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The Somerset Herald.

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VOL. XXVIII. NO. 9. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1465.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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

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

E. H. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

S. U. TRENT, *ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.* *Somerset, Penn'a.*

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. jan 22, '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. 12-1y.

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 G. 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 '76-1y

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs, formerly occupied by Hon. Geo. Berkey. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. 30y11

P. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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.

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

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa.

COFFROTH & KUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to. Office—In Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

J. B. COLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to. Office—In Baer's Block, Up-stairs.

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., done at short notice. Inquire at Casheer & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER. Aug 22.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON tender their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main St. adjoining Diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kreisinger's store. apr. 22, '79-tf.

DR. R. BEUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barner House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casheer'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.

DR. A. G. MILLER *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,* has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

DR. G. B. MASTERS has located in Somerset for the practice of his profession, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of town and surrounding country; office in building recently occupied by Dr. Miller; residence on Circle Grove. April 23

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. June 4.

DENTISTS.

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

WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Office above Casheer & Co.'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 enlarge my facilities that I can now make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this county. I am making a good set of teeth for $8, and I defy competition in this or the adjoining counties that their made teeth for that or not giving good satisfaction. They can call on me at any time and get a set free of charge.

HOTELS.

DIAMOND HOTEL. STOYSTOWN PA. This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted, with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. Its table and means can not be surpassed, all being the best that can be had in the market. Large public hall attached to the same. Also, large and roomy stabling. Fine pasturage can be had at the lowest possible prices by week, day or meal. SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop., S. E. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa. July 31.

DAVIS BROS., House, Sign and Fresco PAINTERS. SOMERSET, PA. March 27

SERKY'S TEA. Guaranteed to preserve and promote the the beauty and health of youth to the ripest age. DIRECTIONS FOR USE. One teaspoonful steeped in one quart of water, should be drunk hot or cold, clear or with milk and sugar. Sliced lemon in it makes a delicious cooling drink. About one quart of tea should be drunk daily. Price 50cts. and $1.00 per Box. Sufficient in small box for 25 days. Orders by letter promptly attended to, addressed Box 1701, 409 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa. March 26

BANKS, ETC.

NEW BANK. Somerset County Bank. CHARLES J. HARRISON, *Cashier and Manager.* Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited. Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of 50, 100, 500 and 1,000.

JNO. HICKS. LAURUS 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 who desire 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. aug13.

CHARLES C. ORTON'S TOBACCO STORE. Citizens and visitors will find it to their interest and comfort to buy Cigars and Tobacco at my store. I believe I can undersell any establishment in the county, and am certain that my stock cannot be excelled in quality. Cheroots and cigarettes for beginners in the practice of smoking, and Tobacco and Pipes for those accustomed to narcotics, are kept on hand. Very choice brands of Chewing Tobacco and Cigars have just been received and are disposed of at less prices than have been heard of since the war began. A choice lot of Pipes on hand. The best Fine Cut in the market is sold over my counter. CALL AT THE SIGN OF THE INDIAN GIRL, NO. 3, MAMMOTH BLOCK.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Philip Shaver, Jr., late of Somerset Twp., deceased. Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement at his late residence in said township, on Saturday, August 9, 1879. DR. ROBERT H. PATTERSON, JOSIAH SHAVER. July 2

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Have been the *standard remedy* for the cure of **Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Fever and Ague, Sick Headache,** and all derangements of the stomach and liver for over *fifty years.* Read this: *"Sellers' Liver Pills* cured me of an attack of Liver complaint of eight years' standing."—Wm. Evans, Joliet, Ills. Price, 25 cts. a box. R. E. Sellers & Co., prop'r's, Pittsburg, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS. Sealed proposals will be received up until before the 12th of July next, at the office of the Secretary of the Jefferson township School Board, in Markersville, for the building of a frame school-house in the said township. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Secretary. JOHN SCHLAG, Secretary. J. G. BARCLAY, President. July 2.

Ayer's *Hair Vigor,* For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, LOWELL, MASS.

