The Somerset Herald.

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W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually 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 House Row.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Penna.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 15-ly.

J. G. OGLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—In Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july12

JOHN O. 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 Mammoth Block. feb. 19 70-ly

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

W. J. & H. L. 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.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 28, '70.

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.

SURVEYING,
Writing Deeds, &c.,
done on short notice and at reasonable terms.
Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store.
C. F. WALKER.
Aug 16.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krisinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. E. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House.

DR. WESLEY CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Lavansville, will continue the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and surrounding country. Feb7 '75

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. Operations warranted.

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office in Mammoth Block no472

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST.
Office above Casebeer & Freese's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this county.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge. mar15

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has now permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in his Drug Store, opposite the Barnet House, where he can be consulted at all times unless professionally engaged.
Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 13, 71-1y.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building,
Main Cross Street,
Somerset, Pa.
nov11

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp Address as above. 1612-72

J. E. MEGAHAN. H. S. STONER.
Somerset, Pa. Berlin, Pa.
MEGAHAN & STONER.
PLASTERERS.
Respectfully inform the citizens of Somerset County, that they are prepared to take contracts for all kinds of Plastering. Repairing promptly attended to. Address as above.
Work solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Nov. 29.

HILL HOUSE,
DIAMOND, SOMERSET, PA.,
JOHN HILL, PROPRIETOR.
The proprietor is prepared to accommodate guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. The traveling public and permanent boarders furnished with the best of hotel accommodations.—The tables will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan12

DIAMOND HOTEL.
STOYSTOWN 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. Hacks leave daily for Johnstown and Somerset. mar11.

JNO. HICKS. LARUE M. HICKS
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 to rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug15.

Banks, etc.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
120 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12, 1870. Deposits received of 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 twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book.
Money loaned on real estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good reference, perfect titles, &c., required.
This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts made. No loans on personal security.
Blank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws and special law relating to the bank sent to any address requested.
TRUSTEES.—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. B. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, I. H. Lapsley, Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, Lewis Pfitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James Morley and W. W. Walters.
Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. nov24.

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. jan16

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. 5.

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 choicest of tobacco.—These cigars cannot be excelled by any 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 stay—
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 entire new furniture thus making it one of the most desirable stopping places for transient or resident custom in the State.
Tables are always supplied with the choicest viands the market affords.
Large and commodious stabling is attached and faithful and attentive hostlers always in attendance.
Boarders taken by the week, day, or meal.
Bar always supplied with the choicest liquors.
July 19. apr1

CURTIS K. GROVE. AUSTIN DENISON
Grove & Denison
Manufactures of
Carriages,
Buggies,
Spring-wagons,
Sleighs,
Harness, etc.
Factory one square east of Diamond.
Somerset, Pa.
April 12, 1876.

Miscellaneous.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.
HEALTH AND ITS PLEASURES
OR
Disease with its Agonies:
CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM.

Nervous Disorders.
What is more fearful than a breaking down of the nervous system? To be excitable or nervous in a small degree is most distressing, for where can a remedy be found? There is one:—drink but little wine, beer, or spirits, or far better, none; take no coffee,—weak tea being preferable; get all the fresh air you can; take three or four Pills every night; eat plenty of solids, avoiding the use of sugar; and if these golden rules be adhered, you will be happy in mind and strong in body, and forget you have any nerves.

Mothers and Daughters.
If there is one thing more than another for which these Pills are so famous, it is there purifying properties, especially their power of cleansing the blood from all impurities, and removing dangerous and suppressed secretions. Universally adopted as the one grand remedy for female complaints, they never fail, never weaken the system, and always bring about what is required.

Sick Headaches and Want of Appetite.
These feelings which so sadden us, frequently arise from sinecures or trouble, from obstructed perspiration, or from eating and drinking what is unfit for us, thus disordering the liver and stomach. These organs need be regulated if you wish to be well. These Pills, if taken according to the printed instructions, will quickly restore a healthy action to both liver and stomach, whence follows, as a natural consequence, a good appetite and a clear head. In the East and West Indies scarcely any other medicine is ever used for these disorders.

