SPECIAL TERM—VAN VORST, J.

Demurrers.

7..Pinckney agt. The Mayor.
14..Brainerd agt. Bertram et al.
15..Brainerd agt. Bertram et al.
17..Haight agt. O'Donnell et al.
24..——agt.——
Lease and Eject.
47..Reilly agt. Dillon et al.
105..The Harlem Bank agt. Decker et al.
50..De Zavala agt. Hart et al.
122..Bucking agt. Hauselt
128..Grisoler et al. agt. Powers.
133..Busteed agt. Busteed.
135..Jacobs agt. Miller.
141..Steinbrecher agt. Beyer et al.
142..Gridet agt. Brown et al.
143..Lynes agt. Brander, jr., et al.
148..Hatch agt. Atlantic and P. Tel. Co.
281..Nicoll agt. Scrymser.
114..Kinney agt. Cohen.
115..Kinney agt. Beach et al.
283..Duncan agt. Duncan et al.
67..Herriot agt. Herriot.
26..Baird agt. The U. S. Life Ins. Co. N. Y.
38..Lawton Granular Mov. Co. agt. The Ocean Steamer Coaling Co.
54..Taylor agt. Roche.
74..Andrews et al. agt. Ryan.
87..Alden agt. Dossy.
29..Green agt. Milbank et al.
334..Whiting agt. Gearty et al.
110..Auffarth agt. Schmaedeke et al.
151..Ten Eyck agt. Cory.
35..Burrows et al. agt. The Atlantic Nat. Bank.
82..Snare agt. Hardwicke.

SUPERIOR COURT—SPECIAL TERM—SEDGWICK, J.

Case on—No. 54..Roody agt. Tilden et al.
No other case will be called this term.

TRIAL TERM—PART I.—SPEIR, J.

1053..Caffe agt. Lord, jr., et al., adm'r.
468..Wray agt. Fedderke.
365..Dimond agt. White.
687..Furman agt. Tuna.
65..Copeland agt. Ellsworth.
475..Morgan, adm'x, agt. McVickar.
631..Boyd agt. Phenix Ins. Co. of Hartford.
631..Johnson, trustee, agt. Oppenheim.
486..Schmidt agt. Latham.
758..Merkin agt. Carey.
506..Payne et al. agt. Conner, Sheriff.
360½..Sparman, by guardian, agt. Kein.
576..The Mechanics' and Build. Bank agt. Pangborn.
619..Cleary, adm'x, agt. Gambling.
878..Peck, executrix, agt. Cohen.
450..Earle agt. Fink et al.
425..Hall agt. Barrett, impl'd.
755..Hartman agt. The Globe Mutual Life Ins. Co.
313..Whemington, impl'd, agt. The 42d st. and Grand Street F. R. R. Company.
442..Strong agt. Harlem Savings Bank.
779..Havemeyer, adm'r, agt. Havemeyer et al.
804..Stafford, adm'r, agt. N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.
480½..Simmons et al. agt. Webb.
319..The Mayor, &c., agt. Dorves.
1005..Cornwall, adm'r, agt. Mills et al.

PART II.—FREEDMAN, J.

847..Farmers and Mechanics' Nat. Bank of Buffalo agt. Brown et al.
637..Franklin agt. Catlin, jr., et al.
572..Harrison agt. Referd et al.
573..Harrison agt. Ross.
743..Ull. rec'r, agt. Cremer.
314..Germania Bank of N. Y. agt. Frost.
869..Dye et al. agt. Adriance.
623..Matthews agt. Driscoll.
615..Bandell agt. Gould.
521..Lord et al. agt. Allen.
866..King agt. Kelly.
650..White et al. Talmage et al.
591..Sermour agt. Fellows, assignee.
641..Phillips agt. Roger
784..Bauman agt. Hitchcock.
960..Sachs agt. O'Conner et al.
931..Kelloge agt. Doughtdy.
557..Scully agt. Sanders.
742..Davis agt. Blanvelt.
738..Bernstein agt. Simon.
731..Hawley agt. Selover et al.
734..Lawson et al. agt. Morson.
777..Linder, jr., sur., agt. Myers.
1067..Lightstone agt. Dryfoos et al.
1003..Henderson agt. Sexton.

PART III.—CURTIS, C. J.

909..Gent agt. Mooney.
888..Walling agt. Bensel et al.
887..Pring agt. Bensel et al.
933..Marshall agt. Pegg et al.
1005..Colver agt. Cary.
1034..Morris et al. agt. Gallicke.
1035..Herzberg et al. agt. Murray.
716..Archer agt. Garde.
717..Hasbrouck, adm'r, agt. Garde.
700..Putnam et al. agt. Van Riper et al.
707½..Richards et al. agt. Camp.
821..Bennett agt. Kane.
713..Farrell agt. Van Tuyl et al.
948..Schell agt. Butterfield.
949..People of State of N. Y. agt. Full.
1014..Kelly agt. O'Donnell et al.
1017..Sutherland agt. The N. Y. Gen. and H. R. R. R. Co.
10.3..Feeter agt. Weber, adm'x.
1032..The American Medicine Co. agt. Kessler.
1036..Hart agt. Doyle et al., exrs.
10.7..Bradbury agt. Walsh.
1038..Bradbury agt. Walsh.
552..Dunn agt. Etna Ins. Co. of Hartford.
554..Dunn agt. Williamsburgh City Fire Ins. Co.
606..Thurber et al. agt. Hughes.

