Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

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JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXV. NO. 34. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1334.

Business Cards.

W. H. PENTLEBTHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and promptly attended to.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing Office Row.

F. J. KOUSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

VALENTINE BAER, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Justice of the Peace, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug.22-1y

J. S. COLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to his care will receive prompt and faithful attention. Office in Diamond Hotel Building.

M. S. SCHERR. W. S. SETTLE.
SCHERR & SETTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Office—In Smith Cross Street, opposite the Mansion House.

JOHN H. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections. Office in Diamond Building.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Diamond Block, up stairs, Entrance Main Street No. 2. Collections made, real estate sold, title examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. jan1-69

JOHN S. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Diamond Block. feb. 28-76-tf.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Money and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Diamond Block. jan. 31-tf.

PAUL H. MATHER.
MATHER & MATHER, Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Pa. All professional business promptly attended to. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs. jan1-77

W. A. & H. S. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

LAW NOTICE.—Announced to Collectors and Conveyancers the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Diamond building. jan. 31, '76.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office up stairs in Baer's Block. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

DR. J. F. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of all the branches of medicine. Office opposite Charles Kimmel's store. apr. 26, 1876.

DR. H. OECHAKER, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence one door west of the Baptist church.

DR. S. S. KIMMEL, will attend to practice of Medicine, and tender his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors west of the Union Hotel.

DR. H. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Chalfant's Block, up stairs. Will be out at all times to wait upon those who may desire his services. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of superior quality, inserted. Operations warranted. Nov. 1, 1876.

S. N. GOOD, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA. Office in Kimmel's Block.

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Office above Chalfant's Store, Somerset, Pa. In the last 10 years I have greatly improved in the place of artificial teeth to the gums. This enables improving natural teeth. I do not pretend to do anything and everything, but do claim to be as skillful as any person in this county, and can compare in my other place in this county—and I know whereof I speak—and I know whereof I speak. I am now making a good set of teeth for $10, and I think they should be only persons who may be in need of a good set for charge.

DR. G. MILLER, after twelve years practice in Shanksville, has permanently located in Somerset for the practice of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery. Office in Union Street, opposite the Baptist church. Office or residence not distant from office promptly answered. Nov. 15, 1876.

JOHN BILLS, DENTIST, Office in College's Building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa. April 5, 1876.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!! J. C. YUTZY, DENTIST, DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa. Artificial Teeth, so made to be of the very best quality. Lightest and handsomest frames and plates. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me before going elsewhere may do so by enclosing stamp and addressing as above. Nov. 22-72

MEGAHAN & STONER, PLASTERERS, Respectfully inform the citizens of Somerset County, that they are prepared to take contracts in all kinds of plastering, repointing promptly and reasonably. Address as above. Work guaranteed, and satisfaction guaranteed. Nov. 15.

HILL HOUSE, DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA., JOHN HILL, Proprietor. This popular house is prepared to accommodate guests in the best comfortable and satisfactory manner. The traveling public and permanent boarders find this a well ventilated house to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious sitting chambers. jan31

DIAMOND HOTEL, SCHOYSTOWN PA., SAMUEL CUSTER, Proprietor. This popular and well known house is at all times a desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Table and Rooms first-class. Good stabling. Excellent liquors daily for Johnstown and Somerset. march

ZIEGLER & SONS, LARUE H. SONS, Agents for Fire and Life Insurance, JOHN HICKS & SON, SOMERSET, PA., And Real Estate Brokers. ESTABLISHED 1850. Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent, will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sale or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug29

HOMES FOR ALL. The undersigned, in same, offers the public a very desirable home, either town or country property, including farms, timber lands, mineral lands, building lots, in healthy parts of the West, in preference to those in the south, on account of the climate, as well as the cheapness of land. To those wishing to purchase for themselves or others, I will give a ticket entitling the holder to one share in the distribution of the property, for every dollar paid in advance. Persons desiring further information will please address the undersigned, at Somerset, Pa. Correspondence solicited. J. M. WEYAND.