How to be Strong.
Never let the bowels be confined or unduly acted upon. It may appear singular but Holloway's Pills should be recommended for a run upon the bowels, many persons supposing that they would increase relaxation. This is a great mistake, however; for these Pills will immediately correct the liver and stop every kind of bowel complaint. In warm climates thousands of lives have been saved by the use of this medicine, which in all cases gives tone and vigor to the whole organic system, however deranged,—health and strength following as a matter of course. The appetite, too, is wonderfully increased by the use of these Pills, combined in the use of solid in preference to fluid diet. Animal food is better than broths and stews. By removing acrid, fermented, or other impure humors from the liver, stomach, or blood, the cause of dysentery, diarrhœa, and other bowel complaints is expelled. The result is, that the disturbance is arrested, and the action of the bowel becomes regular. Nothing will stop the relaxation of the bowels so quickly as this fine correcting medicine.

Disorders of the Kidneys.
In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water; or whether they be affected with stone or gravel, or with aches and pains settled in the loins over the region of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointment should be well rubbed into the small of the back at bedtime. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means have failed.

For Stomachs Out of order,
No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these Pills: they remove all acidity, occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasm—in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the stomach.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known to the world for the following diseases:

Ague,	Female Irregularities,	Urine Secretion,
Asthma,	Fevers of all kinds,	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bilious Complaints,	Fits,	Sore Throats,
Blotches on the Skin,	Gout,	Stone & Gravel,
Bowel Complaints,	Headache,	Secondary Symptoms,
Colics,	Indigestion,	Tic-Douloureux,
Costiveness,	Inflammation,	Tumors,
Constipation of the Bowels,	Jaundice,	Ulcers,
Consumption,	Liver Complaints,	Venereal Affections,
Debility,	Lumbago,	Worms of all kinds,
Dropsy,	Piles,	Weakness from any cause, &c.
Dysentery,	Rheumatism,	
Erysipelas,	Retention of	

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYNOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering 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 & Co., New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in boxes 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 box.
June 21, 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.
assuring 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 gives the purest water for cisterns. Slate is fire proof. 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, spires, &c., either in town or country at the lowest prices, and to warrant them. 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 4th, 1875.

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

ONE WOMAN'S ANSWER.

He kissed her lovely downcast eyes,
Her bonny brown locks falling low—
"My heart, love, was not ever wise
To be caught in this silken snare, I know.
Fate seeks us in malicious guise—
The world forbids the banns—and so
Kiss me, darling, and let me go!"

She stood a tip-toe at his side—
Her tawny head just reached his breast—
"Ah, love, whatever fate betide,
Of all the world I love thee best!
And what were all the world beside
If fate from mine thy hand should wrest?"
She drew his dark face down and prest
His lips with passionate kisses—"No
My love, I cannot let thee go!"

"Nay, sweetheart, hear me out," he said,
"Fate is averse and the world unkind,
The way of life that we must tread
Lies dark before us, and love is blind.
Ease, wealth, the path with roses spread,
My dainty darling must leave behind,
To take up the burden of toil instead.
With care and squalor and want—and so
Kiss me, dearest, and bid me go!"

Close she coddled her dusky head
Against his breast—"Nay, dearest, see—
If love were over and hope were dead,
The wealth of the world were naught to me.
But, sweet, were it ever so poor a shed,
And a simple crust earned cheerfully,
With love to sweeten the bitter bread.
We come a life of poverty—
Or welcome love and death," she said,
"If only I live and die with thee!"
Her whi le arms fettered him fast—"Ah, no
Dearest, I will not let thee go!"

GOING AS GOVERNESS.

An open letter in her hand, Emily Fairford entered the room where her sister was, exclaiming,

"Henly House, District of Gaspe, Canada! A coat of arms on the paper. Sounds well, Gertrude, hey?"

"Much good will a coat of arms do you," her sister replied—"the shield of slavery. Do you remember when we were traveling and met the Englishwoman, who said, when she saw us with a copy of Jane Eyre, that English mothers tabooed that novel because Rochester married his governess instead of Lady Blanche? Society ought not tolerate such principles. And you propose going into an English family as a governess. You will rue it."

