The Intelligencer.

THE RECOVERED ESTATE.

The Freaks of Fortune—the Treasures of Love.

From the London Society.

Lescombe Hall, the property of Lescombe Lescombe, was a property of its kind exceedingly pleasant and attractive. It was situated on a promontory, in one of our southwestern counties, which stretched somewhat broadly into the sea, terminating in a point, on which were situated the picturesque ruins of an ancient chapel, which, in the days of faith, pious fishermen had erected to their patron saint.

But the owner of the Hall was the lord of the manor; and whether by courtesy or right, he had the shooting over the whole of the orginal estate. But the present story is not concerned, as so many pleasant stories are, with ancestral acres and the ancestral hall. It is rather concerned with Egyptian bonds and Turkish securities. The father of our present Mr. Lescombe was a man who had done a great deal of prosperous business in the money-marts. Just as he had made a competent fortune he found that the hall, manor, village and advowson of Lescombe, with divers rights of fishing and shooting, were in the market. It was a curious coincidence that the name of this property should be the same as his own name. It took the old man's fancy hugely that he should be Lescombe of Lescombe. The former people who had it were of another name, probably derived from another property. But to any man of the name of Lescombe who should buy Lescombe there would be an ancestral hall, not to mention ancestors, all ready provided. So when the great estate parcelled out and broken up, the Hall and the Home Farm and some out-lying lands were sold to Mr. Lescombe, who was formerly of the Stock Exchange, but who now became Lescombe of Lescombe. He had a son born to him in this country abode, and, still further to strengthen the idea of territoriality, he had him christened by the name of Lescombe alone. You could hardly have anything stiffer and stronger in the territorial line than Lescombe Lescombe of Lescombe.

But what troubled him most of all was that the territorial idea did not seem at all likely to be carried out in its integrity. He had only one living son, a few daughters who did not count for anything, and this son marrying had one daughter. It seemed likely, therefore, that the first Lescombe of Lescombe would be the last. It was hard lines, and the old man took it to heart. He would probably have lived much longer if he had not settled at Lescombe, but had continued his Stock Exchange business with a country box at Wimbledon.

It takes three generations to make a gentleman arguing on the unfavorable hypothesis that the original Lescombe of Lescombe hardly came under that denomination. But in the third generation the Lescombe line burst into radiant flower. Gertrude Lescombe was a lily among lilies, a lady among ladies. An only child, motherless, living in a remote part of the country, her father's companion and help in everything, she had an unusual strength and decision of character. Her father, born and bred in the country, had taken heartily to the pursuits which his own father had not cared for. The neighboring squires called on him and liked him. The Lord-Lieutenant of the county invited him to dinner, and asked him to be a magistrate. The Bishop of the diocese, holding a confirmation at Lescombe church, stayed at Lescombe Hall, and hoped that if Mr. Lescombe came to town he would look him up at the Athenæum Club. People commonly said that Gertrude Lescombe would be an heiress and a capital wife. A capital wife she would certainly be to any man happy enough to get her, but as things were going on it was by no means so clear that she would be an heiress.

Lescombe Hall was kept up, not by the Lescombe lands, which we have seen were limited, but by a very large sum in ready money which the stock broker had bequeathed to his son. A hundred thousand pounds is a very warm sum; but it takes a great deal of caution and trouble to place it in safe investments. It has always been a deeply implanted maxim in Lescombe Lescombe's mind that he should never put all his eggs into one basket. This may be very true as a general adage. But egg after egg may be broken, or basket after basket may be lost. This was unfortunately the case in the present instance. He thought he had distributed his coin in so many good securities that he felt himself quite safe. But when Dame Fortune begins to depress her wheel, nothing can stop the untavorable process. Egg after egg went to smash. He went into a coal mine; the price of coal fell. He took shares in a bank; the bank broke, and the shares were put into heavy contributions. He went into a railway, and no dividend was declared. He sold out Egyptians at sheavy loss. The Turkish bonds confiscated half his remaining income. A hundred thousand pounds is a great deal; but it will soon look so foolish under such an accumulation of disasters. As a matter of fact it evaporated entirely. It is unnecessary to go through the different stages of a sad experience which has become only a too common one in recent history. It sold to satisfy outstanding demands, and to provide a modest subsistence for a retreat at Cheltenham or Bath.