Banks.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK, 120 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA. Chartered September 12, 1870. Deposits received on all sums not less than one dollar. Present rate of interest six per cent. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding once a year without disturbing the depositor or call or stop to present the deposit book. Money loaned on real estate. Preference with those loans are long time given to borrowers offering first mortgage on unincumbered real estate of more than the amount of loan desired. Good references, perfect title, etc., required. This corporation is exempt by a Supreme Court decision from all State taxation. No commercial deposits received, nor accounts made. No loans on personal security. Blank applications for borrowers copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank, sent on any address requested. Officers—James Cooper, President; David Dibert, Cashier; A. J. Rowes, Jr., Teller; John Lowman, Clerk. Trustees—Jas. Cooper, Geo. Dibert, Jr., Geo. Fritz, H. A. Boggs, Adam Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James Moslitan, James Murray and W. W. Wilson. Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. 10-74.

J. O. KIMMEL & SONS, BANKERS, Successors to Schell & Kimmel, SOMERSET, PA. Accounts of Merchants and other Business People Solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the Country for sale. Money loaned and Collections made. jan12

Cambria Co. Bank. M. W. KEIM & Co. No. 266 Main St., Johnstown. A General Banking Business transacted. Interest Paid at 6 per cent. on Time Deposits. Loans Negotiated. Drafts Bought and Sold. jany.1

JOHN DIBERT. JOHN D. ROBERTS.
JOHN DIBERT & CO., BANKERS, CORNER MAIN AND FRANKLIN STREETS, JOHNSTOWN, PA. Accounts of Merchants and other business people solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the country for sale. Money Loaned and Collections Made. Interest at the rate of Six Per cent. per annum allowed on Time Deposits. Savings Deposit Books issued, and Interest Compounded Semi-annually when desired. A General Banking Business Transacted. Feb. 21.

Tobacco and Cigars, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, J. H. Zimmerman, Main Cross St., Somerset, Penna. The best of cigars of different brands, manufactured by himself, of the amount of tobacco used, are kept constantly on hand and for sale by him in the market. One of the best stocks of chewing tobacco ever brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the times. jan26

Cook & Beerits' FAMILY GROCERY Flour and Feed STORE. We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our Newstore on MAIN CROSS STREET And in addition to a full line of the best Confectioneries, Notions, Tobaccos, Cigars, &c., We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the BEST QUALITY OF FAMILY FLOUR, CORN-MEAL, OATS, SHELLED CORN, OATS & CORN CHOP, BRAN, MIDDLINGS And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES. FOR CASH ONLY. Also, a well selected stock of Glassware, Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of all kinds and STATIONERY Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest. Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment. Don't forget, where we stop—ON MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa. Oct. 2, 1872.

NAUGLE HOUSE! Main St., Somerset, Pa., FRED NAUGLE, Pro'p. The proprietor has lately purchased and greatly improved this desirable property, furnishing it with every new convenience and making it one of the most desirable stopping places for business or pleasure seekers in the State. Table and Stable always supplied with the choicest viands the market affords. Larger and commodious stabling is attached with careful and attentive hostlers always in attendance. Carriages taken by the week, day, or meal, on reasonable terms. Trains leaving the Railways supplied with the choicest lunches. July 19. apr1.

New Advertisements.

MARK THESE FACTS! THE TESTIMONY OF THE WHOLE WORLD HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Bad Legs, Bad Breast, Sores and Ulcers. All descriptions of sores are remediable by the proper and diligent use of this incomparable preparation. Description is entirely unnecessary regarding the ulcers the world. Together it is body: for wherever the skin exists a foggy covered condition remains unfortunate to break out with lost for any in a few days. The only rational and successful treatment, as indicated by nature is to remove the inflammation and shield the wound from all contact with the outgoing parts by ointment in plenty of the Ointment of Holloway is adapted to every case and healing properties. Ointment will remove the malignant humors; be thoroughly rub the Ointment well into the skin, and the healing properties will soon heal; warm fomentations under water applied over the affected parts, after the Ointment has been well rubbed in, will soothe and relieve the pain and activity under the skin. Erysipelas is a description of other, hot and swelling, which need not be named here, attendant upon the neglected youth, and for which this Ointment is applied as a specific remedy. In treating such persons care is never idle to restore the system to a healthy state if the Pills be taken according to the printed instructions.

Diptheria, Ulcerated Sore Throat, and Scarlet and other Fevers. Any of the above diseases may be cured by well rubbing the Ointment three times a day into the throat, neck, and back to the patient; it will soon penetrate, and give immediate relief. Medicine taken by the mouth must operate upon the whole system ere its influence can be felt in any local part. In severe cases Ointment will do wonders if alone. Whoever tries the Ointment in the above manner for the diseases named, or any similar disorders affecting the chest and throat, will find themselves relieved as by magic. All sorts of sores from three complaints should envelope the throat at bedtime in a large bread and water poultice, after the Ointment has been well rubbed in; it will gently assist the cure of the throat and chest. To allay the fever and lessen the inflammation, eight or ten Pills should be taken night and morning. The Ointment will prove peculiarly beneficial in all cases of fevers, sore throats, or where there might be an apprehension of the chest, either from asthma or other causes.

