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JNO. A. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 144 FOURTH AVENUE, Pittsburg, Pa. Notary Public, Jan. 15, 1870.—1y.

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DR. A. R. SAYIDGE, respectfully announces himself as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity, having located himself permanently on Market street, nearly opposite the Pennsylvania Hotel, where he can be consulted at all hours when not professionally engaged. ap22-1y

DENTISTRY!!!—J. H. RESSINGER, Surgeon Dentist, SUNBURY, PA. All work carefully attended to and warranted. Am thankful to all for the kindness extended toward me by giving me their patronage in the past, and hope a continuance and increase of the same. Office, first door east of Adams' Express Office. ap15-1y

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W. J. WOLVERTON. WM. H. BOYER and W. A. WOLVERTON, Attorneys at Law, on Second door in Bright's new building, SUNBURY, PA. [illegible] ap6-69

D. H. MANNER, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA.—Will have attended to in the counties of Northumberland, Union, Snyder, Mifflin, Columbia and Lycoming. mch31-66

NEW M. BOOTHMILLER. JACOB T. ROBBINS. BOOTHMILLER & ROBBINS, Attorneys at Law, SUNBURY, PA.—Office in Hedge's building, first door north of Market Square. Jan1-69

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VALENTINE DIE, Wholesale and Retail dealer in every variety of ANTHRACITE COAL, SUNBURY, PENN'A. (Office, etc.) Orders solicited and filled with promptness and dispatch. may12-69

COAL! COAL! COAL!—GRANT BROS., Shippers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in WHITE AND RED ASH COAL, SUNBURY, PA. (Lombard st.) Kile Agents, Ward, at the celebrated Honey Run Coal. jan19-69

W. H. HEPBURN, DEALER IN ANTHRACITE COAL, SUNBURY, PENN'A. Office with H. Worley & Co., Market Square. Orders left at Beale & Co.'s office will receive prompt attention. Coal delivered to any part of the town. Jan. 8, 1870.—1y.

JACOB FMAN, FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, SUNBURY, PENNA. Represents: Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Cumberland Valley Mutual Safety Ins. Co., New York Mutual Life, Germania Fire Ins. Co., Hartford, Conn., General Accident.

DENTRY. GEORGE RENN, *In Shoemaker's Bldg., Market Square, SUNBURY, PA.* Is prepared to do all work pertaining to Dentistry. He will only use nitrous oxide gas, and other Dental material, that will enable him to extract, and insert the most sensitive teeth without pain. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or else the money refunded. The very best Mouth and Tooth Powder kept on hand. He solicits a share of patronage from the public, and hopes by strict attention to business and moderate charges to merit a share of public patronage. Sunbury, April 23, 1870.—1y.

BROSIUS & HENRIE, MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, 76 Dock St., Market Square, Sunbury. All kinds of fine Shoes made to order at the shortest notice, and warranted to give satisfaction. Repairing done neatly and cheap. Orders solicited. Sunbury, Jan. 15, 1870.

NEW YARD. THE undersigned have established a Coal Yard in connection with their FLOUR & GRAIN store, in Sunbury, and will keep on hand the VERY BEST COAL, SHIPPED AT FOR CASH. Egg, Stove and Nut Coal on hand. Grain taken in exchange for Coal. CADWALLADER. Sunbury, Jan. 15-tf.

SUNBURY SLE YARD. THE undersigned have bought the entire stock of Dock street, would inform the public that they are ready to do all kinds of JOB WORK. Have on hand molasses to order at SHORT NOTICE. Sugar & Head-Staves, Cut to order. DOOR & WINDOW SILLS [illegible] Jan. 8, 1870.—1y.

Hotels and Restaurants.

HOOVER HOUSE, Third Street, at the depot, SUNBURY, PA., WM. REESE, proprietor. Warm meals served up at all hours. Fish, Fowls and Game. Fresh Oysters constantly on hand and served in every style. The best of wines and liquors at the Bar. ☞ Families will be supplied with oysters done up in any style, by leaving orders at the Bar. [Nov.5,'70-1y.

