

Continued from the Fifth Page.

Walter and his wife once more bade adieu to Cedar Lodge. All that had passed between himself and Reginald Emily wisely kept a secret which had better have been a keeper. Emily's father was greatly disappointed at the result of this visit. The simple-hearted old man had thought that Reginald would have made some presentation to Emily, such as the piano or some of the books.

"He's a shabby fellow, a very shabby fellow. After all the kindness he has received at her hands, he might have made some recognition of it."

"But has he not forgotten you, dear," replied Emily. "Ah, yes; that's nothing. Mine was a free gift and he has made good use of it. I've nothing to say; I'm content with what I have."

But the old gentleman had thought of what he had done for the orphan boy, and felt keenly his desertion in the time of tribulation, now happily passed away.

"Turn on, Old Time," as we must hasten to an end. Two months had passed since Christmas was celebrated, and Emily had decked her pretties, small very small, with a drawing-room and dining-room with the cheerful red-berried lolly and other greenery, although her opposite neighbor, who came home on the same boat as Walter, had declared it to be vulgar, exceedingly. Nevertheless, Emily knew her dear old father loved to see such Christmas emblems about the house, and Walter was not 'gouted,' neither was she, and so holly and mistletoe and bright bay leaves were liberally distributed in 'jater and kitchen and hall.'

It was Christmas-eve, and Walter had arranged to bring home one of the clerks with him to make merry. And Walter's sister, Laura, who really was a nice girl, and had been Emily's only confidante (her mother, had lately arrived, and so had papa, who was busy in the little pantry brewing gin punch, the secret of which he had from a great author, whose brewage was known to be super-excellent.

Emily was too busy making her preparations to think of Walter and his 'bus; and Laura, too, was decking with winter flowers the dishes of tart and other delicacies—all home-made and wholesome.

"There's Walter," said Emily, as the street door was heard to open. "I had no idea it was so late."

"Emily," called Walter, from the top of the kitchen stairs, "come up, dear; I want to introduce you to a gentleman."

"Can't, Walter," was the reply, "I'm in the middle of my tisky cake. You and papa must do the honors for the present." And when she had finished her 'household cares' for a time, and presented to the small drawing-room, she was surprised to find an unexpected visitor—Reginald Walwright.

"I had Reginald in the city, as I was leaving the office; and as he had no engagement he has come on to spend Christmas eve with us," said Walter.

What could Emily say but that she was glad to see him? though she almost expected to find a blister on her tongue for telling such a story.

If Emily had needed any extra stimulants to exertion to make her little 'At Home' a jollity one, it would have been found in the presence of Reginald. He had come, she fancied, to spy the nakedness of the land, and she was resolved she should find it flowing with milk and honey. The good spirits she displayed became infectious, and a merry and light-hearted Christmas Eve could not have been found in Christendom.

The dainty supper was highly applauded, the gin punch extolled immensely—nor did the ladies refuse to sip the subtle compound. Laura could not sing at first without a piano, but when Emily had trilled forth an old ballad that all the junior clerk (excepted) remembered to have heard long ago, she thought she would venture, and really sang very sweetly. The only who mirth did not appear to be real was Reginald, and at times he might have been seen 'taking stock,' as it were, of his little room, where the hand of taste was as visible as it had been at Cedar Lodge. At times he fixed his eyes on the bright, happy face that ever and anon regarded him with a look of ineffable love that could not be mistaken, even by the man who had hardened his heart with vice and selfishness.

The party broke up as the neighboring church clock struck eleven. Reginald offered to see Mr. Malwright to his lodgings, but the junior clerk had already undertaken that duty, having had a bed engaged for him close by. As the guests departed, Reginald offered his hand to Emily, which she accepted.

"Good-night, Emily," he murmured rather than spoke; "I see you do not covet Cedar Lodge."

"No," replied Emily, emphatically; "good-night."

