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WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

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WHOLE NO. 486.

## LITERATURE.

### THE TRANSFORMED.

A Tale of Blood.  
From Harper's Weekly.

If you live in Downshire and do not know the fiendlike of fiendlike Court, you are unknown indeed; the circumstance of their name being spelled with two little 's', and pronounced Fendall, stamps it with a peculiar aristocracy. Radicals, indeed—persons who take themselves in roads—assert that this was at one time no such thing as a capital or an alphabet, and that it was indicated by the duplication of the small letters. As intelligence increased, capitals were invented, and the least persons who were not illiterate, the most illiterate; so that the intention of the two small 's' is not—intellectually speaking—a feather in the fiendlike cap. On the other hand, as a token of antiquity, it is invaluable. The possession of a name that nobles pronounce without instruction is also obviously a great inheritance, and in this case it was the more valuable since there is no record of a fiendlike of Downshire having been distinguished in any other way. The family had flourished for centuries, in the sense that an old tree is said to flourish, and, like it, most of it was underground.

Sir Geoffrey Fendall (for we will take the liberty of spelling his name as it was pronounced, as though he were an ordinary Christian), the present tenant of the Court, was a widower, childless, and stricken in years. The long line, which had moved as directly as a pawn in chess for so many generations, had at last failed, and the succession was going to a nephew, who was going to flourish, and, like it, most of it was underground.

Most young men would have jumped at such an offer, nor was Percival himself by any means blind to its possible advantage; but he was a man of that disposition which, in poor people, is called obstinacy, in persons of moderate means, firmness, and in rich people, determination of character. Thanks to nobody but himself, he was slowly making his way in the world, and he was not disposed to barter his independence even for the reversion of the family estate. This was not entailed upon him, but it would have been contrary to all traditions of a fiendlike blood to let it to any other person than the natural heir. The man knew, in fact, that unless he gave his kinsman some grave cause of offense, he would one day reign in his stead. Fendall is not to be better, therefore, as he had not an idea in common with the old squires, that they should keep apart, so that no offense could be given by him? Percival certainly did not wish to go to Downshire. It was Downshire, and since he was no sportsman, he greatly preferred London at that season to the country; just now, indeed, he preferred it to all seasons, from the circumstances that it contained, in Gloucester Place, a young lady called Mary Blake, whose name it was his intention to change to Fendall (with one 'f') as soon as his income had become sufficient for him to marry upon it.

Her father was a hop merchant, and no doubt gave to speculation in his own line, but strongly opposed to contingencies in connection with his daughter's settlement in life. He has at first refused to take Percival's great expectations into consideration at all; but when this invitation came from the old baronet, he had wisely thawed, an even held out a hope that he might not insist upon seeing Percival's ledger setting forth that he had received in fees, etc., at least five hundred pounds a year, before would give consent to his daughter's marriage.

To the young man himself this relaxation of Mr. Blake's proviso gave him much less satisfaction than that gentleman had anticipated. In his own mind he was persuaded that the match would be disagreeable to Sir Geoffrey, and render his expectations even less promising than before; and this was one of the reasons that made him incline to be very dutiful to his venerable cousin at a distance, and through the medium of the post-office. He did not like the old gentleman; he had resented the coldness he had shown to his father; and he did not appreciate the overtures now made to himself, which he thoroughly understood were not owing to any personal regard, but only because circumstances had made him the sole surviving member of the house with two 'f's. At the same time, he was much too sensible to throw away the

brilliant prospects which had thus unfolded themselves to his view, if he could retain them with self-respect and without much inconvenience. Although very unworthy descendant of his race as regarded the belief in their blue blood—which he looked upon either as imaginary or as a very serious physical ailment—he had inherited a strong disposition to be bored or troubled. Old Sir Geoffrey himself, with his twenty thousand pounds a year and an obedient county, did not dislike being "put out" more than he did, and when he was annoyed, he took as little pains as his great kinsman to conceal it. Such men are, socially speaking, the very worst sort of the earth, who amongst a world of snobs and toadies speak the plain truth to its little tyrants, even if they do not succeed in teaching them how to behave themselves. Put Percival had no sense of apostle-ship whatever. He simply liked his own way as much as his betters did, and—since his ambition was limited—almost as often got it; a man who did not walk and look and speak as an intelligent as he himself was. Put Percival had no sense of apostle-ship whatever. He simply liked his own way as much as his betters did, and—since his ambition was limited—almost as often got it; a man who did not walk and look and speak as an intelligent as he himself was.