RESTAURANT & EATING HOUSE. CHARLES ITZEL, PROPRIETOR. Chestnut Street, a few doors from the Depot. SUNBURY, PA., HAS open a Restaurant and Eating House, for the accommodation of the public. Warm meals can be had all hours. All kinds of game, fish, &c., served up at short notice. His bar is supplied with the best liquor in market. No pains spared to please, and terms moderate. Sunbury, September, 4th 1869.—1y.

NATIONAL LAGER BEER SALOON, ON THIRD STREET, NEAR THE DEPOT, SUNBURY, PA. JOSEPH BACHER informs the citizens of Sunbury and the public generally, that he has opened a LAGER BEER SALOON at the above place. The best of Lager Beer, and Malt Liquors will be kept. Also Oysters, &c., constantly served up to customers.

NATIONAL HOTEL, AUGUSTUS WALD, Proprietor, Georgetown North'd County, Pa., at the Station of the N. C. R. W. Choice wines and cigars at the bar. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Good stabling and attentive ostlers.

ALLEGHENY HOUSE, Col. CHAS. KLECKNER, Proprietor, Nos. 812 and 814 Market Street, above eighth, PHILADELPHIA. Terms, $2 per day. He respectfully solicits your patronage.

PACIFIC HOTEL, WILLIAM ENGLEMAN, Proprietor, Front Street, between Chestnut and Walnut Streets, Sunbury, Pa. Sept. 21, 1870.—1y.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, C. NEFF, Proprietor, Corner of Market & Second Streets, opposite the Court House, Sunbury, Pa. May28,'70.

HOTEL & RESTAURANT. THOMAS A. HALL, Proprietor, Sunbury St., W. SHAMOKIN, PENN'A. Meals served at all hours, at short notice. The best of liquors at the Bar. The Table is supplied with the best and latest in the markets. Attentive ostlers. Terms moderate. Patronage solicited.

HUMMEL'S RESTAURANT, LOUIS HUMMEL, Proprietor, Commerce St., SHAMOKIN, PENN'A. Having just refitted the above Saloon for the accommodation of the public, is now prepared to serve his friends with the best refreshments, and fresh Lager Beer, Ale, Porter, and all other malt liquors.

RESTAURANT, LEWIS MARKWORTH, PROPRIETOR, SHAMOKIN, PENN'A. The best BEER and all kinds of Malt Liquors on Tap. Call and be refreshed. Aug. 27, 1870.

LACKAWANNA VALLEY HOUSE, E. B. BURNHAM, Proprietor, Corner Lackawanna and Franklin Avenues, Scranton, Pa., opposite Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Depot. Free carriages to convey guests to and from Depot. Mar. 26, '70.-1y.

A special assortment of Cloth and Cassimeres, at Moore & Dieslinger's. ap23.

BLACK ALPACAS of the best quality, cheap, at Moore & Dieslinger's. ap23.

MOORE & DIESINGER have the best Delaines. ap23.

BREAD AND FANCY CAKES. DAVID FRY, RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity, that he will bake to order all kinds of CAKES FOR BALLS, PARTIES, &c. Families are supplied with FRESH BREAD, Twist, Rolls, Rusk, Tea Buns, &c., and also kept on hand and manufactured out of the best materials. All orders left at his Shop in Market Square, one door west of Miss Anna Painter's Millinery Store, or at his Bakery on Spruce Street, between Front and Second streets, will meet with prompt attention. BALLS AND EVENING PARTIES supplied with Cakes, Ice-Cream, &c., at the shortest notice. Orders are respectfully solicited. DAVID FRY. Sunbury, Dec. 12, 1868.

THE ONLY STOVE WITHOUT A FAULT IS THE GREAT BALTIMORE FIREPLACE HEATER, BIBB'S ILLUMINATED DIAMOND GAS BURNER, BY WHICH PARLOR AND CHAMBERS ARE WARMED BY ONE FIRE. IT is the only Fireplace Heater that has a perfect Top Feeder, and free from puffing or explosions, or emitting gas into the apartment. It is the only Fireplace Heater with the patent Diagonal Mantling by which greater illumination may be obtained, the apartment the Stove is in, more equally warmed, and the Grate Bars saved of the great weight of the coal in the reservoir. It is the only Fireplace Heater that is a Perfect Self-Feeder and Base burner, only requires filling once in twenty-four hours. It is the only Fireplace Heater with perfect sifting and dumping grate. It is the only Fireplace Heater with the deep base, giving abundant room for ashes, and without reducing the grate inches to burn coal. In fact it is the great original Baltimore Fireplace Heater, improved and re-improved and brought to perfection. BIBB & CO., 39 and 41 LIGHT STREET, Baltimore, Md. For sale by CHAR. B. GENTHER, Sunbury, Penn'a. Jan. 22, 1870.—tf.

