# The Great Tontine

by

HAWLEY SMART

Author of "Broken Bonds," "Bound to Win," Etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was in a very somber mood that Jack Phillimore wended his way to the Temple. Lord Lakington had accorded him this much, that his friend Ringwood might go down to Rydland as the Viscount's representative and see Mr. Krabbe, whom Mr. Pegram candidly avowed to be his nominee in the "Great Tontine."

"It is a wild chance," thought Jack, "and I suppose, as such, ought to be tried; but I am afraid it is little likely that Ronald will discover anything that may prevent this marriage. They will show him Mr. Krabbe, just as they showed me Mr. Krabbe, and he will know that it is not the real man; but what is the use of that? We cannot prove it. He may make any amount of inquiries he likes in Rydland, and they will all tell him the same story—that Mr. Krabbe lives in that cottage, and has done so ever since he broke down and became past work. Ringwood will feel sure, as he is now, that all these people have been bamboozled by the Pegrams. But there, again, neither my uncle nor anybody else—bar Hemmingby—will believe us. I declare, if Ringwood declines to go I shall really not be able to blame him."

"You never called here, and consequently never got my note," said Ringwood, as he welcomed his visitor; "I left a line for you. What did you do in Wales?"

"Worse than nothing. I doubt very much whether, under any circumstances, it was possible ever to have done anything. Hemmingby was quite right; I did not impose upon him as the sailor one bit. And yesterday I followed your advice, and went and saw my uncle, and that was not a bit of use either; that confounded old Welsh villain had written up a most plausible account of our interview, owning, with affected candor, that his nominee was Mr. Krabbe, begging my uncle to send anybody he liked to see and inquire into his identity. The marriage takes place next week, and I see no hope of exposing the Pegrams before that, unless you think you are likely to make anything out of your interview with old Krabbe."

"My interview with old Krabbe! What do you mean?"

"I forgot to tell you. Clinging to what seems to be my last chance, I persuaded my uncle to take Pegram at his word, and send some one down to Rydland to see this 'nominee' of him. You must try Ringwood; you are sharper than me, and may detect the fraud, cleverly as it has been contrived."

"I doubt whether I should make more of it than you did; but I will own to feeling a curiosity to see the impersonator of a man whom we firmly believe to be dead, on insufficient grounds though it may be. Still, I have a bit of real good news for you; you will have to see Lord Lakington again, and I think I can promise you that you will find him then quite as keen to break off this marriage as you can wish."

"You speak in riddles."

"Terence Finnigan is found."

"What! Miss Caterham's missing nominee! Are you quite sure it is the right man?"

"Quite. I went down to Portsmouth yesterday with Miss Chichester to see him. She identified him at once."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Jack, springing from his chair, and pacing the room with rapid strides in his excitement. "With a third person in it, their arrangement becomes impossible. It insures the wedding being put off, at all events; and we shall learn the truth about Pegram's nominee before long, I have no doubt. By the way, I suppose you will hardly go down to see him now."

"I do not know; you must remember that I am acting for Miss Caterham's heir as well as endeavoring to help you. I should like to consult Hemmingby about it."

"Come along, then; let us run across and tell him the news."

The two young men proceeded at once to the "Vivacity," and after some little delay were shown into the manager's sanctum. Mr. Hemmingby listened with great interest to Ringwood's story of the discovery of Finnigan. He roared with laughter at Jack's account of his interview with old Pegram.

"I tell you what, Ringwood," said the manager at length, "I have an idea about this. I should like to take advantage of your going down as Lord Lakington's accredited agent to accompany you, and see Mr. Krabbe myself. You see, I knew the old man for many years; and though I have a strong suspicion that whoever they have got in that cottage is not the real man, yet I am curious to see an imitation which is so good that it has undoubtedly deceived many people who knew him quite well. I have another reason, which I have never mentioned to you as yet. When I endeavored to see him, I was very much struck with the nurse who takes care of him; with the idea that I had seen her before, and in a very different capacity. You go down to-morrow, call upon them that afternoon, and arrange to pay your visit about mid-day; never trouble about me; I shall turn up as you knock at the cottage door. As for you, Mr. Phillimore, you will, of course, inform the Viscount that the 'Tontine' is not reduced to a match yet; and, consequently, the dividing of the stakes not at present practicable."