KIDNEY-WORT. Permanently cures LIVER COMPLAINTS, KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION and PILES. DR. R. H. CLARK, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of KIDNEY TROUBLES it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of PILES, and it has never failed to act efficiently." E. H. SUTTON, of Burlington, says, "As a Liver Invigorator it is without an equal. I use it to prevent and cure headache, and all bilious attacks." NELSON FAIRCHILD, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "Worth of priceless value. After sixteen years of great suffering from Piles and Costiveness it completely cured me." C. S. HOGABON, of Berkshire, says, "one package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint." IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY? BECAUSE IT IS THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT ACTS ON THE LIVER, BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME. Because it cleanses the whole system of the poisonous humors that develope in Billiousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Kidney and Urinary diseases, or Rheumatism and Lumbago, and which in women, disorder every function and bring on weakness and disease. If you want to be well in spite of yourself, use KIDNEY-WORT. It is a dry vegetable compound, and one package will make six quarts of Medicine. Buy it at the Druggists.

SPEECH OF HON. GALUSHA A. GROW,

On Assuming the Chair at the Republican State Convention.

MR. GROW'S RINGING SPEECH.

Gentlemen of the Convention—Accept my thanks for the honor conferred by the vote just announced. I congratulate you, and the Republican party may well congratulate the country, on the favorable auspices of the times.

Resumption of specie payment brings with it revived industries, and in place of the calamities foreboded by the prophets of evil, there comes employment for idle labor, with still greater encouragement and brighter hopes for the future. What the teachers of a new political economy declared a year ago to be a physical impossibility is to-day an accomplished fact.

The Democratic party, faithful to its record for consistency, repudiates, as usual, the platform of its last convention. So, "the Democratic party as a whole," now believes, for this year at least, that labor is entitled to receive for its toil something better than a promise of uncertain fulfillment in an indefinite future.

There are certain great laws of trade and commerce which the rantings of political demagogues and time-servers cannot change. Of which the most essential, in order to secure successful and staple industries in all time of peace, is that the money used in the transaction of business should itself be a real value, or convenience, a representative convertible, at the will of the holder, into real value; and that the standard of that real value should be recognized as of the same value by all who deal in it, or in the commodities for which it is exchanged. Otherwise somebody must of necessity be the looser by its use.

A depreciated or worthless currency is a representative of the destruction of value, of loss, not gain. The laborer who receives a real dollar for his day's work holds in it the representative of the value of a day's work. But if he receives a worthless dollar it represents loss to the amount of the value of a day's work; so of depreciated money of all kinds to the extent of the depreciation. The loss of a defective standard of value, like worthless money, falls in the end most heavily upon those who earn their bread by their daily toil.

While the question of currency and kindred measures, which affect most directly the industrial interests of the country, are still unsettled in its legislation, a new political issue is forced upon the country in the attempt to revive some of the old theories of nullification and secession, and thus the people are called upon to settle at the ballot box and in the forum the question which everybody had a right to suppose were finally settled in the field.

Is there to be no end of controversy? Is nothing ever to be regarded as finally settled? Did the ballot-box in 1860, after fifty years of heated discussion, settle nothing? Did the sword in one of the most gigantic wars of history settle nothing, unless it be to clothe the vanquished with power and authority to make their own terms of surrender and to fix the conditions upon which the victors may enjoy the Government saved by their valor?

The logic of all wars, especially of civil wars, if they have any logic at all, is that the victors at the close of the contest have the right to fix the terms of surrender for the vanquished and to settle the policy of administration which they believe will best promote the welfare of the country. And the vanquished have certainly no cause of complaint if the policy so fixed applies, as in our case, to the victors themselves the same as to the vanquished.

Unless the sword of four years of bloody conflict settled forever that this is a nation, and that nullification or secession in any form is not to be resorted to by any portion of the American people as a remedy for political ills, then, indeed, was it a useless massacre of brave men.

There are only two constitutional methods by which laws once enacted can be rendered inoperative, the one by repeal, the other by the proper court declaring them void. So long as they remain valid enactments, the claim that either law-maker, citizen or State can rightfully nullify them by withholding support, is but a revival of the old doctrine of South Carolina nullification.

