Oregon Weekly Statesman.

SATURDAY.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

European News.

Bordeaux, Jan. 10.—The *Moniteur* publishes the following:

Rouge Mont, Dep't of Doubs, Jan. 9.—A battle was fought north of this place to-day, ending at seven this evening, with victory for our arms. Night prevents ascertaining the full extent of our success. The General commanding bivouacs on the center of the ground held, and all positions are occupied by our troops. We carried Villersexel, which was the key of the enemy's position, with shouts of "Long live France and the Republic."

London, Jan. 10.—Gen. Faidherbe's cavalry had an encounter with the enemy on the 8th and 9th, and met with success.

Berlin, Jan. 4.—The Queen has received the following from headquarters:

Versailles, Jan. 10.—Owing to a snow storm the heavy fire of the bombardment is slower to day. Peronne has capitulated, with 3,000 prisoners. General Werder defeated Bourbaki on the 9th, south of Vesoult. He took 800 prisoners.

Versailles, Jan. 10.—The French work at Belancourt is reported devastated. Fort Nogent has recommended firing. In Fort D'Issey 14 guns have been dismounted. Shells have been thrown into the Paris and Lyons railway station. It is rumored that the "Hospital Invalides" have been hit.

Brussels, Jan. 10.—Penord, former Minister of Empire, has been arrested for alleged political intrigues, and sent to Lyons, guarded.

Intelligence from Paris confirms the report that bread riots have occurred in that city. A collision between a mob and the military has taken place.

Prussian shells, on the 5th, are said to have fired parts of the city. An early capitulation is predicted.

London, Jan. 11.—The scheme for a direct cable from London and Liverpool to New York, has been organized here, under the best auspices; capital, $3,250,000, three-fourths of which has been subscribed already. If the one-fourth be taken, the American cable will be laid in July.

Vienna, Jan. 11.—Semi-official organs here declare that the approaching conference must uphold the validity of treaties, and insists that modification is possible only by general consent. When the amendment to the treaty of Paris is proposed by Russia, its essential should be accompanied by concessions and compensation to other powers.

London, Jan. 11.—The columns operating against Chauncy drove him within a mile of Lemane, after a series of engagements, capturing one cannon, a mitrailleuse and 200 prisoners. Werder's loss at Villersexel was 200.

A large German army is forming east, under a special command, including the corps of Werder, Zastrow and others.

A balloon from Paris, on the evening of the 10th, brings the following: There has been a slight engagement near Malmais and Ruel, and on the Strasburg railway. The Germans were repulsed with considerable loss.

Thousands of balls fell within the outskirts of Paris, in all directions, during the night, killing some women and children, striking ambulances, churches, museums and schools. The population are more than ever resolute. Trochu will not capitulate.

Bordeaux, Jan. 11.—The following is official: "The Germans, on the 10th, redoubled their efforts against Chauncy, who, pressed on all sides, retired to his original positions. The action was hotly disputed. One brigade resisted for six hours. The losses are considerable on both sides.

Bourbaki, commanding the Army of the East, telegraphs that he passed Tuesday night driving the enemy from Villersexel and Liele.

London, Jan. 12.—Faidherbe surprised the German rear guard, killing thirty and taking fifty-nine prisoners. He lost none. The French have entered Bapaume.

London, Jan. 11.—Anxiety is felt in Liverpool for the safety of the City of Brooklyn, which is reported as having lost the fans off her screw and proceeding under sail. Nothing further has been heard of her.

Eastern News.

Washington, Jan. 11.—The Senate resumed the consideration of the resolution, as amended by the House, for the appointment of a Commission to San Domingo. The question being upon Sumner's motion to amend the House amendment, by adding thereto, that the Commissioners shall enquire especially into the alleged pendency of civil war in Dominica and the slate of the territory occupied by opposing parties as to relations between the existing Governments of Dominica and the neighboring Republic of Hayti, and the pendency of any claim, territorial or pecuniary, by the latter upon the former, and whether any war now exists or is menaced between these two Governments.

The Senate Committee on Post Office and Post Roads agreed to-day to report favorably upon the bill to establish a line of American steamers between San Francisco and Austria, stopping at Honolulu and one or two other ports, and granting an annual subsidy for twelve years of $500,000, with the consideration that thirteen trips be made each year.

Miscellaneous.

The President was informed this afternoon by ExSenator Wade and President White, of the Cornell University, that they had accepted the appointment of Commissioners to Dominica. Bishop Simpson's engagements compel him to decline, and no other person has as yet been appointed in his place.

