

HEART TO HEART;

OR, LOVE'S UNERRING CHOICE.

CHAPTER XI. DETECTIVE SMART.

The finder or rather the thief who stole the will, was seated in the back parlor of a low "pubic" in Camden Town, with a congenial "pal," busily reading the document in question and planning the best way to make something out of his treasure trove. He did not clearly see his way for some time, when a happy thought came to his aid, and jumping up, he exclaimed:

"By jingo! I have it. I'll go to my uncle, Detective Smart, and see what he'll say to it. If anything's to be got out of it he's the man to do it."

On the following morning he was closeted with that gentleman, who quickly decided upon a course of action. He rightly judged that the person most interested was the young lady named as heiress, and the midday rail to Marham carried the neat person of the detective to that locality. At the inn he learned the particulars of the disappearance of the cleverant Miss Deloraine, and the long low whistle which escaped from his lips revealed a history of suspicion that foul play had been at work, as the attorney who drew the will must have known a gross injustice was being perpetrated, as he could have borne testimony that Miss Deloraine was the rightful successor of her father's property.

As he had not done so, he must be interested in the fraud; therefore he was the last person to interview. But then, would he not give a heavy sum to repossess the will? But would not Miss Deloraine outbid him? He resolved, as he said, to act "on the square," because, perhaps, he thought, by so doing he would be likely to equally well fill his pocket and satisfy his conscience for a detective has a conscience which can be pacified.

He boldly advertised in the "agony" column of the Standard and other papers for the address of Miss Hilda Deloraine, but was unsuccessful in getting any reply. He then put the wits of his professional brethren to work, and succeeded in tracing the young lady to her then domicile.

It was a cheerless afternoon in February, but Mrs. Grey's cheerful little sitting-room was ruddy and bright with the glow of the fire which flickered and sparkled in the brightly polished grate. Seated at the table, with a parchment deed in his hand, was a gentleman. He was middle-aged, and his closely cropped hair and carefully trimmed whiskers were fast turning gray; but no sign of age was apparent in his tall, erect figure, keen, bright, dark eyes and ruddy complexion. A creamy rosed bud in the buttonhole of his faultlessly fitting blue morning coat and his whole attire bespoke one whose lines had fallen in pleasant places. By and by he rose from his seat, and putting his memorandum book into the pocket of his coat, he asked Mrs. Grey to call Miss O'Conner, as he had something of importance to communicate to that lady; in fact, he had come there that day especially to see her. In a few minutes Hilda made her appearance more than astonished that any one wished to see her. She thought she was quite blotted out from the world's remembrance, and wished to remain so.

The detective cautiously and slowly unrolled the thread of his story, much to Hilda and her kind nurse's astonishment. Hilda could only murmur "Roger," and seemed ready to faint from surprise and excitement. Mrs. Grey soon enlightened the detective as to this same Roger, and giving his address to Mr. Smart, advised that official to see him without loss of time.

A clear, bright morning in February. The beams of the sun, glistening upon the hoar frost with which every leaf and blade of grass was covered, and turning them to diamonds, while it shone cheerfully into the pleasant breakfast-room at the Temple, gleaming on the sparkling silver and priceless china of the breakfast table which was laid for Roger Montacute's solitary meal. It was yet early when the young man, in his shooting dress, entered the room and rang the bell for his coffee.

"Your letters, sir," said the butler, as he brought in the coffee and took the covers off the hot dishes, causing an appetizing odor to fill the apartment, placing, as he spoke, a pile of letters by Roger's elbow.

"Thanks, William," rejoined the young man, and then he asked, as he proceeded to open his letters: "Is Markham in the kitchen? If so, give him some breakfast and tell him I shall be ready in half an hour."

"Very well, sir," replied the man, as he left the room, leaving Montacute to peruse his letters and finish his breakfast ere he started on his day's shooting.

"Now, I wonder who that's from?" said Roger, as he took up a letter in a blue envelope, addressed in legal handwriting. "It can't be a bill; let's see what it's about."

