The Somerset Herald.

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Somerset Printing Company,
JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

ED. B. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

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

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 25, '76.

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. 15-1y.

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.

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.

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.

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. 18 70-ly

J. C. 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—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

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.

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. july18

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

PHYSICIANS.

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 Levansville, will continue the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Centreville and surrounding country. Febr 77

S. S. GOOD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
OFFICE in Mammoth Block apr22

Dr. W. F. FUNDENBERG
Late Resident Surgeon,
New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,
Has located permanently in the City of CUMBERLAND, Maryland for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.
Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
June20.

DENTISTS.

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.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street. Somerset, Pa.
novl1

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-ly.

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST.
Office above Casebeer & Frease'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 $5, 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.
mar18

ARTIFIC AL 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. 1012-74

HOTELS

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 supplied with the best of hotel accommodations. The tables will continue to be furnished with the best the market affords. Large and commodious stabling attached. jan17

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.

BANKS, ETC.

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. 3.

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

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK,
120 CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Chartered September 12, 1870. Deposits received of all sums not less than one dollar. 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 Pitt, H. A. Boggs, Conrad Suppes, Geo. T. Swank, James McMillen, James Morrey and W. W. Walters.
Daniel J. Morrell, President; Frank Dibert, Treasurer; Cyrus Elder, Solicitor. nov24.

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 tobaccos.—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

JNO. HICKS LARUE N. 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 for 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.

J. R. MEGAHAN,
BUTCHER,
AND DEALER,
Wholesale and Retail,
IN
FRESH MEATS!
All kinds, such as BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB, SAUSAGE, Pudding, Bologna, Mince Meat, and LARD of our own Rendering.
MARKET DAYS
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Somerset, Pa
Meat can be obtained any day during the week. April 11.

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 New Store 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
Hardware; 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.

FRIEND BROOK.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Thou hastenest down between the hills to meet
me at the road,
The secret scarcely lisping of thy beautiful
abode
Among the pines and mosses of yonder shadow
height,
Where thou dost sparkle into song, and fill the
woods with light.

The travellers crossing the rude bridge, dear
Brook, would never guess,
From thy staid movement through the fields, thy
mountain loveliness;
Thou wandrest among weeds and grain in commonplace disguise,
Most happy to evade the glance of undiscerning
eyes.

But I have heard thee whispering, "Call me by
name, 'Friend Brook,'
For that I am to thee; come up to my remotest
nook,
And I will give thee freedom of the hospitable
hills,
And pour my freshness through thy life, from
clouds and springs and rills."

O happy soul! thy song is sweet upon the mountain-side;
The trees bend over thee, in league to stay thy
downward tide;
The wild arbutus, flushed with haste, trails close
to make appeal
For brief delay, and after her the wet-eyed violets
steal.

But not the white wake-robin, nor the wood stars
on thy brink,
Nor any summer flower whose roots from thee refreshment drink,
Can need thee with my need, Friend Brook; and
never any bird
Can trill such gratitude to thee as my heart chants
unheard.

No; not the wood-thrush singing in the pine-trees'
twilight shade,
As if one half his melody the boughs' low murmur
made—
A love-song eloquent with breaks of speechless
tenderness,
A music heard through thy soft rush, too sweet to
tell or guess.

For then respondest humanly, almost, to human
thought,
Soothing the silent pain wherewith a stranger
meddleth not,
Healing sick fancies from thy clear life's overflowing cup,
And winning flagging foot and heart forever
up and up.

Of thy pure springs afar, the mystery of thy
flow
Out of the mountain caverns, hid by tangled brier
and fern:
A friend is most a friend of whom the best remains
to learn.

New-born each moment, flashing light through
worn accustomed ways,
With gentle hindrance, gay surprise, sweet hurrylings and delays—
Spirit that issuest forth from wells of lifeunguessed, unseen,
A revelation then of all thy holiest friendships
mean.

I will not name the hills that meet to hold thee
hand in hand,
The summits leaning toward the voice, the mountain lone and grand,
That looks across to welcome thee into the open
light:
Be hidden, O my Brook, from all save love's anointed sight!

Yet am I glad that every year, and all the summer long,
Some wayfarers will seek thy side, and listen to
thy song.
And feel their hearts bound on with thine over the
rocks of care:
With such as these, through shade and shine, thy
friendship will I share.