Lord Lakington was not a little disturbed by the announcement the next morning that Mr. Phillimore wanted to see him. He felt quite certain that this interview with his nephew was not likely to be a pleasant one. No sooner did Jack Phillimore make his appearance than the Viscount hastened to exclaim:

"Pray sit down. Delighted to see you, of course; but I trust that you have not come to reopen yesterday's conversation. It is impossible you can have heard anything from Rydland as yet, nor likely indeed that you will find these wild suspicions of yours substantiated. Now, my dear Jack, if you like to come to Beatrice's wedding we shall be very pleased to see you; if, on the contrary, you think fit to feel aggrieved, very well, stay away; but once for all, be good enough to understand that I decline al further discussion on the subject."

"As far as discussion goes, certainly not, unless you like," replied Jack. "I have only come down this morning to put you in possession of a fact, not a suspicion, mind, and to point out the difference that that fact makes in the arrangement between you and Mr. Pegram. What I have to tell you is this. The nominee of the late Miss Caterham, who has been so long missing, has been found; is alive, tolerably well, and in no immediate danger of dying. Miss Chichester herself can tell you that she saw Finnigan alive forty-eight hours ago, and either Mr. Ringwood or Mr. Carbuckle could tell you that the result of his being alive is as I say."

"This makes a difference," exclaimed the Viscount; "that fellow Pegram always assured me Miss Caterham's nominee was dead. It is not likely that Beatrice would marry into that sort of family if there was any doubt about the settlements being all right"

"Then I suppose you will write by to-night's post to Rydland to inform them of this discovery, and that, in consequence the engagement must be regarded as completely at an end."

"Certainly; that is, if Beatrice consents. I must of course consult her, and be guided by her wishes."

"Exactly," rejoined Jack, falling into the humor of his noble kinsman, and assisting him in the belief that he was a model father, whose first care was his wish to talk matters over with Trixie as daughter's happiness. "You no doubt wish to talk matters over with Trixie as soon as possible, so I will get out of the way."

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr. Pegram was slightly disconcerted at not receiving a letter from Lord Lakington by return of post, in answer to the one which he had written detailing the account of Jack Phillimore's visit to Rydland; but he was made still further uneasy by receiving a visit in the afternoon from Mr. Ringwood, who explained that he came as Lord Lakington's accredited agent to see Mr. Krabbe, and make a few inquiries concerning him.

"I am bound to mention, Mr. Pegram," said Ringwood, in the course of conversation, "that Lord Lakington would never have dreamt of sending me down here on such an errand if you had not yourself proposed it. I will, with your permission, just call upon Mr. Krabbe to-morrow morning, and that will, I think, be quite sufficient."

"Pray do not think you want permission from me," rejoined the old lawyer. "Anybody is welcome to call upon the old man whenever they please."

So it was all settled as Ringwood proposed, although Mr. Pegram was secretly dissatisfied that the Viscount should have taken him at his word. He had calculated on a chivalrous reply from Lord Lakington, to the effect that he could not insult him by thinking of such a thing as sending down an agent to make the inquiry he courted. However, he was not a whit dismayed at any result that was likely to attend Ringwood's investigation.

Ringwood's inquiries had, as he expected, led to nothing. That old Mr. Krabbe lived as a pensioner of the Pegrams in a little cottage just off the Llanbarlym Road was evidently firmly believed by the good people of Rydland. That anybody should be personating the ex-clerk had never been hinted at in the town. He had no difficulty in finding the cottage, and it was not till he was about to rap at the door that a quick step upon the gravel walk behind him made him pause, and he saw Sam Hemmingby by his side.

"I got into Rydland late last night, and I do not think a soul I knew saw me slink in here. I came across country most of the way, for fear of meeting any one, and have been skulking behind the hedge for the last houh. I saw Bob Pegram go in by the back way about half an hour ago; he is come, I suppose, to warn this old counterfeit to get ready for you, and to keep an eye upon him while he plays his part."