COMMON PLEAS—EQUITY TERM—ROBINSON, J.

2..Levy et al. agt. Newmath.
4..Finkelmeier agt. Dempsey.
22..Arnold agt. Morris.
27..Malcolm agt. Holmes et al.
33.——agt.——
9..Goldsmith agt. Patterson.
25..Ulmar agt. Patterson.
19..Reaves agt. Toms.
17..Heim agt. The Met. Life Ins. Co.
Demurrers.
3..Gompertz agt. Wood.
1..The orphan Asy. Soc. of N. Y. agt. Waterbury.

TRIAL TERM—PART I.—VAN HOESEN, J.

868..Walker agt. New Central Coal Co. of Maryland.
877..Wilson agt. Pine.
723..O'Donnell agt. N. Y. and Harlem R. R. Co.
919..Heydecker agt. Camp.
699..McCormack agt. N. Y. C. & H. R. Railroad Co.
1156..Seligman agt. South and North Alabama R. R. Co.
1206..Penn. R. R. Soc. agt. Webster.
1342..Broadway Stable Co. agt. Conner.
1223..McIntyre agt. Carroll.
1265..Fiske agt. Barnes.
252..Gore agt. Wetzler.
945..Dean agt. Brown.
284..Moff agt. Consumers' Ice Co.
1070..U. S. Reflector Co. agt. Boston.
890..Andrews agt. Farley et al.
683..Schenck agt. Barker.
580..Braxton agt. Crosby.
1103..Palmer agt. Clark, Marshal.
1289..Moberly agt. N. Y. Floating D. Dock Co.
1130..Trask et al. agt. Solomon.
1163..Briggs agt. Berdan.
1149..Lunny agt. Garrity.
362..McGuire agt. N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Co.
968..Ansdell et al. agt. Garde, Marshal.
355..Ban agt. Carter.
892..Shandler agt. The Mayor, &c.
463..Lynn agt. The Mayor, &c.
715..Russell agt. Helms.
1200..Hayman agt. Stabsaar.
698..Hong agt. Beach.
1186..Pieus agt. Gasser.
1121..Eisman agt. Mayer.
1.65..Connell agt. Mitchell.
561..Kalman agt. Conner.
274..Kearney agt. Blakley.
874..Buckley agt. Western R. R. Co.
1191..Sylvester agt. Bernstein.
1168..Davis agt. Dry Dock, E. B. & B. R. R. Co.
885..Dilger agt. McDonough
465..Sternberger agt. McGovern.
965..Briggs, jr., agt. Westchester Fire Ins. Co.

PART II.—LARREMORE, J.

1095..Freeman agt. Nichols.
1139..Fitch agt. Bergen.
1197..Sylvester agt. Bernstein.
561..Shelly agt. Yard, jr.
1051..Werwelke agt. Ohlweiler.
175..Newitter agt. The Germania Fire Ins. Co.
915..Rogert agt. Clark.
1451..Toxie agt. The Mayor.
759..Wise agt. Merzan.
785..Donnelly agt. The Mayor.
1126..McGowan agt. McGowan.
1090..Hanbert agt. Lorch.
786..Schneider agt. Leubuscher.
1093..Ridley agt. Shaw.
1136..Levy agt. Potsdam.
897..Walsden agt. Shaat.
497..Brown agt. Patterson.
1006..Cohn, assignee, agt. Conner.
1193..Lace agt. Yfer.
907..Schermerhorn agt. Devlin.
604..The N. Y. Life Ins. Co. agt. Crozier.
314..Devlin agt. Gallagher.
1097..Thomas agt. Hamann.
1215..Shiffenzeer agt. Gotwald.
385..Bockingham agt. The N. Y. Cen. and Hud. Riv. R. R. Co.
1050..Lawrence and ano. agt. The Mayor, &c.
735..Meacham agt. Campbell
738..Brower agt. Campbell.
737..Loomis agt. Campbell.
736..Hunt agt. Campbell.

PART III.—J. F. DALY, J.