While a law remains a valid enactment, it is as much a disregard of duty and constitutional obligation for the law-maker to refuse the necessary appropriations of money to make it effective, as it is for the private citizen to disobey it.

The act in both cases is the same and differs only in the remedy. In the case of the private citizen the remedy is in the courts; and in the case of the law-maker it is in the ballot-box, by the repudiation at the polls of a public servant and of the party that sustains his acts.

The advent of the Democratic party to power in one branch of Congress, after sixteen years' exclusion, was signalized by their refusing all appropriations of money for the support of the army.

And as soon as they have a majority in both branches of Congress it is claimed that the law-makers may of right refuse to apply the money collected from the people to the support of their Government, on the plea that certain laws are unwise, if not unconstitutional. This is a mode of repealing laws not provided for in the Constitution, and is revolutionary and destructive of all forms of government.

This party begins in power in 1879, just where it ended in 1861. It ended then in an opposition to the army and a refusal to acquiesce in the constitutional forms of the Government. It comes back to legislative power and begins by refusing the necessary support for the army and by making war upon the constitutional forms of the Government.

Thus the war of ideas goes on.

The people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty for themselves and their prosperity, did, in March, 1789, establish the Constitution of the United States, as the form of government which they believed would best secure these ends. That there might be no mistake as to the authority and character of the government which they established, they declared, in the seventh article, that "This Constitution and all laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

The tribunal which they established in the Constitution to determine whether the laws are made in pursuance thereof was the Supreme Court of the United States.

Among the powers conferred upon Congress is one "to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the *Union,*" and each and every State is expressly prohibited from "entering into any treaty, alliance or confederation," or "into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign power." The Constitution of the United States is, therefore, in express terms and provisions, made for a nation, and not for a confederation.

How, then, did the idea ever obtain that any local community could judge for itself as to the constitutionality of the laws of the Government of the Union, and at will nullify such as it did dot approve?

The devotees of slavery, while it lasted, constantly seeking greater security and more effective safeguards for its perpetuity, began by magnifying the power of the States, so as to place them as a bulwark, behind which human bondage could entrench itself against any possible action of the Government of the Union. In the increase and growth of the country they foresaw that the time was not far distant when the representatives in Congress from the non-slaveholding States would outnumber those from the slaveholding, and then their peculiar institution might be endangered by unfriendly legislation.

With the keen foresight characteristic of the representatives of a special or class interest, the votaries of slavery, led by Calhoun, for nearly a half century, devoted all their energies to creating a sentiment with the people of their section under the disguise and sugar-coating of State rights, of a local sectional allegiance, as paramount to that patriotism which springs from the love of a common country.

In order to alarm the citizen as to his future security and protection, the Government of the Union, its capital being outside the limits of the State, was persistently represented as a foreign Government, not responsible to the people, therefore dangerous to liberty. Hence the citizen must look to the local community in which he chanced to live for his protection; when in fact the only subversion of liberty and the rights of men in our whole history had been by State authority and by that alone.

These ideas, born of slavery, they infused through the caucus machinery of party organization, into the Democratic party as articles of its political faith on the proper distribution of the powers of Government.

The President and Congress elected by precisely the same voters that elect the constable and the justice of the peace, each and all alike the servants of the people; the term of office of the President not longer than that of most Governors, and that of members of Congress the same as the legislators of most of our States; and every branch of the Government of the Union, except the judiciary, amenable to the people and created by them, the same as are their State organizations, how is it posssible for the Government of the Union to be any more dangerous to the liberties of the people than that of the State?

State rights, properly understood, are those rights of local communities to form such rules and regulations for their own government as their geographic or social conditions seem to require for the promotion of their happiness and prosperity, not inconsistent with or in contravention of the powers conferred on the Government of the Union.