At this moment the door was opened by Mrs. Clark, who was, at first, most palpably disconcerted by the appearance of Hemmingby on the scene. Recovering her composure after a few seconds, she ushered them into the little parlor, and addressing herself to Ringwood somewhat pointedly, explained in a low voice that Mr. Krabbe would have finished dressing in a few minutes, and see them if they would sit down and wait.

"Where have I seen that woman before?" muttered the manager, as Mrs. Clark left the room. "I am more convinced than ever that I have seen her before, and that she knows me. It is just the way she went on the last time I was here—would not look at me, nor speak to me more than she was positively compelled. You'll see."

"You think she is afraid of your recognizing her?"

"Just so; and it was the hope that I should do so prompted me chiefly to volunteer accompanying you in this visit."

At this juncture the same decrepit wreck of humanity that Jack Phillimore had seen tottered into the room, supported by the nurse on one side and his stick on the other. Pausing as soon as he had advanced three or four steps, he pointed with his stick at his visitors, and turning to Mrc. Clark, exclaimed, in a piping treble:

"Tell them to go away."

Forced to reply in some fashion, the nurse raised her voice and shouted into the octogenarian's ear:

"These gentlemen have come all the way from London to ask after you; won't you say 'How do you do' to them?"

But the old gentleman only replied by incoherent mutterings, in which objurgations, such as, "a pack of prying fools," seemed mingled with querulous complaints as to the scarcity of sunlight in these days as compared with those of his youth.

Hemmingby eyed the old man narrowly while the nurse busied herself in adjusting his cushions, wraps, etc., and crossing the room rapidly, held out his hand and exclaimed:

"How do you do, Mr. Krabbe?"

The old gentleman looked at him for a few seconds, then muttering sulkily that Hemmingby had got between him and the fire, nestled sullenly down amongst his cushions.

"It is wonderfully like the real article," said Hemmingby in a low voice, as he resumed his seat by Ringwood. "In spite of my doubts, I would not venture as yet to swear that he is not the real man."

Ringwood's hopes rather fell at this announcement. He had fully expected to hear the manager pronounce Mr. Krabbe an impostor as soon as he had had a look at him; while Hemmingby's strong impression, that he should, after a little, recognize the nurse, he had taken slight heed of.

"I am afraid, gentlemen, you will get little out of him to-day. He is very deaf, as you may see, at the best of times; and when he is out of temper, as is the case just now, he simply won't hear."

(To be continued.)

### A Manufactured Climate.

The gardeners of Paris get their products on the market weeks before the regular season for them. This forcing of nature is described by Ernest Poole in Success Magazine:

The secret is simply this: The French maraichers have manufactured a climate to suit them. As one observer has said, "They have moved the climate of Monte Carlo up to the suburbs of Paris."

Some new prodigy of modern science, this? Not at all. Only enormous expense in money and in time. The gardens, whenever possible, are placed on land with a slope to the south, and are well protected by walls on the north and east, walls built to reflect light as well as to give protection from the northeast winds. The ground is practically covered with glass, not as in a greenhouse, but by glass frames in the open, "three-light" frames of uniform size, twelve feet by four and a half; and also by glass bells. These, too, are of a uniform size, about the shape of a chapel bell, a little less than seventeen inches in diameter, and from fourteen to fifteen inches high. The French call them cloches. You may often see over a thousand frames and over ten thousand glass bells in one two-acre plot in the suburbs of Paris.

A more recent innovation is the employment of hot-water pipes run under the soil, making of the earth a veritable steam-heated hotel, with this essential difference, that the hotel keeper here is desperately eager, not to keep his guests, but to persuade them to leave on the earliest possible day.

### Why Girls Can Not Throw.

Boys from time immemorial have made all manner of sport on the subject of the inability of girls to throw a stone. They suppose, of course, that it is a matter of knack and practice, and that a girl could really throw a stone with as much force as a boy if she "knew how," and threw as many. The best medical authorities, however, suggest another reason.

The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with his body, and the forearm at an agle of 45 degrees. The direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, working every joint from shoulder to wrist.

The girl throws with her whole arm rigid; the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collar bone in the feminine anatomy is one or two inches longer and set ar few degrees lower down than in the masculine frame.

The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl can not throw a stone.—Philadelphia Record.

