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FRANK LEE'S ENGAGEMENT. What I am going to relate is not very startling or thrilling, as the minor critics say, but it is substantially true, and may interest the lovers of this species of writing.

One afternoon, about dusk, Frank carefully looked his office and sought the bachelor lodgings of his friend, Tom Wellsby. Tom had just returned from Europe, was an extremely handsome dandy of twenty-eight or thirty, and possessed all those elegancies of manner...

"Delighted to see you," was the salutation of Tom Wellsby, as he half rose from the sofa, upon which he had been lying, wrapped in an elegant dressing gown, and extended his hand, "but what in the world are you doing with that immense coat around your neck?"

"I take the night train down home, where I shall be for a week or two," was the young man's reply, as he lit a cigar, and I have a favor to ask of you before I go.

"What like a real friend, Tom—and I'll conceal nothing," Tom said, "I am engaged!"

"I am not at all afraid," Frank replied. "We can calculate certainly upon women—they are so capricious."

"Do you think so? But I am willing to risk the chance."

"Very well, Frank, it is at your peril. My friendship for you will make it quite impossible for me to become enamored of Miss Ellen and run against you; honor bright, and there's not a particle of danger there. But women have a ridiculous notion of my style, you see. I'm thinking aloud, and if your lady-love forgets you, don't come here and murder me."

"Again, I am willing to risk it," Frank said, laughing, as he gazed at the inimitable foppish Mr. Tom Wellsby, "so it's all agreed, and I must go on."

FRANK LEE'S ENGAGEMENT. (Continued) The young man then shook hands, and separated. Frank Lee remained absent for three weeks, and on his return looked decidedly gloomy.

LAUNCH OF THE GENERAL ADMIRAL.—The Russian steam frigate General Admiral, built by Wm. H. Webb, was launched at New York on the 21st ult., just one year from the day on which her keel was laid.

JAPAN.—The Paris Pays publishes intelligence from Japan to the 13th of July, according to which the authorities were doing all in their power for the faithful execution of the terms of the treaties.

DOCTOR'S DRAWS.—It is not many weeks since a pharmaceutical convention was held at Washington for the purpose of ascertaining by comparison and experience the extent to which drugs were adulterated, and of devising an efficient remedy for this baneful and dangerous practice.

"You don't answer," said Tom Wellsby, passing from shame to anger, "I suppose you despise me too much! I've made an honest confession—I'll never go near her again—if after that, you are not satisfied, you may do as you please!"

"My dear Tom," said his friend looking at the irate countenance, with a smile which gradually expanded and illuminated his whole face. "I don't answer because I really am at a loss for words to express my admiration of your honesty, and my obligation to you for what you have done."

"Obligations!" cried Mr. Wellsby. "Listen now," said his friend with a calm smile, "and you will not find my explanation a difficult one. I came to town last year from the country, leaving, among other persons, a lady of some rank, with whom I was brought up and who was my cousin. I thought I only loved her as my cousin—this little Carrie—and I almost forgot her. I saw Miss Ellen Orsin, and her vivacity, grace and fashion, to be honest, made me believe that I had at last found my proper wife. I paid my addresses, was accepted and then waked up to find that the only woman I really loved was my cousin. I shrunk from uttering a whisper of this, however, to Ellen, and you may fancy my position. To marry a woman I did not love, or to say to her that I loved another and could not love her, in spite of our engagement; that was simply my choice, of course. Do you see now what my article was? I wished to give Miss Orsin an opportunity of changing her mind—of discarding me—I thought of you and came to you."

"I don't wonder at your preference," whispered Mrs. Ellen Wellsby, with a smile to Frank.

"Nor I at yours," was Frank's reply, accompanied by a gallant bow. But he never told her of his article.

"And you return me my lady-love's heart whole?"

"Quite," replied Mr. Wellsby, with a sigh, "and a noble constant of manner, 'tis really delightful—but I can't stop now—I've an engagement. Call soon, my dear Frank—delighted to see you."

"And Mr. Wellsby hastened, without giving his friend time to reply. Frank gazed after him in silence for some moments; then going into his chamber, which joined the office, he made a rapid toilet, and hastened to the fine mansion of Mr. Orsin.

"Miss Ellen sent word that she was engaged—would Mr. Lee please excuse her? The young fellow gazed at the servant with perfect bewilderment, and was only awakened from his reverie of surprise, so to speak, by the closing door. Then with an up and down movement of the head, he retraced his steps and soon regained his office."

"On the next morning he called again; Miss Ellen regretted that she was indisposed—a violent headache must be her excuse for not seeing Mr. Lee.

"Very well," said the young man, compressing his lips, "to-morrow shall terminate the affair."

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