That we should be able to keep at a distance the good people from whom we have expectations (and yet retain them), is, however, a mere dream of the optimist; and so Percival found it. To the polite and carefully worded letter by which he had endeavored to evade the invitation to the home of his ancestors he received a reply by return of post, the inclosure from which had immediate appearance at Fendall Court, or his giving up all hopes of ever seeing it in his own; in short, Sir Geoffrey was furious.

"Dear Cousin, you had better go," pleaded Mary, to whom he had shown the note, with some strong expression of indignation. She was a beautiful creature, with eyes like a gazelle, and a voice more persuasive to his ear than any in the Law Courts. "But he writes so disagreeably," said Percival, pulling at his mustache, "he must be a most offensive body."

"Recollect, my darling, that he is an old man," argued Mary, meaning that allowance as well as reverence was due to gray hairs. "He is not so old as all that," mused Percival. "This sort of thing may go on—I mean one's having to put up with his impertinent arrogance—for years and years. The question is, is it worth such a tremendous sacrifice?"

The wretch was thinking of his peace of mind, and whether he could keep his temper if such things were said to him—about "respect" and "obedience"—as his kinsman had thought proper to put on paper. "If you get on with your cousin, he must be a most offensive body," said Percival, without moving a muscle. "That would be blasphemous indeed," said Percival, without moving a muscle. "Of course it would," put in the baronet, eagerly. "I perceive that you are a little of a wit, and you are worthy of your name, and you were only joking—though let me observe that I don't like such jokes—when you talked of being engaged to this Miss Lake."

With a civility that had sufficiently indicated their opinion of his prospects; and the young ladies had been as gracious as their fathers and mothers.

"Percival, do you notice that girl in blue last night?" inquired Sir Geoffrey, snipping of the end of his after-breakfast cigar, and proceeding to light it; "Amelia Elton, Lord Wrazzall's daughter. It is my intention you shall marry her."

Percival lifted his eyebrows. "It can't be done, Sir Geoffrey,"—he also lit his cigar with great deliberation—"that is, if I continue in England. We should have to go to Salt Lake City, where bigamy is permissible."

"What the devil do you mean, Sir," exclaimed the baronet. "Have you a wife already?"

"No, Sir Geoffrey," Percival could not help wondering to himself what would have happened had he answered "Yes." Would his cousin have had an apoplectic fit (he looked very near it as it was), and gone off the books at once, leaving everybody happy ever afterwards?

"My dear Cousin,—Love has not blinded you, for I grant that the young person is very good-looking, but I have no wish to see you married to a woman who, having run the leg of his wooden tray into the duke's eye, is inquired of him who the duke was, and she should be so particular about his eyesight."

"My name is Percival Fendall, Sir—a man that boasts better blood than you, inasmuch as he can count a generation beyond you." This reply, intended to be satirical, was an inspiration, and had quite the contrary effect to what he had expected. He had accidentally protected himself, as it were, by this interposition of the other's fetich, as though it had been a shield.

"By Jove! that's true," said Sir Geoffrey, regarding him with unguessed admiration. "You're the eleventh of us, though not quite in the direct line. I am glad you appreciate the circumstance at its full value. I had been told by a mischievous fellow that you had been thinking of spelling our name with a capital 'F'."

ness, and is now—I had almost written, 'herself again'; but though she is as well as ever, this is not the case. She has in a very singular though perfectly scientific manner become somebody else. She has undergone the operation of transfusion at the hands—

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## Business Cards.

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Barrister-at-Law, Notary Public,  
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Attorneys-at-Law, &c.  
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Guests treated kindly, and every atten-  
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**THE** Subscribers have this day entered  
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in the most workmanlike manner, at re-  
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Now on hand, for sale cheap,  
Truck Wagons & Light Carriages.

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## Business Cards.

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Razor Straps  
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Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion, 80  
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Elixir of Beef, Iron and Wine, 1.00  
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Gates' Bitters and Syrup, 1.00  
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Oranges, Lemons,  
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July 23  
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**NOTICE.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that I have  
appointed Nelson Beckwith, Jr., a  
Deputy Sheriff in and for the County of  
Westmorland.  
Dorchester, August 10th, 1879.  
E. A. CHAPMAN,  
Sheriff.