430..Johnson agt. The Mayor, &c.
942..Hewlson agt. Samuels.
1194..Wedding agt. The Mayor, &c.
570..Israel et al. agt. Nicholson.
1179..Nessel agt. The Mayor, &c.
4.3..Brower agt. Dayton.
1059..Sweet agt. O'Brien.
730..Rowe et al. agt. Brosby.
887..Wisley agt. The N. Y. Floating Dry Dock Company.
841..The Second Nat. Bank of Paterson agt. Potter et al.
1190..Seaman et al. agt. Noonan.
710..Shipman agt. Fieldsticket.
1226..Inness agt. Baer.
1140..Weyers agt. Schappert.
1114..Gotende agt. Fiegel.
541..Schlag agt. Schlar.
693..Schenck agt. Muninger.
629..Cook agt. Clark.
1113..Vande Vaele agt. Callahan.
1095..Freeman agt. Nichols.
1139..Fitch agt. Bergen.
1197..Sylvester agt. Bernstein.
561..Shelly agt. Yard, jr.
1051..Werwelke agt. Ohlweiler.
175..Newitter agt. The Germania Fire Ins. Co.
915..Rogert agt. Clark.
1451..Toxie agt. The Mayor.
759..Wise agt. Merzan.
785..Donnelly agt. The Mayor.
1126..McGowan agt. McGowan.
1090..Hanbert agt. Lorch.
786..Schneider agt. Leubuscher.
1093..Ridley agt. Shaw.
1136..Levy agt. Potsdam.
897..Walsden agt. Shaat.

MARINE COURT—TRIAL TERM—PART I.—ALKER, J.

5766..Mackintosh et al. agt. Rogers et al.
4682..Holler et al. agt. Sherrard, jr.
6091..Alines agt. Conner.
6269..Beach agt. Conner.
6127..Treek agt. Holin.
7810..Lang et al. agt. Nicholson.
5419..Eugler et al. agt. Freeman et al.
6942..Shoemem agt. Spratt.
4742..Gresan agt. McAvoy.
6006..Tamenbaum agt. Hollender.
5183..Atkinson agt. Mortimer.
6108..Sutter agt. Wieners.
6145..Blake et al. agt. Conner et al.
6146..Scherer agt. Wolff.

PART II.—GOFF, J.

6725..Redlich et al. agt. Barth, impl'd, &c.
5947..Metzger agt. Conner.
5948..Reed agt. Conner.
5843..Huber agt. Conner.
5802..Kasemeyer agt. Dresler.
5867..Quindy agt. Graf.
9008..Marion agt. O'Day and ano.
5677..Kaufer agt. Briggs and others.
6886..Nielcker agt. Ketz.
5-28..Corry agt. Farley.
5745..Shane agt. Bergan.
7865..Mills agt. Hoey.
5716..Weiss agt. Schaaf.
2367..Bauer agt. Dorsey.
5607..Mandelick agt. Sanders.
5852..Hertz agt. Schachtel.
7402..Hasbrouck agt. Brooks.
7435..Clements agt. Moran.
7436..Same agt. Same.
6801..Wunderlich agt. Frost.
6161..Savage agt. Dry Dock, E. D. and B. R. R. Co.
9260..Chevalier agt. Kohnstamm.
6602..Brown agt. Farley.
5749..Celt agt. Stevens, &c.
6008..Cannan agt. Dell and Hall.
6882..Keeler agt. Young and ano.
9173..The Brooklyn Bank agt. Menard and ano.
5820..Pangborn and ano. agt. Odell.
5564..Turnbull agt. Reed.
5410..Eugler et al. agt. Freeman et al.
6942..Shoemem agt. Spratt.
4742..Gresan agt. McAvoy.
6006..Tamenbaum agt. Hollender.
5183..Atkinson agt. Mortimer.
6108..Sutter agt. Wieners.
6145..Blake et al. agt. Conner et al.
6146..Scherer agt. Wolff.

GENERAL SESSIONS—PART I.—HACKETT, Recorder.—James E. Sutton, perjury (continued).

PART II.—SUTHERLAND, J.—Charles Dorbritz, John Bruckner, burglary; William Davis, Louis Bessinger, Ellen Brennan, Nellie Osborn, Edward McLean, Frederick S. Brom, grand larceny; Louisa McGomery, Lizzie Deignan, Julius Tobis, petit larceny; George Gordon, Theron T. Thompson, assault and battery; Joseph Cohun, felonious assault and battery; John Davis, Michael Binke, Thomas Johnson, George Smith, burglary; David Asher, John Ledwitt, grand larceny; Thadius K. Whitlock, misdemeanor.

OYER AND TERMINER—BRADY, J.—James Rice, homicide (continued); Robert Garity, homicide.

Lady Trevor's Secret

CHAPTER I.

IN THE BLACK FOREST.

In the midst of the Black Forest, in Germany, lies hidden the picturesque village of Zorlitz.

The principal building in the village is the little wooden Lutheran church, the only house of worship.

The pastor of this church, a year or two ago, was Herr Brocken, or Father Brocken, as he was affectionately called by his people. He was a kindly, simple-hearted man.

