

The Widow's Lodger.

CHAPTER II.
THE LODGER.

It caused little Mrs. Allenby considerable anxiety to find at the end of nearly twelve months that her drawing-room floor with the extra apartment was not a source of profit to her. She had had quite a variety of occupants for them, from the intensely disagreeable, who paid punctually, to the delightfully agreeable who did not pay at all. The intensely disagreeable generally stopped about a month, grumbled at their breakfast, grumbled with their dinner, swore at the servant, and left suddenly in a rage. Their delightful contrasts, the suavity and impetuous majority, stayed till Dr. Hyde sought an interview, and with a suavity equal to their own, intimated that on that day week he should, on Mrs. Arthur Allenby's behalf, require the apartments and the key of the street door latch. Should they not find it convenient to settle up, and retire by that time, he must transfer them to the care of Mr. Joyce, his solicitor, of Gray's Inn. They finally found it convenient to retire without settling up or leaving the latchkeys behind them. Mary had quite a collection of boxes, trunks, portmanteaus, books, old boots and threadbare clothes. Why they should keep the latchkeys was a mystery to Mary at first, she had a fear that they might be used feloniously, but Dr. Hyde told her not to be afraid.

"They keep the keys of their various lodgings," he said, "as an Indian does the scalps of his enemies; we must be more careful, Mary. What do you say to an elderly couple, or an elderly gentleman with his own attendant? Your servants will never do, no servant will ever do. Servants are too forgetful and too slow, and you have enough to do in looking after the baby."

"Do you not think, George," Mary asked, "that an elderly couple might be fidgety?"

"Nothing more likely, but then they would fidget each other, whereas an elderly gentleman might fidget you. However here goes. Drawing-room floor, handsomely furnished, with extra room. Central square, near the principal theatres, the Bank, and Inns of Court. Elderly couple, or gentleman with own attendant preferred. Will that do?"

"Nicely, I think. I am so tired of those charming young gentlemen who never pay."

"And the equally charming young couples who would seem to give hostages to fortune in the shape of children. Providence must have invented them on purpose for furnished apartments, and furnished apartments on purpose for them. Very considerate on the part of providence, if it would only go a little further and help them to pay the expense—by the way, how is down-stairs behaving?"

Down-stairs was the young gentleman who was going, and now had gone into St. Bartholomew's; he came with indisputable references, and his parents paid six months' rent in advance, with an extra sum for his breakfast and tea; they also gave Mary strict injunctions to let them know from time to time how he went on; he was a stout, good-tempered fellow, simple minded and harmless enough if left alone, but his fellow students were not inclined to leave him alone.

He had an unfortunate name to begin with, Mortimer Postlethwaite Parker, and out of that half-a-dozen sobriquets were invented; he was Parker, M. P., Pestle and Mortar Parker. Whistle and Wait Parker, for he was slow and had an incurable habit of whistling plaintively; and once, when he was very ill indeed after attending the operating room, a ready-made wit christened him Post-Mortem-Parker, and the name clung to him to the end of his career. He lived to attain a bright position, and had Mr. Mortimer Parker on his door-plate, but he was always Post Mortem Parker to those who knew him at St. Bartholomew's.

"He is very well, poor fellow," Mary said, "but his friends worry him dreadfully and he is so good-natured and hospitable. They come when he is studying, and stay late, singing, and playing flutes and violins. If he does not let them in, they serenade him at the window. The gentleman next door went out to them once, and there was a fight, and one of them was locked up."

"I must see to it," said Hyde, quietly. "I have always set my face against medical students; rowdiness throws discredit upon the profession at large, and should be put down with a strong hand. I will watch the house for a night or two, and if my remonstrance is not effective enough, the hospital authorities may have a word to say."

He watched for a night or two, but he watched in vain. Perhaps Mary had mentioned what he said to Mr. Parker, and he had warned his friends, for he was left in peace at the house. They had their revenge, however. They kept

him out late and took him home so intoxicated that they had to carry him to bed, when they painted his face like a Maori's and put a powerful, colorless emetic in his water-bottle. He told Mary, with tears in his eyes, that it was very inconsiderate of them.

The advertisement, written out by Dr. Hyde and inserted in the "Times" and other papers, brought several answers, none of which quite satisfied the young doctor.

