THE EASTON STAR

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AT EASTON, MD.

P. K. ROBSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

Two dollars cash in advance, or two dollars and fifty cents if not paid in advance. Clubs of twenty, thirty dollars in advance.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞ Books received free of postage will be promptly noticed under the editorial head.

The Easton Star.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1871. VOL. 6. NO 17.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

ON and after TUESDAY, November 1st, steamers of this line will run from Pier 3, Light street, as follows:

For Annapolis and West River MONDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS at 7.30 A. M., leaving Annapolis on the return at 1.30 P. M. same days.

For Cooper's wharf, St. Michaels, and Miles River Ferry, Easton, TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, at 7 A. M., leaving Miles River Ferry on the return at 12.15 P. M., same days.

For Easton, Oxford, Cambridge, Denton and intermediate landings, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS at 9 A. M., returning Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

nov15

Maryland & Delaware RAILROAD

ON and after MONDAY, April 11th, 1870, trains will run as follows.

PASSENGER TRAIN.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Easton	6 00	A. M.
" Woodland	6 15	"
" Cordova	6 25	"
" Hillsborough	6 40	"
" Ridgely	6 56	"
" Greensborough	7 05	"
" Goldsborough	7 15	"
" Henderson	7 25	"
" Marydell	7 35	"
" Slaughter's	7 42	"
" Kenton	8 00	"
Arrive Clayton	8 10	"
" Wilmington	10 15	"
" Philadelphia	11 45	"
" Baltimore	1 05	P. M.
" New York	4 54	"

GOING SOUTH.

Leave New York	12 30	P. M.
" Baltimore	3 40	"
" Philadelphia	5 00	"
" Wilmington	6 25	"
" Clayton	8 25	"
" Kenton	8 35	"
" Slaughter's	8 50	"
" Marydell	9 00	"
" Henderson	9 10	"
" Goldsborough	9 20	"
" Greensborough	9 30	"
" Ridgely	9 45	"
" Hillsborough	9 55	"
" Cordova	10 10	"
" Woodland	10 20	"
Arrive Easton	10 35	"

FREIGHT TRAIN

WITH PASSENGER CAR ATTACHED.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Easton	10 30	A. M.
" Woodland	10 50	"
" Cordova	11 05	"
" Hillsborough	11 20	"
" Ridgely	11 35	"
" Greensborough	11 55	A. M.
" Goldsborough	12 15	P. M.
" Henderson	12 25	"
" Marydell	12 40	"
" Slaughter's	1 05	"
" Kenton	1 15	"
Arrive Clayton	1 55	"
" Wilmington	3 50	"
" Philadelphia	5 25	"
" Baltimore	8 10	"
" New York	10 20	"

GOING SOUTH.

Leave New York	12 00	M.
" Baltimore	7 45	"
" Philadelphia	9 30	"
" Wilmington	10 10	"
" Clayton	12 10	P. M.
" Kenton	12 20	"
" Slaughter's	12 35	"
" Marydell	12 50	"
" Henderson	1 05	"
" Goldsborough	1 15	"
" Greensborough	1 40	"
" Ridgely	1 50	"
" Hillsborough	2 00	"
" Cordova	2 15	"
" Woodland	2 30	"
Arrive Easton	2 50	"

By the above arrangement, close connections will be made both ways and passengers will arrive early both in New York and Baltimore, and will be able to visit Philadelphia or Baltimore, returning same day.

All Freights must be at the various stations at least thirty minutes before starting of trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours.

J. L. CALDWELL, Superintendent.

jan13

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, PROPRIETOR.

Office next door to The Easton Star Office.

TRAVELERS will deposit their whips, robes, blankets, &c., at the office. Stable accommodations for 100 horses. Horses received on livery by the day, week, month or year. Horses and carriages for hire at all times. Travelers promptly sent to any part of the county or adjoining counties. Hackmen regularly to the steamboat landings, to convey passengers with dispatch.

The highest market price paid for corn, hay, oats, blades and straw.

A NEW STAGE LINE TO THE RAILROAD. A new stage will leave the Hotel Easton every morning (Sundays excepted), connects with the morning train of cars at Hillsboro'—leaves the latter place on the arrival of the afternoon train, and reaches Easton at 5 P. M. Good horses and carriages and passengers made comfortable. Fare $2.50. Passengers leaving Easton in the morning arrive at Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner.

