DAILY JOURNAL
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1870.

Financial and Commercial.

FINANCIAL.

The stringency which we have been obliged to notice in the money market from time to time, still continues. Checking was lively on account of city taxes and other luxuries indulged in by our citizens during the holidays.

Our bankers complain of the habit some of their customers have contracted of always renewing their paper, instead of paying it at maturity. There is, perhaps, not another city in the United States where the banks are so lenient to borrowers, and if this is not reformed it will at no far distant day, work to the serious disadvantage of both bankers and borrowers.

Gold has had a quiet market, ranging from 109¾ to 109¾ in New York.

Government bonds remain at last quotations, with the transactions in them very light.

BANK-NOTE FUNDS.

U. S. Treasury Notes.
National Bank Notes.

The following quotations are from the office of the Mercantile National Bank:

State Bank of Indiana	par dis.
State Bank of Ohio	par "
Indiana Free Banks	10 to 25 dis.
Eastern Bank Notes	15 to 25c "
Missouri "	par "
Planters' Bank of Tenn	par "
Union Bank "	90c "
Other Tennessee Banks	60 to 90c "
Virginia, North and South Carolina	par "
Georgia, Alabama and La	10 to 90c "

GENERAL REMARKS.

The little sickness occasioned by the coming of the Christmas holidays has faded away, and business generally may be quoted dull, and merchants are generally taking advantage of the dullness to take inventories of stock and sum up the results of the year's business. In grain and produce, the flatboat trade has made considerable activity.

TOBACCO.

The receipts are improved, but the consideration of tobacco arriving is not good-being generally too "high" and generally poorly handled. The demand continues good and in advance of receipts; prices stationary at last quotations, viz.: from $4 to $5 75 for lugs, and $6 to $8 50 for leaf. The demand from strangers increasing.

COTTON.

The market is firm and active. Receipts liberal; sales 230 bales at a slight advance over last week's prices, viz.: Ordinary, 11¼@11½c: good ordinary, 13; low middling, 12¾@13c; middling, 13⅝@13¾c.

PORK.

The number of hogs cut up to last night, will number about 25,000 for the season. Of this number, Foster cut 3,600; Atkins, 3,500; Elliott, 1,110; Gavisk, 720; Buffner, 600, and these with a number cut by Peter Hess in Independence, and Wm. Rahm in Lamasco, the number of which could not be definitely ascertained, will make the above number rather under than over the amount, and had not the weather been so cold last week the number would have been much greater. Meat pork continues steady at $12 50; new bacon sides are active at 12½c, and new sugar-cured hams are sold at 16c. Bulk meats are active at 8c for shoulders and 11½c for clear sides. Lard by the tierce, 11½c and by the keg, 12½c.

DRY GOODS.

BROWN SHEETINGS—Atlantic A, 12c; Stark A, 12½c; Augusta and Medfords, 11c; Cannelton, C sheetings, 11½c; Cannelton C. W. sheetings, 11½c; Lawrence E, 10c; medium sheeting, 11c; Valley, 7½c.

DRESS GOODS—Wool Delaines, 30@35c; Fancy Delaines, 18@20c; Amures, 20c; Oriental Lustres, 20@30c.

PRINTS — Merrimac W, 10c; Merrimac D, at 11½c; Cocheco, 11c; Ashford's 10c; Simpson's 11; American, at 10c; Daniel's, 11c; Amoskeag, 9½c; Lowell, 9c; Troy, 7½c.

TICKINGS—Conestoga Extra 4-4, 25c; Gold Medal, 4-4, 21c; C T 4-4, 19c; C C A 7-8, 18c.

MISCELLANEOUS — Skirt Braids, 65c; Coat's and Clark's Spools, 80c; Green & Daniel's 8-c cts, 60c; 2-hoop skirts, 75@85c; 2½-hoop Skirts, 50@55c; 3-hoop Skirts, 60@65c; Raleigh Skirts, $18 00 per dozen.

PROVISIONS.

