ly interested in his companion's story. "What did 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 told me that his brother was dead. A month later, his father was killed by being thrown from his horse. My father came into riches and honors by these deaths. At last, deciding to rid himself of me, he took me down to Brighton, to my old grandmother. Her sons were dead, she had given up keeping lodgers, and had grown miserly. He promised her five hundred pounds a year to keep me, and to keep also the secret of my paternity, solemnly promising to acknowledge me 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 went to school, grew up, and at the age of twenty one came into my grandmother's money, the fruits of years of saving. She living at that time. My father had deliberately abandoned me. I did not know where to seek him, if I had wished to. I took my money and came aboard. I had been two years on the Continent, and had spent my little fortune when I met you. The rest you know."

"An old, romantic story! But why did your father abandon you?"

"That he might be freed of encumbrance to make a grand marriage. I overheard my grandmother and at one time, I conclude that my father was in love with a titled lady before my mother's death. No doubt he married this lady. If he lives, this lady son may be his acknowledged heir. My father has utterly disowned me. I tell his story hastily, ill starred marriage. I have a fancy that I shall hear him some day," and Jasper's brow darkened to deeper blackness. "However, I stand no chance of ever recovering 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, I believe, 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. At last I could understand of her ramblings was the name of Devereux. I shall never forget that name—'De Vereux.' Probably that was my father's name, my own rightful name. But 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 recovering 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 tangle may straighten 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 lowering 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 had been but play to this awful outburst. 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, sore, bruised, and weak as a child.

He opened his eyes. The wind had spent its fury, and now moaned along the coast with a desolate, 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 to-night!"

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. How cold and wet it was! It felt like 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 waters.

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 noble Guy Tressilian?*

A thought came to him, a thought so strange and singular that, he have recoiled involuntarily. Again he felt of Tressilian's heart. It gave no throb against his hand. He passed his hand over Tressilian's head and discovered a gaping wound in the skull. The hair was clotted with blood.

Putting his hand into his breast pocket, Lowder drew out his little waterproof 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 awful injury. He will never know who he is 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 little while he crouched on the wet stones in silence, battling it may be with the better and nobler instincts of his nature.

At last, with sudden and abrupt stealthiness, his hands stole into the breast pocket of Tressilian and drew out his private note book, 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 knelt beside the body of his friend and rifled his garments of all that they contained, bestowing his plunder on his own person.

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

"It is done!" he whispered to himself, looking with wild defiant eyes 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. Let everything be done that can be done to save 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 book store. 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. It is by far more interesting 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.

New Advertisements.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me, and remain filed of Record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre County to be held at Bellefonte, for allowance and confirmation on Wednesday, the 25th of January A. D. 1871

1. The account of Isaac Buck and Christian Buck, Executors in the 1st will and testament of John Buck, late of Halfmoon Township, deceased.

2. The account of John M. McCoy and Abraham Hardebeck, Executors of Alexander McCoy, late of the township of Potter in the county of Centre, Pa., deceased.

3. Partial Executorship account of John A. Hunter and Rebecca B. Stevens, Executors in the last will and testament of Alexander Stephen, late of Halfmoon Town ship, deceased.

4. The account of John Westwood, Guardian of Lizzie Petty, late of Penn township, deceased minor child of Samuel Petty late of Centre county.

5. The Administration account of Jane H. Shawhe, late one of the Administrators of the Estate of Hon. Samuel Shawhe, late of Miles township, Centre county, deceased.

6. The Guardianship Account of R. H. Duncan, Guardian of Henry A. Dey, minor child of Daniel P. Walter, deceased.

7. Second partial account of John G. Sankey and Jeremiah A. Sankey, Executors of the last will and testament of Thomas Sankey late of Gregg township, deceased.

8. The Guardianship account of John Rishel, Guardian of Alexander W. Ness, minor child of William Ness, late of Potter township, deceased.

9. The partial account of Polly Fisher and Daniel Fisher, Executors of the last will and testament of Adam Fisher late of Gregg township, Centre county, deceased.

10. The account of Joseph Baker and Peter Houser, Executors for Martin Houser, deceased.

11. The account of Martin Houser, Executor of the last will and testament of Michael Houser late of Spring township, Centre county, deceased.

12. The account of Jacob Houser, Executor of the last will and testament of Michael Houser late of Spring township, Centre county, deceased.

J. H. MORRISON,
Register.
Register's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 20, 1870.

HOMES IN THE WEST AND HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

A PAMPHLET containing a full description of the Counties through which the Atlantic and Great Western R. R. passes, with the advantages offered to Settlers in each County, and the terms on which they may be obtained, including the Act recently passed by the Legislature of Ohio, granting to ACTUAL SETTLERS OF CHOICE LAND, Reduced Rates of Fare, Exemption from Taxation, and many other privileges, which secured early day and upon application. Price fifty cents. Sent on receipt of fifty cents and stamp. Address B. F. BROWN, New Castle, Lawrence County, Pa.

16-1-4t

$650 PER MONTH. THE best selling book ever published. Agents who will work it can do so. Address, J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PLAIN HOME TALK AND MEDICAL COMMONSENSE,

have no competition. There never was a book published like it. Any body can sell it. Every body wants it. Many agents are now making from $200 to $500 per month selling this wonderful book. 24 page Descriptive Circular sent free on application. We want good live Agents; men who can fully appreciate the merits of the work, and the fact that it meets a universal want. Agents who desire to do good as well as make money. Address, J. C. McCURDY & CO., Broome street, New York.

