

## LOVE AND WEATHER.

When, in the budding of the year,  
To her of love I chanced to sigh;  
"Tis spring," she whispered in my ear,  
"You'll feel much better by and by."

And when, in summer's golden hours,  
I said my heart was all aglow,  
She smiled as sweetly as the flow'r's  
And murmured: "Summer, don't you know?"

And later, when the leaves fell down,  
And I rehearsed my heartfeet tale,  
She said, but with a little frown:  
"The day is dull and you are pale."

I sadly waited. Christmas came,  
And with the bells my love I told;  
Said she: "This wintry night's to blame,  
I'm sure you're suffering from the cold."

Oh, grant ye powers of destiny,  
That she and I may meet together,  
In some strange land that's fair to see,  
But wholly destitute of weather!

—A. C. Gahan, in N. Y. Sun



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## CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

"In her haste to secure these important documents the woman had overlooked another letter which, lying on the desk sealed and directed, was found by the lawyer when he called a few hours later. This letter was addressed to a lady in New York with whom Annie's adoptive mother had long been acquainted, asking her to assume the guardianship of the young girl. The lawyer posted the letter immediately, and in answer to it an elderly lady came down to the villa on the day of the funeral, to signify her willingness to grant her late friend's dying request. With this new guardian Annie Dupont went to New York, where she remained until her marriage five years later.

"Inquiry naturally arose as to the disposition which the lady had made of her property. As there was no will to be found, the estate passed through the hands of administrators appointed by

A cool little smile passed over North's face as he noted her agitation; and yet, with all his coolness, faint thrill of excitement ran along his nerves as he contemplated the scene now at hand.

Rising deliberately he drew himself up to his full height; then turning slowly around he found himself face to face with the person who had just entered the room.

A few paces distant the latter stood—a gentleman in a long ulster which was unfastened and thrown back, revealing an elegant toilet beneath. This gentleman was in personal appearance the perfect counterpart of Allan North; there was the same tall, slender figure, the same proudly-poised head with clustering auburn curls, the same keen, dark-gray eyes, clear-cut features, sweeping dark mustache; only in the more delicate variations of expression could a subtle difference be traced. One might well be amazed by their remarkable resemblance as they stood thus silently face to face, looking at each other.

Miss Hilary, no less agitated than Mrs. Maynard, stood with eyes fixed in anxious suspense upon Allan's calm, grave countenance; while Williams, forgetting himself in the excitement of the moment, was hovering in the doorway with uplifted hands, gazing at the two gentlemen in open-mouthed astonishment.

One moment went by in absolute silence—a moment full of dramatic interest to every member of that little group.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Duke—Stay, stand apart—I know not which is which.—Comedy of Errors.

Cleo.—Since my lord  
Is Anthony again I will be Cleopatra.—Anthony and Cleopatra.

"Well, Ollin!"

"You, Allan?"

These two greetings, the former uttered in calm, deliberate tones, the latter in accents of keen amazement, broke the silence simultaneously; then the newcomer, with a curious blushing of expression in his countenance,



"WELL, OLLIN!" "YOU, ALLAN?"

stepped forward hastily, and grasping North's hand continued in the same incredulous tones:

"Allan North! Well, by all that's astonishing, how came you here? I never should have dreamed of such a thing! Here in X—, and at Mrs. Maynard's! How does it come? What does it mean? Speak, some one, and explain this mystery!"

"What does it mean?" echoed Mrs. Maynard excitedly, as she looked from one to the other in growing perplexity.

"You are the very same—and yet not the same! What strange mystery, what wonderful coincidence, what unfortunate complication can this be?"

"It is simply, Mrs. Maynard," interposed Allan with assumed lightness, "the closing scene of the little comedy of errors that we have been playing; or perhaps my brother will be disposed to call the piece 'My Double, and How He Undid Me.' Can it be possible, Ollin," turning to that gentleman, "that you have never told Mrs. Maynard about your twin brother, and our remarkable resemblance to each other?"

A quick exclamation fell from Mrs. Maynard's lips as the first inkling of the truth now entered her mind! Before Ollin could reply to his brother's question she exclaimed to Allan:

"Is it possible that you have been deceiving me—personating your brother? Oh, dreadful! Why did I not suspect that there was something wrong? And yet, you were so like him—and you knew all about my business affairs—oh, I cannot understand it at all!" and she stopped short, once more baffled by her mystery confronting her.

