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# Nebraska Advertiser.

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IN BROWNVILLE THE LAST WEEK OF EACH MONTH. **MATHEWS DENTIST,** BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. **E. HUDDART'S** Peace and Quiet Saloon! **AND BILLIARD HALL** **FRANZ HELMER,** **WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP** ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE. **WAGON MAKING, Repairing,** Flows, and all work done in the best manner and at low prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. **OLD RELIABLE MEAT MARKET** **BODY & BRO.,** BUTCHERS, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. **Good, Sweet, Fresh Meat** Always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed to all customers. **J. MAROHN,** **MERCHANT TAILOR,** and dealer in Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths, Brownville, Nebraska. **HAVE YOU SEEN THE ELEPHANT?** Having purchased the "ELEPHANT" **LIVERY AND FEED STABLES** I wish to announce that I am prepared to do a first class livery business. **Josh Rogers,** **CITY HOTEL** Tests select, between Fremont and Harvey, Omaha, Neb. IS NEAR THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF THE CITY. **A. D. Marsh** **DYEING** **To Save Your Old CLOTHES.** He will Color or Dye your COAT, VEST or PANTS, in the best style. **W. H. Dye** Ladies' Shirts will wash all the spots out of Gent's Garments, and press them up in good shape; will repair Garments, and warrant to give entire satisfaction; and will cut and make gentlemen's clothes. **Equaled by Few, Excelled by None** Shop in Alex. Robinson's old stand, next door to Roy's Furniture Store. **Clocks, Watches, Jewelry** **JOSEPH SHUTZ,** No. 59 Main Street Brownville. Keeps constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on short notice, at reasonable rates. **ALL WORK WARRANTED.** **B. STROBLE,** **AT CITY BAKERY,** Dealer in **FAMILY GROCERIES, TEAS, CANNED FRUITS, CANDIES,** Glassware, Woodenware, TOBACCO, CIGARS, NEBRASKA PIPES, AND MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS. **A. D. MARSH,** TAILOR, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. "Cutting or Cutting and Making, done to order on short notice and at reasonable prices. Has had long experience and can warrant satisfaction." Call at his shop at residence on Atlantic street. **B. F. SOUDER** Manufacturer and Dealer in **HARNESSES, SADDLES, WHIPS, COLLARS, BRIDLES, ZINK PADS, BRUSHES, BLANKETS, Robes, &c.** BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. Full stock ready made goods constantly on hand.

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**THE WENTWORTH MYSTERY.** —OR— **Who Will Save Her?** CHAPTER XXVIII. TIME WORKS WONDERS. Five years! Five years may sometimes do as much as fifty in the marvellous changes of life work. Changes very startling to see, being, even in private life, nearly as great as those which topple off the thrones of emperors, and with a pen of steel divide and re-divide the European map. The shuttle of Time weaves swiftly, with a mingled web, threaded with brightness and laughter, with sorrow, despair, and tears. Very swift, indeed have been the many miracles which time has worked with the several personages of our story; yet the old gray beard, whose grade is unknown and whose resting-place will be eternity, has scarcely ever labored so hard as he has done in this instance. Oh! the chances and changes of Human Life! Full of some new ambition, money-getting, or what not, we say adieu to the old familiar faces, and start off on some distant expedition, to encounter fresh experiences of the hardships and uncertainties of life, yet all the while we expect to find everything unchanged when we return. The child with the same tottering feet and moist downward glance; the maiden with the lightest steps and modest downcast glance; the man—whether friend or enemy—the same as ever, altered or unaltered. We expect all this—and we are always disappointed! The child has blossomed into the maiden; the maiden has become a wife; the man, weary with the world and its ceaseless cares, absorbed in the cruel battle of life, forgetting the absent, as, by the absent he is content to be forgotten. The curtain has fallen over the first portion of the drama we have unfolded before the reader; but it rises again, with a five year's interval, upon the same characters, changed in position—greatly changed, most of them—but in heart? Well, the human heart, be it bad or good, remains much the same, and five hundred centuries will not change that. We will call the muster roll, or rather, after our own wayward fashion, recall both friends and enemies into being as circumstances require. To begin with, let us make a rapid change of scene. In place of the storm-riven night and dreary churchyard, we find ourselves upon a well-kept lawn, appearing to a charming villa residence in the neighborhood of Richmond. Laid out