The conditions or right of suffrage is left to each State to fix it as it pleases, subject only to the limitations and prohibitions in the Constitution of the United States. But when so fixed, the voter for the most numerous branch of the State Legislature becomes a voter of the United States within the limits of the State of his residence. It is then as much the duty of the Government of the Union to see that he is protected in the full and free enjoyment of that right as any other guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

Allegiance by the citizens and protection by the Government are correlative duties. The same authority that commands and appropriates the life and property of the citizen for its defense in time of peril is bound to protect that life, with all its rights, and that property, with all its incidents, against all lawless attacks wherever its jurisdiction extends.

A government that cannot command the loyalty of its own citizens is unworthy of the respect of the world, and a government that will not protect its loyal citizens deserves the contempt of the world.

Where is the justice in the government using the life and the property of the citizen for its own protection in time of danger, and then when the danger is passed of turning them over for protection and security to any local community, no matter what may be its character for lawlessness or its local and provincial prejudices against all persons not to the manor born?

That would be a restoration of the old view of State rights, which gave to local communities the power to make the utterances of the great truths of the Declaration of Independence a penitentiary offense, and to incarcerate in loathsome dungeons Christian philanthropists who gave a crust of bread or glass of water to the panting fugitive guilty of no offense save his love of liberty.

I am a citizen of the Republic of America, living within the territorial limits of the State of Pennsylvania; and so long as I obey the laws of both, am entitled to protection for all my rights as a man and citizen wherever I may go within the jurisdiction of the Constitution and the courts of that republic.

I forfeit no guaranteed rights of citizenship by crossing State lines; nor is the Government absolved from its duty and obligation to protect me in all rights and privileges secured or guaranteed by its laws, for by the Constitution itself they are made the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution or laws of the State to the contrary notwithstanding.

I owe no allegiance to any petty local community paramount to that which I owe to the Government that guarantees to every State in the Union a Republican form of Government and protection against invasion and domestic violence.

The statesmanship that regards the local community in which a man is born or in which he chances to live as wiser and better than any other, is akin to the self-righteousness that rejected the Saviour of mankind because he came out of Nazareth.

In our political system the doctrine that a local community is paramount to the nation is the child of American slavery, and whatever injustice there might be in other cases of visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, there can be none whatever in this case, for it has been a Pandora's box of national ills.

The threat of leading representatives of the Democratic party to undo all the legislation enacted to save the Union in the night of its peril without the consent of those who saved it, and the still more violent and inexcusable threat to withhold, so long as they have a majority in either branch of Congress, the necessary appropriation of money for the support of the Government of the Union, unless their particular notions of State rights are respected, is akin to the threat made nineteen years ago to destroy the Union if its freemen in the mode prescribed by the Constitution should elect a President of the United States not acceptable to them.

The men who vowed then, amid the clash of arms and the din of battle, that whatever else might perish it should not be the free institutions of their fathers, in the same spirit vow, to-day, Hannibal-like at the altar of their country, by the shade of half a million hero martyrs, sleeping in early graves; by the sighs and tears of an equal number of widows and orphans, sitting at disconsolate firesides; by the heroic sacrifices of a nation mourning its unreturning brave, that those who wrought all this misery and woe, shall not accomplish in peace what they failed to accomplish in war.

Lying in Bed.

Let us analyze this lying in bed a little further. I maintain that, in the mere fact of lying in bed, there is something healthy and recuperative to the system. The wheels of life are oiled and eased. The proper and legitimate purpose of stopping in bed is to go to sleep. There is no tonic or medicine in the whole world like sleep. The more sleep the brain gets the better does the brain work. All great brain workers have been great sleepers.

Sir Walter Scott could never do with less sleep than ten hours. A fool may want eight hours, as George III. said, but a philosopher wants nine. The men who have been the greatest generals are men who could sleep at will. Thus it was with both Wellington and Napoleon. The greatest speakers in the house of Commons have been the men who can go to sleep there as much as they like.

This explained the juvenality of the aged Palmerston. There is a man who has been Attorney General, whom I have seen bury his face in his hands and over his desk and sleep soundly until his own case should come on. "Sleep," says the Greek proverb, "is the medicine for every disease. If he sleeps well he will do well." A friend told me that he treated himself for a fever. He went to bed with a large pitcher of lemonade by his side. He drank and slept, slept and drank, till he drank and slept himself well again. When you take your bed get all the sleep you can out of your bedstead, even although, to quote Dick Swiveller's saying, you have to pay for a double bedded room, confessing that you have taken a most unreasonable amount of sleep out of a single bed. You will be hankering a whole store of recuperative energy. Even if you cannot sleep, still keep to your bed. There is no more pestilent heresy than that you should get up directly when you are awake.

