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A TALE OF WANT.

The widowed dame of Hubbard's ancient line turned to her cupboard, cornered anglewise between this wall and that, in quest of aught to satisfy the cravings of old Sir Tray. Prick-eared companion of her solitude, Red-spotted, dirty white, and bare of rib, who followed at her high and pattering heels, Prayer in his eyes, prayer in his slinking gait, Prayer in his pendulous pulsating tail. While on its creaking jaws revolved the door. The cupboard yawned, deep-throated, thinly set.

THE LOST WILL.

"Why do you not invite me to the Laburnums, Fan?" "Because it is so lonely there, Rae."

"For that reason I shall come," said pretty Raphaela Fairlie. I shall come and keep you company for a whole week, just as soon as I can get away from the city. I knew you and Phil were moping, nodding her curly head sagaciously.

A sudden gravity went over Fannie Brudenel's gentle countenance, yet her eyes brightened expectantly.

"I should love to have you there, of course," was all she said.

When train time came and Fannie had left Rae's pretty studio and the city, the little artist still sat daintily touching the photograph she was coloring and evidently closely thinking of something else.

She was not sure that Doctor Philip Brudenel would exactly approve of her going to the Laburnums, but she meant to go, for all that, for she loved him and she could plainly see that he had cares and perplexities of which she knew nothing.

And though they had been engaged over a year, he made no proposal of marrying soon, only looked moodily when the subject was approached. Rae so enjoyed his company that she could live with him in the black hole of Calcutta, she declared to herself, but probably Philip did not think so. Anyway she was going to the Laburnums, his home at Lowshore, because she felt that her love gave her a right to know what was troubling him.

Ten days later she looked her studio door and steamed away to Lowshore, and soon the depot carriage had set her down at the door of a tiny cottage hid in laburnum trees.

Fannie kissed her affectionately. "What a delightful apparition you are, Rae," she said, and led her into a little sitting-room.

Everything was very plain, and very, very tiny, Rae thought, accustomed to spacious city apartments; and when Fannie had taken her hat and traveling-satchel, and gone to spread a lunch for her, Rae looked around and saw that the carpet was threadbare and the furniture extremely old-fashioned.

Suddenly a door opened, and an old lady, leaning on a cane, tottered into the room. Her face, bordered by a snowy cap, had a strange, white, puffy look, but she yet showed signs of having been very pretty in youth.

"What are you?" she asked Rae. "A fairy? Do you think you can better our fallen fortunes? No, no! that can never be."

Rae's cheek burned under the strange, significant words, but she guessed immediately that the old lady's mind was wandering; then Fannie entered the room.

"Come, mother, come and rest now," she said, gently, and drew her from the room. She came back, saying to Rae, "My mother is demented. Do not be troubled by anything she says."

It was evening when Doctor Philip brought his fine presence into the tiny home. His start of delight on beholding Rae was succeeded by a rather sad smile.

"What pleasure did you expect to find here, child?" he asked, holding her hand. "Perhaps I did not come for pleasure, Philip."

"For what then?" "I don't know."

"I find very little of that here."

Two days passed. Rae saw plainly what the life was at the Laburnums—monotonous, meagre; but ever since Philip had first brought his sister to her studio, Rae had loved Fannie, who was older than herself, and patiently becoming one of the sweetest old maids. So she enjoyed sisterly talks with Fannie. Philip was absent most of the time.

In one of these confidential chats, Fannie said:—

"You ought to have come in the early autumn, Rae—it is prettier here then. In November we have nothing attractive—literally nothing. I have often expressed the wish to Philip to have you visit us; but he always speaks of the contrast between your life and ours—you in the city, with access to so much that is entertaining, and we so shut out from the world. But because it is you, I think, Rae, that I will show you the house in the hollow."

"The house in the hollow, Fan?" "Yes, our ancestral home; for Philip and I came of a prosperous race, poor as we now are, and the old house is full of what is beautiful and rare. Get your hat and we will go now."

Through long lines of laburnums, across a tiny kitchen garden, along a decaying orchard into the slope still green in the November sunshine. At one end of the valley which opened toward the sea, where white sails were noiselessly flitting, stood a large and handsome house of painted brick, with oriel windows and other picturesque effects.