And out of their abounding joy new loveliness and
grace
Shall grow into the memory of thy green abiding-place.
Then vellest thyself in sun touched mists through
which I may not look,
Yet blends my being with thy flow, in stir and
rest, Friend Brook!

—*Harper's for August.*

THE ROMANCE OF A LODGING.

CHAPTER I.

"Where to, ma'am?" inquired cabby as he opened the door of his vehicle to a lady and her son who had just arrived by the evening train at Victoria Station.

"I want apartments somewhere in the neighborhood of Chelsea; drive on until you find them; they are procurable, I suppose?" the lady replied as she took her seat.

"I do hope we may find a lodging," she remarked to her companion, after they had been driving what appeared to her a very long time. The lad made no reply, being of a phlegmatic temperament, that finds speech an exertion unless distinctly necessary.

The lateness of the hour, together with the influx of visitors, owing to the London season being then in full swing, made the search a difficult one; they were about to give up its continuance and go to a hotel when the cabman good-naturedly proposed making one more attempt, and drove down a fresh street. Stopping at a baker's shop on the way, he invited the assistance of those serving, as it was growing too dark to discern the cards of advertisement.

They directed him to a private house in a street adjoining, but added: "The chances are they are let; still you might just as well try, as Mrs. Griffiths has a yearly lodger who allows her to sublet sometimes; perhaps he is away now."

"Shall we chance it, ma'am?" inquired the cabman.

"Do; I am so weary. She may be able to give us a corner for the night at least."

When they reached the house, Mrs. Griffiths—late cook in a nobleman's family, who had married the footman—appeared, and in answer to the appeal, asked hesitatingly: "For how long?"

"We should take them for a week, of course," said the lady.

"I cannot let for so long," she replied, after a brief calculation; "but I can accommodate you for a couple of days, if you please; that will give you time to find other rooms."

"Thank you very much," said the wearied traveler gratefully, as she followed the landlady into a good-sized room on the right of the entrance-hall, and begged for lights and tea as soon as Mrs. Griffiths could make it convenient to send them.

"How very fortunate we are to have found a night's lodging," she said to the lad, who now joined her. "I think I see an easy chair in that corner; what a comfort!" and she sat down to rest, removing some of her heavy wraps as she spoke. "Now at least we shall have breathing time to consider what is best to be done after your examinations are over. I can go in search of rooms to-morrow while you are at them. I wish she would hasten with the light and tea; this darkness is oppressive. Where are you Fred?"

"Here," he replied, from the opposite side of the room. "Can I do anything for you? I've seen to the luggage and paid the cabman, and now am quite ready to do justice to some tea."

They were soon put out of their discomfort by the entrance of the landlady bearing a handsome lamp which gave a brilliant light.

"I've brought you my gentleman's lamp, ma'am; he is away just now; that is why I have been able to accommodate you; for he's most obliging, and don't mind my letting his rooms—this one and the one inside behind the folding doors, together with the one I have given the young gentleman up stairs, which belongs to his man-servant. May I ask what name, ma'am?"

"Mrs. Arlington; and the young gentleman is my son."

Mrs. Griffiths glanced at the tall, elegant woman in widow's weeds, and thought to herself: "She looks more fit to be his sister than his mother; and is a sweet looking lady anyway, whoever she is;" and she was glad she had taken her in and her son, if such he were. And then she bustled out of the room to prepare their meal.

As soon as they were alone Mrs. Arlington gazed around the room indifferently. It was of the usual stamp of lodging house apartment, furnished according to the taste and means of those who take to letting for a livelihood. A dismal horse-hair suit were the chief articles of furniture, supplemented by others which stood out in contrast against the horse-hair back ground, a good piano, an harmonium, a book case with glass doors filled with a choice selection of the best works, and an easel. On the walls hung several good paintings, one of which was the portrait of a beautiful young girl.

"Some artist must live here, I imagine," said the lad, as he went from picture to picture examining them, finally stopping before the portrait of the young girl that hung immediately over the chair in which Mrs. Arlington sat.

"I dare say," she replied wearedly, as though it were a speculation which could not possibly concern her, and too glad of repose to be roused to any sense of curiosity upon the subject.

"Just look at this, mother; it is so pretty."