"There are people to be had who would be glad of such rooms," he said, "people who would give little or no

trouble. Now, most of these seem to want the run of a mans-on and half-a-dozen servants for two guineas a week. This one has always been accustomed to a butler, and would like a maid set apart expressly for her. Another objects to other lodgers, and particularly wishes to know whether you have a man cook and fresh tea every day. Still, another would not object to her page boy making himself useful in the house if you would make a corresponding reduction in the rent, whatever that may mean. We had better wait, Mary, and see what to-morrow will bring forth."

The morrow did not bring a single letter, but it brought Mr. Joyce from Gray's Inn. No man would have looked less like a solicitor than Mr. Joyce. Nature had clearly intended him for a character actor and low comedian. He regarded the law as a vast joke played at the expense of the community. But there was something terribly grim in his humor at times.

"And how are we?" he asked, when he had taken a seat in Mary's little room; "and where is the boy—asleep? Very bad that; spoils his rest for the night. Never sleep when the sun is shining! I have a tenant for you, Mrs. Hilton saw the advertisement, wrote to me—asked me to send a clerk—come myself. Elderly gentleman, own attendant. Drawing-room floor, handsomely furnished, extra room. Principal theatres; proper hours of course. Just the thing. Coming in this evening!"

"This evening, Mr. Joyce; is not that very sudden?"

"Not for him," said the lawyer with a chuckle. "If he wanted the rooms, and meant to have them, he would buy the freehold and turn you out. Extra ordinary man! You will have a van load of luggage and a black man here by six o'clock, and you must get him a dinner by seven."

"Quite impossible," said Mary, overpowered. "I could not think of it, and the black man—I really cannot have them, Mr. Joyce."

"Nonsense! Charge him what you please!"

"But the black man would frighten the baby?"

"Put the baby out of his way, then, besides, he is not so very black; he is a coppery sort of brown, like a kettle, and nearly as shiny. As for the dinner, leave it to the man; his master lives on tins—mulligatawny, curried fowls, devilled kidneys, grilled bones and cayenne pepper; put plenty of cayenne in the castors. Look out for six o'clock and seven! His name is Barker—John Barker; he has the gout, and a pair of blue spectacles; you would know him anywhere."

"I think," Mary said timidly, "I would rather not have him, Mr. Joyce."

"Nonsense," the lawyer said again. "He is my most valuable client; he has set his mind on number twenty-seven and he must come. If he wanted a suite of rooms in Buckingham Palace I should have to get them for him. He is a man who will not be contradicted. I would as soon put my head in a lion's mouth as go and tell him he cannot come."

"But if I had let the rooms,"

"I really must have turned the people out. Two of my clerks, and the one who serves writs on awkward people—he won the amateur champion fighting belt at eleven stone ten. You will soon get used to Mr. Barker and his black man, my dear, and you will thank me some day for your lodger."

"I should like to consult Mr. Hyde," pleaded Mary.

"Mr. Hyde, ah, the doctor, oh, ah, yes, plenty of time to consult him, Mrs. Arthur. I daresay he will want you to take his advice some day, and you will; oh yes, you will; how is the young man in the parlors?"

"Mr. Parker's very quiet indeed, poor fellow, since they brought him home in that dreadful state, and painted his face. He never speaks to them now."

"He had better be very quiet, for my client, John Barker, has a rooted objection to people who are not. He walks with two sticks, and one of them is a supple Jack; and if Mr. Parker makes a noise, he will most likely have to try a surgical experiment upon himself."

Mary would have done very much to oblige her friend, the solicitor; but she did look forward with some nervousness and much misgiving to the advent of the baggage-van and the black man. Mr. Joyce, with all his oddities, had been a true and thoughtful friend to Arthur and herself. She tried to think of that, as six o'clock drew near, and was ready to open the door herself. The servant was shut away with little Arthur upstairs, so that he should not become too suddenly acquainted with the man of unfamiliar color.

At six they came—the van, the baggage, and the man. It was a relief to find that he was not black; he was a powerful, handsome mulatto, very little darker than an ordinary native of southern Africa.

"You are the lady of the house?" he said, with a courtesy that would have set as gracefully on an English gentleman as it did on him. "If you will show me my master's rooms, I will give you no further trouble."

"You cannot put all that luggage there," said Mary—"there's no room; but there is a box-room at the top of the house."