"It is an old house," said Fanny. "It was built by my grandfather, in his last days, as a wedding present to my mother. The old house which had formerly stood

here he had pulled down and this built. He intended to reside with his only daughter when she married Israel Beaucaire, a French Jew, whom he had chosen for her. But my mother fell in love with her music teacher, Ross Brudenel, and eloped with him, and grandfather wrote and bade her never come back. But when Philip and I were fatherless, my mother came, in her great extremity, and begged her father's assistance. Grandfather gave her this cottage we have now, and allowed her a small income with which to bring us up, but never forgave her. At last he died, willing all his property to a distant cousin in India, who has never come for it. The house stands empty, with all its beautiful furniture, and the rich fields lie fallow, while Philip barely supports us with his small practice. Lowshore is a distressingly healthy place," with a faint smile.

The interior of the house was finished in rich foreign woods, the floors polished like glass and laid with costly rugs and tapestries. The furniture was of mahogany and velvet, long mirrors and dark paintings adorned the walls. It was indeed a handsome house, speaking of almost limitless wealth.

"There are thousands of dollars worth of silver in the bank at Shoreborough," said Fannie, "and rents accumulating there which will be a small fortune in itself. But we have nothing."

"How hard! how cruel!" cried Rae. "I should not think your grandfather could rest in his grave to have you and Philip, with all your refinement and culture, spending your lives in a hand-to-hand scramble for bread."

"They say he does come back and wander uneasily about here," said Fannie, carefully closing shutters and doors and coming out into the sunshine. "But of course such stories are told of all such places. Philip says he does not believe a word of it, with a marked emphasis which made Rae turn and look at her."

"But you do, Fan."

"Twice people have tried to sleep there and declared that grandfather appeared to them. I should not dare to try it, for I am a timorous thing at best, and—"

The intensity of Rae's thoughts made her quite deaf to what further her companion was saying. This fortune was Philip's right. No wonder he was sad, moody and hopeless of their marriage as he was situated and seemed fated to continue to be.

"The will was made immediately after mamma's marriage," said Fannie, standing under the laburnums and looking up at the great house. "Poor mother says he told her in her deathbed that he made another will—perhaps in her favor. But what she says goes for little. Her state is very strange since a fever she had just after Philip came of age—her talk so wild and foolish—and yet she seems to understand some things in our affairs that we can not see till afterwards. It is all most uncanny to think over the strange knowledge she has had during these past years," and Fannie fell into a fit of musing.

They walked back to the tiny cottage. Rae's veins thrilled with excitement, but Fannie went soberly about getting tea. They kept no maid, this poor disinherited family, and Rae learned that Philip's own hands tilled the little kitchen-garden, while every labor of the household was performed by Fannie.

She could not sleep that night after she had gone to her tiny bedroom. The moonlight seemed to disturb her and make her brain wildly active. What influence strung her nerves?—for when all was still and the night far advanced she rose, and, dressing, donned her warm seal skin sack and cap, and came out into the hall. She took a bunch of keys from their nail there, and, selecting one which she had seen Fannie take, held it tightly in her slim, white fingers as she went out into the night.

In the moon's white light she went steadily through the long lines of laburnums, across the tiny kitchen-garden, along the decaying orchard, into the hollow. She stood a moment before the great still house, listening to the roar of the sea. Strangely enough, she did not feel afraid. It she thought of the presence of an unseen spirit, it was to appeal to it prayerfully for help.

Another will. It must be. At least it would do no harm to search, and that is what she had come for.

She left the hall-door wide open and let the moonlight flood the tiled hall. It streamed through the clinks of the shutters, which she opened, one by one, as she fitted keys to draws of all kinds. The task was no light one, for in every niche was cabinet or escritoire. But there were no papers anywhere. Many things which must have been the personal property of old Squire Brudenel she found, but nowhere his will.

"Oh, if I only could—if I only could!" she said, sadly, "and it would restore Philip to his rights!"

Rat, tat, tat—the sound of a cane on the tiled floor. Rae turned for the first time, her eyes wide with fright. The enthusiasm with which she had entertained her generous purpose had made her utterly forgetful of herself. Now some one was coming.

The door swung slowly on its tarnished silver hinges. A quaint, bent little figure, leaning on a cane, advanced into the room and paused beside a handsome carved arm-chair which stood before a table. Lifting the cane, the bent little old woman knocked smartly thrice on the seat of this chair, filing the room with a hollow sound, then, resuming her feeble walk, she passed out of the apartment by another door.