"I cannot, Fred; I am too exhausted to turn round. I cannot possibly think of or look at anything until I have had a cup of tea. Ah! here it comes. Go and pour it out for me, and never mind the picture. But I forgot. I am unfeeling and unnatural to tell you not to mind, for you are just at the age when young girls are beginning to possess a powerful attraction for you; but you must put the pleasing delusions out of your head until you have passed your examination for Sandhurst; that is the move in chief toward which all your energies must now be directed. I long to see your poor father's wishes fulfilled, and shall not feel quite contented until you are gazetted into the Army; then my trust will have been accomplished. How many years is it now, Fred since you first became my child?"

"Ten."

"Yes; you were a little fellow when I first took you in hand as your governess, and you learned to love me so well that your father asked me to be your mother."

"Was that why you married him?" inquired the lad as he brought her a cup of tea. "Didn't you care for him for his own sake? You always seemed to."

"Yes since you could observe; but not at first, Fred—not at first. I had no heart for any one or anything just at that time but mayhap for a little child like yourself, who was motherless and needed tenderness. It was just such an uncared-for flower which alone could have saved me then, for I had gone through a bitter sorrow, born of my own caprice and foolishness; and through it I lost what never could be mine again. I must have died of despair had I not set myself the task of working out my wrong doing in atonement, if not to the person—that was impossible—at least to some one of God's creatures who might need me; and it was at that very time I took up the paper containing your father's advertisement for a governess. It served me for a suggestion and a field wherein I might find that for which I sought. I had never been a governess; but I determined to become one, notwithstanding the opposition of my family, who could not comprehend, and strongly disapproved of my taking the step; but I carried my point through our doctor telling my mother she was wrong to oppose me, as my mind needed distraction after all I had gone through, and that my choice, so far from being reproved, ought rather to be commended, since I had preferred it to the injurious remedy of a round of amusements, so invariably prescribed for distraught spirits, which need instead the healthy medicine of some reasonable duty to restore them to their former mental composure. Thus I became free to answer your father's advertisement, and was selected by him for the post oddly enough. And that is how I became your mother, Fred. I have tried to fulfill my trust; perhaps that has atoned."

"Atoned for what?"

"Ah, never mind! I was only a young girl then, vain and imperious, because I found I possessed a most dangerous power — the power of making whom I would love me—a precious gift, which I did not know how to value rightly until——. But never mind. I hate recalling bygones. Life is such a perpetual stumbling up hill with most of us, it is no use retarding our journey by useless retrospection; so when I am inclined to indulge in vain regrets I always think of that heart-stirring line of the poet's, 'Act, act in the *living* present,' and therefore, Fred, please to cut me another slice of bread and butter and give me another cup of tea, my child," and she laughed at the application she had given to her words, which was commonplace enough to destroy all their poetry.

The way in which the boy watched and waited on her, and the look of quiet amusement and interest on his face as she spoke, showed how thoroughly she had won his heart, and was indeed his mother, sister, friend, all in one. Yes; whatever might have been the fault of her girl-hood, her subsequent years had fully atoned for it; she had used her gifts rightly in the case of her stepson, and his father, who had died about a year ago, blessing her for her unwearied devotion and the happiness she had given him, leaving her the undisputed guardianship of his only child.

As soon as their meal was concluded she went into the adjoining room, divided by folding doors from the one in which they had been sitting. It bore no traces of a previous occupant like the other, save for a few perfectly executed pictures which hung above the mantel-piece. She had her traveling bag in her hand as she entered, which she was about to deposit upon a table, when her eye caught sight of one of the pictures, and the bag fell to the ground as she started forward to examine the pencil-sketch.

"Impossible!" she exclaimed: and she gazed around the room, helplessly, to see if she could by any means find aught therein that would throw a light upon the mystery before her; but all was void; tables, chairs, wardrobe, and dressing appliances were what met her gaze; while, like one fascinated, she continued standing before the sketch as if spell-bound.

"Are you coming soon?" inquired Fred, knocking, who, notwithstanding his disinclination to free converse, could never bear her long out of his sight when they were together.

"I will be with you in a moment." she returned, recalling herself with no slight effort.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed as soon as she joined him. "You look as white as a ghost; you are over-tired, I suspect; had you not better get to sleep as soon as you can?" he inquired with concern, as he noticed that she was suffering from an amount of nervous exhaustion that alarmed him.

"It is nothing," she returned; "the journey was fatiguing;" and then her eyes stole round the room with suppressed interest.

"Is that the pretty girl you wanted me to admire, Fred, just now when I was too hungry to oblige you?"

"Yes. Is she not a picture? What I should call a 'stunner!'"