Piles, Fistulas, Strictures. The above diseases complaints will be removed by briskly fomenting the part with warm water, and then by most effectually rubbing in the Ointment. Persons suffering from these dreadful complaints should lose no a moment in arresting their progress. It should be understood that it is not sufficient merely to cover the Ointment on the affected parts, but it must be well rubbed in for a considerable time over the skin, so that it may be taken into the system, whence it will remove any hidden sore or wound as effectually as if it was palpable to the eye. Thus again proved that Water Ointment, after the rubbing in of the Ointment, will do great service. This is the only sure treatment for females, cases of cancer in the breast, or where there may be general bearing down.

Indiscretion of Youth; Sores and Ulcers. Blotches, as also swellings, can and certainly be radically cured if the Ointment be well rubbed in, and the Pills taken night and morning, as recommended in the printed instructions. Which treatment in any other way they only eat up in one place to break out in another. Nothing else combined will remove the humor from the system, and leave the patient a vigorous and healthy being. It will require time with the use of the Pills to improve. A lasting cure.

Dropsical Swellings, Paralysis and Stiff Joints. Although the above complaints differ widely in their origin and nature, yet they require local treatment. Many in the worst cases of such disease will yield in a comparatively short space of time when this Ointment is diligently rubbed into the parts affected, even after every other means have failed. In all serious maladies the Pills should be taken according to the printed directions accompanying each box.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:

Bad Legs,	Corns (soft),	Rheumatism,
Bad Breasts,	Chilblains,	Sciatica,
Coldness,	Gout (first and	Wounds Stiffness,
Dysentery,	Stiff Joints),	Sore Throats,
Bites of Insects,	Elephantiasis,	Skin Diseases,
Fever and Ague,	Fistulas,	Scurvy,
Fevers,	Piles,	Tumors,
Gravel,	Gunshot Wounds,	Ulcers,
Glandular	Swellings,	Worms,
Enlargements,	Lumbago,	Yaws.
Erysipelas,	Leprosy,	

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the signature of J. Hayhurst, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. A liberal reward will be given to any one for such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same knowing them to be spurious.

Sold at the Manufactory of Professor Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in pots at 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each pot. June 14, E. O. W.

E. H. WARDWELL, WITH ROUSE, HEMPSTONE & CO. 285 Balt. St., Baltimore, M. D., Would respectfully ask the merchants of Somerset county, to send him their orders for NOTIONS, FURNISHING AND FANCY GOODS. during them satisfaction both as regards price and quality of goods. The merchants visiting Baltimore are urgently requested to call and see me before making purchases.

SLATE ROOFS. Those who are now building houses should know that it is cheaper in the long run to put on Slate Roofs than tin or shingles. Slate will last forever, and no repairs are required. Slate is also good. Every good house should have a Slate roof. The undersigned is located in Cumberland, where he has a good supply of Peachbottom & Buckingham SLATE for roofing—the very best article. He will undertake to put Slate Roofs on Houses, public and private, upon the lowest prices, and to warrant the work. Call and see him or address him at his Office, No. 110 Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. Orders may be left with NOAH CASEBEER, Agent, Somerset, Pa. Wm. H. Shipley. April 4, 1876.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO. Merchant Tailors, And Manufacturers of Gent's, Youth's and Boys, Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods 121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURGH.

A HOME.

What is a home? A guarded space
Wherein a few, unfairly blest,
Shall sit together, face to face,
And bask and purr and be at rest?

Where cushioned walls rise up between
Its inmates and the common air,
The common pain, and jest and scorn
From storm of fate or whirls of care?

Where Art may blossom strong and free,
And pleasure fan her silken wing,
And every hidden moment be
A precious and peculiar thing?

And past and future, softly veiled
In hiding mists shall float and lie,
Forgotten half, and unassailed
By either Hope or Memory.

While the luxurious Present weaves
Her perfumed spells starried, untrue,
Sunkiers lengthaments, shape for sheaves,
All for the pleasure of a few?