Tremblingly, doubtfully, Rae curiously approached the chair. The blows of the cane seemed to have disturbed or broken the seat, for it was awry, plainly revealing a cavity beneath. Turning the chair to the light, Rae looked within and saw distinctly a folded paper.

It was a large sheet, yellow, and thick as vellum. Her hands trembled as she unfolded it and read:—"My last will and testament, Paul Brudenel," and it dropped to the door.

Snatching it up she ran—ran swiftly out of the house, and flew noiselessly and shaking to Fannie's chamber.

"I have found it—I have found it!" she cried, flinging her arms around the amazed, white-robed figure who admitted her.

"Found what? Are you sick? Are you crazy?" asked gentle Fannie Brudenel.

"The other will—within a chair—an old armchair in the house in the hollow. A ghost showed it to me!" answered Rae, holding the paper aloft.

There was a knock at the chamber door.

"Sister, what is the matter? What disturbs the house?" It was Philip's voice.

"I have found the will! Come in and read it!" cried Rae, dragging him in.

She gave him the paper; she lighted a lamp. He was forced to read. Struggling for calmness as he proceeded, he read to the end. Yes, late, but not too late, the precious document was found—the second will of Paul Brudenel, unconditionally bequeathing all he possessed to these two, his grandchildren.

In the exciting talk which followed no one heard a slender cane go rat-tat-tat past the door, but when the blue morning light dawned and Fannie bestirred herself to get breakfast, she went first to her mother's room.

"Philip," she said, coming back, "mother has had one of her bad nights again. She has been up and away. I must have slept very much more soundly than usual; she never eluded me before. She is very much exhausted."

Philip went instantly to attend his mother. When, the next day, she seemed restored to her wonted condition, and Rae had minutely told her story they closely questioned Mrs. Brudenel as to her visit to the house in the hollow, and tried to discover if she had any knowledge of the hiding place of the will. But nothing could be gained from her disordered mind. She would only shake her head and smile.

"How dare you go on such an expedition to that lonely place at such an uncanny hour, Rae?" asked Philip, the next evening, when, embraced by his arm, they had talked over the happy prospect of their immediate union.

"I was inspired," she answered laughing, but with a look of awe creeping into her beautiful eyes. Then, as she reconsidered that strange night, she gently embraced him:—"All for love, Philip. It was done all for love."

AN EMPHATIC WITNESS.

Alick Thompson, of Virginia, tells a story illustrative of the peculiar vernacular of the people among whom he was born, and of their special capacity for giving evidence in a court of justice in a compact, accurate, and picturesque style.

Some time ago he chanced to be visiting at a country seat in Virginia, and was courteously invited by the Commonwealth's attorney to come into the courtroom on the following morning, with the assurance that a witness would testify in a murder case then pending. He entered the courtroom, and speedily after his arrival a witness was called, who advanced to the stand with such a jaunty air of self-assurance, and who kissed the book with such loud-sounding confidence, that he was sure this must be "his man."

His judgment was not incorrect.

"Mr. Williamson," asked the Commonwealth's attorney, "do you know anyone of the killing which took place at Robertson's store last month?"

"Know anything?" was the response; "I were there."

"Then tell the Court and jury," said the attorney, "what you know."

The witness plained himself more firmly on both feet, glanced around upon his auditors, and thus delivered himself:—"Well, you see, Mr. Robertson were a-sittin' in the back part of his store a-playin' of his fiddle, not a-thinkin' of bein' stopped, nor nuthin' of the kind, when in came Mr. Johnson, and then and there he shot him; then he gathered a bung-stone, cleaned out the crowd, tipped the palm, and I dard herself."—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for March.

MISSED HIS PARDON.