Two young men were sitting in the smoking room of a Lodon club. They had dined together, had sipped coffee and curacoa, had had a game of billiards, and now according to the fashion of these days, were going for aerated water and spirits. They were smoking meditative cigars, and were adopting that earnest business talk which men take up when their faculties are freshened up a few hours after dinner. They were evidently the kind of men who would sit up to any hour of the night, and get up at any hour of the morning.

"I wish everybody had your luck," said the junior. "A legacy of ever so much money with no other condition than that you should lay it out in land. A cool hundred thousand!"

It was not very clear now even such a sum could be regarded as a matter of temperature. Major Eveleigh simply re-echoed the phrase.

"A cool hundred thousand."

"And how are you getting on about investing in land?"

"Parker—he's my man of business—and I am doing what we can, inserting advertisements and looking out for what advertisements come in the way. We have been having a splash in the *Times*, the *Field* and so on."

"And what have you heard of?"

"O, several things. There's a very good place not so far from Sandringham, lots of game and fishing. Then there's another in Cheshire with a lot of very good houses about. Then there's a glorious place in North Wales, with a couple of lynns and a salmon river all to yourself, as good as being in Norway. Then there's another which I have heard of which would probably suit me best of all, only I'm afraid that there is hardly enough land, Lescombe, down in the west countries."

"Never heard of it."

"It's an uncommonly pretty place, though the world knows nothing of its prettiness. I know it very well, although I have never been there. I think I must run down and see it. The fact is that it once belonged to my own ancestors, and my mother often used to tell me how she spent her childish days there. It was all sold off, as the proceeds had to be divided among a lot of us. The present owner has the same name as the estate, but he wants to sell it, and will take a fair price. I must get Parker to see if there is any more land to be had in the neighborhood. I have written to Mr. Lescombe to say that I shall probably run down and look at the place, more especially as I had an old association with it."

Just at this moment a page entered the smoking-room and handed Major Eveleigh a letter on a salver.

"By Jove, it's the Lescombe postmark! Excuse me if I read it. Light up again, old man."

The Major read the letter and appeared much gratified by the contents.

"This is really very kind and gentlemanly. Read it, Hardy:"

"LESCOMBE HALL, June 18."

"Anniversary of the battle of Waterloo," murmured Mr. Hardy.

"Quite right, Hardy. Whatever else we forget we will never forget the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo."

Mr. Hardy went on with the letter:

"DEAR SIR: If you have any idea of coming into our part of the country we shall be extremely pleased if you will come and stay here as long as it may suit your convenience. If you think of purchasing the place this will give you the opportunity of acquainting yourself minutely with all the details of the property. What you say about the hall having originally belonged to your family is full of interest to me. Their tradition still lingers in the country-side, and is uniformly favorable to them. I shall be extremely pleased to have the opportunity of showing hospitality to one who no doubt is a worthy descendant of the old owners, and may be the owner himself. You probably know that we are rather sequestered and the neighborhood is thin, but we will do our best to make your stay pleasant.

"Yours faithfully,

"LESCOMBE LESCOMBE."

It was quite a new sensation to Major Eveleigh to find himself in the pleasant chamber of the old mansion at Lescombe. From this chamber he caught a distant view of the sea, and in another direction he looked beyond the carriage drive and the meadows to the little village and its gray tower, "standing four-square to every wind that blows." Major Eveleigh afterwards declared that quite a remarkable mental mood came upon him as he awoke that first morning in the guest chamber.

"I assure you, Hardy," he once said months and months afterwards to his old friend, "I felt a most singular sensation. The room and every object in the room seemed strangely familiar to me. I seemed to be in a place which was perfectly familiar to me. Was it a transmitted feeling from my ancestors that I was sharing in what had been their experiences, or was it a prophetic feeling about times to come?"