with all that perfection of gardening taste that is to be found out of England, the lawn slopes down to the river, which, beneath drooping willows, and amidst whispering rushes, glides by in rippling, shining beauty. Beds of flowers, archways of graceful iron-work, covered with drooping plants, and leading to shrubberies, artfully contrived to deceive the eye, and give a greater magnitude to the grounds than they really possessed. Seats are placed every where about so as to command from a dozen different points charming views of the river, with its crowds of pretty sailing boats and gliding wherries. The name of this very desirable property—to use an auctioneer's phraseology—is Holly Bank; and its proprietor—that comfortable-looking, bald-headed old gentleman, seated in one of the garden-chairs near the water's edge—is Mr. Frampton, barrister-at-law, late of King's Bench Walk, Temple. The young lady with the roguish eyes, black as sloes, and cheeks red as roses, is his daughter, Miss Kate Frampton, a buxom, jolly girl of eighteen, accomplished, clever, and "sweet as English air could make her." She is engaged in teasing a diminutive Scotch terrier, which she holds in her arms; while her father, close to whose chair she is standing, is reading or endeavoring to read—a bulky volume, in dingy parchment covers. "My dear, will you leave off teasing that dog?" said Mr. Frampton, somewhat petulantly. "How is it possible for me to read a line with all that talking, snapping, and growling?" "Don't read a line, then. I'm sure it will do you much more good to come and play with Tiny and me!" "Play with a saucy hussey and a lap dog—at my old age, too?" "And the old lawyer, with a vain endeavor at a frown, was about to resume his reading, when the pretty while was thrust over his shoulder, while Tiny's hirsute muzzle appeared over the other. "Now don't be cross, or I'll make Tiny bite you! Besides, why do you read such nasty books?" "Nasty?" "I mean books in such greasy covers. I adore fancy binding, so I like to see well-dressed men." "And with both, the binding is often the best part about them. Now, do be quiet, Kate, or you'll drive me indoors with your folly." She had taken the book out of his hands, and was reading the title page.

"Property—with some Remarks upon Wills, Executors, and Trustees." Oh, what a horrid book! Who on earth could spend their time in writing such trash? It's an awful book! Here, Tiny, come and bite it." Mr. Frampton looked grave for a moment, but his features relaxed into a smile, which soon became a laugh, as Kate walked about his chair, holding the book behind her back, the little terrier, as mad with good spirits as herself, leaping and barking around her. "You're a spoilt jade," he said; "and I'm afraid it's too late for me to attempt your reformation. I must leave that to your husband; which reminds me, by the way, that Everard and a friend of his, a Mr. Jefferson Fane, dine with us this evening." "Mr. Jefferson Fane! I hope he's a nice man—I mean one that can talk about something else but law, law, law; and musty, fusty old deeds and dodges, as you and Everard are never tired of doing. Is he an American?" "An American, a surgeon and a man of science; like most of his countrymen, he is a citizen of the world, and has seen much of many countries. He was in India for some years, then served under the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian during the Mexican war; so he'll have plenty to tell you—that is, if you can listen to anybody but yourself; but, Kate, dear, and here Mr. Frampton's tone became a little more serious, "I must not hear you speak lightly of Mr. Everard Corbett; next to yourself, he is dearer to me than any other upon earth—a noble and a more promising young fellow doesn't exist; besides, he is your affianced husband, and I have set my heart upon the match." Kate Frampton shrugged her pretty shoulders, and pouted her cherry lips. "I wish he wasn't so very grave—so always serious. I mean, whenever he is gay, it is only for a minute or two, and, as it were, in spite of himself." "Everard, as you know, my dear, sustained a great loss some five years ago." "Oh! yes, yes; I know all about that, but, of course, I can't, as No. 2, pretend to be deeply interested. If a man's heart is in the coffin of a dear departed, it should be allowed to rest there. It's most irritating thing to know you're only being made love to second-hand." "For shame! I fear that the heart of so true and good a man as Everard Corbett is only thrown away upon a trifling coquette like you." Kate Frampton saw that her father was really angry, and in a moment, her soft arms were about his neck, her lips upon his cheek, herself perched lovingly upon his knee. And there we shall leave them, sitting happily in each other's love, Tiny growling jealously at intervals, and the dingy law book lying unregarded in the grass at the old lawyer's feet. From Richmond to the Temple is not far—a journey