Lucien Youngs's noble action a few years ago, in saving several lives from a wrecked vessel, will be remembered; also, the action of the Kentucky legislature in publicly recognizing his services. A few weeks since he was in Frankfort, and while there visited the penitentiary, where he met Sam Holmes, confined for the murder of Colonel Napier. Young and Holmes were boys together at school, and fast friends. Young was greatly moved by Holmes' unfortunate condition, and determined to make an effort for his release. To this end he called on the governor, and made an earnest appeal for a pardon. Governor Blackburn relented, and the pardon was made out and signed. With the document in his pocket Young hastened back to the prison to tell the good news to his friend. Before telling him, however, that he had come to make him a free man, Young quietly commenced a conversation, and after talking awhile upon other subjects, finally said:—"Sam, if you were turned loose and fully pardoned, what would be the first thing you would do?" The convict very quickly responded:—"I would go to Lancaster, and kill Judge Owsley and another scoundrel who was a witness against me." Young uttered not a word, but turned mournfully away, went outside the prison walls, took the pardon from his pocket, and tore it into fragments.

"DR. HOLMES."

ROW THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S POETRY WAS REMODELLED BY A LAW REPORTER.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

"Would you be kind enough to direct me to the editor?" asked a grave and venerable gentleman, with a kindly face and pleasant smile.

"He's out," responded the law reporter. "Is there anything I can do?" "I am Dr. Holmes," responded the gentleman.

"Where's your office doctor? Come to see about the diphtheria? I can do as well as the editor. What is it?" and the law reporter braced himself.

"Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes," replied the gentleman, his handsome face beaming with good nature. "I have a little poem I should like to submit. Shall I leave it with you?"

The law reporter took it and read it aloud.

"You call it a 'Winter Day on the Prairie,'" said he, "h'm; yes."

A blinding glare, a silver sky,
A sea of snow, with frozen spray,
The foaming billows swelling high,
Upstaged against the icy day.

White laden northern whirlwinds blow,
Across the pale sea's heavy breast,
And fill the creamy ebb and flow
With stormy terror and unrest.

The storm birds fly athwart the main
Like ruddier, swifter, bolder swains,
The stranded winds breathe soles of pain
And frothy froth from pallid lips.

The seething milky waves, in swift,
Harsh struggles with the fate that binds,
Breaks into frozen rifts and drifts
Against the wrecked and straining winds.

A sea of loneliness and death
Whose waves are ghosts, whose vales are
Graves.

Whose inspiration is the breath
That lurks in northern winter caves.
A snowy gloom, whose icy shade
Lies white beneath the spray-tipped crest,
Whose silver somberness is laid
A glaring pall across his breast.

"Just so, just so," continued the law reporter. "Did you want this published as it is?"

"I had thought something of giving it publicity," replied the doctor.

"You'll have to get the advertising clerk to register it, then," retorted the law reporter. "I wouldn't take the responsibility of sending it in as it stands now."

"What seems to be the matter with it," inquired the doctor.

"I don't think it is natural. Now, here you take a snow-storm on the prairie and make it a sea. Then you freeze it all up and make it dash around. You've either got to thaw it out or quit dashing it. We may be able to alter it so it will do if you'll leave it."

"What alterations would you suggest?" asked the doctor.

"I'd fix that first verse so as to be in accordance with the facts; make it 'sequential,' as we say in law. Instead of having the blinding, and the silver, and the foaming billows, and the white laden winds, and the creamy ebb, and all that rot, I'd put it this way:

In township thirty, range twenty-nine,
Described in the deed as prairie land,
It sometimes snows in the winter time,
As we are given to understand.

This alleged snow falls on a level,
It's said, some several feet or more,
And when the wind blows like the devil,
It drifts from where it was before.

"In that way," continued the law reporter, "you get the facts before the public without committing this paper to anything. Under your poem any man who would prove that you were talking about his land could bring a libel suit, and the measure of damages would be what he could have sold it for if you hadn't written it up as a sea."

"Will the other verses do?" asked the doctor.

"I'm afraid not," replied the law reporter. "This business about the storm bird without a rudder, and stranded winds, and milky waves don't prove anything. They wouldn't be admitted in evidence anywhere. I suppose you want to express desolation, but the testimony isn't good. Why don't you say:

In the place aforesaid, when the said winds blow,
The tenants thereof don't go about,
And such birds as they can't stand the snow
Look as though they'd had their tails pulled out.

And when the said snow and winds are gone,
It's found the said land finds a ready taker,
For though they can't farm much when the winter's on,
The property don't fall a cent on an acre.

"There you get your desolation, and your birds, like ruddier swains, and at the same time you throw in a clause which lets you out of the libel by showing that the snow don't affect the value of the ground. The way you had it you would have brought all the Western settlements down on us. Been a poet long?"