He had wondered very much who the "we" could be; and had accidentally heard that there was no Mrs. Lescombe. Did Lescombe have an editorial habit of describing his own individuality as "we," or had he any people of his own who would help to make his visit a pleasant one? He discussed the matter as he went down by the express, and came to the sage conclusion that time would show. He came in late, for the train had been delayed, and, after some sherry and water, had gone to bed.

We have made him express his feelings when he first awoke next morning. He tubbed, and felt prepared for breakfast and business. When he came down, the "we" was most satisfactorily explained. Miss Lescombe was presiding, fresh and fair as morning itself, perhaps with a little constraint about her, but with a natural graciousness which would not for a moment allow him to suppose himself an unwelcome guest. Great headway was made with the breakfast, but none with the business. The curious thing was, this business was soon relegated into the background, and then seemed to vanish. Squire Lescombe showed his guest over the house and outbuildings, conservatories and gardens; showed his horses, dogs and stock; but it was entirely in the way that country gentlemen treat their visitors. Then he took him into the old church, where the Major worked up the "arrivals, junctions and departures" of his ancestors. It was very strange that the old clerk should remember more about his grandfather than he did himself, and the old clerk was liberally rewarded for his good memory. Then they went down the little bay, and henceforth the Major substituted a plunge in the sea for his morning tub. Mr. Lescombe was a most generous type of host. Nothing was left undone that could add to the happiness of his visitor, and that without the slightest thought of selfishness. But, somehow, Gertrude Lescombe formed the chief element in that exceeding happiness. She steered when he put the boat out to sea; she rode out with him or took him out in her basket carriage to see the chief points of interest in the neighborhood. She took him out to St. Julian's Point, that he might sketch the old ruins, and the white cliffs, and the great and wide sea beyond, and the contorted rocks which rose out of the depths not far from shore. As for business, he left it to his man of business, Mr. Parker, and to the gentleman, whoever he might be, who was the Mr. Parker on the other side of the question.

O, why couldn't things go on in the pleasant way in which they were going on? Why should the ugly business element be always obtruding itself in the midst of pleasant things?

One day they were sitting over their wine—sitting down over port and claret, which the old stock jobber had had down half a century before.

The Major was holding his glass to the light and enjoying the rich ruby tint.

"Do you think you will take the place, Major?"

"I do, indeed, more especially as I find that there will be a good deal of land in the market soon, and Mr. Parker sends me word that he has secured the refusal of it."

"My man, Mr. Mordaunt, will give your man, Mr. Parker, all the deeds and particulars."

"I have told Mr. Parker that I shall be perfectly content with any proposals that Mr. Mordaunt makes." It will be seen that our Major was not a hard man of business to deal with.

"I assure you, my dear fellow, I shall give up to you with greater pleasure than to any other living man. You are the right man in the right place. Your people were here, and it seems only right that you should come back to it again."

And it certainly was a case of more poetical justice than one often finds in the world. Old Lescombe bought the estate with his city money, and here comes a descendant of the old stock who buys it back.

Mr. Lescombe wanted to sell his estate. Land sells well and hardly produces two per cent to the buyer. He wanted the money, which would be some £40,000, which would pay off all his liabilities and leave him the money that would suffice for water-place existence. But it did seem hard lines to him that he must give up the old place. He had taken to the country as thoroughly as his father before him had been unable to do so. He now remembered that among the conditions of sale there was a sentence respecting "immediate possession." The immediate possession was all very well on the side of receiving immediate payment, but it was not so well on the side of immediately turning out.

But it must be done, thought the Squire remorsefully. It was now becoming high time that he should look out for a new residence in Bath or Cheltenham. He must put things in order, gather up his scattered sheaves. He must begin at once, and first of all with his own private chattels and belongings. It was a piteous sight to see the old man in his den, bringing together fishing-rods and lines, books and papers, disturbing things which all his life long had never been disturbed. He found, when the time now came that he could be transplanted, how deeply his whole being had taken root in the soil. He was soon tired and bewildered, leaning his face on his hands and moaning.

Just then Gertrude entered the room.

"Papa dear," she said, feeling uneasy, and moving quickly toward him, "What is the matter? Tell me!"