There are good angels abroad on Christmas-Eve—the same perhaps that watched over the stable at Bethlehem. Such is our belief; and one stood by Reginald's pillow that night, or, debauchee that he was, he would hardly have thought that when he lay down that night, pure lives were to be found together, it required very little money to make an abode for peace. He thought also that a good man, such as he knew his uncle to be, could bear reverses with a patient resignation, and look forward to the great change with that hope which robes the den of terrors. He thought of the fret and fever of his own life—the 'Dead Sea fruit' to which it had turned, and what must be the ending. Old teachings of good came back to him, and though he strove to chase them from his thoughts, they would return again and again. He recalled the incidents of the past evening, of Emily's loving regard of Walter, answered so eloquently though silently by her husband, who looked his love into his lady's face.

He could no longer doubt that they were One in all things, in life, in death.

These reflections came back to him so often during the following days that his old habits became distasteful to him, and after a time the good angels were heard with love and reverence.

### TRESSILLIAN COURT; OR, The Baronet's Son.

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS. AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE LIFE," "THE BATTLE OF SCHEM," "THE SUNDRIED HEARTS," "THE LADY OF ELDARE," "A LIFE AT STAKE," "THE HOUSE OF SECRETS," 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 sending under bare poles. Her bill 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.

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 disposition and a dauntless courage.

He was Guy Tressilian, the only son and heir of Sir Arthur Tressilian, baronet, of Tressilian 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 travelling 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 enclosing the Mediterranean 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 travelling companion.

On the evening of the very day after this desertion, as Guy Tressilian was sauntering through the streets of Baden, he had been assailed by a trio of his own 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 latter 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 travelling companion, and the two passed the winter together merrily like brothers that 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 Tressilian, 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 you 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 without 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 talents 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?" "And what will your father say to my coming?" demanded Lowder. "He will thank 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."

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 knew the wish that lies nearest his heart. He waits 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 my own life. 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 words. I have not told you my story. I am in a desperate mind to-night. This storm stirs up all 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, 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 be expected, he fell in love with his landlady's daughter. He offered the young girl marriage, on condition that the union should be kept 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 recklessly, and with passionate bitterness:

"For years my mother and I lived in those stuffy, obscure lodgings until her blood 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 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 rone, 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, and 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 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 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 lodgings, and was grown miserly. He promised me 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 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 and came abroad. I had spent my little fortune when I met you. The rest you know."

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

"That he might be freed of embarrassment 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 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 under-

stand of her mumbblings 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 out-cast, 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 all his 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 over her side.

She had struck upon a rock.

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

A few moments of buffeting and tossings, and a vain struggle 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 as 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 hurried the object against the projecting head of a sunken rock. At the same instant Lowder recognized it as the body of a man.

He crept towards 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 moustache, and he knew that the body was that of Guy Tressilian!

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 a 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. 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 towards 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 7, 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 the dollar to Robert Bonner, publisher, No. 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 best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Everybody who takes it is happier for having it.

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1870 WALNUT BOARDS AND PLANK, WALNUT BOARDS, WALNUT PLANK, WALNUT PLANK. 1870

1870 UNDERTAKERS' LUMBER, UNDERTAKERS' LUMBER, WALNUT AND PINE. 1870

1870 SEASONED POPLAR, SEASONED CHERRY, WHITE OAK PLANK AND BOARDS, HICKORY. 1870

1870 CIGAR BOX MAKERS' CIGAR BOX MAKERS' SPANISH CEDAR BOX BOARDS, FOR SALE LOW. 1870

1870 CAROLINA SCANTLING, CAROLINA SCANTLING, NORWAY SCANTLING. 1870

1870 CEDAR SHINGLES, CYPRESS SHINGLES, MAULE, BROTHER & CO., No. 2600 SOUTH STREET. 1870

**PANEL PLANK ALL THICKNESSES—COMMON PLANK ALL THICKNESSES—1 COMMON BOARDS, 1 AND 2 SIDE FENCE BOARDS, WHITE PINE FLOORING BOARDS, YELLOW AND SP. PINE FLOORING, 1x AND 2x SPRUCE JOIST, ALL SIZES, HEMLOCK JOIST, ALL SIZES, PLASTER LATH, BRICKS, ETC., Together with a general assortment of Building Lumber for sale low for cash. T. W. SMALTZ, 11 96 60 No. 1715 RIDGE AVENUE, north of Poplar St.**