The nomination was made to-day of Silas Astrichland, of Nebraska, as Governor of Utah Territory.

Buffalo, Jan. 11.—The match game of billiards of 1,500 points, for the champion cue of the United States and $1,000, between Rudolphe, of New York, and Frank Parker, of Chicago, was played here this evening, the latter winning the game, cue and money, by 266 points.

New York, Jan. 12.—Coal miners in the Schuylkill county, Lehigh and Wyoming Valley mines, composing the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, struck on Tuesday. By the terms of an agreement with employees of companies, members of the Association are to stop work for 30 days, and in consideration of this aid, employees of big companies will join the Association, which they have heretofore refused to do. The strike throws about one hundred thousand men out of employment, and also a large number of railroad men, employed on the Delaware and Lackawana and Central Roads.

California.

San Francisco, Jan. 12.—The reorganized Board of Supervisors is cutting off numerous sources of fat pickings in the way of extra supplies, etc., which have gone to fatten the outside hangers on the ring for years. Meyers, Forbes and Badlam, under a resolution passed at the last meeting of the Board, have found a number of these leaks in the city finances.

Some parties who have recently returned from Lower California denounce the Magdalena Bay settlement, the City of Cortez, and in fact the whole Lower California colonization scheme as an unmitigated humbug.

San Francisco, Jan. 12.—The following are the latest market quotations:

Flour—Superfine grades are dull, selling at lower prices than the same can be manufactured; superfine, in sks of 196 lbs, at $4 36¼@$5 62½; extra, in sks, at $6 50@6 75.

Wheat—A lot of 6,000 sks, strictly choice, sold at $2 30; 800 sks, good Salinas, $2 25; 250 sks, good milling, $2 27½; 3,000 sks, do, $2 27½.

Barley—The market is quiet; quotable at $1 35@1 45.

Oats—Nothing done; quotable at $1 40@1 60.

Provisions—California bacon jobbing at 15 cts; Oregon do, 15½@16c. California hams, 12½@13c. No Oregon. St. Louis sugar cured hams, 26c. California smoked beef, 13@14c. California lard, 12@13½ cts for tins; Oregon kettle lard, 13@13½c.

Santa Cruz, Jan. 12.—A German named H. G. Wortmann, was arrested to-day on a charge of forgery. From papers found on his person, and brushes, stamps and blank checks taken from his valise, the indication is, he has been extensively operating in the forgery business. The prisoner recently arrived from the East, and admits having successfully disposed of some bogus drafts at Chicago.

San Diego, Jan. 12.—At Jamuel valley, yesterday, a man named Pier Miller was found dead in his house, with a bullet-hole through his head. Two barefoot tracks were found leading from the house, and all appearances go to show that Indians were the perpetrators of the murder.

From Wyoming.

Cheyenne, Jan. 12.—Information from Fort Laramie states that a large number of Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Grosventres Indians, came in yesterday, and report buffaloes very scarce. These tribes are in a suffering condition. They say their tribes are starving. They have applied for permission to go South to find buffalo, but have been refused. The Indians are yet undecided in regard to where they will have their agency.

The City Printing Again.

As will seen by reference to our report of the Council meeting, Thursday Evening, the city Fathers, bent on complying with the law at as cheap rate as possible, and no doubt with a view to economy more than to anything else, have contracted with the organ of the State Agricultural Society to do the city printing.

It is true that the STATESMAN is the only daily paper, the only real organ of the city abroad. The Agricultural journal in question being the organ of the farmers of Oregon, if of any body. It is also true that the publication of a daily paper in this place has never paid expenses until the present proprietor took hold of it, doing two men's work himself, and some people would be weak enough to imagine that to secure the success of a daily paper in this city even the city government should be willing to give it patronage at ordinary rates, but the virtue and business sense of the present Council, assisted and engineered by the Democratic shrewdness of John F. Miller, are proof against such arguments and the city purse strings are sure to be held tightly in their hands, in some cases at least.

The history of the printing matter is that John F. Miller set himself at work the first possible moment to deprive the STATESMAN of any patronage from the City. He instituted inquiries as to what terms the city printing was done on; procured the appointment of a committee on printing, and being a member thereof, visited the different printing offices, got bids at low rates from the *Mercury* and *Farmer*, and was informed by us verbally that we were not competitors against these papers, and received a written statement of our regular charges. These he took to the Council, and with a wily wisdom, for which he is remarkable, he moved, before the bids were opened, that the work should be given to the lowest bidder, and the virtuous and unsuspecting Council all said "aye." Then, of course, the STATESMAN lost the work, the successful organ of the Agsicultural Society, from excess of amiability (?) towards this paper and deep sympathy with the impoverished condition of our unfortunate city, having undertaken to do it at the low rate of 25 cts. per square. The lowest charge named for this paper being $1 50.