"There is nothing the matter, dear; only I am rather put out this morning. It makes me sorry to leave the old place"

"Sorry! I should think so, indeed. I begin to hate that Major Eveleigh. The notion of his turning us out of doors!"

Ah, Gertrude, Gertrude, is this statement strictly veracious and historic? After all those walks and rambles, is there only a spirit of hatred implanted in your celestial breast?

"It is no fault of his, my dear," said the old man. "He only comes because I want to go. And he comes in a much more pleasant and liberal way than many would come."

"But it is so hard that we should have to go, owing to those shocking banks and railways."

"You will enjoy the change to Bath or Cheltenham, my dear. Plenty of society, promenades, balls, concerts."

"Some girls might enjoy it, papa, but not I; at least not for more than a week or two. I think Lescombe the most beautiful spot in the whole world; the sea, the combes, the moor, the mountains, the woods."

"I know it, my dear. I know it as well as you do. But, Gertrude, you are not a child. You know all my affairs as well as I know them myself. Let us be grateful that this sale will enable us to leave the place with honor, and live pleasantly in a pleasant place."

On several occasions he afterwards descanted on the glories of Bath and Cheltenham. But though Gertrude tried to appear delighted with his description, she retained her private conviction that Lescombe was the centre of the universe.

One day she had been sitting on a mossy stone beneath an ancient arch of the ruins of St. Julien's Chapel. "To her," as they say in the play-books, came the the gallant Major, portfolio in hand, to complete some sketches of the ruins and of the scenery about them. However hateful he might be as the early proprietor of Lescombe, still the monster drew so well that he was quite capable of giving Gertrude Lescombe a few useful hints. They both worked together for half an hour.

"Well, this is a beautiful place," said the Major, really with a keen love of fine scenery. But the words grated unpleasingly on Gertrude's ear, as if they conveyed a thorough appreciation of newly acquired property.

"Dear old Lescombe!" said the girl, and the fair lips began to quiver and the eyelashes were wet.

The Major did not observe these signs of emotion, and proceeded:

"I shall not make any alteration. The place is simply perfect. I shall leave everything exactly as it is. I really cannot make out why the squire should want to give up the place. He cannot be so well off anywhere else."

Looking at his companion's face the Major saw that she was moved with deep emotion. She turned her face away and raised her hand to screen herself from observation.

"Miss Lescombe, Gertrude," he exclaimed, "what on earth is the matter? Is it possible that I can have said anything to give you pain. I would rather cut off my right hand than do so."

"It is not your fault, I know very well, Major Eveleigh; but we are so very, very sorry to leave the old place. Why do we leave it? You don't suppose we should leave it unless we were obliged to leave."

"Obliged!" echoed the Major, with a genuine look of amazement. "I had never thought of the matter in that point of view."

Neither had he. His own impression had been, as he afterwards had an opportunity for explaining, that the Squire, having no son, did not care to keep such a big place in hand, and thought of retiring to some fashionable locality. Unfortunately in these days it is no new thing for people to give up country estates and retire into fashionable centres.

"Now, Gertrude, dear Gertrude, listen to me," said the Major, placing his hand on her arm in a beseeching mood. "You may be quite sure that I do not want to leave Lescombe. Ever since I have known you I have had the ambition to make you in real truth the mistress of Lescombe, and the place would lose all its charms if you would not stay here as my wife."

And now Gertrude was trembling as well as crying.

"And as for the dear old man, I shall be delighted if he will stay here altogether, exactly as he used to do. We will be as happy as we have been during the last few weeks."

And the happy girl was obliged to confess that if she loved Lescombe and her father, she also loved Frank Eveleigh.

I do not exactly know what were the settlements and business arrangements. They were in the safe hands of Mr. Parker and the gentleman on the other side. As the Major lucidly explained the matter, any money he put into the estate would eventually come back to him. It was only taking money out of one waistcoat pocket and putting it into the other. Hardy was the "best man" on the occasion of the marriage. Gertrude finds that, much as she loves Lescombe, a run on the Continent and a season in town are endurable. The Squire continues the virtual lord of Lescombe. The Eveleighs have two sons; and one of them, christened Lescombe, is to assume the name and arms of his grandfather; so that there is every probability that there will yet be another Lescombe Lescombe of Lescombe.