If it is the early riser who catches the worm, the worm is a great idiot in rising still earlier in order to be caught. If you do not get to sleep by lying in bed you get rest. You secure the fallow ground that will hereafter produce a good harvest. Sleep is of course the proper employment for bed, but if you don't sleep you can lie still and read. I don't believe that the man who gets up early really learns or does more than the man who lies in bed. If, for a moment, the writer may be egotistical, some of the hardest work he has ever done has been from the early dawn till after breakfast in bed. Of all sleep in the world there is none so good as what you get, in the way of treasure-trove, after the usual time of waking, when, in point of fact, you have given up the expectation of getting any more sleep. As for "being called," as the saying goes, that is simply a relic of the barbarism of our ancestors. I should quarrel with any man who presumed "to call" me. One of the main beauties of an occasional day in bed is that you get an extra stock of sleep, which goes to the credit side of your sanitary account.

IN LOVE AND IN DEBT.

"Who is that Carrie?"

"Dionysius Harrington. Is he not handsome?"

"Handsome! I should think he is. What a partner for the Lancers! or to take one sleigh-riding, or down to supper, or, in fact anywhere where a *tete-a-tete* was a possible contingent."

"He is sure to be at the Nevilles' ball to night. Perhaps you may be able to test your opinion on that subject."

"If he is there, I certainly shall."

"Provided you have an opportunity. 'Handsome Dion' is in great request; but then yours is quite a new face, and a debutante is always sure of a certain amount of attention."

Carrie's tone was a little piqued, and pretty Margery Heywood felt that it was just as well to drop the subject. Fortunately Broadway affords plenty of conversational resources, and some imported costumes in a window supplied a topic of interest quite equal to handsome Dionysius Harrington.

Perhaps in Margery's mind there was an unacknowledged connection between the two. Dion and dress were not so very far apart; for a man who attired himself so elegantly was not likely to be indifferent to the toilets of the women whom he delighted—or condescended—to honor.

This point settled in her own mind, Margery was full of confidence. She had been brought up in a world where the milliner and tailor

"Are throned powers, and share the general state."

Her own dress was always perfect; her ribbons never *chiffonne,* her gloves new, her general costume like a morning-glory before twelve o'clock—it had no yesterday. Indeed, she considered negligence in dress one of the deadly sins among respectable people. So that, under any circumstances, she would have prepared carefully for the Neville ball; but it was certainly worth extra trouble when she was hopeful of eyes that could appreciate colors and combinations. Her reward was with her, for she had a great success that night. Her toilet was the rarest and richest in the room, and Dion Harrington signified his approval by the honor of three waltzes. After such a mark of distinction, Margery would repose, as it were, upon the sense of her own perfections.

They were still sitting chatting together; and there was a look on Dion's face which absolutely indicated that he had forgotten himself, and was admiring some one else. Margery was certainly doing her best to charm him, and she instinctively found out the best way—she was making Dion talk in a manner that really amazed himself. Among men he was a sensible fellow, with plenty of his own opinions; but among ladies he generally relied on his personal advantages.

Besides, his object was to conquer women rather than to amuse them, and he had generally found a few sighs and glances a very effective method of subjugation. But this night he was actually talking to Margery on every kind of topic, and feeling, also, an obligation on himself to say the cleverest thing he could think of at the time. After their first waltz he began his usual routine of remarks:

"We have had very bad weather lately, have we not?"

Margery did not assent according to rule and precedent, but said, "Really, I wonder you should think so. It is always changing. What more would you have? There was once an old lady who used to tell her grumbling nephew that he ought to be thankful for any weather at all."

"I think nearly every one grumbles at the weather."