MESS PORK—New $19 50.
BACON—None in market.
BULK MEATS—Shoulders 8c; clear sides 11½c.
LARD—By the tierce 12½c; in keg 14c.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

GRAIN—*Wheat*—Receipts good and about equal to the demand, which is good with prices stationary. Quotations, are, 90@1 00 for Mediterranean; $1 00@1 05 for good English, according to quality; $1 05@1 10 white. *Corn* is in better demand at stakes for mixed in ear from wagons. Outside demand good; 40@50c in new burlaps; from wagons loose, 45@50c; receipts liberal. *Rye*, demand stationary at 65@75c per bushel. *Barley*, 80@85c for new, according to quality, and very dull.

FLOUR—Very dull and prices stationary at last quotations, viz.: New white wheat flour $6 00@6 25; choice extra $5 50@5 75; extra $5 00; superfine, $4 25@4 50.

CORN MEAL—Kiln-dried $3 00@3 25 per barrel, and 75@80c per bushel; demand and supply limited.

HAY—Baled, $15@17 per ton, according to quality; very dull. Loose, demand moderate at $18@20; supply ample.

BRAN—Is held at $12 00@$14 per ton, demand improved.

SHORTS—In good demand at $22@23 per ton.

SALT—Dull. Small barrels at $2 25, and large $2 75 per barrel, adding actual drayage.

GUNNIES — Now stock received is held at 24½@25c; good quality of second-hand at 15@16c, and dull.

SEED—There is very little demand. Flax Seed, $1 65@1 75, according to quality. Timothy Seed, $4 50@5 00 per bushel, and dull.

GREEN APPLES—Dull; the market is stocked, principally with Western New York apples, which are selling at from $3 to $4 per bbl; choice qualities only bring the latter figures in small quantities.

POTATOES—In very liberal supply at 80a$1 00 per bushel; demand much improved.

ONIONS—Better demand and supply improved; $5@10 per box.

ORANGES—$7@8 per barrel.

WHITE BEANS—Plenty at $1 00@1 50, and only in moderate demand.

DRIED FRUIT—Dull; Peach ea $2 50@3 00 for quarters, and $3 00@3 50 for halves, per bushel. Apples $1 75@2 00 per bushel.

ONIONS—$2 50@2 75 per barrel; 75c@1 00 per bushel. Demand improving, supply light.

BROOM CORN—Plenty in the market at $40@85 per ton, according to quality, and dull.

FEATHERS—70@75c per pound for live geese.

BEESWAX.—20@22c per lb, according to quality.

BUTTERS—Nice rolls, 35@40c; common, 20@25c; supply very irregular; quality more so.

EGGS—Have advanced to 22½@25c per dozen; scarce and in good demand.

LIQUORS.

The following are the quotations for jobbing trade. Bills for wholesale dealers in large quantities being filled at proportionately lower rates:

WHISKY—New copper distilled $1 50@2 00; one to two years old $2 00@2 50; rectified 50@$1 00; domestic Bourbon and Rye, $1 25@2 00. Carr's best eight year old, $3 00.

HIGHWINES—Patent 85c; old process 87c.

BRANDY—Domestic $1 50@2 00; imported $3 50@4 50.

GIN—Domestic $1 50@2 00; imported $3 50@5 00.

WINE—Domestic Port $1 50; imported $2 50@5 00. Imported Sherry $2 50@4 00.

BITTERS—Carr's Tennessee Valley $8 00 per doz.

BUILDING MATERIAL.

Prices remain firm at quotations, viz.: Sash, 5c to 10c per light; Doors $2 25 to $4 50 each; Blinds, $2 25@4 00 per pair; White Lead, 12 50 to $14 50 per 100 lbs. Plaster, $4 00@4 75; Lime, $1 10c to $1 25; Cement, $2 25@3 50.

