and present this admirably worded letter of introduction to the widow of the late Richmond Carrington."

"Oh, nonsense, man!"
"I am, sir. And I anticipate that as a result I shall enjoy a very pleasant day. It may be a somewhat strenuous one, though, so I will wish you good-night. My room is two doors away, I think."

"By Jove!" said Scott, when Montague had bowed himself out of the room, "he really means it! I don't think all the fun will be at Furna to-morrow, Horace!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Las Furnas

Phil Varney, lying on his back under a golden roof formed by tallas of maize cobs, found the morning very pleasant. The drying maize, strung in bundles on three poles straked in a tripod, whispered softly as the breeze crept through the air-spaces between the cobs. The sun was not yet hot enough to be unpleasant, and the view in front of him was perhaps the most beautiful in all the island. He found nature's morning mood restful. His pipe

was drawing well, and Muriel Davis had promised last night that she would ride over the course of the day. Everything, therefore, was peace; he indulged himself in dreams, and sentry though he was, he showed unmistakable signs of a tendency to sleep at his post.

Beneath him in the valley lay the lake of Las Furnas, three miles in circumference; and the roofs of the long straggling village, half hidden by the trees which grew everywhere on the lower ground, made dots of darker color on the landscape. The village is situated in the bottom of a vast crater, and the steep pointed hills, once active volcanoes, but clothed now with a dense garment of pines, form a complete ring round it. Down the flanks of the great Peak of the Cedars, and its twin mountain the Peak of the Lout, waterfalls flashed in white spray; and the Ribeira Quente, the "Hot River," wound through the valley, changing color continually as it received the tinted waters of the many volcanic springs by which it is fed.

Nature was beautiful, but somnolent; and Phil Varney, feeling quite contented with his lot just now, was inclined to be somnolent too.

A voice hailing him from the lower level broke the reverie into which he was drifting. He raised himself on his elbow and saw Scarborough pushing a bicycle up the rough ground of the hillside.

"Any sign of Gillies yet?" asked Scarborough, when he reached the maize stack.

"No. Where is Muriel? She said she would ride over with you."

"She and the other two girls are behind. I left them at the Casa Davis, packing luncheon baskets, and came on first."

"The other two girls?" queried Varney. "Mona and Miss Carrington? They coming too? You've turned it into a regular picnic!"

"That is the idea," said Scarborough. "And Mrs. Carrington and Val B. will join us later, I fancy."

"Here, I told hard!" Varney exclaimed. "I don't understand this. What's Mrs. Carrington coming for? Explain, please!"

"All right, but give me some break fast first. Got anything?"

"Frog's legs," said Varney with a grin. "I'll heat you a painful in no time. Ever tasted them?"

"No," said Scarborough, and added, doubtfully: "Not sure that I want to now."

"Oh, they're capital! Wait till you taste! It was Davis who put me up to the idea. The place swarms with them, and there's the real edible kind though the natives haven't found that out. Davis is thinking of starting a pickle factory and exporting them to Paris. By the way, did you show him the scratched stone?"

"Yes."

"Well? What's his idea?"

"He fancies that he can make something of it legible. He's going to dust lycopodium powder over it, and take a photograph of it, and he thinks the powder may show up in the photograph where the pencil marks were. He's working at it now."

"Cunning man, Davis!" said Varney with satisfaction. "He and I will make a success of our partnership. If it comes off, think it will, too! Now tell me about Mrs. Carrington."

Scarborough gave him an account of the scene at the Chinelas the evening before, and of the modification in their plans which it had rendered necessary. At the end he asked:

"Which is the inn where you saw Gillies the other day?"

"That rambling block at the end of the village nearest to us," said Varney. "I've had my eye on it more or less since daybreak, but there's been no sign of either him or his donkey. I don't think he can be there, or he would have been stirring before now."

"I'll go and see before the girls come," said Scarborough. "After they arrive, if we haven't seen him before then, we'll quarter the country, and get a thorough notion of the lie of the land. If Davis makes anything out from the scratched stone, it will be an advantage to us to know as much as possible beforehand of the main features of the district. It's what Gillies has been working at, I imagine. I wish we knew where he is now, and what he is doing."

"Any chance that he has recovered the stones already and is off?"

"Oh, yes, there's a chance. But he only got the plan yesterday, you know. What I'm more afraid of is that he may have found that he was on a wrong scent here, and is working somewhere else. Still, we'll take the opportunity of his absence to do a bit of hunting here ourselves."

"In couples, of course!" said Varney. "Miss Carrington and you, Muriel and me! Capital! But where does Mona come in?"

"Oh," said Scarborough, laughing. "She's not the girl to spoil an arrangement of that sort. She'll probably say that she prefers to work alone, and shall have to be ungallant enough to let her have her own way. I say, old chap, I don't care much for these frog things. The taste isn't bad, but the idea's nasty. I'm going down to the inn for breakfast. Will you come?"

"No, thanks. I'll wait for you here. The girls might turn up, you see. What shall you do if you meet Gillies there?"

"Don't know. Wait and see what he does, I suppose."

But Gillies was not at the inn. Scarborough went in, and asked the landlady in Portuguese what she could give him for breakfast. To his surprise he was answered in his own tongue, spoken with a strong northern accent.

"Well, there's just salt cod and beans.

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The "Floor-and-Door-a" Girl!

work and the endless doors, until when Hubby saw them, too, reflections said: "Why, howdy-do!"

"The Gold Dust Twins," said she, "I find, help leave the woes of dust behind. Each mark of sticky hands on doors, each tread of muddy feet on floors, all fade before the slightest touch of Gold Dust, and the work is such that, when the woodwork has been done, I find said work was only fun." This line of reasoning must show that those who've tried it OUGHT to know. If you, in one day's duties, find that there's a Grouch in ev'ry Grind, invite the Gold Dust Twins to share such tasks as tire and fret and wear.



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(To Be Continued.)