### A Helpful Allusion.

There were times when the Rev. Mr. Pomfret felt that he failed to reach the hearts of his parishioners. Sometimes he even failed to reach their ears. Therefore he was much cheered by something he saw in the Elton pew one Sunday morning.

"I—I couldn't help wondering, Mr. Elton," he said, diffidently, when he met his parishioner the next afternoon, "what it was in my sermon that—er—particularly caught your attention yesterday morning. I happened to be looking your way, and I saw your face light up, and you slapped your hand against your knee as if something pleased you."

"It did," said Mr. Elton, cordially. "I felt very grateful to you. When you spoke of Simeon, it came over me in a flash that was at Simeon Davis's I left my umbrella the last time I went to town. It's been lost for six weeks."

### The Wrong Spot.

Patrick had recently set up in the cab driving business, having bought out Mr. Cooley and his two station hacks. Before Christmas he had endeavored to make plain to his family what gifts he desired.

"It's small use telling them children things, for they don't pay me no heed," he said gloomily.

"What did they give you, Pat?" asked an interested friend.

"I kept it going to 'em how I was near perished wid the cold," said Patrick, "an' what do they do? Instid o' giving me gloves for me hands, they've given me blonders for me ears!"

### Nothing Doing.

"My face is my fortune, sir," said the maid with the quotation habit.

"Oh, well," rejoined the prosaic youth, "you don't need to worry for fear some man will marry you for your wealth."

Giving money will have no value except we first give ourselves.—Murray.

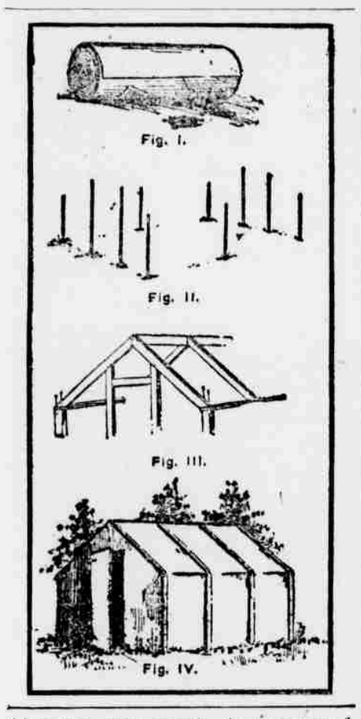
Be charitable before wealth makes thee covetous.—Sir Thomas Browne.

## For The Children

### The Cheapest Camp.

There lives hardly a boy who does not hanker to build a camp—not necessarily in the woods, though that is fine, but somewhere out of doors, where he can "keep house" when occasion permits. In the case of many, however, there is difficulty both in the matter of knowledge as to how to build a camp, and also difficulty in arranging for the expense that would be incurred in the building of most of the boys' camps that are described.

It may sound like a fairy tale when I state that the camp I am going to describe is covered with paper. But wait a moment. It is the red, resin-sized, heavy paper that comes in rolls, as shown in Fig. 1. Carpenters use this paper in their building operations, and the writer has used it to cover just such a little building as is herewith described, so he knows that it is perfectly feasible to make a camp in




this way. The paper is waterproof, and so stout and strong that it can be laid over by a light framework and secured in place by careful handling. When in place, it seems to grow tougher and stronger by exposure to the weather.

Begin the making of the camp by driving stakes into the ground in the way suggested in Fig. II., allowing the two inner stakes at each end to extend high enough to reach and be nailed to the "rafters," when these are put in place, as shown in Fig. III. These stakes may be common round poles with the bark left on, provided they are reasonably straight and smooth, or two-by-three-inch stuff may be used, as shown in Fig. III. This cut also shows how the roof is put on. The side stakes are sawed off at an equal height, and a narrow strip of inch board is nailed along the tops. Strips of board also make good "rafters," and these should be put on so as to bring a rafter under each edge of the paper, and one under the middle of each strip of paper, allowing the paper to lap at the edges two or three inches for safety.