In hiring horses, 12 hours is considered a day, 6 hours a half day. For extra hours an extra charge will be made.

Easton, Md., sep22

FALL & WINTER New York Fashions

Good Work, Cheap Work & True Work

THE subscribers inform their friends and the public that they have just received the latest ENGLISH and FRENCH styles from New York, and are prepared to cut, make and trim suits in the newest styles, and guaranteed to fit equal to city clothes, and at cheaper rates.

Boys and Lads' clothing cut or made in fashion. Give them a trial, and be convinced that your clothes can be made at HOME in as fashionable styles as in the city, and better than anywhere else on the Shore.

STREET & GRACE,
Next door to Easton National Bank.

sep26

The Latest Styles.

Fall and Winter Fashions, 1870-1871.

Just Received from Paris and New York.

JOHN SATTERFIELD, Fashionable Tailor, Easton, invites his customers and the public to call and see the beautiful fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1870, just received. The styles are perfectly charming. Hopes all his old friends, and a host of new ones, will leave their measures for a new suit. All work done by him warranted to fit and give satisfaction.

☞ A handsome Plate of Fashions for ladies and boys just received. Cutting done with the same care as if he was to make the garment, and promptly to order. Shop opposite the Talbot House, next door to Evans' floor store, Easton.

sep20

W. M. HOLLYDAY,

Attorney-at-Law,

Easton, Md.

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

Medical.

TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15th, 1868.

Allow me to call your attention to my

Preparation of Compound Extract Buchu.

The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBEBS, JUNIPER BERRIES.

MODE OF PREPARATION:

Buchu, in vacuo. Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small proportion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle), leaving a dark and glutinous decoction.—Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection, it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœa, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exist. In this you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation,

With a feeling of confidence,
I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist of 16 Years' Experience.

[From the largest Manufacturing Chemist in the World.]

November 4, 1854.

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T Helmbold; he occupied the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown sts., Philadelphia.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

or weakness arising from indiscretion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms, among which will be found, Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Wakefulness, Horror of Disease, or Forebodings of Evil; in fact, Universal Lassitude, Prostration, and inability to enter into the enjoyments of society.

The constitution, once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is admitted to, Consumption or insanity ensues.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU

In affections peculiar to Females, is unequaled by any other preparation, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Paleflukness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrus state of the Uterus, and all complaints incident to the sex, or the decline or change of life.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH,

Will speedily exterminate from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiva and Mercury, in all these diseases.

Use HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

In all diseases of these organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, "immediate" in action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those suffering from broken down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to affect the bodily health and mental powers.

All the above diseases require the aid of a Diuretic.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu

IS THE GREAT DIURETIC.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price—$1 25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $6 50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address H. T. HELMBOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, N. Y.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP in steel engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed H. T. HELMBOLD.

my25-1y

Mechanical.

Easton Stove and Tin House. FORD & SON,

EASTON, MD.

COOKING RANGES, WARM AIR FURNACES, FIRE PLACE HEATERS, PARLOR AND COOK STOVES,

TIN, SHEET IRON & HOLLOW-WARES,

Wholesale and retail.

TIN ROOFING, SPOUTING, all kinds of, STOVE REPAIRS, and JOB WORK, With BELL HANGING.

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

jy12-

STOVES MADE AND REPAIRED;

STOVES SOLD AT CITY PRICES;

Tin Plate and Sheet Iron Work made to order;

Tin Roofing and Spouting done in the best manner;

Gun-Smithing promptly executed.

Cooking Stoves, Parlor Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Fire Place Stoves, Furnaces, all of the most approved patterns, furnished as cheap as the cheapest.

Thankful for past favors, a share of the public patronage is solicited.

GEO. W. BECK.

Easton, my25

Plastering and Bricklaying

BY

TODD & SPARKLIN.

THE subscribers having associated themselves in business for the purpose of carrying on the above business, hereby give notice that they are prepared to do PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL PLASTERING, and all kinds of BRICKLAYING, in the best manner, and promptly to order. Orders solicited. Residence and shop near Dr. Earle's gate, in Easton. Graves bricked in all weathers.