"When shall we ever knock the school-boy out of you, Fred?" she cried, laughing. "You are a long way off from that refined phraseology I am laboring to inculcate. But you are right in this case. It is a beautiful picture of what I should call a detestable character. She is as you remark, a 'stunner.' There is not the least soul in her face; nothing but proud self consciousness, as if she were saying: 'I am a beauty, and I know it.' Poor thing! she is to be pitied if that is a true picture, and it looks as if it were."

"How is she to be pitied? I don't see that at all."

"Because you can't see yet, Fred, from your brief study of her face, that a girl like that may learn to feel at some time or another, and when she does, the lesson is generally such a painful one that few have the courage to rise above it. The artist who drew her was in no lenient mood; he could detect nothing in her but the stern facts which possibly made him suffer," she added in an undertone, accompanied by a long-drawn sigh. "I wish we had a book to read; try the bookcase; it may be unlocked."

He did as she bade him; and shook his head negatively as he went first to the bookcase and then to the piano.

"'The gentleman,' as our landlady calls him, is a cautious man evidently," said Mrs. Arlington. "Well, we must not find fault with him, for his amiability toward his landlady has secured us a night's repose. I wonder if he is the artist of these pictures? I am ashamed of my curiosity, but I have a wish to know. Could you be diplomatic, Fred, and find out for me?"

"Why not ask the landlady straight out?"

"I hate to appear so inquisitive, as it is of no moment to us who he is."

"I don't know that. If he is an artist, he would, no doubt, be much obliged to us for asking. Act on that presumption. You admire the pictures, and may possibly wish to order some, or to sit for your portrait."

"How magnificent you are, Fred! We look a likely pair—don't we?—to order pictures or sit for portraits! A hundred guineas or so are nothing to us, are they, my poor boy? Rein in your fancy. I am afraid of you in this respect, when you are once fairly launched on your own resources, as I cannot always be at your elbow, to control your lavish ideas, and our means are not large."

"Well, I was only suggesting, you know, a ready mode of solving your difficulty about finding out who is the artist of these pictures," said the boy as he wished her good-night.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Arlington went cautiously round the room, making a minute survey of every article, with a look of intense interest in her face, as though she was searching for a clue she could not find. Every vase on the mantle-piece she subjected to a close scrutiny, to see if possibly a card or old envelope lay concealed therein. But everything was dumb, and refused to bear the least witness as to the name or calling of the previous occupant. Quite foiled, she sat down and fell into a profound reverie, which continued until the landlady knocked at the door, and entered to inquire if there was anything more she wanted, and when she would like her breakfast in the morning.

"Thank you; nothing more to-night; and breakfast at 9. By the way, have you any other lodgers in the house?"

"Yes, ma'am; the first floors are taken by a lady and gentleman for a month; leastways, so they told me when they came; but the lady has got a maid who is that vexing that I can't bear her; and I would be glad to give them notice to go if I could be sure of another party for the same time; but you see, ma'am, we who live by letting can't afford to have our rooms empty."

"You can't let me have these rooms, you say beyond a couple of days?"

"No, ma'am. Mr. Meredith—the gentleman—takes them by the year on the condition that they are always to be ready for him when he writes; and only this afternoon he sent me a letter to say he would be here on Wednesday."

"Mr. Meredith, did you say, was his name? An artist, I suppose? if I may judge by the pictures and the easel?"

"Dear, no, ma'am!" exclaimed the landlady, as if a discreditable imputation had been cast upon the character of her lodger by the question. "He's got no call to earn his living, not he! He's got a place in the country, which he has let for I don't know how many years, and he keeps himself free to come and go as he likes. Such a fine noble-looking gentleman as he is! He took these rooms of me some eight years back, when I first married and set up housekeeping, because he said he liked the quiet of the place; and he keeps them by the year; but he lets me take in lodgers when he is away so long as I don's bring children into the rooms. He has been here for a whole year at a spell; and then again he is off, and may be we won't see him for months at a time. He is a most excellent lodger as ever was, and his man, a nice, civil, handy fellow, with none of them airs and graces as these minxes of girls give themselves; but then, 'like master like man,' say I, and I've always found it so."

"And your first floors, you tell me you would be glad to relet, were you sure of another tenant?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very well, then; as I have no maid likely to disturb you, I will take them for a month certain, if I can have them on Wednesday morning; and I will further pay you the week's rent you will have to forfeit by giving the present lodgers notice to quit summarily; but remember, I only take them on this one condition. It is now Monday night, and I must move in on Wednesday morning."

