

**TALES FROM "BLACKWOOD", BEING THE
MOST FAMOUS SERIES OF STORIES EVER
PUBLISHED, ESPECIALLY SELECTED
FROM THAT CELEBRATED ENGLISH
PUBLICATION. SERIES II, VOLUME II**

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Tales from "Blackwood", being the most famous series of stories ever published, especially selected from that celebrated English publication. Series II, Volume II by H. Chalmers Roberts

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H. CHALMERS ROBERTS

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Selected by

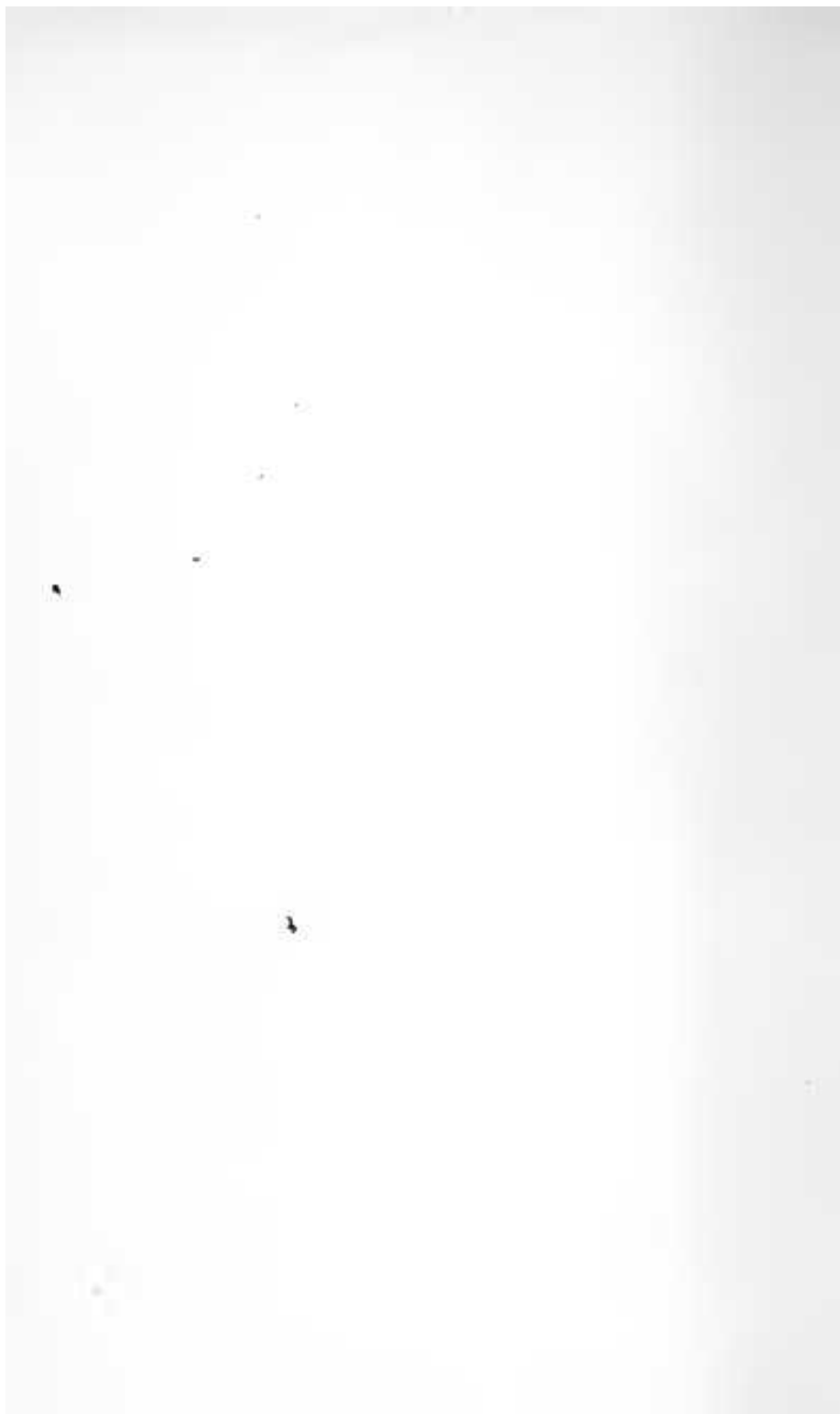
H. CHALMERS ROBERTS



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1905



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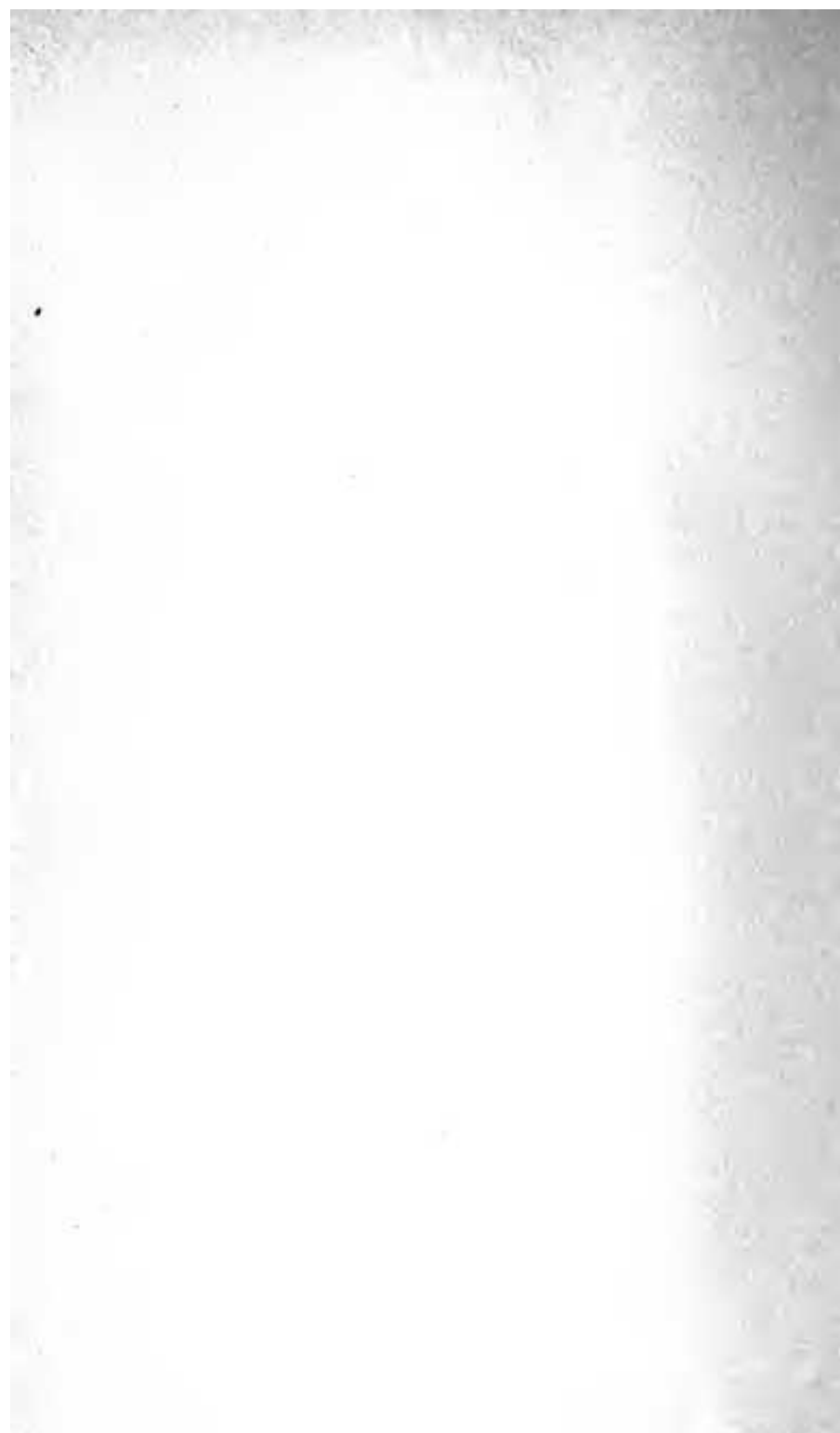
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TALES FROM "BLACKWOOD."

COUSIN JOHN'S PROPERTY.

"ON the 11th ult., at Point de Galle, Ceylon, on the voyage home, John Simpson, Esq., her Majesty's Consul at Tranquebar."

"Bless my life, Sally," said Mr Simpson, almost choking himself with his muffin, "here's cousin John dead!"

Mr Simpson had the 'Times' for an hour every morning (at sixpence per week), and that hour being his breakfast allowance also, he read and ate against time, taking a bite of muffin, a sip of tea, and a glance at the paper alternately; and as he was very short-sighted, and always in a hurry, there seemed imminent risk sometimes of his putting the paper into his mouth instead of the muffin.

"You don't mean to say so, Simpson," said the lady on the other side of the little fireplace.

"Cousin John dead! Why, he was to be in town next month—it's impossible! Where do it say so?"

And she made an attempt to reach across for the paper; but it was a long stretch, and Mrs Simpson was stout, and hardly made due allowance for that fact in her instructions to her staymaker; so Mr Simpson found himself master of the position, and proceeded to read the announcement again, with a proper sense of importance. Miss Augusta Simpson, and her brother, Master Samuel, who occupied the seats at the other side of the family breakfast-table, had risen from their places, and with their mouths and eyes open, and Master Samuel's knife arrested in a threatening position, formed rather a striking tableau.

"Then that Surrey property comes to us, Mr S.," exclaimed the lady, as she left her arm-chair, and made good her hold on one side of the 'Times,' of which her husband still pertinaciously retained possession.

"It comes to me, my dear, as next heir, by uncle Sam's will—no doubt of it." If Mr Simpson intended a little gentle self-assertion in this speech, it was so unusual with him, that Mrs Simpson was good enough not to notice it.

"It's worth two or three thousand a-year, Simpson, isn't it?"

"About one thousand, or fourteen hundred at