HARDWARE STORE, J. H. Conley, & Co. MARKET STREET, SUNBURY, PA., HAS received a new assortment of Hardware, Cutlery, Mechanics' Tools, of all descriptions. Axes Wagon Maker's Hub, Hubs, Rims, Spokes. Also, all kinds of Leather for Shoemaker's and Saddler's. Everything in the Hardware line can be found which will be sold as low as can be bought of any other establishment in the country. Call and see their store. Sunbury, Dec. 11, 1869.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER. THE undersigned having created a shop on Third street, nearly opposite the Centre House, is prepared to manufacture all kinds of BOOTS AND SHOES in the latest style. His stock is of the very best quality in the market. Having on the largest portion of his ready made stock by the late fire, he will hereafter devote himself exclusively to manufacturing. The public are invited to call at his store, and extend their patronage. Repairing neatly done at short notice. RUDOLPH DROFFNER. Sunbury, June 11, 1870.

OIL CLOTH and Curtains, a general assortment at Moore & Dieslinger's. ap23.

A special assortment of Gent's Furnishing Goods at Moore & Dieslinger's. ap23.

New Advertisements.

TIME IS MONEY!! ALL Wall Paper and Borders, sold by me will be trimmed ready for use, WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE, BY THE YEOMAN'S WALL PAPER TRIMMER,

which I have the exclusive right to use in Sunbury and vicinity. Save money, time and labor, by buying of N. FERRIS LICHTNER, Dealer in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Music, &c., &c., &c. Sunday School SUPPLIES constantly. Blank Memorandum Bks. In endless variety, just received. BOOK BINDING done to order. Persons will save expense by having their books bound in Sunbury with me. PICTURE FRAMES of all sizes, cut from the Moulding at very low rates. OVAL & SQUARE FRAMES always on hand. ALBUMS, BRACKETS, GOLD PENS, &c., &c., &c. A large and well assorted stock of Type always on hand. Anything not on hand promptly ordered. Bargains for cash. Call at N. FERRIS LICHTNER'S Book Store, Sign of Foley's Gold Pen, Market Square, Sunbury, Pa. Sunbury, August 6th, 1870.

LADIES' FANCY FURS! JOHN FAREIRA, 715 Arch Street, Middle of the Block, between 7th and 8th streets, South side, PHILADELPHIA, Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds and quality of FANCY FURS For Ladies' and Children's Wear. Having enlarged, remodeled and improved my old and favorable known E. B. BURNHAM, and having imported a very large and specially assorted stock of the finest kinds of Furs that first hands can secure, and have had them made up by the most skillful workmen, I am enabled specially invite my friends of Northumberland and adjacent counties to call and examine my stock, and satisfy themselves that I can sell Fine Furs, for ladies and children, I am warranted to sell at less prices than any other House in the city. All Furs warranted. No misrepresentation to sell goods. JOHN FAREIRA, 715 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Oct. 22, 1870.—3m.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY. FALL AND WINTER STYLES. MISS L. SHINSLER, MARKET SQUARE, SUNBURY, PA. Has received a full assortment of MILLINERY GOODS, BONNETS AND HATS, RIBBONS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, LACES, HAT AND BONNET FRAMES. A large variety of trimmed and untrimmed Hats, Ladies' and children's Hosiery, Embroidered and plain Handkerchiefs, Kid and Silk Gloves, Corsets, Hoop Skirts, Jet jewelry, Ladies' necklaces, and fancy articles for ladies, Stamped Vasquis, Real and Imitation Irish Point lace, Braids, Cords and Tassels, &c. A large assortment of SLIPPER PATTERNS, ZEPHYRS, GERMANTOWN WOOL, &c. An endless variety of Notions and goods usually kept in a first class millinery store. Gents' Collars, Cuffs, Neckties, Handkerchiefs, &c. The citizens of Sunbury and vicinity, generally, are invited to call and see this spring's stock. Sunbury, Oct. 29, 1870. L. SHINSLER.