"I have noticed that. If men are not satisfied with a party, or if anything goes wrong in their business or in their views of politics, they grumble at the weather. I don't believe that any two lovers, or any form of government, could stand six weeks of settled sunshine."

Dion looked at this strange girl. She had a metaphysical, dreamy look in her eyes; there was no telling how she might turn the commonest subject. He remembered that he had another engagement, and made his most graceful apology. Still he was wondering, all the time he was away from Margery, what she was thinking about him, and tormenting himself with the memory of several good things that he might have said, and did not say.

Perhaps that was the reason that he called on Margery the next day, and the next, and so on indefinitely. In a month the handsome Dionysius was no longer at the general service; he was devoted to Miss Heywood. Then people began to talk. Some very good people, professedly anxious to repress malicious rumors, propagated them; and though they declared them to be incredible, still, unfortunately, they believed them to be only too true.

It is easy to profess indifference to such ill-natured talk, but people cannot be indifferent to the result of it. In this case the rumors reached Margery's aunt at Heywood, and she sent a peremptory order for her neice to return home immediately.

At this order Margery was very cross. She did not want to go back into the country, and she did think that, in some way or other, Dion might have prevented people's remarks. And his little effort to talk the matter over with her, only made her more angry; for her loving, anxious heart was waiting to hear something more sweetly personal than:

"I cannot imagine, Miss Heywood, what pleasure people find in gossip."

"You cannot?" snapped Margery. "Well, then, let me tell you that all pleasures are short-lived except that of watching the mistakes of our poor friends, and comparing them with our own virtues."

"Where shall we meet again?"

"I am no diviner." She was pale and angry, but the tears were in her eyes. She knew that he loved her. What could be not—why would he not—say so?

"Why?" She asked herself this question all during the next summer. For Dion, having discovered that Miss Heywood was with her invalid aunt in a small village in the Pennsylvania mountains, abandoned at once the delights of fashionable hops and drives, and devoted himself to Miss Heywood and Miss Heywood's aunt.

It was a summer to date from all life afterward. Such glorious mornings by the trout stream! Such evenings in the moon-lit hills! Such walks, and talks, and rides! "A young man so handsome—very handsome—a young man so clever and polite, and so respectful to age," Aunt Heywood had never seen before. Forty years before, she had a lover, who went to sea and never came back again, and she believed Dion to be exactly like him. Yes, she was certain that if ever she had been married, and had children, all her sons would be just like Dion. The old woman loved him in her way, quite as much as the young one.

This fair and happy summer at length came to a close. Dion found the ladies one morning in the midst of trunks and toilets. A sudden frost had set in, and Aunt Heywood missed the comforts of her own home. Dion lingered, silent and sorrowful, till after lunch, and then he asked Margery to take a walk with him to the woods. He had a confession to make, he said, if Miss Heywood permitted it.

Miss Heywood thought he might have spoken without her permission. "Too much courtesy, too much courtesy," she whispered in her heart; but signified her assent by a little nod of her head and a set, steadfast look in the water.

"Miss Heywood–Margery–I want to confess to you what a foolish waste I have made of my life and fortune. Hitherto I have squandered them in the silliest of pursuits."

Margery began to tap her foot restlessly.

"I have been so vain of my good looks.

She looked half slyly and half admiringly through her eyelashes at him.

"And I am sorry to say that, in order to do them justice, I have been very unjust to others. I am very deeply in debt."

"Deeply in debt!" Was that what he had to confess? She colored violently, and rose. "Mr. Harrington, your debts do not concern me, unless—unless—"

"I expect you to pay them? I suppose that is what you think I mean, Miss Heywood. How can you misjudge me so cruelly? I beg pardon for presuming to imagine that you could feel any interest either in the past or future of so worthless a life as mine has hitherto been."

He rose to go, and some evil spirit possessed the girl. She longed to smile, to speak, to detain him; but she could not permit herself to do it.

"Good-bye, Margery—*dear Margery.* When I venture to speak to you again, I hope to be more deserving of a hearing." He put out his hand, and she would not see it. Oh, it was hard that he would not understand the love and longing and disappointment in her heart! She had a right to be angry with a man so blind; and she could not for very shame go into a good womanly passion, she gave vent to her feelings in a very unwomanly exhibition of sarcastic indifference.