Easton, mh8-1y

Plastic Slate Roofing.

THE attention of Carpenters, and those contemplating building new houses, or putting new roofs on old ones, is particularly called to the Plastic Slate Roofing, the greatest ROOFING MATERIAL of the age.—For flat roofs, there is nothing to equal it. It is *cheap, light,* and *flexible;* non-expanding, non-contracting, FIRE-PROOF, WEATHER-PROOF, and EVERLASTING Roofing.

The subscribers are now prepared to put on these roofs at short notice, *cheap* for CASH. Orders addressed to us through the Easton Post Office promptly attended to. For further information respecting the Plastic Roofing, address

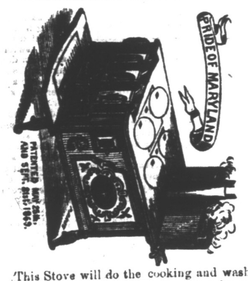
WILLIAM H. DUNCAN,
GEORGE W. DUNCAN.

Easton, Feb. 1st, 1870-11m

J. C. FORD & SON,

EASTON, MD.,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THE



This Stove will do the cooking and washing at the same time. The greatest invention of the age. The prices are the same as any other First Class Cook Stove of corresponding size. As a Baker, the oven cannot be surpassed. Call and examine it. For sale only by us.

jy12-6m

Cart & Wheelwrighting

BY

JOHN H. THOMPSON.

SHOP AT EASTON GAS WORKS.

THE subscriber returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal patronage received in the past, and takes this method of informing them that he has on hand a first-rate lot of the best quality and thoroughly SEASONED MATERIAL, and is prepared to make and repair CARTS, WAGGONS, WHEELS, PLOWS, HARROWS DRAGS, and other farm work, promptly to order, at *reduced prices,* and in the most substantial manner.

SCYTHES CRADLED.

Cradles repaired. A first-rate lot of thoroughly seasoned material for scythe cradles always on hand. Persons should order their harvest work done early in the season.

The subscriber has always made it a point to do his work in the best manner, and his customers may rely on getting a good job of all work ordered.

In addition to reducing prices generally, to keep up with the times, a discount of *ten per cent.* will be made for the *cash,* on all bills over $5.

A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited.

JOHN H. THOMPSON.

Easton, mh22-1y

THE HEARTH AND HOME.

ISSUED WEEKLY,

which has been purchased by

ORANGE JUDD & COMPANY,

will hereafter be issued from their Great Publishing House, 245 Broadway, New York. The same energy, and enterprise, and carefulness to secure *reliability* in every department, that has so long characterized the *American Agriculturist,* and given it a name, and fame, and a circulation several times greater than that of any other Rural Journal in the World, will be extended to HEARTH AND HOME. A New Volume, *with great improvements,* will commence January, 1, 1871, with the Price reduced from $4 to $3 a year.

TERMS:

One copy, one year	$3.00
Four copies, one year	2.75 each.
Ten or more copies	2.50 each.
Single Number	8 cents.

20 cents a year extra when sent to British America.

4 WEEKS FREE.

Every subscriber for 1871, received after this date, will have HEARTH AND HOME the rest of this year FREE.

N. B.—This applies to ALL subscribers, whether coming singly, at $3, or in Clubs at club rates. Those subscribing now will thus get the paper for nearly 13 months at the cost of a year's subscription (either single or club rates). This will really make

56 WEEKS IN A YEAR.

The subscription price of the *American Agriculturist,* which is well known as one of the oldest and best magazines in the world, for the Farm, Garden and Household, is $1.50 a year. One copy each of HEARTH AND HOME, Weekly, and AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, Monthly, will be sent one year for $4, to which 25 cents should be added when the papers are to go to British America.

ORANGE JUDD & Co., Publishers,
245 Broadway, New York.

SIMMONS' LIVER Regulator

The symptoms of Liver Complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side.—Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism.—The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general costive, sometimes alternating with lax. The head is troubled with pain and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory, accompanied with painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, debility, and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them; but the liver is generally the organ most involved.—Cure the Liver with

DR. SIMMONS'

Liver Regulator,

A preparation of roots and herbs, warranted to be strictly vegetable, and can do no injury to any one.