GOLD MEDAL WATCHES. JEWELERS, No. 9417 Chestnut street, PHILADELPHIA, Have just received by Express Danish and Swiss supply of the Celebrated Copenhagen Watches, Especially manufactured for their trade by EKEGREN. These Watches are acknowledged to excel in QUALITY, STYLE AND ACCURACY, having the most convenient arrangement for Winders and Setters, and furnished at a very moderate cost. Also, on hand, a full line of Genuine, English and American FINE GOLD WATCHES. Repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., promptly done, and warranted for one year. Goods sent C.O.D. to any part of the country, to be examined before paying for them. Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., also, Timers for the Turf. J. W. WASHINGTON'S GRAND BARBER SHOP. The old established place of the kind. We handle the best, and do the most work of any shop in town. Shampooing, Shaving, Hair Cutting, Dyeing and Scenting in the best manner. Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting a specialty. Gentlemen's patronage solicited. Shop in Shindel's Row, Second street, Sunbury, Pa. Oct. 1, 1870.

TRESSILIAN COURT;
OR,
The Baronet's Son,

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE LIFE," "THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER," "THE SCARLETED HEART," "THE LADY OF ENGLAND," "A LIFE AT STAKE," "THE HOUSE OF SECRETS," ETC.,

CHAPTER I.

A FATEFUL CATASTROPHE.

A wild storm was raging upon the Mediterranean sea, near the close of a dreary November day, and sky and waters were black with the gloom of the sudden and furious tempest. Into which a small sailing vessel was scudding under bare poles. Her build and rigging proclaimed her Sardinian. She was *The Gull*, Captain Varino master, on her way from Cagliari to Palermo.

She had on board two seamen, and two passengers.

These passengers were Englishmen, who had procured passage on *The Gull* to Palermo, whence they intended to embark by steamer to Marseilles, the following day.

While the Captain and his assistants were attending to their duties, and expressing apprehensions as to their safety, the two Englishmen stood apart, leaning against the low bulwarks, and surveying the wild scene around them.

These men were both young, apparently of the same age, about three and twenty, but evidently they were not of the same station in life.

One, the more striking of the two, was aristocratic in his bearing, tall slender and handsome, with a frank, smiling mouth, a pair of fearless blue eyes, set under a wide and massive forehead, and many fair curls thrown back from his face. Noble, generous and kind hearted, he had an adventurous disposition and a dauntless courage.

He was Guy Tressilian, the only son and heir of Sir Anthony Tressilian, Baronet, of Tressilian Court, England.

His companion presented a remarkable resemblance to him, being also tall and slender and fair, with wavy hair and moustache, but he had not the frank smile, the bright, fearless look, or the joyous spirit that characterized young Tressilian.—Younger as he was, he had seen much of the dark side of life, and his experience had been such as to develop in him some of the worst qualities of his nature.

He was Jasper Lowder, Guy Tressilian's hired traveling companion and bosom-friend.

The meeting and connection of the two had a touch of romance. Young Tressilian had spent four years in a German university, whence he had been graduated with honor. On leaving the university, in obedience to his father's written command, he had undertaken a tour of the countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea, in company with one of his late tutors. This gentleman being unexpectedly called home by a prince's mandate, abandoned Tressilian at Baden, leaving him to finish the tour alone.

On the evening of the very day after this desertion, as Guy Tressilian was scampering through the streets of Baden, he had been accosted by a relic of his own country, who seemed as lost as he himself. It was apparent that they took honest delight and interest in each other's acquaintance upon sight. Without ceremony they became friends, they hired him to attend himself, Guy was getting the worse of the scuffle, which a stranger came pushing to his assistance, and in a few moments the two had put the ruffians to flight.

This stranger who came so opportunely to Guy's assistance was Jasper Lowder. His resemblance to young Tressilian awakened in the latter a romantic interest. He questioned Lowder, learned that he was placed alone in the world, and took him with him to his hotel. Believing that the similarity of features indicated a similarity of tastes and nature, he engaged Lowder as his traveling companion, and the past year they had spent together more like brothers than like employer and employed.