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D. C. LIST, President.

G. LAMB, Cashier.

JOS. SEYBOLD, Assistant Cashier. jal5

Commercial Bank.

Capital, ... $100,000.

OFFICE—No. 1308 Main St.

Interest paid on Special Deposits. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted. Accounts of merchants and others solicited.

DIRECTORS:

Thos. H. List, R. J. Smyth, J. C. Thomas, W. A. Wilson, J. L. Stifel, W. T. Bart, Chas. H. Booth.

THOS. H. LIST, President. J. L. STIFEL, V. Prest.

S. P. HILDRETH, Cashier jal8

Exchange Bank.

J. N. VANCE, Pres't. SAM'L LAUGHLIN, V. P.

Capital.....$200,000

Liability of Stockholders.....400,000

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Collections made on all points and proceeds promptly remitted.

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READY MIXED PAINTS,

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Spool Cotton

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SEWING MACHINES.

Black and Colors especially desirable.

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E. SCHOPPER,
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GEORGE G. ROTH,
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AT WHOLESALE BY

J. S. RHODES & CO. jy13

W. W. McCONNELL,

No. 155 FIFTEENTH STREET,

Manufacturer of

Lard Barrels, Half Barrels, Apple and Flour Barrels, Ham Tierces, Glass Barrels and Casks, Butter Kegs, etc.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO mr25-daw

BUY YOUR DOG COLLARS AT

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Cor. Main & Fourteenth Sts.,

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FALL & WINTER WEAR.

ALL WOOL KNIT JACKETS.

MEN AND BOYS' SUITS MADE TO ORDER, in Latest Styles and at Lowest Prices, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

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Gentlemen will find in my establishment everything that is new, stylish or desirable in material, both of Home and Foreign make, and at prices to suit the times.

I will make up to measure heavy weight all wool Suits from $20.00 upwards, which in cut, workmanship and trimmings shall not be excelled.

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I am closing out my entire stock of FURNISHING GOODS at and below cost, to discontinue that branch of business.

H. LINGEN.

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BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD CO

On and after May 14, 1877, Passenger Trains will leave as follows—Wheeling Time:

EAST-BOUND.	No. 5. daily.	No. 7*	No. 1. daily.	No. 21*
Leave—	A. M.	A. M	P. M.	A. M.
Wheeling	4:45	10:35	6:20	7:30
Arrive at—	P. M.	P. M.		P. M.
Grafton	9:05	8:15	10:30	4:10
	P. M.		A. M.	
Keyser	12:55	7:05	1:55	.....
Cumberland	1 45	8:00	2:45	.....
Martinsburg	4:30	.....	5:10	.....
Washington City	7:20	.....	7:5	.....
Baltimore	8:30	.....	9:00	.....
	A. M		P. M.	
Philadelphia	3:05	.....	1:45	.....
New York	6:25	.....	5:00	.....

*Daily except Sunday.

No. 7 stops at all Stations between Wheeling and Cumberland; No 45 stops at all Stations between Wheeling and Grafton.

WEST-BOUND.	No. 3. daily.	No. 2.*	No. 10. daily.
Leave Wheeling	7:4 A.M	4:10P.M	9 45 P.M
Arrive at—			
Zanesville	11:50 "	8:45 "	2:05 A.M
Newark	1:00P.M	10.00 "	3: 5 "
Columbus	3.00 "	.....	5:00 "
Sandusky	6:55 "	.....	9.10 "
Dayton	7.30 "	.....	1:35 P.M
Cincinnati	8:00 "	.....	10:50 A.M
Louisville	12:55 A.M	.....	7:45 P.M
Indianapolis	11:25 PM	.....	12:40 "
St. Louis	5 40A.M	.....	9:0 "
Chicago	6:00 "	.....	7:00 "

*Daily except Sunday.

Nos. 3 and 10 make close connection at Columbus for all point South and Southwest; at Chicago for all points West and Northwest.

East-bound trains make connections at Baltimore for Philadelphia, New York and Boston. At Washington City for all points South.

West-bound trains