It has been used by hundreds, and known for the last 40 years as one of the most reliable, efficacious and harmless preparations ever offered to the suffering. If taken regularly and persistently, it is sure to cure Dyspepsia, headache, jaundice, costiveness, sick headache, chronic diarrhœa, affections of the bladder, camp dysentery, affections of the kidneys, fever, nervousness, chills, diseases of the skin, impurity of the blood, melancholy, depression of spirits, heartburn, colic, or pains in the bowels, pain in the head, fever and ague, dropsy, boils, pain in the back, &c.

Prepared only by J H ZEILIN & CO,
Druggists, Macon, Ga.

Price $1; by mail, $1 25

☞ For sale by HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH, Easton, and by Druggists generally. dec20 1y

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, CONSUMPTION

This remedy does not dry up a Cough; but loosens it, cleanses the lungs, and allays irritation, thus *removing the cause* of the complaint.

SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Proprietors, Boston
Sold by druggists and dealers generally.
None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS.

FARMERS' and MERCHANTS' LINE.

THE SCHOONERS

Oxford and Tred Haven.

The above vessels are now running between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap, if not cheaper, than can be done by any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. All freight must be paid on delivery of the goods.—Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same

LEONARD, BLAND & CO.

OFFICE—In same room occupied by R. B. Dixon, on Dover street.

feb22

The Cheap FLOUR STORE.

FLOUR, MEAL, CORN, BUCKWHEAT, AND FEED, CHEAP FOR CASH AT EVANS' OLD STAND, IN EASTON, OPPOSITE THE TALBOT HOUSE.

HAVING bought out Evans & Co., I announce to the people of Easton and vicinity, that I shall keep constantly on hand, and sell cheap for cash, FLOUR, MEAL, CORN, BUCKWHEAT, FEED and HOMINY.

I respectfully solicit a call and an examination of my stock and prices.

dec6 CHARLES P. P. MATTHEWS.

BUCKWHEAT.—A fine lot just received and for sale by

C. P. P. MATTHEWS.

HOMINY—A beautiful article, constantly on hand, for sale at only 8 cents per quart, by

C. P. P. MATTHEWS.

FLOUR.—A nice article of Flour, by the barrel or by retail, just received and for sale by

C. P. P. MATTHEWS.

CHOPS—A nice article—corn and oats mixed, for sale by

C. P. P. MATTHEWS.

MEAL—A beautiful article, just received and for sale by

C. P. P. MATTHEWS.

CORN.—The highest market price paid for corn and oats. Corn always for sale at the cheap flour store of

C. P. P. MATTHEWS.

dec6

GRAPE VINES FOR SALE.—I offer for sale, at prices below the Northern Nursery rates, some very fine grape vines, which have been rooted and grown in Talbot county, and are therefore perfectly acclimated. The stock is composed of the following well tested varieties, which I can recommend as hardy and prolific: Delaware, Concord, Clinton, Creveling, Diana, Hartford Prolific, Iona, Israella, Ives' Seedling, Mascatawney, Rebecca, and Union Village. Some of these vines are one, and some two years old.

I am also the agent for Talbot county for the well known Eumelan Grape, said by Dr. Grant to be the finest American grape yet produced.

Grape vines may be planted six or eight feet apart, or from 600 to 700 per acre. When six years old they will average 10 pounds to the vine, or six or seven thousand pounds to the acre, and will readily command 25 cents per pound. Any one who will make the calculation can readily see that grapes is the most profitable crop that can be grown.

There is no better section of country than this for grape culture, as all the improved varieties do well here, as I have already tested on my farm in Oxford Neck.

Letters addressed to me at Trappe, Talbot county, Md., will receive prompt attention.

M. H. KELSEY.

November 1st, 1870-4m

The Best Stoves

THE CHEAPEST STOVES.

The Stoves you Want.

Are at TUTHILL & AVERY'S Easton Foundry, consisting in part of

MONUMENTAL, COLUMBIA, CARROLL, PLANTER'S PREMIUM, NIAGARA, STAR, QUAKER CITY, COTTAGE and GRAY JACKET COOK STOVES.