'This stream is a regular Decanter,' said Lowder, coupling with both hands to his lips. 'Do you think the crafty will stand it, Tressilian?'

'Oh, yes!' answered young Tressilian, wiping the salt spray from his face. 'The Captain knows the Mediterranean pretty well. If we have no loss, we shall be in the bay of Palermo. In three hours we shall be anchored in the lee of the land Tramontana, with the best supper which Monsieur Regalia can furnish. All Tramontana, at least,' he added, 'we shall embark for Marseilles in a Mediterranean steamer.'

'And from Marseilles you will proceed to England and to Tressilian Court?' said Lowder, with some bitterness. 'And I—what is to become of me? I have had a year of unalloyed happiness, and now comes back the dreary, the hopeless toil, the misery of the wretched old life. You picked me up at Genoa, a poor adventurer seeking to gain a living by teaching languages and the same offering is open to me now.'

Tressilian turned his handsome face upon his companion in surprise and affectionate reproach.

'Jasper!' he exclaimed, 'you talk shamefully. Do you suppose I have asked you to share my income so long, and loved you as a brother, to lose you now? I meant to have written to my father concerning you and your future, Jasper, but his sudden recall, received yesterday, drove me to return home without writing. I shall take you home to Marcellus that you and home become with me. And you will, will you not? You will not abandon me, my friend? I will change myself with pecuniary claims. I mean to make you the partner in wealth your talents entitle you. You have no fear that I keep you on the Continent?'

A strange expression passed over Jasper Lowder's face.

'No! I hope so too,' he said hurriedly. 'Have you not your father's consent to my coming?' demanded Lowder. 'He will think you degraded me.' His apprehensions from his lessons the proud companion who dares to remember his inferiority.

A sudden lurch of the little vessel, a wave sweeping over the deck, interrupted the conference.

'You wrong my father,' said Tressilian, his honest eyes kindling, when the vessel had righted. 'He is the noblest man in the world. He will welcome my friends as his own. You will love him, Jasper, as I do when you know him.'

'He doesn't know very affectionately,' muttered Lowder. 'You have been away a year, and he has not seen you.'

Young Tressilian's cheeks flushed, as Lowder saw in the local glow that moment vainly endeavored to repress some sorrow.

'You know, as you know the reason, Jasper,' he said, with something of pride in his tone. 'My father lost a ward, the daughter of an old friend.—Ah! hear that wind shriek! The gale is increasing!'

'Yes' assented Lowder. 'And the ward is Miss Irby—the golden-haired Blanche of whom you have talked so much, and with whom you have exchanged letters?'

'Yes. My father formed a project to have me marry Blanche. He did not wish us to grow up together, lest we should learn to regard each other as brother and sister. When Blanche came to live at the Court my father sent me to Germany. The night before I left home, he called me into his library and told me all his hopes and plans for my future, and entreated me to continue worthy of his innocent ward, and to keep my heart pure for her. I have done so, Jasper. I have never yet loved any woman. And yesterday I received my father's summons to come home. He has recalled me after five years of absence. I know the wish that lies nearest his heart. He wants me to return and marry Blanche. I shrink from the proposed marriage. I dread going home. And I dread offending my dear, father, whom I love better than any woman. It is hard, Jasper, to revolt against the hopes and plans of a kind and generous father, whose very love for me causes him to urge on this marriage!'

'Is it?' said Lowder dryly, and with a strange smile full of sneering bitterness. 'My experience has been widely different from yours, Tressilian. Did I ever tell you of my father?'

'No. I took it for granted that he is dead.'

'Perhaps he is. I don't know,' said Lowder, with a reckless laugh. 'But if he is living, he is a scoundrel. Don't start, Tressilian, at my unkind speech. Wait till you hear my story. I am in a desperate mood tonight. This storm stirs up all the bad within me. As nearly as I can discover, my father was the younger son of a special old county family—'

'You do not know, then?' asked Tressilian, pressing his companion's hand.