Can it be this—the longed for thing
Which wanders on the restless foam,
Unsheltered beggars, birds on wing,
Aspire to, dream of, christen "Home?"

No. Art may bloom, and peace and bliss:
Grief may refrain and Death forget;
But if there be no more than this,
The soul of home is wanting yet.

Bim image from far glory caught,
Fair type of fairer things to be,
The true home rises in our thought,
As beacon for all men to see.

Its lamps burn freely in the night:
Its fire glows unhidden shed
Their cheering and abounding light
On homeless folk uncomforted.

Each sweet and secret thing within
Gives out a fragrance on the air—
A thankful breath, sent forth to win
A little smile from others' care.

The few, they back in closer heat;
The many catch the farther rays.
Life higher seems, the world more sweet,
And hope and heaven less far away.

So the old miracle anew
Is wrought on earth and proves good,
And cruse sprinkled for a few,
God-blessed, suffice a multitude.

Susan Coolidge, in Independent.

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

DEDICATED TO THE INQUIRERS IN THE NORMAN TOWER.

CHAPTER I.

Castle Gowrie is one of the most famous and interesting in all Scotland. It is a beautiful old house, to start with—perfect in old feudal grandeur, with its clustered turrets and walls that could withstand an army—its labyrinths, its hidden stairs, its long mysterious passages—passages that seem in many cases to lead to nothing, but of which no one can be too sure to what they lead. The front, with its fine gateway and flanking towers, is approached now by velvet lawns, and a peaceful, beautiful old avenue, with double rows of trees like a cathedral; and the woods out of which the gray towers rise look as soft and rich in foliage, if not so lofty in growth, as the groves of the South. But this softness of aspect is all new to the place—that is new within the century or two which count for but little in the history of a dwelling-place, some part of which, at least, has been standing since the days when the Saxon Athelings brought such share of arts as belonged to them to solidify and regulate the original Celtic art which reared incised stones upon rude burial-places and twined mystic knots on its crosses before historic days. Even of this primitive decoration there are relics at Gowrie, where the twistings and twitings of Runic cords appear on some bits of ancient wall, solid as rocks and almost as everlasting. From these to the graceful French turrets, which recall many a gray chateau, what a long interval of years! But these are filled with stirring chronicles enough, besides the dim, not always decipherable records, which different delvopments of architecture have left on the old house. The Earls of Gowrie had been in the heat of every commotion that took place on or about the Highland line for more generations than any but a Celtic pen could record. Rebellions, revenges, insurrections, conspiracies—nothing in which blood was shed and lands lost, took place in Scotland in which they had not had a share; and the annals of the house are very full, and not without many a stain. They had been a bold and vigorous race—with much evil in them, and some good; never insignificant, whatever else they might be. It cannot be said, however, that they are remarkable nowadays. Since the first Stuart rising, known in Scotland as the "Fifteen," they have not done much that has been worth recording; but yet their family history has always been of an unusual kind. The Randolphs could not be called eccentric in themselves; on the contrary, when you know them, they were at bottom a respectable race, full of all the country-gentleman virtues; and yet their public career, such as it was, had been marked by the strangest leaps and jerks of vicissitude. You would have said an impulsive fanciful family—now making a grasp at some visionary advantage, now rushing into some wild speculation, now making a sudden sally into public life, but soon falling back into mediocrity—not able, apparently, even when the impulse was purely selfish and mercenary, to keep it up. But this would not have been at all a true conception of the family character; their actual virtues were not of the imaginative order, and their freaks were a mystery to their friends. Nevertheless, these freaks were what the general world was most aware of in the Randolph race. The late Earl had been a representative peer of Scotland (they had no English title,) and had made quite a wonderful start, and for a year or two seemed about to attain a very eminent place in Scotch affairs; but his ambition was found to have made use of some very equivocal modes of gaining influence, and he dropped accordingly, at once, and forever, from the political firmament. This was quite a common circumstance in the family. An apparently brilliant beginning, a discovery of evil means adopted for ambitious ends, a sudden subsidence, and the curious conclusion at the end of everything that this schemer, this unscrupulous speculator or politician, was a dull, good man after all—unambitious, contented, full of domestic kindness and benevolence. This family peculiarity made the history of the Randolphs a very strange one, broken by the oddest interruptions, and with no consistency in it. There was another circumstance, however, which attracted still more the wonder and observation of the public. For one who can appreciate such a recondite matter as family character there are hundreds who are interested in a family secret, and this the house of Randolph possessed in perfection. It was a mystery which piqued the imagination and excited the interest of the entire country. The story went that somewhere, hid amid the massive walls and tortuous passages, there was a secret chamber in Gowrie Castle. Everybody knew of its existence; but save the Earl, his heir, and one other person not of the family, but filling a confidential post in their service, no mortal knew where this mysterious hiding place was. There had been countless guesses made at it, and expedients of all kinds invented to find it out. Every visitor who ever entered the old gate way, nay, even passing travelers who saw the turrets from the road, searched keenly for some trace of this mysterious chamber. But all guesses and researches were equally in vain.

