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GRANDPA DERRINGER'S WILL.

"I SENT for you, Mr. Denen," said Grandpa Derringer, "to make my will."

"Nothing the matter, I hope?" said the young lawyer, seating himself at the open desk.

"Nothing particular, Denen; I'm not so slim a stick yet but I may outlast some of my juniors, eh! Come, there are pens. Are you ready? Living or dying, a man ought to make his will, I take it; it's a sort of pleasure he owes himself. It's consoling to reflect that even when he is food for worms he has a certain power of dictation over the goods left behind. Ready?"

"Quite ready, Mr. Derringer."

"Now, then, to begin, I give and bequeath to my granddaughter, Estelle Derringer, only child of my son Paul Derringer and Katharine Kew, (confound her! I disowned Paul for her sake; a son of mine to marry a threadbare governess! a Derringer to ally with a Kew!)—I give and bequeath to said Estelle a house and land on Grundy Avenue, No. 99; a farm in Little Grandison, with two hundred acres of meadow land attached; also twenty shares in the Pactolus Mining Co.: six shares in the Slambang railway. Do you know, Denen, they declare a semi-yearly dividend of thirty-three per cent.? No watering of stock there! Fool I didn't buy into it largely; but the shares were going for a song when I bought these. Also six shares in the Cloth-of-gold manu-

factory, fifty shares in the Bullion bank stock, and the silver shoe-buckle with my great-grandfathers monogram on it in paste. It will show that she *had* a grandfather, which she never could have shown if he hadn't been a Derringer. I've worn these shoe-buckles in tableaux, Denen, when I was a young fellow like you, before the other came to grief."

"Yes? Miss Estelle will be quite an heiress?"

"Well, so-so; money doesn't go far now-a-days, when there's so many flounces and furbelows. In my youth folks wore cotton gowns mostly, and delaines for best; and it didn't take a web of stuff at that, nor a fortnight to make it, either. But then I wish to be fair with Estelle; she's bone of my bone. So now I give and bequeath—ready?—to my youngest son, John (he and Paul were always at sword's points; he would have married Kate Kew if Paul hadn't)—so I give to John the insurance on my life for ten thousand dollars, and my silver tankard; to my cousin, Mary Perry, this house I live in, 20 Green street, and my gold watch; and to Mrs. Wheat, my housekeeper, the sum of one hundred dollars, and my volume of Watt's Hymns. And I appoint you my executor, Mr. Denen."

When the will was duly signed, and witnessed by the family doctor, who had dropped in to feel Mr. Derringer's pulse and drink a glass of his port, and the