'I have no proofs of it. All I positively know is this: My mother was of humble station, pretty, with blue eyes and an apple-blossom face, and tender, appealing ways. She was the daughter of a widow, residing at Brighton. The widow, my grandmother, kept a lodging-house, and my father, a gay, dashing young fellow, came to lodge with her. As might have been expected, he fell in love with his landlady's daughter. He offered the young girl marriage, on condition that the union should be kept a secret until his affairs brightened and he chose to divulge it. The young girl loved him. Her mother was ambitious and penurious. The result was the lover had his way, and married the daughter of his landlady quietly, almost secretly. Then he took his bride to London, to cheap and obscure lodgings, where, a year later, I was born.'

The wind for a moment drowned his voice. As it presently lulled, he resumed rapidly, and with passionate bitterness:

'For years my mother and I lived in those shady, obscure lodgings until her beauty had faded, and she had grown thin and wan and nervous. My father visited us at stated seasons, once or twice a week, but he never brought any of his family to cast upon us. I doubt if his aristocratic relatives even suspected the existence of the humble wife and son of whom he was secretly ashamed. I have good reason to believe that he had fine lodgings at the West End, where he was supposed to be a bachelor, and that he went into fashionable society, while my poor mother and I lived obscurely. He was a profligate and a rogue, but he had an air of fashion that awakened my boyish admiration, and aroused my mother's affectionate pride in him. She was always pleading to be introduced to his relatives, and to have her son publicly acknowledged. But my father always put her off, saying that he was not yet ready. Worn out and despairing, my mother died when I was ten years old.'

Again the wind shrieked past, again the little vessel lurched, the sea swamping her deck.

The captain screamed his orders to his men, and for a few minutes disorder reigned.

'A nasty bit of weather!' said Lowder. 'And a bad sky!'

'Yes, but I'll soon [illegible]' returned Tressilian. We shall [illegible] it all right, never fear. We to[illegible] on toward the Cape di Gar[illegible] it's only seven miles from Ca[illegible] afternoon.'

'But the [illegible] seven miles in this storm are worse than seventy in good weather. These coasts are dangerous, Tressilian.'

Lowder shuddered as he surveyed sea and sky.

'But about your father, Jasper?' said Tressilian, who had become deeply interested in his companion's story. 'What and he do after your mother's death?'

'I remained at the old lodgings with our single old servant a month or more, my father visiting me several times, and expressing anxiety as to what he should do with me. A week after my mother's death, he took me first his mother was dead. A month later, his father was killed by being thrown from his horse. My father came into titles and honors by these deaths. At last, deeming herself safe from me, he took me down to Brighton, to my old grandmother. Her days were done, she had given up keeping lodgers, and was grown miserly. He [illegible] me five hundred pounds a year [illegible] me, and to keep also my mother. [illegible] allowance, sufficiently generous to a [illegible] who was some day as his son and heir. The old woman agreed to carry out his wishes. She would have done anything for money. I never saw my father again. I used to sobbed, grew up, and at the age of twenty-one came into my grandmother's money, the wrecks of years of saving, she died at that time. My father had meanwhile married a nobleman's daughter. I did not know where to seek him, if I had wished to. I was my mother's and mine alone. I had been for years on the Continent, and had spent my little income when I took you.' The rest you know.

'An odd, romantic story! But why did your father abandon you?'

'That he might be freed of encumbrances to make a grand marriage. From what my grandmother said at different times, I conclude that my father was in love with a third lady before my mother's death.'

'So much for married this lady. If he does, the lady's son may be his acknowledged heir. My father has mostly disowned his son on his own hasty, unwarranted conclusion. I know a young man I must meet some day, and danger's brow darkens at the very thought. However, I stand in readiness of ever meeting justice at his hands.'

'What is your father's name, Jasper?' asked Tressilian.

Lowder's face darkened. He bit his lip savagely.

'What I have told you about myself I learned from my own observation, or from chance words of my parents and grandmother. My mother's maiden name was Jeanette Lowder. At our London lodgings, my father bore the name of Lowder. I don't know his real name, but I should know his face anywhere, although I have not seen him in thirteen years. My mother was actually married, Tressilian, but I never heard my father's name. The clergyman who married my mother was dead; the witnesses also. When my grandmother was dying she tried to tell me the story. She had put it off too long. All that I could understand of her mumblings was the name of Devereux. I shall never forget that name—Devereux!' Probably that was my father's name—my own rightful name. But as I should never find him if I sought him, and as he would repulse me if I did find him, I stand no chance of inheriting his property. He may be dead. He may have other sons who have succeeded him. It is all a mystery, but the prominent truth is that I am an outcast, poor, disowned and friendless.'