The letter was as follows:

"22 West street, Camden road,
"London, February 19, 18—.

"Sir: I trust you will excuse a private stranger like myself addressing you on a private matter of business, but I have been given to understand that you are a friend of Miss Hilda O'Conner, otherwise Deloraine, and if so, I shall be glad if you could favor me with a call at the above address, to consider whether any steps could be taken to provide the young lady with the means of support she is at present entirely destitute of. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"EDMUND SMART."

"To Roger Montacute, Esq."

To thrust the letter into his pocket, violently pull the bell and hastily swallow his

coffee was with Roger but the work of a moment, and when the butler entered he hastily exclaimed:

"Tell Markham I shall not shoot to-day, and order Wilkins to put Black Bess into the cart, I must go to London this morning and want to catch the 9.30 express."

And before the astonished William could reply his master rushed from the room and upstairs two steps at a time to change his shooting dress for a costume more suited to the London streets.

"Give my love to my aunt, Williams, and say I shall return to dinner," he said as he sprang into the cart and gave the mare her head, who started off as if she too, like her master, had gone suddenly mad.

A couple of hours later Roger found himself in Mr. Smart's parlor.

It would be tedious to recapitulate all the story which Mr. Smart told Roger of the unhappy Hilda's sufferings and privations, and the hot blood of the young man boiled in his veins as he listened to the tale of his darling's misfortunes. As Roger afterward expressed it, he "cottoned" to the kindly detective at once, and poured into his sympathizing ears all the history of the interrupted marriage and the unavailing search for the squire's will.

CHAPTER XII. IN THE GLOAMING.

On the evening of the day which witnessed the interview between Mr. Smart and Roger Montacute Hilda was sitting at a small table, drawn close to the pleasant, flower-decked window, taking advantage of the fading February daylight to finish a sketch she was coloring of the Easter meet of the Queen's staghounds upon the wide thicket near her old home. She was utterly alone in the great empty mansion, Mrs. Grey having gone to spend the afternoon with her daughter and to make the acquaintance of a new grandson, and by and by she began to find the silence oppressive and to wish for something to break the stillness. Her wish was soon gratified, a loud double knock at the great hall door, which was so seldom opened, causing her to start from her seat and hurry up the short flight of stone steps which led to the empty deserted hall.

"Who could it be?" she wondered, as her little fingers sought to undo the heavy bolts and bars of the ponderous doors. She looked out nervously as, the fastenings at length undone, she opened the great door.

A cry of surprise broke from her lips. Ah! not even the gathering gloom of the February night could blind her to the fact that it was Roger Montacute who stood before her.

"My darling! My little love!" exclaimed the young fellow, gathering her fragile form to his broad breast and pressing fond, impassioned kisses upon the cheeks and lips whose lovely bloom had fled. "How cruel you have been to me! Where have you hidden yourself for the last year? But I have found you now, Hilda, and I swear that no power on earth shall part us again! Smart has told me all. It's a miracle—a direct interposition of Providence.

Silently—for her heart was too full for speech—Hilda led the way downstairs to Mrs. Grey's cheerful little sitting-room, and, having stirred the fire into a blaze, permitted her lover to draw her down beside him on the sofa, where, her golden head pillowed upon Roger's breast, she sat in bliss too deep for words, while he unfolded all the plans for the future.

"And, my darling," he added tenderly, taking the girl's round chin in his hand and lifting up her face to his, while his glances of passionate love were reflected in the sweet eyes of the woman he adored, "if we had failed in establishing your right to inherit your father's estate we would have married quietly in London and sought a home in another hemisphere. I have saved money during the past year, and the sale of my horses would have been enough to give us a start in another country, but," he added gravely, "you must pledge me your word, Hilda, that you will not leave this shelter, which, if a humble, is still a safe one, until I return to claim your hand."

The long months of separation, with all the privations and sorrows of that bitter time, had broken down Hilda's pride, and now Roger's tender words found an echo in her breast, and she realized, besides, how cruel a thing had been her desertion of the man who loved her, even though she had done it from a mistaken sense of duty; and looking up in her lover's grave, earnest face, her violet eyes swimming in tears, she laid her little hand in his broad palm and promised all he wished.