"If you will show me my master's rooms," he said, with a smile, "I will see to the luggage. I know exactly where to place it in each room, and I must obey him."

And he went to the van, and began to unload. Heavy cases, that the carman

and his assistant took from the van with laboring breath, he swung to his shoulders easily and carried upstairs with a light footstep. The boxes and cases were numbered, and he put some in the front drawing-room, some in the back, made a stack of some more against the bed-room wall, and built a pyramid on the landing; one huge case like a crate he took down stairs and placed in the pantry.

"Soup and chickens," he said to the wondering cook, "curry and chutney, guava-mangos, chilies, preserves, and pickles, all for master and cook."

He took out some tins, opened them with a knife made for that purpose, selected the steppans, st-wpans, and utensils he required, stirred up the fire, lighted the gas stove, then went upstairs, and came down five minutes later in his shirt-sleeves and a snowy linen apron that reached from his neck to his feet. The servant, so unceremoniously turned out of her own domain, would have retired full of indignation, but he stopped her.

"You must stay," he said, with an irresistible smile; "I shall want you."

"And what for, pray, Mr. Darkey?" asked the cook, who was ready to resign her situation on the spot.

"You watch the dishes while I prepare the table for my master," he said, with a roll of the negro in his eyes that almost made her shrink. "And my name is Cincinnati, not Mr. Darkey. So you help me—I help you, and we shall be good friends. I have some pretty things in my trunks, which I show you by-and-by."

Half-frightened, half-fascinated, the cook—a young and very comely woman of thirty or so—obeyed him, and from that moment all resistance was at an end. She was under the spell, as helpless as a bird before a serpent, but he was a harmless kind of serpent.

"What do they call you for short?" she inquired, watching with profound admiration the careful dexterity with which he manipulated the steppans, keeping half-a-dozen going at once, and bringing each to perfection at the proper moment like a conjuror.

"Cincinnati. Lower; the gas flares just a little."

"Sensy?"

"That is near enough for you to begin with; and now, you see, my master will be here in ten minutes, and then, when you hear the bell, bring up the dishes to the door, quick; I wait."

"It is the housemaid's place to carry dishes," Mr. Sensy.

"We are all cooks and housemaids here," he said, with a persuasive smile and another roll of his eyes. "We help each other. Everybody must help for my master."

"If the master is like the man," the cook said, under her breath—for she was thoroughly afraid of him—"I think the sooner both are out the house the better."

The master, so far as she saw him from the kitchen, was very much worse than the man. He came punctually at seven, and Cincinnati went to the door. He had changed his dress in a few seconds, as it seemed, and now appeared in the regulation white tie and black dress-coat. Mr. John Barker came in a hired brougham, and Mary saw him from the window—a heavily-built, infirm old gentleman, who walked on two sticks and wore blue spectacles—old and grey and infirm enough to soften her womanly heart; and she went to the hall. The mulatto helped him along tenderly, but he made a little stumble, and Mary caught him with her tiny hands.

"Let me help you, sir," she said. "Have you hurt yourself—are you in pain?"

"Thank you, yes—I am always in pain," was the odd reply. "And how can you help sixteen stone of pain and gout and bad temper? What do you suppose I keep a man for?"

It seemed natural to her to pat his shoulder soothingly, as she had done to her father when mental pain and overwork made him irritable and impatient.

"If there is anything I can do," she said, gently, "send for me. I am a doctor's wife, you know, and used to nursing."

"Ah, well, you are very good, but I never yet knew a doctor worth anything to me. However, I suppose you mean well."

And with that certainly uncouth return for her kindness, he went upstairs.

"Poor old gentleman," said Mary to herself, "he is tired, and wants his dinner; and that little stumble must have pained him, suffering as he does."

The "poor old gentleman" did not, however, eat his dinner when it was served. He took off his spectacles, and sat looking at a portrait of Arthur between the windows.

"So, so," he said, keeping time to his thoughts with his grey head; "they turned their backs on her, and let her come to this—lied about her, and killed the poor boy. So, so."