Here he had dwelt twenty years, the father, the pastor and guide of his simple people; here his wife had recently died; and here he hoped to be buried. He was childless, his family consisting of an old housekeeper and a young girl known as his niece.

This niece of the pastor was the idol of the good people of Zorlitz. She tended the peasants in their illnesses; she visited the quaint old houses like a sunbeam, bringing with her always warmth and sunshine.

One afternoon in June, at the time we have indicated, our heroine, after making a call upon a sick old woman, began the ascent of the steep hill in the direction of the parsonage. When half-way up the slope, she turned aside into the woods, pursuing a shaded path at an easy pace, swinging her broad-brimmed hat by its ribbons from her arm, and carolling a German song in a sweet voice that roused the birds to emulation.

She was about seventeen years of age, tall, slim and graceful, with a beauty unmistakably English, and yet more unmistakably patrician.

This girl, with her wonderful beauty, which would have made a sensation in the queen's drawing-room, with her exquisite refinement of looks and manner that declared her gentle birth and breeding, possessed a grandly generous nature, a warm heart, and impulsive temperament, and, withal, a personal magnetism that attracted every one to her.

She had been thoroughly well educated, the good pastor and his wife having gloried in her keen intellect, and in her thirst for knowledge. They had taught her various languages, music, for which she had a positive genius, drawing and painting, and various feminine arts; but her accomplishments were among the least of her charms.

The path along which she was walking came out upon a spring, whose clear pool was shadowed by bending trees. This was a favorite resort of the young girl, and she sat down upon the green bank, the song dying on her lips, and a strange gravity overspreading her face.

"Oh, dear," she said, sighing; "I am so tired of this dear, stupid old Zorlitz. I wish that I could see something of the world outside. I have read of the great towns, of different peoples, of life beside which mine is stagnation. I am growing discontented. Must I live here all my life, and die, and be buried here, knowing nothing of any better existence? If it were not for leaving uncle I'd be to be allowed to go somewhere as governess. But I can't leave him, and he will never leave Zorlitz. And yet I'd give half my remaining life for a change—if I might only go somewhere and see something of the world."

But some mischievous spirit hear her complaint and resolve to grant her wish! For a change in her life was close at hand—a change greater than even her vivid imagination would have dared conceive. That very hour was the last she would ever know of commonplace existence. Perhaps it was as well that she could not read the strange future before her, else she might have shrunk from it in terror and misgiving, preferring the safe shelter of the Zorlitz parsonage in the depths of the Black Forest to the whirling vortex, the perils and troubles lying in wait for her in the great "world outside."

She was still musing discontentedly when a sudden rifle-shot rang out sharply upon the air—a deer went flying past—and a stinging pain in the girl's left arm sent a thrill of faintness quivering through her.

A lowery escaped her as she realized that she had been shot. That cry was echoed from the horrified lips of two huntsmen, who bounded into the glade and halted abruptly at sight of her.

"By Jove!" cried one, speaking in the English language. "A perfect Diana, Gleinnam! And you've shot her!"

The other raised his hand in an imperious gesture, commanding silence, and advanced toward the fainting girl, his countenance still wearing an expression of horror, in which were now mingled a deep pity and keen remorse.

The girl had fainted quite away by the time he had reached her. Flinging down his unlucky rifle, the young man devoted himself to her recovery with peculiar gentleness and reverence, and with an assiduity that speedily recalled her to consciousness. She opened her eyes upon the strangers, blushed vividly, and arose unsteadily to her feet, retreating a few paces.

"A perfect little queen!" cried the gentleman who had before spoken. "Who would have dreamed of finding such a magnificent little beauty in this wilderness! I say, Gleinnam—"

The girl's pale face flushed scarlet.

"Pardon," she said, speaking in English, with an accent as pure as that of the gentleman, "but I understand English."

The two young men were, for the moment, covered with confusion. Then the one who had been called Gleinnam addressed himself to the young lady, avowed himself the author of her injury, lamented his own awkwardness, and begged to be permitted to examine her arm to ascertain the extent of her wound, and to endeavor to alleviate her suffering.

His evident sorrow, his chivalric courtesy, impressed the girl, who quietly gave assent, and permitted him to examine her arm.

"My friend, in his chagrin at his awkwardness, has forgotten to introduce himself," said the gentleman who had first spoken. "Permit me to remedy this deficiency. He is Gordon, Earl of Gleinnam, of Yorkshire, England. And I have the honor to be his very good friend, Malcred Crafton. We came on an exploring and hunting expedition to these wilds, little expecting to find here a fair country woman."

The young lady acknowledged the introductions with a bow, and responded:

"I fear that I cannot lay claim to the same nationality with yourself. I am Cecil Rosse, the niece of Herr Brocken, the Lutheran pastor of Zorlitz."

To the girl, reared in that secluded region, seeing, besides her aged relative, only the rude peasants of Zorlitz, young Lord Glenham appeared a very demigod. He was strikingly handsome, with a distinguished presence. He was about twenty-eight years of age, yet he retained a youthful freshness of feeling, was chivalrous and noble in the highest degree, and was not only unmarried, but he had never loved.