"I'll manage it for you ma'am, even if I get a summons for it."

"You shall be no loser in any case; I will pay all expenses." and she drew out her purse to deposit a week's rent in advance.

"Never mind it, ma'am; you look a lady as one may trust, and I'll see that you are in the rooms on Wednesday morning. I can easily put the blame on Mr. Meredith, if they become very unpleasant, by saying he takes the rooms by the year; they are not to know whether he may not want the first floors this time."

Mutually satisfied with the bargain, landlady and lodger parted for the night. On the face of the latter could be discerned a compression of the lips, which bespoke a sudden resolve she was bent upon carrying out, even though it failed in the end to prove successful.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, Fred, what will you say to all my sermons on extravagance, when I tell you I have actually taken the landlady's first-floor rooms for a month; and that without any view to your advantage, which has hitherto actuated my movements? You will say it is only a preliminary step to my employing the artist after all—to take my portrait!"

Thus did Mrs. Arlington announce her plans next morning at breakfast to Fred, who offered no remonstrance. It was enough for him that she chose to do it; he was too well satisfied and accustomed to her guidance and good sense not to fall in readily with everything she did as the best possible that could be done; and so he assented without a remark.

"You don't scold me, Fred! I expect your reproaches; but they will come later; you are too engrossed at the present moment with the prospect of the examination before you to-day; but I have no fear for you; so have none for yourself."

"What will you do while I am away?"

"Stay where I am; study the pictures; read the backs of all the books through the glass doors of the bookcase: and think what a churl the owner is to have locked them up. And this amusement over, I shall go in search of a piano; we cannot live for a whole month without one, can we? So I shall order it to be sent on Wednesday morning to our new quarters."

"Suppose the "gentleman" unlocks his, and sets up an opposite tune; the jumble of melodies will be the reverse of harmonious."

"Possibly; but then, you phlematic youngster, you wouldn't keep me without such a resource, for fear of an occasional discord. Let us hope the gentleman in question will give place to the ladies, and be amiable enough to listen without creating a discord; or he may decamp altogether, if he does not approve of our performances."

"But tell me what has put it into your head to stay a whole month in London? I thought you said we had only funds for a week."

"Well, my dear boy, it is just this: I have been thinking that we may as well wait and hear the issue of the examination; as in the event of your being among the successful candidates, of which I have very little doubt, you would be ready to go to Sandhurst without having to incur the double expense of the journey home and back again. Besides, I should like to see the last of you before I sink into my future oblivion, with no further call in the world upon my time and attention beyond writing to you."

"What nonsense you can talk, mother, when you once begin! I suppose you expect me to believe you are one of the sort that is allowed to go into oblivion. I bet you ten to one some fellow will be wanting to marry you when I am at college!"

"Hush, Fred!" she said, with a solemnity of manner she well knew how to assume, that effectually quenched any conversation the subject of which she did not approve. "It is time you started."

"Forgive me; and good bye," he said, with a smile, as he prepared to go.

Wishing him "God speed," she saw him depart, and then rung for the landlady.

"There is no difficulty, I hope, about the rooms?" she asked.

"None whatever ma'am. I've told the lady, and they leave to-night."

"Thank you. I wished to know positively before I ordered a piano. I suppose there is no objection to my having one, since there is another in the house?"

"None whatever, ma'am. Leastways Mr. Meredith is mostly playing and singing when he isn't reading or painting, or at his meals; so that I am well accustomed to the sound by this time. I like it when he plays lively music. But dear me, ma'am! there are times when his spirits are low, or so I take it to be, and then he plays such dreary doleful tunes, it is, for all the world as bad as the "Old Hundred" on them barrel organs."

"He is not married, then?"

"O my! no; not he; nor never likely to be, she exclaimed, repudiating the idea of losing her lucrative lodger under such unfortunate circumstances. "His man James says as how he once painted that there lovely-faced young creature to remind him that women were one and all as false as——I wouldn't like to offend your ears, ma'am, by naming the unholy gentleman as he likes them to; which I took to be no great compliment to myself, seeing I am a woman as was never false to none, which is saying a good deal, seeing how selfish and tiresome men are, as a rule, that it needs us women to be born saints and angels to put up with them."

"I am afraid I can't quite agree with you there," said Mrs. Arlington, smiling. "I rather think we give as much trouble as we get, and a little more sometimes."