I was about to say that no ghost story I ever heard of has been so steadily and long believed. But this would be a mistake, for nobody knew even with any certainty that there was a ghost connected with it. A secret chamber was nothing wonderful in so old a house. No doubt they exist in many such old houses, and are always curious and interesting—strange relics, more moving than any history, of the time when a man was not safe in his own house, and when it might be necessary to secure a refuge beyond the reach of spies or traitors at a moment's notice. Such a refuge was a necessity of life to a great mediæval noble. The peculiarity about this secret chamber, however was that some secret connected with the very existence of the family was always understood to be involved in it. It was not only the secret hiding place for an emergency, a kind of historical possession presupposing the importance of his race, of which a man might be honestly proud; but there was something hidden in it of which assuredly the race could be proud. It is wonderful how easily a family learns to pique itself upon any distinctive possession. A ghost is a sign of importance not to be despised; a haunted room is worth as much as a small farm to the complacency of the family that owns it. And no doubt the younger branches of the Gowrie family—the light-minded portion of the race—felt this, and were proud of their unfathomable secret, and felt a thrill of agreeable awe and piquant suggestion go through them when they remembered the mysterious something which they did not know in their familiar home. That thrill ran through the entire circle of visitors and children and servants when the Earl peremptorily forbade a projected improvement, or stopped a reckless exploration. They looked at each other with a pleasurable shiver. "Did you hear?" they said. "He will not let Lady Gowrie have that closet she wants so much in that bit of wall. He sent the workmen about their business before they could touch it, though the wall is twenty feet thick if it is an inch: ah!" said the visitors, looking at each other; and this lively suggestion sent tinglings of excitement to their very finger-points; but even to his wife, mourning the commodious closet she intended, the Earl made no explanations. For everything she knew, it might be there, next to her room—this mysterious lurking place; and it might be supposed that this suggestion conveyed to Lady Gowrie's veins a thrill more keen and strange, perhaps too vivid to be pleasant. But she was not in the favored or unfortunate number of those to whom the truth could be revealed.

I need not say what the different theories on the subject were. Some thought there had been a treacherous massacre there, and that the secret chamber was blocked by the skeletons of murdered guests—a treachery no doubt covering the family for shame in its day, but so condoned by long softening of years as to have all the shame taken out of it. The Randolphs could not have felt their character affected by any such interesting historical record. They were not so morbidly sensitive. Some said, on the other hand, that Earl Robert, the wicked Earl, was shut up there in everlasting penance, playing cards with the devil for his soul. But it would have been too great a feather in the family cap to have thus got to the devil, or even one of his angels, bottled up, as it were, and safely in hand, to make it possible that any lasting stigma could be connected with such a fact as this. What a thing it would be to know where to lay one's hand upon the prince of darkness, and prove him once for all cloven foot and everything else to the confusion of gainsayers!

So this was not to be received as a satisfactory solution, nor could any other be suggested which was more to the purpose. The popular mind gave it up, and yet never gave it up; and still everybody who visited Gowrie, be it as a guest, be it as a tourist, be it only as a gazer from a passing carriage, or from the flying railway train which just glimpses its turrets in the distance, daily and yearly spends a certain amount of curiosity, wonderment, and conjecture about the Secret Chamber—the most piquant and undiscoverable wonder which has endured unguessed and undeciphered to modern times.