"Yes, I remember her husband too, who added to his wife's speech his insolent one: 'No governess for me, ma'am; you can't treat them like ladies, and they won't consent to be treated like servants.' Gertrude, I am going to Henley House as an intelligent machine. I'll be objective. I am made to order, as Taine says, and will assume a wooden face and demeanor like a soldier on parade; nobody shall find me out, nobody shall go one inch beyond the limit of my salary, which I intend to earn honestly, thus: 'Have you the hammer of the captain's uncle, the carpenter?' 'Do you go to town today?' 'If the angle of incidence is'—I don't know what. If you please, I will finish my letter."

"Teachers—the modern army of martyrs," muttered Gertrude. "I am glad I am too ignorant to teach."

Emily handed the letter to her, and while she read it, took out an atlas and studied the map of Canada.

"Now here is Gaspe Bay," she said, "and I do believe there are mountains, and here is a dot marked St. Ann, with a number sixty thread of a river crinkling along. Henly House must be, shall be, near this river. The country has a solitary look; I hope they have got a moor and a couple of wolds. What do you say, Gertrude—hath not Talbot Cornbury an aristocratic flavor?"

"Don't be so frivolous, Emily," answered Gertrude, refolding the letter. "I think it is the letter of a gentleman. He evidently gives you all the particulars he means you to know, and no more. The education of two orphan nieces to be continued; himself a recluse; the neighborhood sparsely settled; church five miles off, post office ditto; terms liberal. Well, I suppose you must go, but I am sorry."

"Stuff, Gertrude Fairford. We can't subsist on the husks of better days any longer. Mother must open her eyes to the fact. Everything is wearing out. I am sure the spindle-legs of our tea pot are growing thinner. By constant care, calculation, and measurement we contrive to keep up; but one extra demand upon us and where should we be?—stranded on the lonely shore of pauperdom."

"You do put things so! I am sure our place, the eggs and chickens we sell—and there will be an immense crop of turnips this fall."

"Pah! you are chicken-hearted about our future; and as for turnips, they are a beautiful diet, as good as stewed tissue-paper. No, I long to sit at a rich man's feasts, and not to be obliged to count on the reappearance of meats. 'Revenons a nos moutons, is a saying of painful significance to me; also, 'Cut and come again.'"

"You will have to abate your proverbial philosophy when you are at Henly House. Indeed, you really talk slang, Emily."

"Slang in the English fashion. Here comes mother, pillar of the Fairford dignity, representative of the *has been*."

As Mrs. Fairford came in, Emily made a feint of rattling money between her palms, exclaiming, "Now for a grand council, mother. Sit ye down."

The little family made a pleasant trio. The old lady was filled with the importance of her past, into which everything except her daughters and her home had sunk—husband, position, worldly friends, influence, and money. Gertrude considered herself settled in life, and boldly proclaimed herself an old maid. Emily, too, was long ahead of her teens; they were at the foot of the long hill up which she was climbing, and when she looked down upon them, what a swarming chaotic heap! One episode stood apart, the crowning influence of her life. When she was eighteen she was engaged to a lover who had been the friend of her childhood. He was the mate of an Indiaman, and intended to make one voyage only between his engagement and marriage. It was his last. He died on the coast of Sumatra with the fever. Some Indian curiosities came home for her, and a bundle of her own letters. Mrs. Fairford ornamented her parlor with the ivory balls, and cups, and vases, and was fond of relating their history when Emily was not present. Emily sorrowed naturally and recovered naturally, but never betrayed any wish for admiration or attention. More than one chance was offered her by which she might dethrone her sacred memories, but she let them slip, sometimes with remorse and regret, because it had been in her power to better the condition of her mother and sister. Emily was not a beautiful woman. She reminded one more of a green, hardy, flourishing shrub than a flower—firmly rooted in her ideas and habits, rejoicing in sunshine, vigorous and enduring in storm. She was quite capable of outliving old age, or getting the best of it. Her clear hazel eyes, bright abundant chestnut hair, her firm robust figure, beautiful supple hands, defied our common wear and tear. She was the ruling spirit at home.