GLASS—6X8 to 8X10 Glass $1 50@1 75; 8X11 to 10X15 do $4 50@5 00; 11X14 to 12X18 do $5@5 50. Less 25 per cent. discount.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Alcohol, per gal. $2 00; by the bbl; Lard oil, winter strained No. 1 lard, $1 25@1 50; Coal oil 35c; Castor oil $1 80@1 90; Linseed oil, 60@65; Winter Sperm oil, 80@1 00; Shot, Bar lead, Putty, Alabaster, per quotations; Quinine $2 40@2 60; Morphine, $7 75; Balsam copaiba 60@65 00; Armistead's aque tonic $ doz $7 50; Cloud's invigorating cordial $ doz $8 00; old Kentucky bitters, $ doz $7 00.

BEEF AND SAB IRON.

Flamer pommel fan wrought round and square 3@3½c; horse shoe iron, heavy and medium, 3½c; and light head nails 4½c; horse shoe half oval and round, 3½@3½c; steel tire, 3½ to 3½; do 36 to 38, 3½@3½c; steel, 6@8. Common sheet Iron 16 to 17, 3½c per lb; Iron 18 to 21, 3½; No. 24 to 26, 4½@4½c; No. 27, 5c. Charcoal 1½c advance on above rates. All sheets over 36 inches wide, 1c per lb extra.

TIN PLATE—Prices of TIN SHEETS STOCK. Tin Plate—I. C. Charcoal, 10x14, $8 50; Tin Plate—I. C. Charcoal, 10x14, $8 50. C. Charcoal, 10x14, I. X., from $10 50. Tin Plate—I. C. Charcoal, 10x14, I. X., from $12 50. Tin Plate—I. C. Charcoal, 10x14, I. X., from $14 50. Common Sheet Iron, 10 to 14, $4 50@5 00 per 100 lbs.

BLOCK TIN—Pigs 40c; bars 40c; solder 34c.
LEAD—Pigs 9c; bars 10c.
ZINC—Cast 11½c; sheet 12c; slabs 12c.

HIDES AND LEATHER.

HIDES—Dry flint 16c per pound; dry salted 15a16c; green 7@8. Demand improving.

LEATHER—Harness 28@37c; sole, oak, 40c; Spanish 38@38c; Buffalo slaughter 35c; calf, French, $1 75@2 00 per pound; domestic $1 25@1 40; common kip 70@$1 00 per pound; upper $40@48 per dozen.

MANUFACTURED TOBACCO.

Dark Tens 65c; bright Tens 75@80c; bright Virginia, pounds, halves and quarters, 90c@$1 10.

GROCERIES.

COFFEE—Rio, firm, common 18¾@19¾c; fair 20¾@21½c; prime 21@21½c; choice 21¾@22c; Laguyra 24@24½c. Java, old Government, 30@32c; imitation, 29@30c.

SUGAR—Firm; Cuba 12¾@13c; New Orleans 12¾@13¾c; Demerara, 13@13½c and firm; Extra C 11¾@11c; A coffee 11¾@11¾c; B coffee 11@11¼c; hard 14¾@15c; hard powdered and granulated same.

TEAS—Black—Souchong 90@$1 00; Oolong $1 00@1 25. Green—Young Hyson $1 25@1 50; Imperial $1 20@1 30; Gunpowder $1 25@1 50; Hyson $1 25@1 50.

MOLASSES—New Orleans choice 75@80c; New Orleans prime 70@75c; sorghum 45@50; white drips 30@35c; Stewar'sgrup 80@85c; s ver drip 75@80c; bee hive 70@75c.

CANDLES—Full weight 10@10½c; 14 on weight 12@13½c; light weight 14@15.

CANDY—Stick and Rocker Pete 16½@17c.

FISH—Mackerel, No. 3, in bbls $13 00; in half bbls $7 50@7 50; in kitts $1 60@1 50; No. 2, in barrels $15@15 50; in half bbls $7 50@8; in kitts $1 65@1 75; No. 1, in bbls $24 00@26; in half bbls $12 00@13 00; in kitts $3 00@3 25. Cod fish, in good demand at $6 50@7 50. White fish, half bbls $7 50@8 00; kitts $2 00@2 25. Potomac Herring, $1 50 in kitts; $5 00 in quarter barrels; $25 50@6 00 in half barrels. Herring, box 50@75c.