His companion, Malcred Crafton, was his intimate friend and distant relative, who possessed a small fortune, was about thirty years of age, and also unmarried. The intimacy between the two men was inexplicable, for never were two persons more unlike than Lord Glenham and Malcred Crafton. His lordship was too noble and unsuspicious to discern the real character of his kinsman, which was sly and scheming, unbounded avaricious, and utterly unscrupulous. Yet Crafton's exterior was passable and insinuating; he was singularly gentle in his manners; and his black eyes and swarthy features had been too well trained to reveal the secrets of his soul.

Cecil Rosse was not sufficiently skilled in physiognomy to read the characters of these two men. She only knew that she liked Lord Glenham, and with her liking came an instinctive faith in him. As for Crafton, she felt for him a singular distrust and aversion that was destined to grow and strengthen into a stronger emotion.

An increased pallor and sudden compression of her perfect lips brought Lord Glenham to her assistance. Her wound was but slight, and when Lord Glenham had completed his small attempt at surgery, and the wounded arm had been well bandaged, Cecil Rosse thanked him courteously and avowed her intention of hastening home.

"We will accompany you, Miss Rosse," said the earl.

"No, do not refuse. You are not able to go alone. Lean upon me—else I shall think that you have not forgiven me!"

Cecil took his arm and led the way by the forest-path in the direction of her home. A few minutes' walk brought them out upon the steep village street and very near the parsonage. As they entered the little garden gate, the old housekeeper, Gretchen, came out to meet them, with loud expressions of alarm at the evident weakness of her young mistress. She fairly worshiped the pastor's niece, and Cecil forced a smile and disengaged her arm from its support as she said:

"Hush, Gretchen, you will alarm my uncle. I am not seriously hurt."

She hastened to explain the recent accident, and then invited her companions to enter the house.

"Not now," answered Lord Glenham. "But we will avail ourselves of your kind invitation to-morrow."

He raised his hat courteously, and waited until Cecil had entered the dwelling with her old servant, and then he leu the way down to the village.

At a little distance from the parsonage Lord Glenham halted and looked back, a new light in his eyes, a new glow on his face.

"She is lovelier than ever!" thought Crafton, his soul convulsed with baffled fury. "But he has not won her, and he never shall. For I love her, too—this patrician beauty of the Black Forest—I love her, and I swear by all that is holy that she shall be my wife. My wife, and not his. He will woo her openly; that I cannot do, lest he know me for his rival. Yet it shall go hard if I do not undermine him, cause her to refuse him, and then win her for myself. The first thing to be done is to discover how this English-looking and English-speaking young lady happens to be the niece of a German pastor. Ah, my lord, cherish your little fancies, dream your little dreams, while I step in and win the prize before your very eyes!"

The next day the young Englishmen called. Their interview with the old pastor was a pleasant one. Cecil was transcendently lovely. Both of the young men were desperately in love with her, and each resolved, if possible, to win her for his wife.

They settled themselves comfortably at Zorlitz, hunted in the forest, and visited the parsonage daily. Absorbed in his books, the Herr Pastor paid little heed to the visitors, whom Cecil entertained. June faded into July, and August came and went, and still the Englishmen lingered at Zorlitz. No one but sharp-eyed old Gretchen suspected that they were the lovers of "little Cecil," or saw the change in her young mistress.

"She loves the English lord," the old woman said to herself, well contented. "And he loves her. The Herr Pastor is failing—no one can see it but I—but when he dies the little fraulein will have a grand home and a protector, and will not be driven to earn her own living, as I have often feared."

It was plain to Crafton that the young earl was the favored lover of Cecil, but this conviction by no means dampened the ardor of his own love or caused him to desist from his suit.

"I shall win her!" he said to himself, grimly. "I can work and wait. In spite of any obstacle in my path, in spite of Glenham's beauty, rank, and wealth, in spite of the fact even that the girl loves him and dislikes me, I will win her! I devote myself, mind and body, heart and soul, to the task—but if I should fail—as I shall not—I would utterly destroy the girl before any other should possess her!"

The hard, evil look in his eyes attested to the truthfulness of this declaration.

As the month of August drew to a close, Lord Glenham began to make preparations to quit Zorlitz, as he had to return home to keep his engagements with a party of guests whom he had invited to spend the month of September with him at his shooting-box in the Scottish Highlands. On the eve of his departure he called upon Herr Brocken, avowed his love for Cecil, and asked for her hand in marriage. The old pastor was deeply moved, and after considerable hesitation revealed to the young nobleman a secret which affected him profoundly. On recovering from the shock, he asked:

"Does Cecil know her history?"

"No; I have not dared yet to tell her."