"What's the matter, dears, there's a flurry in the air?" asked Mrs. Fairford.

"The letter has come to take her to the world's end," replied Gertrude. "Of course the farther the better for us all."

"Dear me, can we do without her? My dear Emily, is it not hard to discover and define such painful duty?"

"Let us not preach, ma," said Emily. "Look at the air escapes in your black silk! Oh, I saw such a lovely silk yesterday to suit you."

"How much a yard?"

"Only three dollars."

"Three dollars!" Mrs. Fairford and Gertrude shrieked.

"The clerk told me that silks were rising," added Emily. "In six weeks from date we shall be compelled to pay four for the same. I have had such a liberal offer, mamma, and I am going to a pri—palace, where I shall not want to spend a cent—right into the country. Next year we must shingle, paint, paper, and make our nest lovely in our old age."

"You have nothing to wear, Emily."

"If you do not appear with a good wardrobe, those women will sniff at you" added Gertrude.

All groaned in chorus, and were beset as to the ways and means of an outfit.

"I must sell something," said Mrs. Fairford at last. "Old Bendell offered me a hundred dollars for the lot next his, and I will send him word he may have it."

Happily old Bendell followed his summons, and being, as he affirmed, a friend of the family, paid the money down, and the women went to work with a "pleasing pain." It was so long since fresh and stylish garments had been permitted either. With the modest sum and much sewing a neat outfit was prepared, and when Emily on the morning of her departure donned a silver-grey suit with a black velvet trimming, she looked so pretty that she could not resist a sudden flow of good spirits. Mrs. Fairford and Gertrude admired her with tears of love and regret. So Emily rode away from home for the first time in her life, with the world all before her, and her place chosen. At the close of the day she arrived at Gaspe Bay, took a steamer which crossed it and left passengers on the opposite shore to travel farther on the various roads leading to the interior. A man in plain livery was waiting with Mr. Cornbury's wagon. He brought a polite message from his master.

"His master," thought Emily, "and mine too: we are fellow-menials. How these things make us look into the old questions of rights and equality!"

Henly House was five miles inland. By the shore of the bay it was flat and monotonous, but as they drove on, the landscape grew bolder; belts of splendid firs or immense oaks grew in the valley. They passed a lovely gray lake, like a silver cup amidst the deep green, and then low mountains loomed up. In a deep gorge Emily heard the roar of a water-fall; then the wagon turned into a wide, well-made road running through pleasant fields and plantations, and the chimneys of Henly House came in view. It was the only house visible for miles, the country was so thickly wooded. Emily was delighted to see that everything looked as it ought to look. What a letter she would write about going through a handsome gateway, up a fine avenue bordered with lindens, past a lawn, flower beds, terrace, and before great stone steps, where the wagon stopped, and she alighted breathless and intensly occupied with the situation! A man on the steps opened the hall door and conveyed her to the library, where, he said, Mr. Cornbury was expecting her. As she entered the room, Mr. Cornbury rose, bowed gravely, and said, "Miss Fairford?"

Emily bowed gravely too, and stood still. Was this an Englishman of renown, she queried, the owner of so great a place? He wore a rough suit of grey and a shabby cravat; his hair was carelessly arranged and streaked with gray; deep lines were in his face. He came toward her, and she perceived that his gait was uncertain—he limped.

"Don't trouble your self, Sir," she said, going quickly to a chair and dropping upon it. He smiled.

"My lameness does not try me; it is a natural defect, which of course I despise, but must endure."

She forgot at once that they were strangers. A feeling of sympathy, dread, anxiety, and a wish to do something for him, so irresistible with women, swept over her. And then for the life of her, she could not help thinking of her own perfection of figure. He continued:

"It is your Venus of Milo who suffers being maimed, not those whose birthright it is."

She blushed, but frankly met his eye.

"I suppose so," she answered.

And so the ice was broken between them. Mr. Cornbury rang the bell.