A fond, lingering caress, heart to heart and lip pressed to lip, and the lovers parted, Roger with hope beating in his heart, to take his way to his hotel, while Hilda, hardly able to realize the joy which had come to her, returned to her wonted vocation, and busied herself in preparing tea for her kind old friend, whose return she expected every moment.

CHAPTER XIII. BROUGHT TO BAY.

The bright Spring afternoon was waning, and the clerks in the offices of Nigel Wentworth, in Gray's Inn, were congratulating themselves that their day's work was nearly over, when a gentleman, springing up the wide, echoing stair case, entered the outer office and asked one of the busy clerks if Mr. Wentworth was disengaged.

"I believe so, sir," was the reply. "What name shall I say?"

"Give Mr. Wentworth this card, and say I shall not detain him long."

In a minute or two the clerk returned and asked Mr. Montacute to follow him into his master's presence.

Roger found Nigel Wentworth seated at his table busily engaged in writing letters. Much as Roger had reason to dislike the lawyer, he could not but be struck with the marked change in his appearance which had taken place during the past year. His dark hair was thickly streaked with silver, his eyes were sunk and burnt with a feverish lustre, while the deep lines drawn upon his brow and around his mouth told upon his face of a heart ill at ease with the world and itself.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Montacute," said Nigel, rising and holding out his hand. The young man, however, was putting his hat and gloves upon a side table, and took no notice of the other's offered hand.

A sarcastic smile curved the lawyer's lips as he drew a chair to the fire and asked his visitor to sit down. Roger took the seat, and then looking keenly at Wentworth's worn face, asked:

"Have you ever discovered any traces of Mr. Deloraine's will?"

The lawyer gazed at his questioner in unbounded surprise.

"Mr. Deloraine's will?" he exclaimed. "What makes you ask so strange a question? Surely you know that no traces were wanting on our part to find any traces of such a document! It is quite clear to my mind that the sudden death of the poor squire prevented his making any provision for his daughter."

Nigel brought out the last word with difficulty, and Roger leaped from his chair as he spoke, confronting him with his bright, hazel eyes flashing with rage.

"Liar and traitor!" he exclaimed indignantly. "You may spare yourself any further vain assertions. The will executed by Mr. Deloraine, with your name or it as proof that it was drawn up in your office, has been discovered, and is in the possession of Detective Smart, who will see that justice is done to the child of the generous friend whose trust you so cruelly betrayed. I wonder Mark Deloraine's spirit could rest in its grave while you were causing his unhappy daughter to suffer privations and be exposed to dangers almost unheard of to satisfy your revenge."

"Take care what you say, Mr. Montacute," replied the lawyer. "You have no proof of what you choose to assert; the fact that Mr. Deloraine's will was executed in my office does not prove that I was privy to its concealment."

"Why, just now you denied that Mr. Deloraine made any provision for his daughter, although you are the solicitor who drew the will leaving her everything. What a boundless scoundrel you must be. What is your object?"

"I'm not supposed to recollect the contents of every document drawn in my office," replied Wentworth, his face ashy pale and his whole body trembling as if affected with palsy.

But even while he spoke Nigel knew that the game was up, and bitter despair and rage filled his heart as he thought of the consequences of his rash action and knew that he had sinned in vain. Roger laughed a bitter, scornful laugh as he replied:

"Those paltry excuses will avail you nothing; you may be quite sure that no mercy will be shown to you, and you must be well aware exactly what punishment the law will mete out to you. What have you gained by your cruel treachery? You have wrought your own ruin, and the injury you have done to your dead friend's child has recoiled upon your own head."

And without another word Roger Montacute turned and left the room, closing the heavy door behind him with a clang, leaving Wentworth to his own bitter reflections.