"Then keep it a secret still from her. She must never know it. And give her to me, Mein Herr, if she will marry me, and let me guard and protect her—"

"You are generous, my lord, but this cannot yet be. You shall not marry her on a generous impulse. Besides, she is too young. Go back to your own country for one year, leave her to me, and if, another Summer, you still love Cecil, come and claim her. But now you must not speak to her of love. She is but a child—she is only seventeen."

Lord Glenham was forced to acquiesce in the old pastor's decision.

Cecil was called in, and the earl took leave of her in her guardian's presence. His lordship's tongue was silenced upon the subject of love, but his eyes told the tale his lips had been forbidden to utter, and the girl's soul thrilled under his worshiping gaze.

"I am going away, Cecil," said his lordship, with a tenderness he could not repress. "I am going home to England, but I shall return next Summer. Good-by, Cecil—good-by, my darling!"

The sorrow in her sweet eyes robbed him of his self-control. He caught her to his breast and showered kisses on her pure young face in an irrepressible agitation. Then, gently putting her from him, he wrung the pastor's hand and departed from the house.

An hour later Lord Glenham and Maldred Crafton left Zorlitz on their way to England, the latter promising to himself a speedy and secret return.

That evening, as the good old pastor sat alone in his study, meditating upon the great event of the day, the door opened and old Gretchen came in, bearing in one hand a lighted candle, in the other a small packet upon which was impressed the London postmark.

The pastor tore open the packet as soon as Gretchen had retired. Two English bank-notes fell upon his knee, and a folded sheet of paper, upon which he saw handwriting, followed them.

The old scholar started, recalling his gentle face growing troubled and perplexed.

"A letter I" he muttered. "The first letter I ever received from Cecil's former guardian. I have received fifty pounds from him every year, but never a scrap of writing before. What has he to say to me? Does he intend to take the child from me? Is the long mystery of fourteen years to be cleared away at last?"

Herr Brocken unfolded the mysterious letter, a strange agitation quivering through all his nerves. He believed himself to stand upon the threshold of the solution of the strange mystery of Cecil's origin. A blur obscured his vision. He removed his spectacles and wiped them with a trembling hand. Then he spread out the sheet of paper, his eager old eyes fairly devouring its contents.

The letter, as he noticed after reading it, was written upon plain white paper, without water-mark or imprint of any sort whatever. The handwriting was coarse, and slanted backward, with evident attempt at disguise. There was no date to the letter, which was as follows:

"HERR BROCKEN: It is now fourteen years since I left with you the little nameless child whom you agreed to bring up, and in all that I me I have never written a line to you, nor have I heard from you directly, but I am aware that the child is, unfortunately, still alive. I have remitted regularly to you for her support the sum of fifty pounds per annum. I remit that sum herewith, as usual, in Bank of England notes. As she is now about seventeen years old, and quite able to make her own way, I shall not send any more money for her. As this is the first, it will also be the last communication you will ever receive from me.

"I suppose that she has been brought up, in accordance with my instructions, as a German peasant-girl. I suppose, also, that she is contented with her lot, since she never knew any other. It she should marry some woodcarver of your people, then my best wishes for her welfare will have been fulfilled.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to repeat what I told you fourteen years ago, that the girl has no friends save those she may have made at Zorlitz, no relations, and that the best she can do for herself is to live and die in the obscurity of the Black Forest. My care and concern for her end herewith. Neither she nor you will ever hear from me again."

There was no signature to this epistle. Herr Brocken read it over the second time and sighed heavily.

"The unknown guardian washes his hands of Cecil," he muttered. "All connection between the girl and her early past is now completely severed. She will never solve the mystery, will never know her origin. I almost wish that I had not sent Lord Glenham away, and yet I could not do otherwise. According to the traditions and usages of the world, a girl like Cecil, no matter how great her beauty, genius, and goodness, is no fitting wife for a great lord."

The door opened while his eyes were riveted on the paper, and Cecil came in slowly, half-shyly.

The pastor made a movement to put the letter in his desk, but changed his purpose.

"My dear," he said, "you seem somehow less of a child to me than usual to-night. My heart is heavy and sore with many burdens. Shall I lay them upon your young shoulders?"

The tender young face at once grew stronger, with a gravity and courage that touched the old scholar.

"I did not know that you were bearing secret burdens, uncle," said Cecil. "Let me help you. Do you need money?"

The pastor glanced at the two bank-notes on his desk.

"No, dear, it is not any fear of poverty that troubles me," he said, gently. "I feel strangely weak. I realize to-night that I am growing old. I may not live another year, and there are things you ought to know. I will tell them to you now. Cecil, has handsome English lord asked me to any for my consent to address you as your suitor."

The girl blushed and paled, and her eyes glowed with a wild and dazzling splendor.

"What did you say, uncle?" she whispered, after a little pause.

"I bade him wait a year. I told him that you were too young to marry."