Wednesday morning saw her installed in the rooms above, which she busied herself in arranging tastefully, with a view to making their lengthening sojourn comfortable. Towards evening the piano came, and she was just about to try it, when an unusual bustle below stairs announced the arrival of the gentleman, Mr. Meredith. He was evidently a person of consideration in the eyes of the household; such hurrying to and fro up and down to have every thing as he would like, had not before been experienced.

"Glad to see you home sir," said Mrs. Griffiths, courtesying, and beaming with pleasure.

"Thank you. Have the rooms been occupied?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should say you ought rather to be sorry I have come then."

"Not at all, Sir. I've been able to accommodate the lady up stairs; and right glad I was that she came when she did, for she has got no troublesome hussy of a maid to come bothering about my kitchen."

"The same old story, Mrs. Griffiths!" he remarked, as he smiled pleasantly at her inability to hide her ruling mania; "and now please let me have dinner as soon as you can, as I have an engagement this evening."

He walked round the room, placing his desk and other articles he had brought with him in order, examined his pictures, to see that they had not undergone ruthless treatment at the hands of deputy lodgers during his absence. After looking at them all, he paused opposite the portrait of the young girl, and exclaimed mentally: "Yes, there you are still, heartless mocker, just as you looked when you defied me and flung back my love in scorn. And yet—and yet—perhaps had I been a little gentler, I might have softened you!" he cried in remorseful thought, as he turned away; and the look of genuine regret he wore showed how deep had been the wound that had the power still to call up a thrill of pain. "Yes, I tried to break her proud spirit and make it subservient to mine, and I broke my heart in stead. She was but young; I ought to have known better. But I was hard and determined, and could brook no opposition to my will. I had studied life and established my views on most points, until I grew intolerate—a disease natural to culture as well as creed—and I could ill bear to have my opinion questioned, especially by those who aspired to my friendship or affection; it interfered with my visions of harmony. Harmony! It was but a monotonous dreary unison I was cultivating to foster my intense self-love. Bitter delusion! And from her above all others, I demanded a slavish bending of her will to mine. I was jealous of her possessing an individuality or free right of being a thought apart from me. I was not content with her affection; I wanted her blind worship. No wonder her proud spirit revolted at such a prospect of bondage, and flung me and my love far from her. She was wise and right, and I was too headstrong to humble myself to sue for her forgiveness, or seek to win her by a nobler course. My heart was a flint, which it needed her loss to soften, for I have never seen another like my darling. Yes, my poor girl, I was unjust and cruel, and Providence was kind to you in leading you to resist."

In such a strain did his thoughts run, as he sat waiting for dinner, of which he partook in no very elated mood. When the spirit wanders in the sad lone land of irreparable regret, and surveys with the light of experience how different all might have been, had our hearts and wills been differently turned to action, it is then our footsteps linger, painfully borne down by a weight, well nigh fatal to that courage which bids us bury our dead out of sight, and wander no more amid the graves of the past, but live afresh in the light of a new and better day, with high hope and stern resolve.

Something of this he had done, but not all, for the torment of self-reproach was at times powerful to waste his endeavors in fruitless action of torpid reverie. He was about to sink into the latter at the close of dinner, as, left alone with his coffee and cigar, he sat meditating on the past which he had invoked, when he was startled by the sound of music and the strains of a melody which seemed to float to him across the distant years, and rewaken his heart's sweetest and bitterest memories. Ah! how well he remembered it. It was one he had written and composed for her of whom he had been thinking; and when she sang it to him, he could not restrain his tears; but there came a little "rift within the lute" one day, that soon "made all the music mute." Some slight alteration that she had asked for, jarred upon his sense of its perfection—and his own—and he refused half haughtily, which she resented; words succeeded words, until that was said which could not be forgiven or undone; and then she asked to have her freedom back, and he gave it: yes, he gave it! and had never seen or heard of her after, until now—he hears the echo of the melody; but the voice—"Can that voice be hers?" he cries passionately. Starting up in his chair he listens, every nerve vibrating to the sound, until it is finished. "My own song!" he exclaims aloud; and then he rings the bell nervously and summons the landlady. "Who is your new lodger?" he inquires with assumed calmness.

"Mrs. Arlington, Sir."

"Arlington? Arlington?" he mutters. "Never heard of her. What is she like?"