Now the Democracy are making burculean efforts to carry this county in 1872, and they show so much energy and liberality they deserve success, supposing that these qualities, in a bad cause, deserve anything. They have put their shoulders to the wheel to roll their cart up hill and to shove ours down, and they are as determined in the last as in the first. Capt. Miller wanted to deprive this paper of patronage, and he has succeeded. He is too much, we fear, for any unsuspicious set of men to cope with, and by his means and shrewdness, which he chuckles over with great satisfaction, Salem stands before the world in the contemptible attitude of refusing to patronize a city paper at ordinary charges, and this Republican town turns its back on its Republican paper. As to our charges, they were low enough, and some idea of the motives of the competition against us may be formed when we say that to-morrow we shall publish a four column article, as reading matter, sent by an advertising agent in New York, for which he offers us three times the rates at which the *Farmer* is to do the city printing, and we publish this morning proposals for mails service in Oregon, sent us by the Post Office Department, for which we receive more than we agreed to charge the city.

The farmers of Oregon will no doubt hugely enjoy reading the City Ordinances of Salem, and as our city authorities have undertaken to give them that kind of literature we hope they will meet frequently and keep their organ supplied with copy, and the agricultural community with regular reading.

Editorial Correspondence.

PORTLAND, Jan. 11th, 1871.

Having exhausted the attractions of this city, I went aboard the elegant steamer Oneonta and slept last night, and waked when morning was running opposition to the moonlight at Vancouver. A flurry of snow had fallen and the shores of Washington Territory were clad in ghastly white. There was not much progress visible in the ancient city of Vancouver, where enterprise seems to be paralyzed, and effort to do no more than live is not attempted. Of course there are some enterprising and go-ahead men there, but there is little inducement to build or improve, though when the North Pacific Railroad works up the river that far, it will liven up their affairs. There is more good farming land back of there than has been supposed, and the prospects of Vancouver are actually livening in consequence of the number of settlers who are clearing off the lands of that county, and preparing them for cultivation.

KALAMA.

Down the river, about thirty miles from Vancouver, and forty miles distant from Portland, is Kalama, the newest candidate for commercial greatness. It is situated below the difficulties of navigation and below where ice is troublesome; and therefore, with a railroad connection with the towns above, it can do business without let or hindrance. The town is not surveyed, and no lots will be offered for sale yet awhile, but this will all happen before a great while, and with the early spring Kalama will become the scene of the most lively excitement and speculation.

LAND SPECULATIONS AND LOCATIONS.

There is, of course, a great rush for securing lands near the new metropolis; all this is a great source of business and profit to the Land Office at Vancouver. I found on board of the steamer Oneonta several gentlemen who were bound thither, to secure an 80 acre tract each, in the immediate vicinity of Kalama and as in the course of conversation we developed a trace of old acquaintance and mutual associations in the mining fields of Idaho, they generously took me into their confidence, and as a consequence I took a chance also in this land lottery, and am prospective proprietor of acres densely covered with tall pines and firs. We won't go further into particulars for fear of creating envious feelings in the hearts of some who haven't had an opportunity to invest in that vicinity. We can't all own tall pines near Kalama, so we propose to be liberal, and those who havn't pines and firs of their own to chop down, needn't pine away on that account, for we will give them leave to whack down some of ours. At the same time that we appreciate our improved chances, all the world shall understand that we don't propose to be proud on that account.

REPORTED SUICIDE.

The papers have been of late criticising the very singular course of conduct of Judge G. W. Ford, of Chicago, who was through Salem some few weeks ago, and represented himself as connected the North Pacific Railroad Company as an attorney. He was stopping at the Pacific Hotel, Vancouver, and was last seen leaving that house before day this morning. It was thought he might have gone off in some of the boats, but he could not be traced in this manner, and the supposition was then entertained that he had committed suicide, and after noon it was reported that a dog had brought a hat out of the river, which a merchant then identified as having been sold by him to Ford a day or so previously. An examination of his effects showed that he had taken no baggage, and his overcoat and umbrella remained. His pocket book was in the wash stand drawer, and also a letter marked, "Not to be opened until after one o'clock," which proved to have been written November 8th, at Yreka, informing his landlord that his body would be found in the river, and asking him to telegraph to his brother as to what disposition should be made of it. In the same envelop was left the following note: "To my wife, family and friends. I am, and have been for some two months insane. I do not want to go to the asylum, so good-bye. God bless you, and may he pardon my many sins, and forgive me for this last act, now about to be consummated, is the prayer of—George."