This was how the matter stood when young John Randolph, Lord Lindores, came of age. He was a young man of great character and energy, not like the usual Randolph strain—for, as we have said, the type of character common in this romantically situated family, notwithstanding the erratic incidents common to them, was that of dullness and honesty, especially in their early days. But young Lindores was not so. He was honest and honorable but not dull. He had gone through almost a remarkable course at school and at the university—not, perhaps, in quite the ordinary way of scholarship, but enough to attract men's eyes to him. He had made more than one great speech at the Union. He was full of ambition, and force, and life, intending all sorts of great things, and meaning to make his position a stepping-stone to all that was excellent in public life. Not for him the country-gentleman existence which was congenial to his father. The idea of succeeding to the family honors and becoming a Scotch peer, either represented or representative, filled him with horror; and filial pity in his case was made warm by all the energy of personal hopes when he prayed that his father might live, if not forever, yet longer than any Lord Gowrie had lived for the last century or two. He was as sure of his election for the county the next time there was a chance as anybody can be certain of anything; and in the meantime he meant to travel, to go to America, to go no one could tell where, seeking for instruction and experience, as is the manner of high-spirited young men with parliamentary tendencies in the present day. In former times he would have gone to the wars in the Hie Germanie," or on a crusade to the Holy Land; but the days of the crusaders and of the soldiers of fortune be gone, Lindores followed the fashion of his time. He had made all his arrangements for his tour, which his father did not oppose. On the contrary, Lord Gowrie encouraged all those plans, though with an air of melancholy indulgence which his son could not understand. "It will do you good," he said with a sigh. "Yes, yes, my boy; the best thing for you." This, no doubt, was true enough; but there was an implied feeling that the young man would require something to do him good—that he would want the soothing of a change and the gratification of his wishes, as one might speak of a convalescent or the victim of some calamity. This tone puzzled Lindores, who, though he thought it a fine thing to travel and acquire information, was as scornful of the idea of being done good to as is natural to a fine young fellow fresh from Oxford and the triumphs of the Union. But he reflected that the old school had its own way of treating things, and was satisfied. All was settled accordingly for this journey before he came home to go through the ceremonial performances of the coming age, the dinner of the tenantry, the speeches, the congratulations, his father's banquet, his mother's ball. It was in Summer, and the country was as gay as all the entertainments that were to be given in his honor. His friend who was going to accompany him on his tour, as he had accompanied him through a considerable portion of his life—Americ Farrington, a young man of the same aspirations, came up to Scotland with him for these festivities. And as they rushed through the night on the Great Northern Railway, in the intervals of two naps, they had a scrap of conversation as to these birthday glories. "It will be a bore, but it will not last long," said Lindores. They were both of the opinion that anything that did not produce information or promote culture was a bore.

"But is there not a revelation to be made to you among all the other things you have to go through?" said Farrington. "Have not you to be introduced to the secret chamber, and all that sort of thing? I should like to be of the party there, Lindores."

"Ah," said the heir, "I had forgotten that part of it," which, however, was not the case. "I don't know if I am to be told. Even family dogmas are shaken nowadays."

"Oh, I should insist on that," said Farrington, lightly. "It is not many who have the chance of paying such a visit—better than Home and all the mediums. I should insist upon that."

"I have no reason to suppose that it has any connection with Home or the mediums," said Lindores, slightly nettled. He was himself an *esprit fort*; but a mystery in one's own family is not like vulgar mysteries. He liked it to be respected.

"Oh, no offence," said his companion "I have always thought that a railway train would be a great chance for the spirits. If one was to show suddenly in that vacant seat beside you, what a triumphant proof of their existence that would be! But they don't take advantage of their opportunities."

Lindores could not tell what it was that made him think at that moment of a portrait he had seen in a back room at the castle of old Earl Robert, the wicked Earl. It was a bad portrait—a daub—a copy, made by an amateur, of the genuine portrait, which, out of horror of Earl Robert and his wicked ways, had been removed by some intermediate Lord from its place in the gallery. Lindores had never seen the original—nothing but this daub of a copy. Yet somehow this face occurred to him by some strange link of association—seemed to come into his eyes as his friend spoke. A slight shiver ran over him. It was strange. He made no reply to Farrington, but set himself to think how it could be that the latent presence in his mind of some anticipation of this approaching disclosure, touching into life by his friend's suggestion, should have called out of his memory a momentary realization of the acknowledged magician of the family. This sentence is full of long words; but unfortunately long words are required in such a case. And the process was very simple when you traced it out. It was the clearest case of unconscious cerebration. He shut his eyes by way of securing privacy while he thought it out; and being tired, and not at all alarmed by his unconscious cerebration, before he opened them again fell fast asleep.