"I think Mrs. Cornbury keeps her room to-day," he said. "My nieces are dressing for dinner, and of course you wish to be shown to your own room. Kitty"—turning to the servant who had answered the bell, attend to Miss Fairford."

"Novels are a great deal truer than life," thought Emily, as she followed Kitty to the wide staircase. "Here is the proper frame-work for any drama, though there is no system or method that is not broken sooner or later by a catastrophe."

Kitty ushered her into a room whose windows commanded a prospect which made her cry out with delight.

"This is the famousest place the country round," said Kitty; our folks sick for the old country come here to get a peep. When the Duke of Kent was Governor-General the Cornburys came over. Shall I lay out your things, miss?"

Emily gave her the key of her trunk. Now must her poverty be revealed.

"Shall I dress for dinner?" she inquired.

"Mr. Cornbury likes it."

Emily recalled his appearance with a smile.

Kitty dismissed and Emily arrayed, the latter empolyed the last moments in christening her new garnet poplin with tears. Homesickness assailed her. Her own dear, sweet, shabby old home! Dearest mother! dearest sister! Nonsense! Had not her lines fallen in pleasant places? No remorseles cares or devouring excitements, no biting sorrow, could touch her. A bell rang, and Kitty re-appeared to show her the dining-room. Mr. Cornbury gave her a passing glance as he introduced his nieces Arabella and Aemlia. He saw that her composure was perfect. To be looked for, perhaps, from a Yankee lady.

"Dear Talbot," quivered a voice behind Emily, "on such an occasion I deemed it my duty to make my appearance. The true impression must at once be conveyed. Miss Fairford, no introduction is necessary. I trust your journey was not too fatiguing."

Emily wondered over this small pale woman with an imperious voice. And the dinner, how novel to her! The Cornbury crest stared at her from every thing—the table-cloth, the glass, the silver. She liked it, but thought of the old striped crimson and blue tea cloth at home! The drawing room so pleasant, too—the little tables and shaded lounges, the bay-windows from which she saw the evening sky and the darkling tree-tops. What a beautiful, most desirable thing were riches! Mr. Cornbury read a newspaper, and Emily almost involuntarily remarked as he laid it down, and happened to look at her, that newspapers seemed out of place in such seclusion.

"There!" cried Mrs. Cornbury, "I said so—that you would think us barbarians. And it is true; we are isolated."

"Your fault, Leonora," said her husband.

"But, my dear, is it not best for you? Were we at the capital, could you bear the strain, the fatigue?

Mr. Cornbury shrugged his shoulders; an indescribable expression came into his face.

"My poor dear," said Mrs. Cornbury, "it is quite enough for one to be helpless. Well for us that we have this seclusion." She stopped. Mr. Cornbury gave her a strange glance. Emily moved to one of the deep bay-windows, pained, disturbed. Her lines had not fallen in pleasant places, after all: here was an unhappy family, and she would be compelled to know it. Mrs. Cornbury's pet grievance was her husband's lameness, which she exaggerated. Now she pitied him; now she meekly accepted the misfortune which recoiled upon and blighted her destiny; now it was the subject of an invidious comparison between himself and others. To Emily's horror and anger, she once commented upon the difference between Emily's fine form and his, till she felt that Mr. Cornbury must detest her from being perfect. How Emily hated this woman then, so heartless, so malicious! It was hard to understand Mr. Cornbury; pride was the keystone of his character, yet he submitted to the outrages of his wife. At last Emily discovered that he accepted punishment as deserved. In a discussion upon inherited traits, Emily heard Mrs. Cornbury thank Heaven that she was childless.

"Poor Leonora," said her husband, "the yarn of good and evil is well mixed in your lot."

