Juniata Sentinel.

R. F. SCHWEIER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

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TRESSILIAN COURT;
OR,
The Baronet's Son.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE LIFE," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE SUNDERED HEARTS," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "A LIFE AT STAKE," "THE HOUSE OF SECRETS," ETC., ETC., 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, before which a small sailing vessel was scudding the 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 tawny hair blowing back from his face. Noble, generous and kind hearted, he had an adventurous disposion and a dauntless courage.

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

His companion presented a remarkable resemblance to him, being also tall and slender and fair, with tawny hair and mustache, but he had not the frank smile, the bright fearless look, or the joyous spirit that characterized young Tressilian Young as he was he had seen much of the dark side of life, and his experiences 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 inclosing the Mediterrnean Sea, in company with one of his late tutors. This gentleman being unexpectedly promoted to a professorship, abandoned Tressilian at Baden, leaving him to find another traveling companion.

On the evening of the very day after this desertion, as Guy Tressilian was sauntering through the streets of Baden, he had been assualted by a trio of his countrymen, all more or less intoxicated. It was apparent that they took him for another, and intended to wreak vengeance upon him. Without allowing him to speak, they forced him to defend himself. Guy was getting the worst of the conflict when a stranger came running 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 later a romantic interest. He questioned Lowder, learned that he was poor and alone in the world, and took him with him to his hotel. Believing that the similarity of features indicated a similarity of tastes and natures, he engaged Lowder as his traveling companion, and the past year they had spent together more like brothers than like employer and employed.

"This storm is a regular Levanter," said Lowder, clinging with both hands to the bulwarks. "Do you think the craft will stand it, Tressilian?"

"Oh, yes," answered young Tsessillan, wiping the salt spray from his face.—"The Captain knows the Sicilian coast perfectly. In two hours, or less, we shall be in the bay of Palermo. In three hours we shall be domiciled in the best rooms of the hotel Trinacria, with the best supper which Messer Ragusa can furnish. And to-morrow, at noon," he added, "we shall embark for Marseilles in a Messageries 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 drudgery, the hopeless toil, the anxieties of the wretched old life. You picked me up at Baden, a poor adventurer seeking to gain a living by teaching English, and the same destiny is open to me now."

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

"Jasper!" he exclaimed, "you talk strangely. Do you suppose I have called friend and brother so long, and loved you so well, to lose you now? I meant to have written to my father concerning you and your future, Jasper, but his sudden recall, received yesterday, causes me to return home whithout writing. I shall telegraph from Marseilles that you will come home with me And you will, will you not? You will not abandon me my friend? I will charge myself with your future. I will see that you obtain the position to which your talants entitle you. You have no ties to keep you on the Continent."

A strange expression passed over Jasper Lowder's face.

"No, I have no ties," he said huskily.

"And you will go home with me?"

"What will your father say to my coming?" demanded Lowder. "He will think your generosity Quixotic. He will dismiss from his house the hired companion who dares to resemble his son—"

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

"You wrong my father," said Tressilian, his blue 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 seem very affectionate," remarked Lowder. "You have been away from home for five years, and he has just recalled you!"

Young Tresilian's cheeks flushed, as Lowder saw the lurid glow that momentarily lighted up the tempestuous scene.

"You know, or can guess, the reason, Jasper," he said, with something of an effort. "My father has 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 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 his marriage!"

"It is!" 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 unfilial speech. Wait till you hear my story I am in a desperate mood to night. This storm stirs up the bad within me. As nearly as I can discover, my father was the younger son of a proud old county family—"

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

"I have no proof 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, appealling ways. She was the daughter of a widow, residing at Brighton—The widow, my grandmother, kept a lodgeing 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 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 lodgeings, where, a year later, I was born.'

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

"For years my mother and I lived in those stuffy, obscure lodgings until her bloom 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 call upon us. I doubt if his aristocratic relatives even suspected the existence of the faded wife and son of whom he was secretely ashamed. I have good reason to believe that he had fine lodgeings 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 roue, 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 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 sweeping 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've seen as bad," returned Tressilian. "We shall make port all right, never fear. We must be well on toward the Cape di Gallo. And it's only seven miles from the Cape to Palermo."

"But the seven miles in a 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 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 was 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 savings, she dying 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 came abroad. 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 abondon you?"

"That he might be free of encumbrance to make a grand marriage. From what my grandmother said at different times, 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's son may be his acknowledged heir. My father has utterly disowned the son of his first hasty, ill starred marriage. I have a fancy that I shall meet him some day," and Jasper's brow darkened to deeper blackness. "However, I stand no chance of ever receiving 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 Janette 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 Deverux. I shall never forget that name—DEVERUX! 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 leand 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 your 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 is 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 seaman 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, in voluntary prayer, and then Jasper Lowder felt his senses slip from him, and became unconcious.

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.

"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.

"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 sudden rock. At the same instance 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 preceive 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 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 could fill the place left vacant by noble Guy Tressilian?*

A thought came to him—a thought so strange and sinister that he shivered 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 preceived its terribly character.

At last, with sudden 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 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 soon at his side. The lantern bearer was a rough Sicilian fisherman, a grade above his clase. 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 every thing be 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. Every body who takes it is happier for having it.

The Eye of a Needle.

The passage from the New Testament. "It is easier for a Camel," etc., has perplexed good men who read it literally.—In oriental cities there are in the large gates, small and very low apertures, called metaphorically, "needles eyes" These entrances are to narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon, from Cario, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle—that is, the low arched door of an enclosure.—He must kneel, and bow his head, to creep through; and thus must the rich man humble himself.

FOLLOW THE RIGHT.—No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness for yourself, is to do the right thing; you may not always hit the mark; but you should nevertheless always aim for it, and with every trial your strength will increase.

An old gentleman of St. Albans, Vt., plumes himself somewhat on having smoked regularly at the hours of eleven, twelve (midnight), two and four in the morning during a period of thirty years.

In Cornish, Me., last week, a mere boy took a pistol from his pocket and shot himself, rather than be compelled to go to school against his wil.

An Indian boy and twenty-one head of cattle were lately lost during a snow storm in Nevada.