He leaned over the bulwark, the spray dashing over his face violently.

Tressilian's heart warmed to him.

'My poor friend!' he said. 'Must I say again you are not friendless while I live. My father has influence enough to obtain for you a government appointment. This tempest may strengthen itself out some day. But if it don't you are resolute enough to make your own happiness.'

He grasped Lowder's hand, and looked with warm bright eyes, full of sympathy, into Lowder's towering face.

There had been a temporary lull in the storm. But as the two stood there, the tempest revived and swept over the wild sea in maddened rage.

There was no time for talking now. The wind rose so high that words would scarcely have been distinguished. The storm that had gone before was but play to this awful out burst. The vessel drove on, creaking and groaning, a mere cockle shell on the billows.

'Mother of Mercies!' wailed the captain. 'It's all up with us, signores. I can't make out the Cape in this darkness. We shall go on the rocks. St. Anthony save us!'

The seamen echoed his cries.

The two young Englishmen, comprehending their peril, clasped hands in silence.

For the next few minutes it seemed that a Pandemonium reigned.

Then a noise like the report of a cannon suddenly boomed through the storm and the darkness. The little vessel shivered, staggered and careened upon her side.

She had struck upon a rock.

A moment later crew and passengers were struggling in the waters.

A few moments of buffetings and tossings, of vain struggles and agonized, involuntary prayer, and then Jasper Lowder felt his senses slip from him, and became unconscious.

When he came to himself, he was lying upon a rocky beach of the Sicilian shore, benumed, and weak as a child.

He opened his eyes. The wind had spent its fury, and now moaned along the coast with a decided, despairing wail. The waves beat against the rocks.

Lowder struggled to his elbow.

'Wrecked!' he muttered. 'I am cast ashore, while the others are drowned! Oh, this is terrible! I have lost my best friend tonight!'

He moaned and wrung his hands.

'He is dead, who would have done so much for me, and I so worthless am saved! All my hopes of an easy and luxurious life must be resigned now!'

At that moment he beheld a dark object at a little distance in the water. The waves hurled this object against the projecting head of a sunken rock. At the same instant Lowder recognized it as the body of a man.

He crept toward it, and the waters dashed the body on the shore at his feet. He put his hands on the face of a dead man! Lowder's fingers came in contact with the soft, silken mustache, and he knew that the body was that of Guy Tressilian!

Of the five who had stood on the sloop's deck a half-hour earlier, these two alone were left. The captain and his crew had found their deaths among the cruel, yawning water.

Lowder thrust his hand under the waistcoat of his friend, but he could not perceive the beating of his heart. Despair took possession of him.

'Dead!' he said shrilly. 'Dead! And he would have done so much for me if he had lived! And his father and the young girl he was to have married will wait in vain for his coming! His place at Tressilian Court is empty. Who can fill it?'

It seemed to him that some demon at his side echoed the question! *Who can fill the place left vacant by cold Guy Tressilian?*

A thought came to him—a thought so strange and sinister that he shivered involuntarily. Again he felt at Tressilian's pulse. He pressed his hand over Tressilian's heart and discovered a gaping wound in the skull. The hair was matted with blood.

Putting his hand into his breast pocket, Lowder drew out his little water-proof match safe. He opened it with trembling fingers and struck a light. The red flicker danced on young Tressilian's face.

How ghastly and terrible it looked! The eyes were closed, the smile was gone. The seal of death seemed set on the noble features.

Lowder examined the wound. It had been made by contact with the sharp rock, and even Lowder perceived its terrible character.

'If he is not dead, he soon will be,' he muttered. 'His brain has received an mortal injury. He will never know how to a again. He won't live till morning, and he is perhaps dead already. He must be dead!'

Again it seemed to him as though some demon echoed his words.

The match dropped from his fingers into the water. For a while he crouched on the wet stones in silence, hatching a plot to with his honor and noble instincts of his nature.

At last, with sudden and abrupt steadiness, his hands stole into the breast pocket of Tressilian and drew out his private books, a packet of letters, a few trinkets. He secured these among his own wet garments. Their possession seemed to give him courage, and his face hardened, and he spoke to the body of his friend and tried the garments of all that they contained, hastening his plunder on his own person.