How long he sat there he knew not. The office hours were over and one by one the clerks clattered down the stone steps and departed to their several homes, and still the wretched man sat in his desolate office, musing over the ruin of his prospects, a bitter pang rending his soul as he thought upon the name he had always striven to keep un tarnished. But worst of all was the thought that his sin was unavailing, and a bitter, despairing sigh broke from his heart as he thought of Hilda's soft dainty beauty once more folded in her lover's arms.

Morning broke clear and cold, and the chill breezes came in through the open window, fluttering the papers on the table, but Nigel never stirred, but leaned forward on his desk, his head resting on his arm. In this position the housekeeper found him when, at 8 o'clock, she came in to arrange the offices for the day. She was an old and trusted servant, and ventured to touch her master and try to rouse him from what she thought was an uneasy sleep. Ay! call as loudly as you like, chafe the ice-cold hands, try to force brandy between the pallid lips, but it is all to no purpose, and, frightened at last, the good woman hurriedly departed to seek a doctor.

"He has been dead for hours," said the medical man, as, his brief examination over, he turned to those about him, "and, see," forcing, as he spoke, a little bottle, from which proceeded a strong, subtle odor of peaches, from the stiffened hand, "here is the cause of his death; he has poisoned himself with prussic acid."

An inquest was held over Nigel Wentworth's body, and, in mercy to his dead foe, Roger Montacute forbore to speak of that last interview between himself and the lawyer, and as his grieving housekeeper and bewildered clerks gave evidence as to their master's strange ways and abstracted manner, the merciful verdict was recorded, "That Nigel Wentworth had destroyed himself in a fit of temporary insanity." And so respected and honored by his many friends and acquaintances he was laid to rest, and the secret of his wrong-doing was buried with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Fire a Pistol.

It is a peculiar fact that very few men, even accomplished shots, know how a revolver ought to be handled. Nearly all are taught to handle a revolver as if it were a rifle—that is, by bringing the object aimed at and the fore and hind sight into a line. This is all well enough for shooting gallery practice, but should never be followed in the field. When training troops to use the revolver they are taught, in aiming, never to look at the weapon at all, but to keep their eyes on the object to be struck. In quick firing, and especially in shooting from horseback, much better results are obtainable in this way.

Couldn't Decide on a Choice.

She is determined to be a musician, but can't decide whether to make a specialty of the violin or the piano. Has she no positive predilection for either? On, yes; but some of her friends think she looks better standing, and others that sitting is more becoming to her.

DRINKS TO MAKE AT HOME

CAN BE MADE WITH ICE, SUGAR, WATER, AND A FLAVOR.

Every Girl Should Learn This Lesson—How to Make Plain Lemonade—"Horse's Neck" and Raspberry Vinegar—Important Hints for All Hospitable Housewives.

In many a household during these hot summer evenings the guest of an hour sits in a dimly lit parlor or on a rug-covered stoop, mayhap a balcony, and even though the girl beside him is his very best feels a queer dryness of the throat and a yearning for a liquid that is cool. If, a few seconds before the clock strikes 10, there is a gentle tinkle through the hallway, the sound that he ice makes when it swishes through water and knocks against glass or china, then his evening is a complete success.

Every modern girl, therefore, should learn this lesson, and keep pinned up in her knowledge box a list of liquid preparations that can be speedily and effectively made to regale the palate of the visitor. Nor will the young matron or the mother of a large and growing family find this caution and such a list unpropitious. A hot evening needs the sound of clinking ice.

What a woman can do with a pitcher of ice-water, or rather with a bowl of cracked ice, is legion. Until the trial is made it would seem that the combinations are few. There is lemonade, the amateur says, and lemonade. In reality there are at least twenty different preparations which demand little time, little trouble and little expense in their concoction.

There is no prettier hospitality than to always have cool glassfuls of some daintily flavored liquid, to be replenished from a great pitcher near by, and a plateful of some dainty sweet cake. The housewife should look far enough ahead to see that the icebox is well filled. Fresh and juicy oranges and lemons should be somewhere within the cupboard. Nor will a bottle of fruit syrup, of any flavor preferred, be found out of the way. Bottles of soda and ginger ale should always be among the necessary supplies, and at least two or three of each should be upon the ice long before nightfall. And there should be the cork in the box.