The fact that this letter was left exposed would lead to the supposition, that, though written months before, he intended this to give information as to his fate, and be his parting to his friends. I was informed at Vancouver, by good authority, that Ford's wife is on her way to this coast, and that he was to have some position in connection with the N. P. R. R. Co. Ford was a man not over forty, evidently had enjoyed good opportunities, and had had standing as a lawyer. He was appointed, by Andrew Johnson, Chief Justice of the Territory of Wyoming, which position he held for a while. He was the victim of intemperance, and his wild course of late, and his untimely end are caused by that terrible vice.

S. A. C.

State News.

PORTLAND.

The *Herald* says: Last evening, previous to the hour of closing, a man was discovered secreted in the dry goods store of Mayor Goldsmith, on Front street. He was discovered by a terrier, which, knowing that he was a stranger, bit at him. He kicked the dog, to drive him away, and this caused the animal to raise a noise for help. But on being discovered the would-be thief made for the door and ran up Washington street, while the parties in pursuit raised the cry of "thief! thief!" which the pursued re-echoed, in order to divert attention from himself. He escaped by his fleetness the grasp of his pursuers.

The Hon. Lansing Stout is confined to his bed from illness.

We ascertain that Mr. A. Rosenheim, of this city, has received the appointment of Chief Clerk to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs to Arizona. He has not yet decided whether he will accept or not.

A man was arrested last evening as the person who attempted to rop Mayor Goldsmith's store, but being identified by some friends, he was allowed to depart.

The *Oregonian* says: Mr. M. F. Manning, of East Portland, while crossing the river, yesterdy, on the ferry boat, was thrown overboar a severe concussion of the boat against the piles near the East Portland landing.

The sea gulls, which fly very seldom except when stormy weather is prevailing or approaching their accustomed haunts, are numerous here just now, indicating rough weather at the mouth of the Columbia.

The *Bulletin* says: The Dixie Thompson reports very bad weather on the Bar, the roughest that has been known for years.

Messrs. W. W Piper and E. M. Burton, architects, are now employed in making up the plans and specifications for the Masonic Temple, to be erected in this city the ensuing season, on the corner of Alder and Third streets.

Messrs. Janion & Rhodes have advices from Liverpool to the 5th of December. The Iliimani, was then loading for Portland, and, as her cargo had all been engaged, it is probable that she is at least thirty days out by this time.

COUNCIL MEETING.—At a called meeting of the Council held on Thursday evening, Alderman Miller, from Committee on Printing, presented proposals from newspapers, in Salem, to do the city printing.

He moved that before the same should be opened, the Council should order that the contract for printing be given to the lowest bidder, which was adopted.

The contract was ordered to be let to the *Willamette Farmer*, which paper proposed to do the work for twenty five cents per square of twelve lines.

On motion of Alderman Miller the city employed Sylvester Simpson, Esq., to examine as to the legality of the ordinance passed by the late Council, relating to water works for the city. The City Attorney, Mr. Mallory being supposed to be the author of that ordinance, he desired to employ some other attorney to examine and report on the game.

A communication was received from Tiger Engine Co., asking the city to pay certain amounts due by the company, amounting in all to $180; which was referred to Finance Committee.

City and County Items.

Ash wood can be purchased for $3 75 per cord; enquire of McCully & Co.

Wheat is now bringing one dollar a bushel at Salem. A fact of much importance to our friends in the country.

SERVICES TO-MORROW.—Bishop Morris is expected to preach at the Episcopal Church this (Saturday) evening. Service at 7 P. M.

ACQUITTED.—Young Guerin, who was arrested a few weeks ago for larceny, at Reed's Opera House, was tried yesterday, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

ITEM.—The City Council must be very careful to meet always within five days of, but not the day before, its agricultural organ is published, for Ordinances have to be published within five days, and the organ must have a day or two to set them up.

GRAND JURY REPORT.—This report speaks well of the affairs of the Clerk's office and the manner in which the books are kept. Also speaks of the Court House as being in good order, considering its long term of service. The jail is said to be well and cleanly kept, and the prisoners in all respects well cared for.