STARCH—Madison 7@7½c; Erkenbecher's 7¾@8c; Crystal 11¼@12c; Corn 11¼@12c.

SOAP—Palm 6@6½c; brown erasive 6¾@7c; yellow erasive 7@7½c; olive 9@9½c; German mottled 8¾@10c; German plain 8¾@9c.

COTTONS — Yarns — 700 12¾@13 00; 600 14c; 500 15@15½c; 400 18@18½c.

BATTING—No. 1, 25 @26c; No. 2, 21@22c.

CARPET CHAIN—White 35@36c; colored 45@48c.

CHEESE—W. R. 14¾@15c; Hamburg 15¾@16c; choice factory 16¾@17c.

TAR—Carolina bbls $4 50@5 00; Carolina half bbls $3 75@4 50; Carolina kegs 50@54c; pine, in kegs 47½@50c.

VINEGAR—Bbls $7 50@8 50.

RICE—Carolina choice 9¾@10c; Rangoon 9@9½c.

NAILS—10p to 20p $4 25; 8p $4 50; 6p $4 75; 4p $5 00; 3p $6 00; 10p fence $4 25; 8p fence $4 50; spikes, 5½ to 6 inch $4 50.

WOODEN WARE.

BUCKETS—Oak $2 25@2 35; half oak $2 25@2 35; No. 1 well buckets $8 00@8 50; No. 2 do $7 50@8 00; red cedar, two hoop $10 50@11 00; red iron bound $6 50@7 00; red half iron bound $5 50@6 00; red brass bound $8 50@9 00; sugar buckets, rack $4 25@4 50; ball buckets, rack $3 00@3 25.

TUBS—No. 1 $11 00@11 50; No. 2 tubs $10 00@10 50; No. 3 $8 50@9 00; nests, eight 4 75@5 00; nests, three $3 00.

CHURNS—White pine, 18 to 20 inches $9 00@10 00; patent cedar, 15 to 20 inches $12 50@13 00; red cedar, 16 inches $15 00@16 00; red cedar, 18 inches $17 00@18 00; wash boards $2 50@3 00.

COOPERAGE—Whisky barrels $1 50 each; iron bound whisky $2 40; flour barrels 55.

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 THE DARK," "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 under 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 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 at 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 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 assaulted 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 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 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 comfortably 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 [illegible] my 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?"

"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 your home for five years, and he has but just recalled you!"

Young Tressilian's cheeks flushed as Lowder saw in 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 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 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 this marriage."

"Is it?" said Lowder drily, 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 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 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 [illegible] father a gay, dashing young [illegible] came to lodge with her. [illegible] 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 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 that the lover had his way, and married the daughter of his landlady quietly and 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 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 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 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 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 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 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 been two years on the Continent, and 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 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," said 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.

Lowdor'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 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 understand of her mumblings 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 outcast, 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 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'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 cross.

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 water.

A few moments of buffetings and tossings, of vain struggles 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.

[illegible] 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 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 sunken rock. At the same instant 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 perceive 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 he 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 water-proof 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 perceived its terrible character.

"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.

At last, with sudden and 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. He secured these among his own wet garments. 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 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 was of several 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 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 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 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 three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 189 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. Everybody who takes it is happier for having it.

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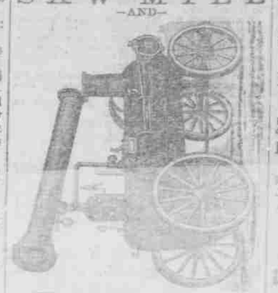

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Yours, truly,
ELDER BROS.

GRANDVIEW, IND., Oct. 9, 1870.
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Sir—Enclosed please find $400, the balance due on the Portable Steam Circular Saw Mill. This mill was purchased from you two months since, and as I have now thoroughly tested it, I (to meet my agreement with you to speak my mind in regard to the mill) have to say that I now can safely recommend it to all desiring perfect satisfaction in a Saw Mill, and to procure what you call—a complete Mill and Engine.

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