But when Dion had really gone, she fell with a passionate sobbing upon the ground, until the pines talked soughfully among themselves, and wailed back to her those melancholy tones.

Aunt Heywood was as broken-hearted as her neice. She brooded on the loss of the gay, beautiful youth, while something of both a mother's and lover's anguish; and when a week later, they heard that he had sailed for the coast of Africa as supercargo of a friend's ship, all the sunshine died out of the two lives at Heywood Park.

A year later old Miss Heywood died, and Margery was sole mistress of her person and fortune. There was some rumors of a strange will made by Miss Heywood in her last hour, which it was thought Margery would dispute. But the rumor died, and the young heiress apparently settled down to a monotonous life, in which nothing seemed left her but the "having loved."

In the second year a little ripple was made in Heywood by the advent of Harry Lake. Harry had been Dion's great friend, and was probably even then in correspondence with him. Margery had always avoided Harry's uncle hitherto; but now, with a sweetness that no old man could resist, she inquired after his health, his crops, and whatever other subject seemed of importance to him.

"In fact she quite won the bachelor's heart. It was a great grief to him that he could not wed her for himself; and he had disliked his nephew for his chances. But at any rate he determined that such a nice girl—and such a rich girl—should not go out of the family; and he soon let Harry know that the prospects of inheriting the Lake estate rested very much upon his marriage with Margery.

"But suppose the young lady will not have me, uncle?"

"You are not to suppose failure, sir, in anything. You have no rivals here—but me," the old man grumbled, not very pleasantly.

Harry was in a dilemma, and he sat thinking long over it that night. But he was endowed with a nature singularly honest, and at this juncture it helped him better than intrigue. He simply wrote a little note to Margery, asking her permission to see her next noon. He received, as he expected a cordial assent; and so putting Dion's last letter in his pocket, he went almost confidently over to Heywood park.

It was a very pleasant meeting, but Harry was determined not to let their conversation drift into generalities.

"Miss Heywood," he said, "I am going to ask from you a very singular favor. I—I want you. In short I want you to refuse to marry me."

Margery could not help a smile at Harry's awkwardness. She readily divined that he had something important to say to her, and that he had in his eagerness to be perfectly plain about it, begun at the end instead of the beginning. So she said, "I shall certainly refuse you—when you ask me, Mr. Lake."

"Oh, that of course! No fellow like me expects to get a hearing, after poor Dion could not succeed. But the truth is just this: my uncle admires you so much that he threatens to leave me nothing unless I marry you."

"And you prefer to be disinherited, of course?"

"No, no, no; but, Miss Heywood, I am dead in love with the dearest little girl, and I am over head and ears in debt also: and if I vex uncle, he will give me no money—and don't you see how the thing is?"

"Not exactly. Now what am I to do? Tell me plainly."

"Well, I shall write you a letter to-morrow—a real, old-fashioned Sir Charles Grandison letter—and ask your permission, etc., etc., to pay my devoted duty, etc., etc., to you. And I shall show this letter to uncle, and get his suggestions and approbation."

"Yes; and then I am to—"

"To answer it, just in your loftiest style, Miss Heywood. If you say a few words a little down on the Lakes, I don't mind it at all, and it will finish the matter. Of course I shall be cut up and all that. If my poor Dion was here he would find some clever way out of the scrape; but I can never think of anything but just going to headquarters, as I have come to you."

"It is the best way. A straight line is just as good in love as in geometry."

Then the affair was talked over, and Margery brought all her woman's tact and delicacy to its arrangement. Things were planned so as to proceed more leisurely; for the climax, instead of coming the next day, as Harry proposed, was indefinitely put off. But Margery thought herself well paid for her complaisance; for in a very short time Harry knew as well as possible the true state of her heart, and many a precious bit of news he brought her concerning Dion, and one day he managed to forget a photograph of him and never afterward to remember its loss.

