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## Selections.

### The Lost Deeds.

A parting glance round the office, to assure himself all desks, closets and iron safes are properly secured for the night, and the solicitor's confidential clerk locks up and prepares for home.

Mrs. Edwards is peering into the darkness through the folds of the muslin curtains, and has the door opened before Mark's hand touches the knocker.

"What a night for you, love!" says the little matron, brushing the rain drops from his bushy whiskers, and kissing him compassionately.

Mark hesitates. "I had so many injunctions to be careful, and not let them go out of my possession, that I am afraid of even that."

"Then where?" asks Mark, "are the missing papers?" Their little servant-maid away for a holiday—no one in the house, according to Fanny's own confession, but this young man.

"Have you had any visitors to-day?" her husband carelessly inquires as he slips his tea.

"That 'No' sounded like 'Yes!' Who has been here?"

tampered with, nor was the secret drawer open; and there, undisturbed, lie the love-letters; but the small Brown paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal, is gone!

"Tell me the truth, Fanny, my dear Fanny! Are you playing a trick to tease me? Remember, if I cannot produce these papers I am a ruined man!"

Although next to impossible, the chance is not overlooked. Hammer and chisel are soon fetched, and the back of the escrivote is soon knocked out, leaving no nook or cranny where the smallest paper could remain unperceived.

Suspicious are crowding upon his mind; hints given before his marriage about Fanny Roberts' brother, and regrets uttered, even within his hearing, that a respectable young man like Mr. Edwards, should lower himself by such a connection.

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continue to occupy the same position by the fire till night has long given place to morning, and Mr. Roberts' eyes close involuntarily.

Setting down his candle, Mark unlocks the front of his large and well filed book-case, and begins deliberately taking down, one by one, the handsomely bound volumes of the "History of England," which grace the highest shelf.

"I will not, therefore, reproduce the thrilling epoch when our windows and, I may add our souls, were first brought into communication by a pair of staves."

How many times he asked forgiveness of his conscience for the unauthorized use of the quill and ink-bottle. The young man's brain, excited by extreme anxiety regarding his trust, had led to his cautiously rising in the night, and unconsciously transferring the packet to what he afterwards remembered as the first hiding-place which had presented itself to his mind on bringing it home the preceding evening.

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Brown replied only by an incredulous leer, as one who should say, "That's played out."

At Madame's windows appeared, from time to time, the usual variety of school-girl physiognomies—broad, round and attenuated, sallow, pale and frocked, merry, mischievous and stolid.

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### Wonderful Manuscript Discoveries.

The recent troubles in Syria are producing some very unexpected results. The result of the fanatical Druses, and the retribution provoked by the excesses to which the insane hatred of the Maronite Christians had led them, have resulted in opening to the gaze of the civilized world treasures, which but for that contest might have still remained buried among the musty possessions of the contents of Palestine.

This new treasure is a copy of the Pentateuch, and claims to be at least twenty-three hundred and sixty years old.

The best account of the matter which has thus far reached us is from the pen of Dr. Leyburn, now in Palestine, in a recent number of the *Presbyterian*. It appears that Professor Levison, an eminent Oriental scholar, a friend of Tischendorf's, and for twenty years Professor of Hebrew in the University of St. Petersburg, has for some time been pursuing his studies with great zeal in Jerusalem, with special reference to the University soon to be erected there by the Russian Government.

"None," was the reply, "they are very poor."

Even this ancient manuscript is surpassed by another, which has long been known to be in existence, known as the "Samaritan Pentateuch," and which has hitherto been studiously withheld from the eyes of scholars, but which Professor Levison has recently been permitted to examine, and of a portion of which he has made photographic fac-simile copies.

We must confess that these discoveries seem almost too wonderful for belief, and yet the statements of such a scholar as Professor Levison seem hardly to leave us room to doubt their substantial correctness.

Mary.—The New York Sunday Times gives this deserter a good shot, in the following: "Operatory Mary" once, alas! We called our favorite, but you were gone— "O'er her eyes the tears were gliding."