PARLOR COOK for wood and coal. *The Jewel,* The Parlor Light, (self-feeder) Token Gas Burner, Magnet Gas Burner, North Star, New Egg and Woodland Heaters, just bought in Baltimore and Philadelphia for cash, and will be sold at bottom prices.

STOVES Relined and Repaired.

Fire Brick, pipe, Zinc and Hollow-ware for sale.

TUTHILL & AVERY.

Easton, oct11

Select Poetry.

OUR CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

As the gray dawn of morning lifts the veil from the skies
To hail the returning of the sun to our eyes,
Or the herald of pardon, with joyful advance,
Pushes anxiously onward to lead to the dance
Of delightful emotion the prisoner freed
From the o'erhanging sentence which bowed low his head,
Or children expectant, at the close of the year,
Of the toys, nuts and candies which all Christmas trees bear,
Filled with great animation, stir up the whole house
By their Christmas rejoicings, and early arouse
Grandam, aunt and uncle to infantile glees,
As in life's early morning their friends sought to please,
So away from his slumbers the Carrier Boy steals
To greet you with welcomes the EASTON STAR feels
To all who have guided their bark by its light,
Or have sought for the comfort which its pages bright
Have earnestly striven in truth to impart,
Giving joy to the troubled in purse, mind or heart—
To merchants and traders, keen eyed and swift footed;
To artists and builders, and ye who have hooted
The sons of the heather; and ladies as fair
As e'er shone in the parlor, or perfumed the air
With odors refreshing almost as themselves—
The darling, bewitching, heart-butchering elves;
To smiths of all sorts, cobblers, jours, clerks and tinkers;
To lawyers and doctors, men of science and thinkers;
To gents in black-cloth, who weekly declare
To sinners hard-hearted the virtue of prayer!
To men of all stations and dames of all ages
Whose hearts have been lightened by these printed pages,
To one and to all with greeting we come,
Bringing best salutations to each quiet home.
To you all we are married—by the law it is clear—
By our right we are tender, at least once a year;
We are part of our substance—ye're rejoiced in our toil
As the well-to-do farmer in the fruits of his soil;
To received our instructions every week from our throne,
The' ye scarcely considered we were toiling alone.
We're not slept in our labors to give you good cheer,
Or to warn you of perils through the past fleeting year,
Yet we own to a weakness—now don't make a fuss—
That we're fondest of those who are fondest of us.
Last night in a revery we went round 'mongst our friends,
And we knocked at each door where our newsboy attends;
Happy voices we heard—how familiar the sound—
But alas! some were sorrowing for those under ground.
We were chastened in spirit as we thought of the G——s,
Aged men of our village who had gained heavenly homes,
While anguish of heart burst in tears from our eyes
As we stood o'er the grave where our PHILEMON lies.
Here were FREDERICK and WALTER, blest youths who had pressed
Their fever-flushed temples on Jesus's breast;
And resigning their bodies to rest 'neath the sod,
Had pinned their glad spirits for the mansions of God.
Here were mothers and sisters—sweet names to our heart—
And fathers and children who were called to depart
To regions beyond us, where weary ones rest,
And the virtuous earth-born forever are blest.
But most homes around us were bubbling with joy,
And dames were all busy in Christmas employ,
While nicely browned crullers, in crystal array,
And cakes, flushed with sweetness, were nestled away,
Where jellies were quivering to rush in their arms,
And tropical fruits were displaying their charms;
The turkeys and chickens, denuded of feather,
But clad in new costume, consorting together,
Were silently waiting the heat of the range
That should with the morning make final the change
From the strut of the barnyard to repose on the dish;
Mince pies made to answer the epicure's wish—
Spheres fit for deep study in which may abound,
In flesh pancreatic, all fruits of the ground,
(A field for AGASSIZ, if his science can class,
Without tooth or backbone, the animal that was)—
Were passing before us, when we suddenly thought
Society's a mince-pie, in whose crust is inwrought
All classes of creatures—in cutting we find
Some porcine, some bovine, some canine, some feline—
All mingled together, with all kinds of fruits,
Sweet, tasteless or acid, spiced highly with roots,
Hot, pungent and bitter, astringent and rough,
That make life's digestion exceedingly tough,
Like its type of the table, with stimulant strong,
It may make you feel heavy, or thicken the tongue;
Or indulging too freely, 'twill fly to your head,
And if ye're not cautious, 'twill put you in bed—
We were roused by our carrier-boy seeking a strain
That from each of our readers a quarter might drain—
Take this, my last musing, and if they say aill,
Come back, faithful servant, the EASTON STAR will."