The report of the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department was to have been published in the City Agricultural organ to-day, but as it only had two day's notice it could not be done, but will appear one week from to-day probably. The firemen and their friends who wish to peruse it can readily do so by visiting their friends in the country, where it is supposed that journal circulates.

A SERIOUS BUSINESS.—Yesterday afternoon a good audience at the Court House was much amused to see four of our saloon keepers arraigned for selling liquor on Sunday. They all pleaded "guilty." The way they did it, and the prompt manner in which the Judge admidistered the legal remedy—ten dollars and costs—was what what amused the crowd so much.

ON THE RIVER.—The Albany was unable to reach Eugene on her last trip, as the river has been rapidly falling.

Four boats, the Albany, Reliance, Active and Success, came down the river yesterday loaded heavily, no doubt carrying between four and five hundred tons of breadstuffs; also thirty four bales of green tow, and a lot of brooms from the Albany factory. That factory wants to move down to Salem, if it can make arrangements here.

The North Salem Chair Factory has shipped a large lot of chairs to a wholesale house, at Portland.

The P. T. Co.'s agent will not pay damage on freight, unless notice is given in writing three days after goods are received.

State Agricultural Society.

The Board of Managers of this Society have been in session this week, and revised the premium list, making but few changes, one of which was the creation of a distinct class, in which young girls are to compete. This is to be an interesting feature.

The Society offers a premium of $25 for the best quarter of an acre of the sugar beet, one hundred pounds of the beets to be exhibited. This is done in recognition of the importance of attempting the manufacture, in our State, of beet sugar, which has lately proved so successful in California. In this connection, the Board suggested that efforts should be made to induce the next Legislature to offer a premium of considerable value for the best specimens of crude beet sugar of common farm manufacture.

It seems that in European countries, the farmers make what is called *sucrete* a crude article with a portion of lime added to make it keep; this is sold to the manufactories, of which there are five hundred in France, and is refined by them. The suggestion of the Society is to give encouragement to this crude manufacture here.

A Resolution was passed asking the citizens of Salem to offer a $1,000 purse, or at least a sum of considerable value, to be awarded the best running horse of thoroughbred stock. This is with a view to encourage the bringing of thoroughbred stock to our State. Gov. Grover and other gentleman here responded, as we are informed, by subscriptions amounting to $200, as a commencement of this premium. Gentlemen present from Portland, promised that a similar purse should be raised there, to be given to the best trotting horse. The success of these endeavors will lend great interest to the horse department next fall.

Mr. E. M Wait has offered to publish the premium list of the Society free of charge, if allowed to use every other page for advertising; which liberal proposition was accepted.

Major Magone was elected Marshal in Chief, and Mr. Alfred Lewellen, Marshall of the Pavilion.

The session was harmonious and pleasant. The departure from the city of E. M. Waite, Esq., Secretary, renders it impossible for us to obtain more complete minutes.

Circuit Court—Marion County.

ADJOURNED SESSION, NOVEMBER TERM, 1870.

E. M. Waite vs. L. Fleishner, State Treasurer. After argument on the demurrer filed by defendant, the same was overruled. Knight and Lord for plaintiff; Bonham and Lawson for defendant.

Drusella Rader vs. Archibald Rader. By consent of counsel the Court ordered that R. H. Strahanact as referee to take testimony.

O. & C. R. R. Co. vs. W. H. H. Larken. The Company was granted right of way on payment of $57 as compensation, and the plaintiff pay the costs. This action was against a minor and title could be got in no other way.

Mary Montgomery vs. J. H. Montgomery. After hearing of testimony, decree of divorce was granted, the plaintiff to have the care of the infant child, and defendant to pay twenty dollars per month for its support. A. B. Cosper was appointed trustee of said fund.

J. B. McClane vs. John Kramer—Defendant allowed until Feb. 20th, to file answer.

James Anderson vs. T. J. Baxter. This case was referred back from the Supreme Court; leave to file amended complaint was granted; defendant demurred thereto and excepted to the ruling of the Court.

Wm. Trevor vs. John Costello. Defendant's demurrer to complaint was overruled.

E. N. Beach vs. T. J. Baxter—Cause dismissed.

State of Oregon vs. Charles Blakeley; indicted for assault with intent to kill; tried and found guilty. Notice was given of motion for a new trial.

John Newsom, vs. J. W. Greenwood. Time extended to take depositions.

State of Oregon vs. Geo. Applin; indictment for fraud. The defendant's counsel demurred to the indictment, which was sustained by the Court, and the defendant discharged.

State of Oregon vs. John Brady; indictment for murder at Last Chance Saloon. The Court appointed Knight and Sullivan counsel for the prisoner.