Ben: Perley Poore tells this anecdote of Senator Ingalls of Kansas: Mr. Ingalls was visiting Old Point Comfort. He was sitting on the pier one evening, looking with his near-sighted eyes into the rippling water and descending on the change between this moonlit scene and her busy city life. "Is it possible," said somebody, with keen recollection of his ruling characteristics, "that that man is ever anything but cool?" "Yes," said the Senator, overhearing the remark, "sometimes. I am like a negro I heard preaching a sermon on Judgment Day. He described the final conflagration, all the terrors of judgment, and finally exclaimed: 'Yes, brethren, Heaven will pass away, and Earth will pass away, and sea and air, and—brother'n (as a climax) I will pass away, too!'"

Dakota in Congress.

According to the outlook, as now forecast by Dakotans here, it looks as if the senate would pass a bill to admit the State of South Dakota, with its two senators and state governor already elected, and ready to enter upon their respective duties. This is the Democrats promise, with a good deal of Dakota emphasis, that if the senate takes this course the house will pass the bill introduced by Mr. Fredricks, of Iowa, the other day, which is simple an enabling act providing for the admission of the whole territory when it shall have prepared a constitution, to be submitted and approved by congress. Neither question can receive final concurrence of both houses, and the admission question will be where it was when congress met.

Democrats are against division as proposed on the forty-sixth parallel, on party grounds. It would make two surely Republican states or territories. The Democrats of the Black Hills are especially set against it, and insist that the Democrats of the whole territory ought not to allow such an outrage to be perpetrated as to leave them tied up with the so-called "Yankton

they designate the Republicans in the populous portion of South Dakota, east of the Missouri river. If the Frederick enabling act is passed by the Democratic house, and the senate bill to admit South Dakota is not taken up, the Republicans threaten to make the fight on division alone, claiming that the Democratic party at large will be just as well off with two territories as with one, and the question of admission can be postponed until the Democrats think they have a majority in one or the other, or both. This the Democrats would dislike, as much as anything yet proposed. They have taken pains to frame a counter measure. They will introduce a bill to divide the territory north and south. The Missouri river is proposed as a boundary between the two territories from the Nebraska line to the north side of Fort Rice military reservation, where a line ten miles east of and parallel to the 101st meridian will be followed to the British boundary. This divides the territory about equally in area, but leaves four-fifths of the population in the eastern portion. The territory east of the river is to be called Dakota, that west Lincoln. Bismarck, the present capital, falls eight ten miles west of the dividing line, and is proposed as a temporary capital of Lincoln. Aberdeen is named as the capital of Dakota. The latter territory would be as Dakota is now, Republican in politics. Lincoln would probably be Democratic, the greater part of its population being the Black Hills.

This is the strong point in this card, when the Democrats play it. There are probably as many Democrats in Dakota anxious for division of some sort. If they can be tempted to get this division bill through the senate there will be no trouble about its passage through the house. There are many details in the proposition that will create a sensation when the bill is read in Dakota. The readjustments of courts and judicial districts proposed would add new importance to some towns and may subtract some from others. As a compromise that will attract certain keen politicians in both parties, this last division scheme is decidedly formidable. The bill will be introduced as soon after congress re-assembles as opportunity is given.

Washington Correspondence of Pioneer Press.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Dec. 28, 1885. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before C. H. Ward, clerk of the district court, at Sherbrooke, Steele county, D. T., on February 19, 1886, viz: Abraham L. Johnson, D. T., No. 16728, for the sw 1/4 of sec. 18, township 18, range 56. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Erik Erickson, John Olwell, J. M. Lane, Martin Anderson, all of Aneta P. O., Nelson county, D. T.

HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

Robertson & Welch, att'ys, Mayville, Dak. 51-4

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The testimony to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of the district court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1886, at his office.

HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

Wm. Glass, Attorney.

51-4

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Wm. Glass, Attorney.

51-4

NOTICE—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Dec. 11th, 1885. Complaint having been entered at this office by Henry Olson against Charles Schroeder for abandoning his homestead entry No. 9938, dated April 30, 1882, upon sec. 3, section 12, township 148, range 56, in Griggs county, Dakota territory, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 20th day of January, 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said abandoned homestead.

HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

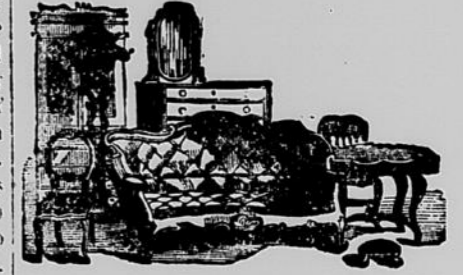
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