MANY EMINENT MEN HAVE candidly asserted their opinion that there is no remedy equal to MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS for that class of diseases peculiar to people of sedentary habits. Its preparation of wonderful virtue in all cases of this kind, never having failed in effecting a cure, and it still continues on its triumphant career. For all forms of disease arising from impurities of the blood, or derangement of the digestive organs including General Debility, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Constipation, and similar ailments it is a certain remedy. Leading physicians everywhere prescribe it for their patients, and have given the proprietors of the Bitters many testimonials of their confidence in the efficacy of the preparation. Sold in square glass bottles only, by all respectable druggists and storekeepers. Price one dollar per bottle.

16-1-4t

Estate of John Garbrick } In the matter of the appointment of late of Marion town- } the appraisement ship deceased. } for the Estate of John Garbrick in favor of the widow by said Garbrick, of Three Hundred Dollars $300 presented to the Orphans Court at November Term 1870 and confirmed "nisi" and if no exceptions are filed will be presented for confirmation absolutely at January Term A. D. 1871.

J. H. MORRISON,
Clerk.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD CO. The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Bellefonte & Snow Shoe R. R. Co. will be held at the office of the Company in Philadelphia, 1008 Market Street on Monday, January 16th 1871 for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and other business. JOHN H. WHELEN,
16-1-2t Secretary.

HOUSE FOR RENT.—The east half of the frame house east of the Court House. Also a large stone stable. Apply to J. S. BARNHART.
16-1-tf

PEIPHER'S DAILY LINE.—BETWEEN

NEW YORK AND HARRISBURG

VIA MORRIS AND ESSEX RAILROAD,

DEPOTS IN NEW YORK

PIER NO. 26 NORTH RIVER FOOT OF BARCLAY STREET,

AND FOOT OF CLARKSON ST.

Connecting at Harrisburg with Penna. Central, R. R., for Newport, Lewistown, Huntingdon, Tyrone, Bellefonte and all points West.

MARK GOODS, CARE PEIPHER'S LINE

JAMES B. MONTGOMERY,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Depot foot of Market street.
15-50-6m.

WANTED to engage a gentleman of tact and ability to take orders in Bellefonte & Lock Haven, for "Chambers Encyclopedia" *Reissue* of 1870. Liberal inducements to a good man, address, giving residence, Wm. L. ALLEN,
1-46-2t 411 Chestnut St., Phila.

WANTED.—AGENTS.—($20 *per day*) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the under feed, makes the "lock stitch" (alike on both sides) and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON CLARK & CO. Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.
16-1-4t

5 GENERETIC FARMERS WANTED. From $300 to $400 can be made during the idle Winter months. Business pleasant and honorable. For further particulars of this *special* chance address at once, A. B. HUBBARD, Philadelphia, Pa.
16-1-4w

$5 to $20 PER DAY AND NO risk. Do you want a situation as salesman at or near home, to introduce our new 7 strand WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINES to *last forever*. Don't miss this chance. Sample free. Address HUDSON RIVER WIRE WORKS, 76 Wm St., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
16-1-4w

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS. WE will send a handsome Prospectus of *Illustrated Family Bible* containing Scripture Illustrations to any [illegible] Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
16-1-4w

Advertisement.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Fieri Facias, Levari Facias* and *Venditioni Exponas* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, of Centre County, and to me directed, will be exposed at public sale at the Court House, in Bellefonte, on Monday, the 23d day of January, 1871, the following property, viz.: All those two lots of ground, situate in Rush township, bounded and described as follows: One thereof bound on the north by lot of John Alt, east by lot of C. A. Nelus, and on the west by land of Morgan, Hale & Co., containing about one fourth of an acre, more or less, thereon erected a large two story frame hotel, stable and other outbuildings. *The other thereof* bounded by lands of Samuel Twigg's, Robert Powel, A. Campbell, and Morgan & Co., containing about one fourth of an acre, thereon erected a two story plank frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Henry Reichart.

ALSO,

All that two storied frame building with two one storied frame back buildings, the main building being 64 feet 5 inches in front, by 30 feet 6 inches in depth and the back buildings being each 21 feet 5 inches in width by 16 feet 1 inch in depth and so much of the ground covered by said building as may be necessary for the ordinary and useful purposes of the same. The said building is erected on a lot of ground part of a tract of land situate in the borough of Bellefonte purchased by the Glass Manufacturing Company from the trustees of Wm. Thomas, deceased. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of The Bellefonte Glass Manufacturing Company.

ALSO,

That real estate of the Bellefonte Glass Manufacturing Company, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post on land of M. Keichline and Wm. Thomas, deceased, the property of the Bellefonte Glass Manufacturing Company, thence by land of Keichline, south 45 degrees, east 15 perches to a post, thence south 45 degrees, west 15 perches to a post, thence south 45 degrees, east 15 perches to a post, thence north 45 degrees, east 15 perches to a post, thence north 45 degrees, west 15 perches to a post, thence north 45 degrees, east 15 perches to a post, thence north 45 degrees, west 15 perches to a post, thence south 45 degrees, west 15 perches to a post, thence south 45 degrees, east 15 perches to a post, thence north 45 degrees, west 15 perches to a post, thence south 45 degrees, west