State of Oregon vs.— Beach, held for assault with a dangerous weapon. The Grand Jury found "not a true bill," and the defendant was discharged.

State of Oregon vs. Frank Guerin; indictment for larceny; prisoner arraigned and pleaded not guilty.

J. B. Emery vs. J. & W. Martin, executors. Plaintiff asked leave to file new bill of costs which was not granted.

State of Oregon vs. Mary Applin, held on charge of fraud. The Grand Jury found "not a true bill."

Wm Trevor vs. John Costello; S. C. Simpson appointed referree to take testimony.

Patrick McIntee vs. P. Galin; S. C. Simpson appointed referree.

SUNDAY.

TRESSILLIAN COURT;

OR

The Baronet's Son.

BY MRS. MARY HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF THE "DOUBLE LIFE," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE SUNDERED HEARTS," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "A LIFE AT STAKE," "THE HOUSE OF SECRETS," ETC., ETC ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A FEARFUL 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 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 Tressillian, the only son and heir of Sir Arthur Tressillian, Baronet, of Tressillian 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 Tressillian. 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 Tressillian's hired travelling companion and bosom friend.

The meeting and connection of the two had a touch of romance. Young Tressillian had spent four years in a German university, whence he had been graduated with honor. On leaving the university, in obedience to his father's written command, he had undertaken a tour of the countries inclosing the Mediterranean Sea, in company with one of his late tutors. The gentleman being unexpectedly promoted to a professorship, abandoned Tressillian at Baden, leaving him to find another traveling companion.

On the evening of the very day after this desertion, as Guy Tressillian 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 Tressillian 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 bulwark. "Do you think the craft will stand it Tressillian?" "Oh, yes," answered young Tressillian, 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 sail for Marseilles in a messageries steamer."

"And from Marseilles *you* will proceed to England to Tressillian 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."

Tressillian 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 the 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 Tressillian, his blue eyes kindling, when the vessel had righted. "He is the noblest man in the world. He will welcome my friend 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 Tressillian's face flushed, and Lowder saw the lurid glow that momentarily lighted up the tempestuous scene.

"You know, or can guess the reason, Jasper," he said, with something of an effort. "My father has a ward, the daughter of an old friend.—Ah! hear that wind shriek! The gale is increasing!"

"Yes," assented Lowder. "And the ward is Miss Irby—the golden-haired Blanche of whom you have talked so much, and with whom you have exchanged letters?"

"Yes. My father formed a project to have me marry Blanche. He did not wish us to grow up together, lest we should learn to regard each other as brother and sister. When Blanche came to live at the Court, my father sent me to Germany. The night before I left he called me into the library and told me all his hopes and plans for the 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 known the wish that lies nearest his heart. He wants me to return and marry Blanche. I shrink from the proposed marriage. I dread 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, drylly, and with a strange smile full of sneering bitterness. "My experience has been widely different from yours, Tressillian. Did I ever tell you of *my* father?"

"No. I took it for granted he is dead."

"Perhaps he is. I don't know," said Lowder, with a wreckless laugh. "But if he is living, he is a scoundrel. Don't start, Tressillian, 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 near as I can discover my father was the younger son of a proud old county family—"

"You do not know, then?" asked Tressillian, pressing his companion's hand.

"I have no proof of it. All I positively known 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 my father, a gay, dashing young fellow, came to board with her. As might have been expected he fell in love with his landlady's daughter. He offered the young girl marriage, on condition that the union should be 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 the 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 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 ever 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 around 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, 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 Tressillian. "We shall make port all right, never fear. We must be well on toward the Cape di Galo. 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, Tressillian.

Lowder shuddered as he surveyed sea and sky.

"But about your father, Jasper?" said Tressillian, who had become deeply interested in his companion's history. "What did he do after your mother's death?"

I remained at the 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 become 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 mothers 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 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 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 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 could have scarcely 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 up signores. I can't make out the cape in this darkness. We shall go on the rocks. St. Anthony save us!"

The seaman echoed his cries.

The two young Englishmen, comprehended their peril, clasped hands in silence.

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 a rock.

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

A few moments of buffeting and tossings, of vain struggles and agonized, involuntary prayer, and then Jasper Lowder felt his senses slip from him, and he became unconscious.

When he came to himself, he was lying upon a rocky beach of the Sicilian shore, sore, bruised, and as 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 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 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 finger's 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 lone, but he had an air of fashion that awakened my boyish admiration, and around 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.

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