"I—that is, I begin to think not," gasped the unhappy doctor. "But can't you do something with the last verse?" "We might leave that out altogether, or we might substitute something for it. The last verse is a contradiction of terms. It's a non sequitur, as we term it in law, and could have no status in court in the event of an action. You can say snowy gloom, or white shade, and as for a glaring pall, I presume you mean the white velvet one they use for infants. I couldn't pass that in, but I might change it for you. How would this do:

"What's the reason there isn't?" demanded the law reporter indignantly. "Don't it tell everything you did, and don't it rhyme in some places? Don't it get out all the facts, and don't it let people know what's going on?"

"Of course it does," chimed in the poet reporter. "That's what I call a good item of poetry. I think you might add, startling developments may be expected, and that the police have got a clue to the perpetrator."

"That isn't necessary," replied the law reporter, loftily. "We poets always leave something to the reader's imagination."

"I believe I'll go," murmured the doctor.

"All right, sir. Come around any time when you've got some poetry you want fixed up," and the law reporter bowed the visitor out.

TURKEY OR FOWL.

The prosecuting attorney in an Indiana court had indicted a man for stealing a hog. The evidence proved that the animal was dead and dressed and hanging upon a hook. The court held that the variance must defeat a conviction as the indictment should have charged him with stealing "pork" instead of a "hog."

The next case was that of a man indicted for stealing a turkey. The evidence showed that the bird was dressed and hanging up in a smoke-house. "The judge ruled that the prisoner must be acquitted, as the indictment was faulty in not charging him with stealing a 'fowl.'"

At the dinner which followed upon this trial a large roasted turkey was the principal dish, of which the judge was very fond.

"I will thank you to help me to some of that turkey," said the judge to the prosecuting attorney, who happened to be the carver.

"To what?" answered the lawyer, with a look of feigned surprise.

"A piece of the turkey—a wing, a sidebone, or some breast."

"Judge, I don't know what you mean; I see no turkey. Will you have some fowl?"

"Well, you rather have me," replied the judge with a good-natured laugh; "but you must recollect that there's a wide difference between a turkey in an indictment and one on the dinner-table."

AN ANECDOTE OF TWO JUDGES.

Judge Whiting was Chief Justice of Wisconsin about forty years ago. Judge Woodlee was an Associate Justice. Judge Whiting was not considered a very brilliant man, but, though his perceptions were sluggish, his motives were always trustworthy. Judge Whiting and Judge Woodlee were travelling together, hearing appeals from nisi prius terms. They traveled on horseback, and on one occasion occupied a room together. Judge Whiting had a very shapely foot (a fact which he was suspected of knowing as well as anybody). Judge Woodlee had club feet (as to which he was suspected of being very sensitive). On the occasion I speak of Judge Whiting was lying stretched on the only bed there was in the room, with one of his shapely feet extending out of the bed. He looked up and saw Judge Woodlee looking at the foot intently.

"What are you looking at?" said Judge Whiting.

"At your foot, Whiting," said Woodlee. "And, do you know, if I had your feet I would be almost willing to have your head?"—New York Post.

A WELL-EARNED FEE.

During a recent session of the Galveston County District Court, a stranger employed one of our young lawyers to assist the County Attorney in prosecuting a man charged with burglary. The young lawyer did his very best to convict the burglar, but the jury acquitted him without leaving their seats. When the stranger who had employed the young lawyer to prosecute the burglar came to pay the young lawyer, the latter said, "I will only take half the money, as I failed to convict him."

"That's just why I want to pay you well," was the reply of the stranger. "The prisoner is my brother, and if I hadn't hired you to help the State, he would have been convicted and sent to the penitentiary. You have done nobly." The young lawyer gobbled the fee without any more hesitation. He says he earned it.—Galveston News.

ANSWERS EASILY MISUNDERSTOOD.

The inundation of 1771, which swept away a great part of the old Tyne bridge, Newcastle, England, was long remembered and alluded to as "the flood." On one occasion Mr. Adam Thompson was put into the witness box at the assizes. The counsel asking his name, received for answer:

"Adam sir Adam Thompson."

"Where do you live?" "At Paradise, sir."

(Paradise is a village about a mile and half west of Newcastle.)

"And how long have you dwelt in Paradise?" continued the barrister.

"Ever since the flood!" was the reply, made in