Select Story.

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 Kildare," "A Life at Stake," "The House of Secrets," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A FATEFUL CATASTROPHE.

A wild storm was raging upon the Mediterranean Sea, near the close of a dreary November day, and sky and waters were black with the gloom of the sudden and furious tempest, before which a small sailing vessel was scudding under bare poles. Her build and rigging proclaimed her Sardinian. She was *The Gull,* Captain Varuno 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 apprehension 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 characterised 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 more qualities of his nature.

He was Jasper Lowder, Guy Tressilian's hired traveling companion and bosom-friend.

The meeting and connection of the two had a touch of romance. Young Tressilian had spent four years in a German university, whence he had 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 traveling 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 traveling 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 domiciled in the best rooms of the hotel Trinacria, with the best supper which Messer Ragusa can furnish. And to-morrow, at noon," he added, "we shall embark for Marseilles in a Messageries steamer."

"And from Marseilles *you* will proceed to England and to Tressilian Court," said Lowder, with some bitterness. "And *I*—what is to become of me? I have had a year of unalloyed happiness, and now comes back the drudgery, the hopeless toil, the anxieties of the wretched old life.—You picked me up at Baden, a poor adventurer seeking to gain a living by teaching English, and the same destiny is open to me now."

Tressilian turned his handsome face upon his companion in surprise and affectionate reproach.

"Jasper!" he exclaimed, "you talk strangely. Do you suppose I have called you friend and brother so long, and loved you so well, to lose you now? I meant to have written to my father concerning you and your future, Jasper, but his sudden recall, received yesterday, causes me to return home without writing. I shall telegraph from Marseilles that you will come home with me. And you will, will you not? You will not abandon me, my friend? I will charge myself with your future. I will see that you obtain the position to which your talents entitle you. You have no ties to keep you on the Continent?"

A strange expression passed over Jasper Lowder's face.

"No, I have no ties," he said huskily.

"And you will go home with me?"

"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 dryly, and with a strange smile full of sneering bitterness. "My experience has been widely different from yours, Tressilian. Did I ever tell you of *my* father?"

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

"Perhaps he is. "I don't know," said Lowder, with a reckless laugh. "But if he is living, he is a scoundrel. Don't start, Tressilian, at my 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 an apple-blossom face, and tender, appealing ways. She was the daughter of a widow, residing at Brighton. The widow, my grandmother, kept a lodging-house, and my father, a gay, dashing young fellow, came to lodge with her.—As might 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 his landlady quietly, almost secretly. Then he took his bride to London, to cheap and obscure lodgings, where a year later, I was born."

The wind for a moment drowned his voice. As it presently lulled, he resumed recklessly, and with passionate bitterness:

"For years my mother and I lived in those stuffy obscure lodgings until her 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 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 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 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 honor 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 some day to acknowledge me 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," and Jasper's brow darkened to deeper blackness. "However, I stand no chance of ever receiving justice at his hands."

"What is your father's name, Jasper?" asked Tressilian.

Lowder's face darkened. He bit his lip savagely.

"What I have told you about myself I learned from my own observation, or from chance words of my parents and grandmother. My mother's 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 for 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 winds 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.

"Mercy of Mercies!" exclaimed the captain. "It's all up with us now, signore. I can't make out the Cape in this darkness. We shall go on the rocks. St. Anthony save us!"

The seamen echoed his cries.

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

For the next few minutes it seemed that a Pandemonium reigned.

Then a noise like the report of a cannon suddenly boomed through the storm and the darkness. The little vessel shivered, staggered, and careened upon her side.

She had struck upon a rock.

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

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

When he came to himself he was lying upon a rocky beach of the Sicilian shore, sore, bruised, and weak as a child.

He opened his eyes. The wind had spent its fury, and now moaned along the coast with a desolate, despairing wail. The waves beat against the rocks.

Lowder