

Carl Bremer's Legacy.

"Oh, my!" screamed Bob down the stairs to the housekeeper, "here's a go! If Master ain't been and bolted along with a young girl, and neither of them ain't said a word! And, with a wild war-hoop, he dived down the kitchen stairs.

Meanwhile the strangely assorted couple were driven to Vinegar Yard; and, conducted by the young woman, Bremer ascended the greasy wooden staircase of the house, in a squall room of which the poor invalid lay.

"Back so soon, Lucille," he said—"back so soon? Ah the world all over! Self, self! I knew he would not come! Even in the presence of so much suffering, the thought flashed across the surgeon's brain, Lucille—beautiful! But Sporge—odious! Lucille Sporge—what a combination!"

"No father, I have not failed," said Lucille, soothingly. "The gentleman is here." The patient opened his eyes with an exclamation of joy. He recognized Bremer and feebly put up his hand. Bremer took it between his own, and uttered a few kind words of recognition and of consolation.

"What has become of that scape-grace?" "My companion when I saw you, do you mean?" asked Bremer. "Is he dead?" "Yes," said Bremer. "The invalid digested restlessly for a few moments, during which he spoke no word. Then he said, "Lucille, my darling, go and buy me some lemonade."

"Yes," said the answer. "For an instant human nature had its way, and the dread announcement brought the blood to bring to all eyes. Then the invalid said—"Will you listen to a dying man's story?"

"I will," replied the young surgeon, taking his hand, tenderly. "Heaven bless you!" said the old man. "You wonder that beautiful girl should be my daughter?" he continued.

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know if contact with a harsh and cruel world has broken your feelings." "Are you satisfied?" asked Bremer. "I am, and then—"

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