His face was bent toward hers; she was intent on a piece of embroidery. A peevish frown, a repelling gesture from her, made Emily decide that the deformity of the wife was equal to the husband's. From that moment she entertained a desire to solace him. He soon understood this resolve and was grateful to her. For the first time in years he sought some companionship with her. Necessarily his nieces were included in the compact. "Uncle Talbot," they declared, "was forgetting to be a bear, and learning to be a good pupil." The evenings were passed in the library, where he read aloud or conversed, and in the parlor, where Emily played and sang and helped Mrs. Cornbury with her feeble games at cards. Emily was so much brighter than her husband with the cards that she became a favorite. What a happy, pleasant, satisfying episode! Emily prayed that it might never end. Why should it, when everybody seemed so satisfied and contented, life so affluent in its tastes and comforts? One day when the girls were talking of a ramble in the woods for ferns, Mr. Cornbury asked if he might go.

"How could Bossy canter in the woods?

"Bossy? Are you not meaning to walk?"

"Oh, Uncle, yes; but we thought—" They stopped, and he smiled at their confusion.

"Somebody has thought for you—that I cannot walk. Did you ever try to invent a thought? It might kill you, though, tender things. You are all babies or old women. Poor Miss Fairford managing such an interregnum. But you had one too, I suppose."

Mrs. Cornbury looked severe at this whim of his, and said:

"Dear Talbot, you forget. The girls were kind to anticipate your fatigue. Your spirits are your support, and they will give way. Of course you shall ride Bossy, or have one of the men at hand."

"With a wheelbarrow?"

"Mr. Cornbury," said Emily, abruptly, "if you will give us the pleasure of your company, will you help us about those minerals, and carry the box and hammer?"

His pleased face made her feel as if she were an old woman who had gratified a little boy. She could have patted his head. They started on an October afternoon. Emily feared for the walk down a rough ravine, and suggested that the girls should look for ferns and mosses, for she meant to offer her arm to Mr. Cornbury, and assist him over the wild path, which she knew. She could but see how great his lameness was out-of-doors, how it injured his fine proportions. Mrs. Cornbury was cruel and absurd about it. A loving heart would grow to forget it. The girls came back to them as they sped on and went out of sight. How pleasant it was! The quail cried in the hedge, the tiny squirrel scratched the beech trunks, and the mild winds shook showers of rustling leaves over the path—Autumn's flying seconds from her dial trees. They reached the ravine; up the banks delicate birches fluttered, and gilded the gray air; the roadway was full of rolling stones, loosening from the soil by the September rains. Mr. Cornbury directed Emily's attention to the clouds, swelling masses of thick vapor gathering over the ravine like wind-blown drifts of snow. Looking up, her footing gave way over a loose pebble, and she would have fallen but for Mr. Cornbury. She never doubted his strength or pitied his lameness afterward.

"I know these deceitful stones," he said, dryly. "Thank you for your care; suppose we exchange. Are you hurt?"

"A trifle. I believe my boot must be unlaced." This was quickly done. He gave them to her and then limped on. The same thought struck them, and looking at each other, both suddenly burst into a laugh.

"Droll world. A pebble has made us kin, Miss Fairford."

She wished she could think of something to say, botanical, geological, anything; but somehow a strange silence oppressed her. He continued a moment:

"I may thank you for something besides your care. You have reminded me of what any man may have with a healthy mind, for somehow I have long believed I was not capable of happiness. Yes, you have restored me to an ancient self, when I only had time for a brief glimpse of it."

"You owe me nothing, sir."

"Nothing! Do you not know better than that?"

They turned the path, and saw the girls beckoning to them; but Emily declared she must rest, and begged him to go on. While gone, she meditated this wise: "Emily, look yourself fairly in the face before you address any higher power. Don't fall in a fog of sympathy and follow 'a light-o'-love,' which may leave you in a quagmire. Suppose a man is solitary. Oh! how pleasant to share a solitude I wot of! Emily, you must give up going as a governess—take up another trade, far, far from here."

"What are you thinking of?" he asked, suddenly, returning.

"Of the selfishness of the heart, and that it is time to move homeward. I feel quite recovered."

"Is the heart selfish when it is deeply moved, or when it is dead of its own coldness?" he asked, looking intently into her eyes. "I have lately had the impulse to be generous to the whole world."

"If we look into the heart, we fancy it is affected, so doctors say; questions, therefore, about that organ may make us morbid."