"A tall, sweet-looking lady, Sir; I was that taken with her I hadn't it in my heart to turn her from the door the night she come here, so I gave her your rooms for a couple of days for her son and herself."

"Son! did you say? How old?

"About sixteen, I should reckon; he has come up for his examinations."

"No; it is not she," he thought sadly; she could never have had a son so old. But it may be some friend of hers. How else came she by that song I must find out. "Thank you, Mrs. Griffiths," he said aloud; "you did quite right to let the rooms, and since she is such a great favorite with you, you are welcome to the newspapers for her. Perhaps you had better take them to her every day with my compliments."

"Thank you, Sir; I am sure you are most kind, and I'll tell her what you say."

"I never will believe, ma'am, half as these good gentlemen say who profess so loud against womankind. Here Mr. Meredith down stairs, as James says, swears against a petticoat even if he sees it hanging in a shop window, which is most unfeeling-like, to say the least of it—here's he been a begging I'll bring you the newspapers every day, with his compliments?"

"Indeed! That is very thoughtful of him," said Mrs. Arlington, smiling at her landlady's enthusiastic sense of victory. "Pray give him my compliments, and say how very much obliged I feel. What did you tell me his name was?"

"Meredith, ma'am."

"Of what family, do you know?"

"That's more than I can say, ma'am. Families, to my mind, is like flowers—a great lot all alike, but divided into so many branches, it were always a puzzle I stopped at. I call a pink a pink, and a carnation a carnation; though the gardener where I lived in service could tell you they were different branches of one family, with a long Latin name, as I never could see not the least bit of good to remember. So I just follow the same plan with families, call them by the names as they hold at birth and baptism; and I on'y know my gentleman by the label on his box; 'Mr. Firman Meredith.' But if you were pleased to wish to know, I'll ask his man James."

"Not on my account," said Mrs. Arlington; "I am not in the least curious; I merely asked for asking's sake. Give my compliments and thanks, nothing more."

The newspapers paid their regular daily visits for a week, during which time Mrs. Arlington never once touched the piano when she knew that Mr. Meredith was at home; although he had purposly remained indoors, hoping he might again hear that song which so roused his memory on the evening of his arrival; but after seven nights of waiting and disappointment, and ineffectual efforts to catch a glimpse of the lady, who did not go out once during that time, he grew so restless and impatient that in desperation he summoned the landlady once more to his assistance.

"Well, Mrs. Griffiths, is your lodger gone or dead? She is a very silent person."

"Oh dear, no Sir," said the landlady, smiling. "She took the room for a month certain; but she's been suffering from a cold; and the young gentleman has been away most days at his examination; but he's that quiet you'd never know he was in the house but for his boots."

"Had she any visitors the first evening I arrived?"

"None, Sir. She hasn't told any of her friends, I imagine, that she is here; as if it is not to be supposed as how such a well-to-do lady as she seems is without a whole score of friends as would keep me busy at the door if they only knew where she was."

"Do you think she objects to visitors then?"

"How can I say, Sir? Were you pleased to wish to call?" she inquired somewhat slyly. "I'll speak to the lady, and find out if it would be agreeable, if you like, Sir?"

"Please yourself about that," he returned with feigned indifference. "If I can be of any service to her or her son, beyond the newspapers, I should be happy to call."

"You are very good, Sir, I am sure, and I'll tell her. She was most grateful for the newspapers."

With a glow of triumph on her face, Mrs. Griffiths next morning appeared before Mrs. Arlington. It was now her settled conviction that her theories concerning the unreality of the enmity of certain men for women was as "true as gospel," to use her own phrase; and as there is nothing dearer to human nature, from the deepest philosopher even to a speculating landlady, than to feel that they have hit upon an infallible vein of truth, her rejoicing was very natural.

She had been planning all the way up the stairs how she might best introduce such a delicate topic with due acceptance, for Mrs. Arlington was a lady, she felt, who was not to be taken liberties with; but impulse overruled discretion: "Would you please to like the gentleman to call? I think ma'am, for all he feigns to hate us, he's about dying to come up."

Mrs. Arlington fairly laughed aloud at the partnership in the compliment assumed by her good-natured landlady. "What do you say, Fred?" she inquired, appealing to her son, as though declining the matter for herself.

"By all means have him up. We should be Goths to refuse his papers, and say 'No, thank you,' to himself."

"You can tell him, then, Mrs. Griffiths, that we shall be pleased to see him this afternoon."

"You will, you mean," said Fred.