And his birthday, which was the day following his arrival at Glenlyon, was a very busy day. He had not time to think of anything but the immediate occupations of the moment. Public and private greetings, congratulations, offerings, poured upon him. The Gowries were popular in this generation, which was far from being usual in the family. Lady Gowrie was kind and generous, with that kindness that comes from the heart, and which is the only kindness likely to impress the keen-sighted popular judgment; and Lord Gowrie had but little of the equivocal reputation of his predecessors. They could be splendid now and then on great occasions, though in general they were homely enough; all which the public likes. It was a bore Lindores said; but yet the young man did not dislike the honors, and the adulation, and all the hearty speeches and good wishes. It is sweet to a young man to feel himself the centre of all hopes. It seemed very reasonable to him—very natural—that he should be so, and that the farmers should feel a pride in thinking of his future speeches in Parliment. He promised to them with the sincerest good faith that he would not disappoint their expectations—that he would feel their interest in him an additional spur. What so natural as that interest and these expectations? He was almost solemnized by his own position—so young, looked up to by so many people—so many hopes depending on him; and yet it was quite natural. His father, however, was still more solemnized than Lindores—and this was strange, to say the least. His face grew graver and graver as the day went on, till it almost seemed as if he were dissatisfied with his son's popularity, or had some painful thought weighing on his mind. He was restless and eager for the termination of the dinner, and to get rid of his guests; and as soon as they were gone, showed an equal anxiety that his son should retire too. "Go to bed at once, as a favor to me," Lord Gowrie said. "You will have a great deal of fatigue—to morrow." "You need not be afraid for me, Sir," said Lindores, half affronted; but he obeyed, being tired. He had not once thought of the secret to be disclosed to him, throughout all that long day. But when he woke suddenly with a start in the middle of the night, to find the candles all lighted in his room, and his father standing by his bedside, Lindores instantly thought of it, and in a moment felt that the leading event—the chief incident of all that had happened—was going to take place now.

CHAPTER II.

Lord Gowrie was very grave, and very pale. He was standing with his hand on his son's shoulder to wake him; his dress was unchanged from the moment they had parted. And the sight of this formal costume was very bewildering to the young man as he started up in his bed. But next moment he seemed to know exactly how it was, and, more than that, to have known it all his life. Explanation seemed unnecessary. At any other moment, in any other place, a man would be startled to be suddenly woke up in the middle of the night. But Lindores had no such feeling; he did not even ask a question, but sprang up, and fixed his eyes, taking in all the strange circumstances, on his father's face.

"Get up my boy," said Lord Gowrie, "and dress as quickly as you can; it is full time. I have lighted your candles, and your things are all ready. You have had a good long sleep."

Even now he did not ask, What is it? as under any other circumstances he would have done. He got up without a word, without an impulse of nervous speed and rapidity of movement such as only excitement can give, and dressed himself, his father helping him silently. It was a curious scene; the room gleaming with lights, the silence, the hurried toilet, the stillness of deep night all around. The house, though so full, and with the echoes of festivity but just over, was quiet as if there was not a creature within it—more quiet, indeed, for the stillness of vacancy is not half so impressive as the stillness of hushed and slumbering life.

Lord Gowrie went to the table when this first step was over and poured out a glass of wine from a bottle that stood there—a rich golden, perfumy wine, which sent its scent through the room. "You will want all your strength," he said; "take this before you go. It is the famous Imperial Tokai: there is only a little left, and you will want all your strength."

Lindores took the wine; he had never drank any like it before, and the peculiar fragrance remained in his mind, as perfumes so often do, with a whole world of association in them. His father's eyes dwelt upon him with a melancholly sympathy. "You are going to encounter the greatest trial of your life," he said; and taking the young man's hand into his, felt his pulse. "It is quick, but quite firm, and you have had a good long sleep." Then he did what it needs a great deal of pressure to induce an Englishman to do—he kissed his son on his cheek. "God bless you!" he said, faltering. "Come now, everything is ready, Lindores."