On their return he was silent, listening to a voice—echoing from where? Eden, perhaps. Should this voice be heard, or silenced? Manlike, he shifted the burden upon the next hour, and who can tell what an hour may bring forth? Emily shut herself in her room on the plea of headache. Her pain called into life the old, old memories, and those at this moment were as faded, scentless flowers; petal by petal they fell from her heart forever. Well, her dead knew the way to bury her dead—a womanly task. At breakfast, when she appeared, the tri-weekly mail was distributed, and there was a letter for her. Running over it hastily, as Mr. Cornbury watched and judged, an exclamation escaped her which seemed involuntary, but which his instinct told him was uncalled for.

"No ill news, I hope?" he asked, with a meaning that did not escape her.

"News that compels me to go home at once, Mr. Cornbury." A wall of darkness suddenly built itself before him, with Emily behind it forever—the dearest, sweetest friend he had ever gained. He knew, too, that he must not ask her to stay, nor to return. Ill-fated doors of a hopeless house—would that they could never open!

"Arabella," said Emily, hushing the chorus of lamentations, "I hope you and Amelia will go to to the station to hear my parting sermon. I have some studies to suggest."

"I declare," said Mrs. Cornbury, "I am quite upset. Our relations are scarcely adjusted. Don't you protest against it, Mr. Cornbury. I am really getting used to Miss Fairford."

"She must decide for herself," was the reply.

"But her duty to the girls?"

"Duty has different meanings sometimes."

Emily could not play the hypocrite. She longed for the hour of departure. When it came, and she was shut in her room, a message came from Mr. Cornbury that he would be obliged to her if she would come into the library for a settlement. Of course she must go. Mr. Cornbury motioned her to a seat, which she meekly took.

"Of what do you accuse me, Miss Fairford?"

"What can you mean, Mr. Cornbury?"

"Can you be honest with me? Is not your resolve of departure overhasty?"

Emily took refuge in the conventional.

"I am so sorry to go, sir; sorry to leave so kind a friend as you are, and my pupils too—good girls. But I have never told you how dependent my widowed mother is upon me. Oh, I must go."

He looked at his watch.

"Just so much time to beg the question," he said. "By-the-way," and he handed her an envelope, which she took and opened; then safely counted out five notes, and laid four back upon the table.

"These do not belong to me, Mr. Cornbury."

"A year's salary belongs to you, Miss Fairford." She shook her head. Had not the last moment come yet?

"Emily, I cannot spare my friend. Will you go because of some offense I am ignorant of?"

She moved toward him, and the notes fluttered to the floor.

"I know that you can stay he continued, in a pleading voice. "If you choose to stay, why, why not?"

"Mr. Cornbury," and she offered him her hand, "let us cut the Gordian knot. Do you love me? If you do not love me, I—I may remain."

They were lost in mutual intense scrutiny, each wishing, fearing to know the truth—either way a misery. There was no noise of opening door, no footfall, but they turned and saw Mrs. Cornbury close beside them.

"Yes, John said you were waiting here, Miss Fairford. So sorry"—here her eyes caught the fallen notes. "Your boxes have gone, and the carriage is ready."

Mr. Cornbury was unaware of her wild glance. Emily felt rather than saw the pain in his face. She looked up at Mrs. Cornbury, so moved that she hoped for her womanly compassion, and then she wondered if the world had not better come to an end for them all.

"Good-by, Mr. Cornbury; I shall never forget you," she said and hurried out. He caught her hand wildly as she turned; the ring she wore cut her finger as it slipped off in his grasp.

Mrs. Cornbury followed her. "The nature of the news you have heard precludes all hope of your return, does it?" she asked, as Emily got into the carriage.

"It does, Mrs. Cornbury."

"I was sure that it must be so. The next time time, if I were you, I would keep my salary."

Is Your Note Good.

A Boston lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me two shillings for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtingly a moment, and offered fifteen pence.

"Done!" said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the weighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you say your note is good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good, whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen pence, which the boy signed legibly, and lifting the bag of papers, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow returned, and, producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.

"Well, said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy that will do that is entitled to note and money, too," and giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and a happ