"He loves me! He loves me!" Cecil said to herself softly, her glorious young beauty radiant as a star. "And he is coming back next year! Oh, uncle, I am the happiest girl in all the world to-night!"

The old pastor sighed and stroked her hair with a shaking hand. A great struggle was going on within him. At last a look of decision settled upon his careworn features, and with his trembling hand resting on Cecil's head he told her her history as far as he knew it. He also informed her that he had told it to Lord Glenham, and that it seemed to make him love her all the more. He then handed her the letter from her unknown guardian, closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. His face looked singularly worn and sorrowful in the dim light, and there was a weariness in the drooping features that told of extreme physical weakness. No one marked the rapid change of expression in the young face at his knee, the passionate anguish in the sweet eyes, the tense lines about the lovely mouth, the bitterness, horror, and despair indicated in all her perfect features.

The letter fell at last from Cecil's hand, and the bright head dropped to the pastor's knee, while Cecil gave way to a burst of passionate weeping.

"My child," said the old scholar, arousing himself with his former benevolent expression, "hush, dear, you pain me. I would have kept this from you if I had dared. Lord Glenham may come back. Goodness, beauty, and genius are of more value than ancestry. Put the letter in your pocket. It may prove a clew some day."

He took from the desk a small packet, which he opened.

"My good wife wrote out the history of your coming here," he said, "and here it is. We both signed it. And the good wife, who was clever with her pencil, made that night, after your guardian's departure, a sketch of his face. Here it is. It can perhaps do you no good, but as the man might have been your father, we preserved it for you!"

Cecil seized the paper eagerly, and stared at the picture with great, devouring eyes.

It represented a young man with a fair, English face; a heavy, cruel mouth; small, blue eyes, the left one having a peculiar droop; and with a large mole on the left cheek. The face was hard, cold, and unpleasant, and Cecil shuddered as she stitched it, losing a quick sense of repulsion toward it.

"Do you think that he was my father?" she asked.

"The good wife thought not. But he might have been. Men can be very cruel to their own flesh and blood when they are supremely selfish. Keep the picture, dear. And now, Cecil, we must say good-night."

Cecil knelt down beside him, and he laid his hands on her head and blessed her. Then he embraced her tenderly, as she arose, and dismissed her.

The old pastor leaned back in his chair. His long, scanty locks fell around his venerable face, and his eyelids drooped wearily.

"Poor little Cecil!" he said to himself, yet without seeming to realize his words. "I see it to know it. The gift of second-sight to-night. A terrible future yawns before her. Poor little one! God shield her!"

When morning dawned, he still sat in his easy-chair, but his head was thrown back, the gentle smile was frozen on its features, which were rigid as marble.

The old pastor had gone to join his good wife. He was dead, and Cecil Rosse was left alone in the world to meet the terrible future in store for her!

The grief of Cecil, when, the next morning, she discovered the old pastor sitting dead in his chair, was indescribable. She felt that she was now indeed alone, and without a guide in the world. But old Gretchen and all the neighbors comforted her, and by the time the funeral ceremonies had ended and the affairs of the pastor's estate had been settled, she had recovered her usual elasticity of spirits and had resolved upon her course, which was to go to England, accompanied by Gretchen, and see if she could not find some trace of her family. As they set out, old Gretchen, looking back at the forest village through her tears, muttered:

"I hope that we ain't rushing straight into trouble! And yet a creeping feeling comes over me that there are dark days ahead! I wish I could read the future!" 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 March 3, which can now 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-st., New-York.

PASSENGERS SAILED.

FOR GLASGOW—*In steamship Alsatia*, Feb. 17.—Louis Thibault, Wm. Cruickshank, John Henry, jr., Mark H. Tompkins, Benj. S. Shepard, R. C. Smith, John Martin, Wm. Cheese, Alex. Morgenstiserne, Geo. M. Anderson, David Longhery, John Hopkins, Sarah Hopkins, Matilda Hopkins, Geo. Alexander, Wm. Crawford.

FOR BREMEN—*In steamship Oder*, Feb. 17.—Mr. and Mrs. A. Dieenbrock, C. Plock, M. Jac. and Mrs. E. A. Hils and child, A. Nouse, Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss, August Clothus, Theodore D. Barnum, Hermann Biedermann, George H. Bradley, C. Niedieck, Mrs. E. C. Long, John W. Bullwiler, Edward J. King, jr., M. T. Merchant, Hermann Wagner, Hermann Gorsuch, Charles Clarenbach, Abraham Rubes, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Bess and child, Wm. Gheisig, Anton Knetel, H. Sinauer, Mrs. Lina Beckmann, Henry Cook, Abraham Leubold, Miss Dole, M. Hansen.