Each strip of paper can extend from the ground on one side up over the roof and down to the ground on the other side, thus giving no chance for the water to get in. But put on the end coverings before the roof, so that the upper edges of the end strips may lap over onto the roof, and be covered by the roof paper when this is put in place. This will make a tight joint. Over all edges of paper nail common laths, as shown in Fig. IV., which represents the camp finished. Instead of windows, make a doorway in each end in the way suggested in the cuts showing framing. Fit a light frame of narrow strips of board to each doorway and cover them with paper. "Strap" hinges can be put on the outside as shown, and wire hooks. Laths can be put around the edges of the doorway and around the edges of the doors. Select a dry, well-drained spot for the camp, and build according to instructions. Make the house of any size desired, but don't try too large a house at first. Make it of the right length and width to be covered by the paper, without cutting the latter.

Canvas may also be used in place of the paper, but this is more expensive.

### The Game of "Celebrities."

Since biography is "history teaching by example," and since intelligent people are supposed to know something about the men and women who stand as representatives of the world's progress, it is always worth while to learn about them.

An easy and amusing way is to play "Celebrities," a game which is entirely home-made, and requires no equipment but a dictionary of biography, such as is found in any of the larger dictionaries, and a church year book, town report, telephone list, city directory, or almost any volume that contains a collection of names.

The leader gives a surname, say "Simpson," and calls on a player to add a Christian name that will complete the name of a man or woman who appears in the biographical dictionary or some current record of celebrities.

The response is, "Matthew," and the player scores a point, Matthew Simpson having been one of the most noted bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Then the leader asks the next player to take the Christian name, "Matthew," which has just been given, and couple with it a different surname to make the name of another celebrity. "Matthew Arnold" is suggested, and this player also scores a point.

To the third player a new surname is given. In brief, the old-numbered players have surnames to which to add Christian names, and each even-numbered player takes the Christian name given by his predecessor, and fits it with a new surname. For each success a point is scored.

But some persons "have a bad memory for names," as the saying is, and in this kind of a game fall far behind. In fairness to them, the leader, after each name has been completed, calls the roll for interesting facts about the celebrity, and the player who supplies a fact scores a point.

The principal of a public school devised the game of "Celebrities" after hearing one of his teachers speak of "James G. Whittier," and another dilate upon the oratory of "Darius Webster." He has taught the game to scholars who are not well-informed, as well as to the teachers who were sometimes careless, and has found that it interested all and did them good.

"Knowledge that is not accurate is not very useful," the principal says. But his game does more than promote accuracy; it introduces players to men and women who, heretofore, had been "less than a name," leads to the study of their lives, and thus provides the students with new examples, ideals and inspirations.—Youth's Companion.

### Shadowgraphs.

At an evening party shadowgraphs are great fun. They are something like the effect produced by those curious mirrors of which you have all heard, which, at any one's merely moving backward or forward in front of them will make him or her short and stout or tall and thin, according to where the person is sanding.

All you need to make shadow pictures is a sheet or any large piece of rather thin white cloth, and a strong light. Suspend the cloth from the ceiling and place behind it the light. Now try receding from the screen and you will seem to be turning into a giant. If you move up nearer so that you are the same distance from the screen that the light is your outline will become distinct, and if you move up still nearer you will seem to have entirely disappeared. All sorts of funny potions can be shown which all will enjoy, and a whole play may be acted in pantomime by the moving shadows.

### Quite Too Too.

"Where shall I meet you to-morrow?" asked Tom of Jack.

"Why," answered Jack, "I am going at 22222222ley street. Why don't you come, too?"

Where did they meet?

When Jack told Tom he was going to-morrow at 22222222ley street, Tom understood him to mean that at two minutes to 2 o'clock he was going to No. 222 Tooley street. Accordingly he had no difficuly in finding him at that address at the time specified.

### White Women at Kabul.

A singular romance is related in connection with the announcement in the Irish newspapers of the death "at Kabul, Afghanistan, of Emily, widow of Henry Simpson Lincoln."

Some twelve years ago a young Indian Mohammedan studying at the Royal College of Surgeons at Dublin resided with Mrs. Lincoln, who was about 70 years of age, the London Daily Mail says. When the young Indian finished his studies she determined to accompany him back to India and left the Unitarian church for Mohammedanism. In the course of time the Indian obtained a position in Kabul as secretary to the amir of Afghanistan, and there Mrs. Lincoln followed him, braving the formidable journey from Lahore to Kabul by horse and palanquin, although about 80 years of age.