He took up in his hand a small lamp, which he had apparently brought with him, and led the way. By this time Lindores began to feel himself again, and to wake to the consciousness of all his own superiorities and enlightenments. The simple sense that he was one of the members of a family with a mystery, and that the moment of his personal encounter with this special power of darkness had come, had been the first thrilling, overwhelming thought. But now, as he followed his father, Lindores began to remember that he himself was not altogether like other men: that there was that in him which would make it natural that he should throw some light, hitherto unthought of, upon this carefully preserved darkness. What secret even there might be in it—secret of hereditary tendency, of physic force, of mental conformation, or of some curious combination of circumstances at once more or less potent than these—it was for him to find out. He gathered all his forces about him, reminded himself of modern enlightenment, and bade his nerves be steel to all vulgar horrors. He, too, felt his own pulse as he followed his father. To spend the night, perhaps among the skeletons of that old world massacre and to repent the sins of his ancestors: to be brought within the range of some optical illusion believed in hitherto by all the generations, and which, no doubt, was of a startling kind or his father would not look so serious—any of these he felt himself quite strong to encounter. His heart and spirit rose. A young man has but seldom the opportunity of distinguishing himself so early in his career, and his was such a chance as occurs to very few. No doubt it was something that would be extremely trying to his nerves and imagination. He called up all his powers to vanquish both. And along with this call upon himself to exertion there was the less serious impulse of curiosity: he would see at last what the Secret Chamber was, where it was, how it fitted into the labyrinths of the old house. This he tried to put in its due place as a most interesting object. He said to himself that he would willingly have gone a long journey at any time to be present at such an exploration; and there is no doubt that in other circumstances a secret chamber, with probably some unthought-of historical interest in it, would have been a very fascinating discovery. He tried very hard to excite himself about this; but it was curious how fictitious he felt the interest, and how conscious he was that it was an effort to feel any curiosity at all on the subject. The fact was that the Secret Chamber was entirely secondary—thrown back, as all necessories are, by a more pressing interest. The overpowering thought of what was in it drove aside all healthy, natural curiosity about itself.

It must not be supposed, however, that the father and son had a long way to go to have time for all these thoughts. Thoughts travel at lightning speed, and there was abundant leisure for this between the time they had left the door of Lindores' room and gone down the corridor no farther off than to Lord Gowrie's own chamber, naturally one of the chief rooms of the house. Nearly opposite this, a few steps farther on, was a little neglected room devoted to lumber, with which Lindores had been familiar all his life. Why this nest of old rubbish, dust, and cobwebs should be so near the bedroom of the head of the house had been a matter of surprise to many people—to the guests who saw it while exploring, and to each new servant in succession, who planned an attack upon its ancient stores, scandalized by finding it to have been neglected by their predecessors. All their attempts to clear it out had, however, been resisted, nobody could tell how, or indeed thought worth while to inquire. As for Lindores, he had been used to the place from his childhood, and therefore accepted it as the most natural thing in the world. He had been in and out a hundred times in his play. And it was here, he remembered suddenly, that he had seen the bad picture of Earl Robert which had so curiously come into his eyes on his journeying here' by a mental movement which he had identified at once as unconscious cerebration. The first feeling in his mind, as his father went to the open door of this lumber room, was a mixture of amusement and surprise. What was he going to pick up there? some old pentacle, some amulet or scrape of antiquated magic to act as armor against the evil one? But Lord Gowrie, going on and setting down the lamp on the table, turned round upon his son with a face of agitation and pain which barred all further amusement; he grasped him by the hand, crushing it between his own. "Now my boy, my dear son," he said, in tones that were scarcely audible. His countenance was full of the dreary pain of a looker-on—one who has no share in the excitement of personal danger, but has the more terrible part of watching those who are in deadliest peril. He was a powerful man, and his large form shook with emotion; great beads of moisture stood upon his forehead. An old sword with a cross handle lay upon a dusty chair among other dusty and battered relics. "Take this with you," he said, in the same inaudible, breathless way—whether as a weapon, whether as a religious symbol Lindores could not guess. The young man took it mechanically. His father pushed open a door which it seemed to him he had never seen before, and led him into another vaulted chamber. Here even the limited powers of speech Lord Gowrie had retained seemed to forsake him, and his voice became a mere hoarse murmur in his throat. For want of speech he pointed to another door in the further corner of this small vacant room, gave him to understand by a gesture that he was to knock there, and then went back into the lumber room. The door into this was left open, and a faint glimmer of the lamp shed light into this little intermediate place—this debatable land between the seen and the unseen. In spite of himself Lindores' heart began to beat. He made a breathless pause, feeling his head go round. He held the old sword in his hand, not knowing what it was. Then, summoning all his courage, he went forward and knocked at the closed door. His knock was not loud, but it seemed to echo all over the silent house. Would everybody hear and wake and rush to see what had happened? This caprice of imagination seized upon him, ousting all the firmer thoughts, the steadfast calm of mind with which he ought to have encountered the mystery. Would they all rush in, in wild *dé