FOR LIVERPOOL—*In steamship City of Chester*, Feb. 17.—Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, W. J. Copp, Charles Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Culley, E. H. Culley, J. W. Curtis, Capt. F. W. Commisky, Gale Dickson, Miss Dickson, Miss F. Dickson, O. M. Dunham, Mr. Foster, David W. Farquhar, James Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Angelo F. Grassi and child, S. Herriz, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Jackson, Miss Annie Jackson, Miss Angeline S. Jackson, Miss Margaret M. Jackson, Master Arthur C. Jackson, the Rev. Edw. Kelly, Thomas Kelly, Francis A. Lyell, R. H. Walter, Mr. Stenart, Mr. and Mrs. E. Laforcade, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Marshall, Mrs. McMurray, Miss McMurray, Miss Julia McGarry, Dr. Grunbytekha, Mrs. Raynham, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. E. L. Bickard, Miss A. Richard, E. R. Schowater, Mrs. John C. Schoeber, D. Schwartz, H. B. St. John, W. H. Taylor, W. B. Tisdell, C. K. Truell, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Williams, Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Wright, W. Waterman, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Young, Dr. L. Wick, John F. Bean, Thos. Grimes.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

FROM SANTO DOMINGO, &c.—*In steamship Tybee*, Feb. 17.—A. M. Ros, Capt. J. L. Bonsall, Wm. De Walters.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

Sun rises.....6.50 | Sun sets.....5.39 | Moon sets.....11.16
HIGH WATER THIS DAY—A. M.
Sandy Hook..10.49 | Gov's Island.11.34 | Hell G. Ferry..1.23
HIGH WATER THIS DAY—P. M.
Sandy Hook...11.12 | Gov's Island.11.59 | Hell G. Ferry..1.48

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF NEW-YORK.....FEB. 17.

CLEARED.

Steamship Oder (Ger.), Leist, Bremen via Southampton, Ochrichs & Co.
Steamship City of Havana, Phillips, Havana and Mexican ports, P. Alexander & Sons.
Steamship Rio Grande, Belger, Galveston via Key West, C. H. Mallory & Co.
Steamship New-York, Quick, New-Orleans, Bogert & Morgan.
Steamship New-Orleans, Dearborn, New-Orleans, Clark & Seaman.
Steamship San Salvador, Nickerson, Savannah, George Young.
Steamship Charleston, Lockwood, Charleston, J. W. Quintard & Co.
Steamship Benefactor, Jones, Merchead City and Wilmington, N. C., Wm. P. Clyde & Co.
Steamship Old Dominion, Walker, Norfolk, City Point and Richmond, Old Dominion Steamship Co.
Steamship John Gibson, Masinger, Georgetown, D. C., J. L. Boone jr.
Steamship Fanita, Howe, Philadelphia, Jas. Hand.
Steamship Agnes, Burdick, Philadelphia, Bogart & Morgan.
Steamship Geo. Whitney, Hallett, Boston, H. P. Timer.
Bark Ernto (Nor.), Thies, Antloy for orders, C. Tobias & Co.
Bark Emilie (Nor.), Simonsen, Cork or Falmouth for orders, Louis Tetens.
Bark Lolia W. (Br.), McNeil, Cork or Falmouth for orders, J. W. Parker & Co.
Bark Svanen (Nor.), Nelson, Bremen, Louis Tetens.
Bark Anna (Aust.), Videili h, Hamburg, Funch, Edye & Co.
Bark Dachna (Br.), Elliot, Altona, Funch, Edye & Co.
Bark Vinilla (Br.), Coffin, Santander, Ford & Hincken.
Bark Cascu, Penny, Pernambuco, H. B. Swift & Co.
Bark Reindeer, Decker, Demerara, H. Trowbridge's Sons.
Bark Anne Kay (Br.), Du Pen, Kingston, Jas. F. Bulley.
Brig Union (Br.), LeDain, Liverpool, Geo. F. Bulley.
Brig Teon (Br.), Thomas, Rockenland, F. Perkins & Job.
Brig Mozart (Ger.), Tiedtjens, Hamburg, Funch, Edye & Co.
Brig Manson, Gardner, Trinidad, Cuba, S. & W. Welsh.
Schr. Speedwell, Rhodes, Rio Hacha, U. S. C., H. P. Brown & Co.
Schr. Vineyard, Roebrock, Demerara, Donald Cameron.
Schr. Fannie R. Williams, Shearer, Cabarien, Jas. E. Ward & Co.
Schr. Ella Clifton (Br.), Kimball, St. Joan, N. B., Scammell Bros.
Schr. Lily, Cole, Charleston, Evans, Ball & Co.
Schr. Waupossa, Leper, Norfolk, Va., Isaac R. Staples.
Schr. J. P. Robinson, Harney, Norfolk, Va., Isaac R. Staples.
Schr. B. C. Terry, Cranmer, Richmond, Va., Slaght & Petty.
Schr. B. I. Hazard, Brewster, Georgetown and Bull Creek, S. C., Bentley, Gildersleeve & Co.

ARRIVED.

Steamship Albemarle, Gibbs, Lewes, with mdse. and pass. to Old