Could he have had the faintest realization of the cruelty of these words, he would have cut off his right hand

It was now Ollin's turn. His mind

rather than 'have uttered them. Mrs. Maynard rose slowly, looking at him with a strange expression which, like the dead calm of her manner, seemed but the prelude to a storm of passion. When she spoke she knew not what impulse lay behind the words; she only dimly comprehended that what she would have said remained unspoken, while the thought that she would have buried in her heart found a passionate utterance.

"You wish me happiness, Mr. North?" she repeated slowly, in tones that would have been overwhelming had he been conscious of deserving the scorn that they contained. "I thank you! Why should I not be happy? If heart and conscience condemn us not, then happiness is within the reach, of all; to these silent mentors I command you, now and hereafter!"

Then it was that a perception of his blunder came over North, and he started up with an impulsive protestation on his lips, when suddenly a voice was heard in the hall, speaking to Williams in sharp, imperative tone; then the drawing-room portiere was swept aside and a hasty step crossed the threshold.

Mrs. Maynard, who was directly facing the door, looked up quickly to see who had entered. North, who was partially turned away from the door, sank back in his chair and looked quickly at Mrs. Maynard.

He saw her start violently, while the frozen lifelessness of her manner gave place to sudden alert amazement. An inarticulate cry broke from her lips; then she stood transfixed, gazing straight ahead as if she beheld an apparition from another world.

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"So far as this matter rests between ourselves, Allan, it can wait, of course. But now pray tell me, if I may ask, how did you happen to come to X—?"

"I came on a professional errand, Noll. I am here as the authorized representative of Messrs. Hunter and Ketchum, of New York."

"Hunter and Ketchum? How—why—are you associated with them, Allan? In what case, pray?"

"The same in which you are so deeply concerned—the Dunkirk will case."

He spoke these last words in a significant tone, looking searchingly at his brother to see what effect they would produce. His expectation was not fulfilled. There was no confusion, no guilty consciousness in Ollin's face as he answered; only a genuine surprise and amusement.

"The Dunkirk will case? By Jove, Allan, that is a coincidence! And so we've been at opposite ends of this case all this time? Pray tell me, what particular point have you been at work upon here? I say, Al, haven't you been rather reconnoitering the enemy's camp? Come, now, old fellow, own up!"

"I will tell you fully about that hereafter, Noll," said his brother, flushing a little under the laughing accusation.

"Oh, very well. Since the Dunkirk will case has been introduced, I have a word to say on that subject which I shall proceed to say now, as Allan utterly refuses to talk!" exclaimed Ollin, turning to Mrs. Maynard with sudden animation.

"Of course my brother, being duly informed on that point, through his own connection with the case, must have told you about the late awkward developments in regard to that will. And right here," he added, quickly, "allow me to explain why you never heard about it from me. The night before I left home, having made an unsuccessful attempt to call upon you, I wrote you, stating briefly how matters stood in New York, and advising you of my proposed absence, though not entering into any explanation of the object of this hastily-projected trip. Now I give you my word that I solemnly believed I had mailed that letter, along with several business letters that I wrote at the same time; but it now transpires that I did nothing of the sort, for last evening on the train, while making a very thorough investigation of my pockets, I brought to light that identical document," holding out to Mrs. Maynard, who mechanically accepted it, a letter duly stamped, sealed and directed, but not post-marked, "which I hereby offer you as an evidence of good faith. And now, to return. I have crowded some very satisfactory work into the last two weeks, Mrs. Maynard, though it has kept me busy day and night. I have been following up clew after clew and sifting all the evidence I could get my hands on and the consequence is, I have finally discovered the whole truth in regard to that forgery. Isn't that a sufficient cause for self-congratulation?"

Allan started perceptibly at these words, as he exchanged a flashing glance with Mrs. Maynard. Ollin was too wholly absorbed in his own thoughts to notice this at all.

"You see," he went on, without pause, as, throwing off his ulster and giving it to Williams, he returned to the little group who were all eagerly awaiting his next words, "I felt a little doubtful about the genuineness of that will when I found that Hunter and Ketchum were going to contest it. To be sure, it seemed all right enough, so far as I could judge from the mere copy that Jenner sent us; still I could not help feeling some serious misgivings. Without mentioning this fact to you, I set myself to the task of discovering whom, in case the will should prove to be fraudulent, I could suspect. I was not long in arriving at a definite conclusion. That very generous legacy to Jenner had looked rather significant to me from the first, and I made up my

mind that if there was anything wrong about the will, Jenner was the first person to be investigated. Her mysterious disappearance as soon as Allan and Mrs. Maynard, and a very disturbing train of speculations had been rapidly at work during this little interchange of dialogue between

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