Lemonade, perhaps, is the most felicitous thing to begin on. Lemonade is generally either too sweet or too weak.

A two-quart pitcher full will satisfy six to eight very thirsty persons. For this quantity five lemons, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and a quart of water are needed. The sugar should be granulated. Squeeze the lemons into a bowl by means of a squeezer; add the sugar, and stir the mixture. Then add the water. The mixture should then be strained over the cracked ice in the pitcher. To cool properly, the pitcher should have been about a third filled with this cracked ice, and the wise will let the completed beverage stand a good fifteen minutes.

"Horse's neck" is not an attractive name and from a point of art the beverage is not pretty, but it is extraordinarily palatable. Use tall, thin glasses instead of a pitcher. "Horse's neck" consists of lemon peel and ginger ale, theory being that the ginger ale draws out the bitterness in the lemon peel. A lemon is carefully peeled so that it comes off in one continuous spiral, and the peel is then wound up and down the inner sides of the empty glass, from top to bottom. The glass is then filled with cracked ice, the ginger ale poured in and allowed to stand for several minutes. Straws should invariably be used in serving this drink.

Ginger ale alone is exceedingly palatable, but keep the bottles on the ice several hours. The glasses should be half filled with cracked ice.

Orangeade is made with three lemons and two oranges (this being the rule for a two-quart pitcher full), every particle of the oranges being used, rind and all. In fact, the rind is a very important factor in orangeade's success. Sugar to suit the taste and drop in a few whole cloves.

Raspberry vinegar is decidedly an old-timer as a drink and one that has very much to recommend it. It is an old-fashioned delicacy, and for years in rural districts has been the great "company drink," being brought out at an afternoon call, a tea drinking, a wedding or a funeral. Several days are needed to get it to its full need of glory. Red raspberries only must be used. Take two quarts of these, and adding to them one quart of good vinegar let the mixture stand for twenty-four hours. Then strain through a flannel bag and pour the juice over two more quarts of berries. Again let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, then strain once more and stir in cut sugar, three-quarters of a pound to every pint of juice. After carefully stirring place in a stone jar that is covered. The jar should be set immediately in a kettle of water and let boil until the sugar is dissolved. Then bottle for use, before it gets cool, cork and seal and set in a cool place, preferably a cellar. This beverage should be mixed with water according to the tastes of the people who are to drink it and poured over ice.

Blackberry jelly dissolved in water is in many ways by far the best of hot evening drinks. For each glassful served a good, generous tablespoonful of jelly should be used, and it will be greatly improved if just a dash of lemon juice is added. Coconut cake makes a very good side dish for it. Tamarind dissolved in water are a decidedly palatable variation of this, and wafers should be eaten with them. The fruit should be put into the water whole and thoroughly stirred. Let the beverage stand five minutes.

The French have a drink that is very similar to the last two, and goes by the name of "cassis." It is drunk without any other flavoring and is usually mixed with water.

Lime juice should not be forgotten. According to the taste of many people, it is a drink fit for the gods, especially when it is accompanied by sponge cake. Some people prefer to take limes themselves and squeeze them as if they were lemons. A very excellent lime juice, however, may be

bought in the shops in bottles. It is poured over cracked ice and diluted to taste.

Many concoctions of roots, such as dandelion and saffron, are known to old housekeepers, but the knowledge of these must be taught personally, and can hardly be adequately told in print. Food tea is too well known to be described, though many are the crimes of cookery that are committed in its name.

SUMMER SMILES.

The Wife—"It must be bedtime." Husband—"Hardly; the baby hasn't waked up yet."

"Hi, Jimmy, wot's the matter?" "Back's blistered." "Swimmin' or lickin'?" "Both."

"They say Hamey is generous to a fault." "Yes, he is, if it happens to be one of his own faults."

If a bicycle's known as a "bike,"

A tricycle must be a "trike,"

And when winter comes round

It will doubtless be found

That an icycle goes as an "ike."