Arriving at Kabul, she was obliged to live in the retirement observed by Mohamedan women and saw the young Indian no more, though she was allowed to talk with him unseen.

Her last letters to her Dublin friends told of loneliness beyond expression and of her belief of approaching death. Almost immediately afterward came a telegram stating that she had passed away.

### Enterprising Editor.

A stroke of journalistic enterprise that exceeds even Yankee inventiveness is reported by a traveler recently returned from France. He visited a small French village, and reports that when almost everybody was at work in the fields the local newspaper announced that in the busy season all the important news would be condensed in a single short paragraph, and that the rest of the sheet would be smeared with a fly-killing compound, instead of printer's ink.

In a brief article the editor explained his plan.

"In this way," he said, "we shall be able to give our readers appreciable advantages, which are: First, the possibility of learning all the news of the day in a few minutes; second, the means of reducing the plague of noisome insects which poison the countryside and disseminate many diseases."

A bee hasn't much to say, but he usually carries his point.

## Old Favorites

### The Miller of the Dee.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the River Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I envy no man, no, not I,
And no one envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quote he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three.
I owe no one I can not pay,
I thank the River Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me!"

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be!
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
Oh, miller of the Dee!"
—Charles Mackay.

### The Spanish Cavalier.

A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar played a tune dear;
The music so sweet they'd ofttimes repeat,
The blessings of my country and you, dear.

Chorus—
Say, darling, say, when I'm far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright, sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say to be true, dear.

I'm off to the war, to the war I must go,
To fight for my country and you, dear;
But if I should fall, in vain I would call
The blessings of my country and you, dear.

Chorus—
And when the war is o'er, to you I'll return;
Back to my country and you, dear.
But should I be slain, you may seek in vain
Upon the battle-field you will find me, dear.

### Press Agent to a River.

The editorial staff of one of the popular magazines of New York were gathered in the publisher's office one day in December, discussing plans for the new year.

"One thing we must have," said the publisher, emphatically. "We must have a lot of stuff about water—power, navigation—everything about water."

"Well," said the editor, cautiously, "of course a timely article on the subject—not too technical—"

"Timely article nothing" interrupted the publisher. "If I had my way we'd have a long article every number. We must have at least six in the year. It's the greatest subject going."

"Bill," said one of the staff, "who or what set you crazy on water?"

The publisher looked at him and laughed.

"I'll tell you what it was," he said. "It was a long, lank Arkansas traveler named John Fox. He came in here one day, so quietly I hardly heard him enter. Said he wanted to talk about water, and especially about rivers. I told him to run away, as I was busy. He sat down by my desk and began to talk. Well—he's one of those Southerners you read about, courteous, soft-voiced, the kind you can't shut up and send away. In a few minutes I was listening in spite of myself. He sat there three hours, telling me things I had never dreamed of before about the rivers and harbors of America. Then he picked up his hat, and said he must be going.

"'For goodness sake don't go yet,' I begged. 'I'm just getting interested, Tell me the rest.' But he wouldn't say another word. Out he went. I tell you he's a smooth one! He knows just when he has said enough. Ever since then I have been plumb crazy over waterways."—Success Magazine.

### Old Missouri State Road.

One of the oldest landmarks in this part of Missouri is the old Bloomington road, also known as the old State road. This road began in the eastern part of North Missouri, running west through Bloomington. It didn't run on section lines as the roads now run, but ran as the crow flies. The highway was the main thoroughfare through North Missouri long before and after the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad was built and has a history not well known to the younger generation. Over this old time highway the early gold seekers traveled in ox wagons with their little earthly belongings, going to California and Oregon.—Brooklyn Gazette.

### Something New.

Mrs. Nurich was in the jewelry store. "Here are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in," said the clerk, placing a tray for her inspection.

"Oh, ain't those lovely!" she exclaimed. "I must have some of those! Our cook makes such lovely souvenir!"
—Argonaut.

Agree with people more. It is a good way to get rid of an argument. Besides, the people you agree with will always like you better.