So, with this fresh interest in life, time did not seem so heavy to poor Margery. She had Dion's pictured face, and every now and then a few words of information about him, or else a long talk with Harry concerning the manifold perfections of one so dear to both.

But though the final letter was delayed as long as possible, Uncle Lake at last got impatient. "Harry had spent part of every day at Heywood for four months; if boys and girls did not know their own minds in that time, they never would." So the old gentleman wrote the proposal himself, stated frankly what lands and money he intended to give Harry, and solicited for the young man the hand of his fair neighbor.

The answer had been carefully prepared by the two young people. It was exquisitely polite, but yet it contrived to hit delicately several points on which Uncle Lake was very sensitive; and, in fine, it absolutely declined any alliance with his house.

The effect was better than they had dared to hope. Uncle Lake was greatly offended, and for Margery's sake recalled the very worst of the stereotype flings at women and women's ways so generally familiar to bachelors young and old.

"However, he was sorry for me, Margery," said Harry, one day, a week afterward, "and he has shown it in a way that I thoroughly appreciate."

"A check?"

"Yes, for ten thousand dollars."

"Did you pine much, Harry?"

"No, I could not manage it; and, do you know, that pleased uncle. He praised my spirited behavior, and said that was just the way he took a saucy woman's No thirty years ago; and then he gave me a check, and told me to go to Paris for a season."

"And you go, I suppose?"

"Just as soon as the dearest little girl is ready to go with me."

"Will you have enough, after paying your debts?"

"I shall naturally consider my wife's comfort before my creditors."

"O, Harry! Harry!"

"Well, Margery, I never could keep out of debt and out of love. The men I trade with and the girl that I love, always have a lien on me."

After Harry left letters were long delayed. Addresses were lost or changed, and week after week and month after month passed without bringing any word from Dion, about whom he had promised to write. In the third summer Margery was so lonely that she determined to join some friends in a European trip, for she was sure by this time that Dion had quite forgotten her.

So she wandered all summer in the sunniest places of the earth, and was so charmed and happy that she really believed her love and her regrets were buried deeper than any memory could reach for them.

She was sitting, one lovely afternoon, on the top of Richmond Hill. As she sat musing some one suddenly stood between her and the sunshine.

She looked up, and instantly put out her two hands with a joyful cry to Dion.

"O, Margery! Margery! Margery! Oh, my own love! my dear love! my darling!" while in a minor tone Margery was sobbing:

"O, Dion! Dion! Dion! You have nearly killed me! How could you, Dion? You don't know that you have nearly broken my heart. Yes, you have sir."

Then there was such an explanation to be gone through that at ten o'clock that night they had only got as far as their unfortunate parting. And this seemed to remind Dion of something, for he said:

"Oh, Margery darling, I am afraid I must tell you the same old story. I have worked very hard and all that but still I am in debt."

"No, you are not. I have something to tell you, also. Aunt Heywood left you all her money, provided you claimed it within five years after her death; if not, it was to be mine."

"It will still be yours, dear Margery."

"No, I do not want both you and the money; I have enough of my own."

"Then I shall get out of debt at last."

"No, you will not, sir. You owe me the price of three years of my life. You will never be out of my debt,—and you will never be out of my love."

"I don't want to, sweet Margery! and they who are deep in love can afford to spend twenty out of an income of nineteen; for you know the old proverb:

"There was a couple who loved one another, and they always took what they had, and they never wanted."

LONDON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 19, 1879.

Barely a home—only a *pied-a-terre* for the song bird who is also unfortunately a bird of passage—is the little house in the Belgrave-road, tenanted by that very attached and quiet couple, Monsieur and Madame Rouzand. Within doors are signs of artistic treatment at every step. The walls and ceilings are decorated after the Italian fashion, rich *portieres* conceal the doorways, Sevres vases and Dresden shepardesses occupy every spare corner on cabinets of handsome Louis Seize work and *etageres* of buhl and *marqueterie.*

Madame Nillson sets great store by her photographs; but beyond these—beyond even the bust of Victoria Balfe, beyond the Cabanel Ophelia, with its "fey" look; beyond the golden laurel cr