Belle—"Mr. Jolyer is such a nice man.

He said that I had a voice like a bird."

Nell—"Yes; he told me you sang like an owl."

"Isn't he rather fat?" asked the anxious mother. "Yes, mamma, in one sense of the word. I don't think he can get away."

This world would land in glory yet

And make a lively stir

If in these days we could forget

The mad thermometer!

"Papa!" "What is it, Johnny?" "I read a poem in my school reader which spoke of 'dogs of high degree.'" "Well!" "Papa, does that mean skye terriers?"

Nibbs—"What a perfect poem the count's rich wife is!" Dibbs—"Yes; the count is the only man I know of who can make poetry pay him thirty thousand a year."

She—"Oh, my! there's something gone down my back!" He—"It's one of those thundering bugs, I suppose." "No; I guess it's one of those lightning bugs, George."

She—"Do you know, Harry, father has forbidden you the house!" He—"Forbidden me the house?" "I never asked him for his house. His daughter is good enough for me."

"Have you the 'Relics of Bygone Days?'" asked the young lady, entering the bookstore. "Yes," replied the polite clerk with a bow, "we may have some of last year's calendars."

Lea (sadly)—"I don't know what to do with that son of mine. He's been two years at the medical college, and still keeps at the foot of his class." Perrins (promptly)—"Make a chiropodist of him."

Police justice—"What's the charge against this man?" Policeman—"Imprisoning an officer." "What did he do?" "He walked up to a street vendor's stand and took a handful of peanuts."

Won't some inventor, sage or mentor,

Find that chief of boons,

The wear-resisting, long-persisting,

Non-bagging pantaloons?

Charles—"What makes you look so glum, Harry?" Harry—"Maud Sweetster has thrown me over." Charles—"Oh, I wouldn't mind that; a woman never hits where she means to when she throws."

Patient—"How can I reduce my weight?" Doctor—"You should have something to do. Something to keep your mind busy, to worry you even." Patient—"By the way, you might send your last month's bill in."

The perfume of her violets

I never shall forget,

For the florist's bill that came with them

Is hovering 'round me yet.

Mrs. Fogg—"Then there was a man who recited a poem or something. I couldn't for the life of me make out what, but he was tremendously applauded." Mr. Fogg—"Evidently one of our most talented elocutionists."

"Yes," said the girl who was chewing gum, "it is simply awful the way the poor people do suffer this frightful weather. How I pity them! And the worst of it is, of course, that one's hair simply won't stay in curl."

Oh, sweetly tender was her look,

Her hair was bright as gold;

I bought three copies of her book,

And then her glance grew cold.

Young Tutter—"Miss Clara, suppose that to-morrow evening I should call again, and having nerved myself up to it, suddenly while we were conversing, I should without a word throw my arms around your neck and deliberately kiss you—what would you do?" Miss Pinkerly—"Oh, Mr. Tutter, don't ask me to look so far ahead."

Paying a Hotel Bill in Japan.

Canon Tristram, in the Leisure Hour, gives an amusing account of settling his hotel bill in Japan. "The final reckoning with our host," says the Canon, "was to me a most amusing illustration of the national courtesies. Mr. Kanaya acted as though the production of his bill were the most painful effort, and at length reluctantly brought it forth, consisting of a number of Chinese scrawls on strips of tissue paper. On bended knees and forehead touching the mat, did my friend push it forward, I, bowing as well as my stiff Western back would permit me, placed the proper sum, wrapped in thin white paper, before him, for nothing is white illbred than to hand coin without its being wrapped in paper. Again it was received with bowing, low, lower, lowest; but it is always the rule of politeness to pay something more than the bill—in fact, to pay a hotel bill net would be considered an insult, or, at least, a mark of great dissatisfaction. Therefore, wrapping a yen (dollar) in white paper, I added it with low bows. It was returned with lower, and finally pressed upon the host with still more profound inclinations, and was at length duly and gratefully received. The bright little waiting maid received her yen with the same show of modest reluctance."