Then he took his own purse, his note-book, a few receipts and letters from his own pockets, and put them in the pockets of Tressilian.

'It is done!' he whispered to himself, looking with wild distraction through the darkness. 'No one is harmed. He is dead. If he had lived, he would have provided for me. As he is dying or dead, I must provide for myself. *This likeness between us will make my fortune.* His friends will be spared a terrible grief, and I—I shall live at last! Fortune gives me a chance to gain name and wealth at one lucky stroke!'

As if to give himself no chance for repentance, he arose to his feet and turned his searching glances in an inland direction. A light, as from a cottage window, glimmering faintly through the thick haze, caught his gaze.

Raising his voice, he called loudly:

'Help! Ho, there! Help!'

The wind had abated, and his cries rang out through the night with startling distinctness. The light he had seen moved and disappeared. A minute later, answering cries reached Lowder's ears, and he heard hasty steps, and saw the approaching light of a lantern, borne aloft by a man's upraised arm.

'This way!' shouted Lowder. 'We are wrecked on the rocks! For the love of Heaven hasten!'

The bearer of the lantern, attended by a male companion, came running to him, and was soon at his side. The lantern bearer was a rough Sicilian fisherman, a grade above his class. His companion was also Sicilian, but evidently of somewhat higher degree. Both were all excitement, astonishment and sympathy.

In as few words as possible Lowder told the story of the shipwreck, and called attention to the condition of his noble young employer.

'I think he is dead!' he said, in a choking voice. 'Carry him up to your cabin. Do everything he done that can be done to save him. I will pay you well for any kindness to him. Poor fellow! He was my travelling companion. I loved him as if he had been my brother instead of only my hired attendant! Poor Jasper!'

The two Sicilians lifted the helpless form of poor young Tressilian, and carried it between them toward their cottage. Jasper Lowder followed them, bewailing his loss. The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated January 7th, which can be had at any news office or bookstore. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 180 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very, very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Everybody who takes it is happier for having it.

Miscellaneous.

SKETCHES IN PARIS.

LIFE IN THE BESIEGED CAPITAL—A DISMAL PICTURE.

A letter from Paris in the Boston *Journal* says:—Broken—utterly broken—is the communication between France and Germany to-day. We hardly realize how tremendous is the duel going on. France is not wholly under the Prussian heel, but the clouded politics and deserted vineyards and fields are disheartening. Paris, clearing house number two of this continent, is blocked. The seven hundred and fifty thousand working men and women do nothing but hammer at cannon, mould bullets, and bind wounds. Still, an acquaintance who came out in the last squad of Americans, says that the opera is certainly to be opened shortly at Paris, and that cantatas of liberty will be sung there.

At the Francais, the other day, the *Misanthrope* was put upon the stage, the gentlemen appearing in costume *de ville*. The most dramatic city in the world cannot keep its theatres long closed. Although the ladies all dress in sombre colors, and the audience rooms are lighted with candles, the people manage to be very jolly. Mademoiselle Agar, fresh, piquant beauty! may all bombs spare thee! recites the "Marseillaise" with the tears in her great black eyes.

The street peddlers snarl out, "Correspondence of the imperial family! One sou!" Old ladies sell candle ends which they have hoarded for many months, and now they get exorbitant prices for them, because no one knows how soon light may be the greatest luxuries. Republican songs and dubiously moral caricatures—but quite as moral as were the persons whom they caricature—appear in the shop windows. The omnibuses run from Bicetre under fire down into the city, and hacks ply in the same dreamy, devil-may-care fashion.

All good citizens now confine themselves to bread and coffee, and let the weaker and poorer have the meat. The vegetarians are in ecstasies. The poor servant women and sewing girls—you will remember that I have once given you an idea what these latter class are suffering horribly in the siege. Many of them, in the hurry and move, can get nothing to eat! their last lot of money is gone, and suicide or the hospital is their only relief. The number of self-murders does not seem to have been so large since the investment of Paris as before. This is a somewhat noteworthy fact. The excitement probably makes misery somewhat more supportable.

WE FADE.—We extract the following beautiful and tru