either by cab or rail of "less than no time;" but what a change from the flowery lawn and shining river, as we mount the stairs—that is, the reader and ourselves—mount them, invisible of course, and pause before a huge, darkly-painted, oaken door, on which appears, in letters some four inches long, the name of Mr. Everard Corbett. Mr. Everard Corbett, who already has made a name at the bar, a name which bids fair, in time to come, to be a great one by the power of his own talents, and under the loving guidance of his old friend and future father-in-law, Lyttleton Frampton, whose former rooms he now rents, and where at the present moment, he is entertaining with sherry and biscuits the American gentleman alluded to in the commencement of this chapter. They are smoking, of course; the American gentleman bronzed with travel, keen-eyed, and "bearded like a pard," is gracefully leaning back in his chair, while his legs, or rather his boot heels, repose upon a table crowded with documents of every kind, and littered by their fallow outside, close relations to the one left at old Mr. Frampton's feet resting on the grass. But is this Everard Corbett? This the handsome lad who, five years ago we saw waiting for the train, in that pleasant English landscape, with a face that was all bright with hope, and honest, kindly, noble eyes, brimful of the heart's devotion and love? The square forehead, the square head as there, as are also the well formed nose and chin; but the once thick clustering curls are gone at the temples, while the eyes are sunken, and there are "bony wrinkles" about the mouth. "Can five years have done all this? Five years of study, night and day. Some men take to study as other men take to drink, to wipe out in some degree the past, and drown the remembrance of a great sorrow. Strong of frame, however, though a little stooping in the shoulders, Everard Corbett—For Everard Corbett it is—reclines back in his reading chair, with a cigar between his lips, and a sad, sad smile about his mouth. "Well, there, you have it all now," he said, continuing the conversation he was holding with his friend. "You know where with hopes I left India, where I had arrived only just in time to see my dear father breathe his last. Those hopes were all blighted—all for surely no man ever loved as I did, with so entire and perfect a love. But what is the good of my talking on such a theme to you, Jefferson? A selfish old cynic like yourself can't be expected to understand such things." "That's just where you are clean out, my boy!" responded Mr. Jefferson, delivering himself, at the same time, of a thin column of pearly smoke. "It is having understood such things deeply that makes a man what they call a cynic. Poor children!" he added, in a kindly tone, "for you were both children then; it was very sad to have parted with life so early. And so that bejeweled gentleman we met yesterday in the Parks was her brother?" Everard nodded. "Everard's pale face flushed indignantly. "All right! all right!" said the American surgeon; "likenesses don't always run in families. My mother was called the Boston belle, not because of her tongue, but her beauty. I reckon I took considerably after my father." He laughed a sort of a silent laugh that was peculiar to him, knocked the ash of his cigar off against the arm of the chair, and went on. "That glittering gentleman—what did you say his name was?" "Sir Philip Wentworth." "Reckon he has lighted the candle at both ends—in the shape of health, at least. No friend of yours, Everard, my boy; when he came across you he looked as pleased as if he'd trodden on a rattlesnake." "We were not friends. He was a bad brother to me—harsh, cruel, and unfeeling; that is enough for me." "Quite enough, and something over. But tell me who was the lady he was talking to?" "The lady in the carriage?" "Yes; the handsome gipsy-looking woman, with those superb diamonds, though her eyes were the real things to admire. I've seen nothing more brilliant or more deadly out of the head of a cobra. You see, I keep to my snake smiles; somehow they seem apposite. I speak as a student of character." "That lady was none other than Mrs. Matthew Rockwood." "What wife to the Mathew Rockwood who made such a splendid haul out of one of our Nevada silver mines? He is chairman of I don't know how many companies—hasn't he?" and prompter of I don't know how many more! No wonder his wife wears diamonds." "That's a lawyer's shake his head." "Mr. Rockwood is a daring speculator, but he has his party to please; he will once too often. There are many rumors about it." "Pooh! If what I hear of the man be true, when the pitcher gives signs of cracking he'll entrust it to some one else's keeping. At least, so says your friend Frampton. Fine old fellow that—carries his years as easily as a bird does his feathers. Charming daughter, I hear." Everard answered briefly. "She is considered to be so. You will have an opportunity to form your own opinion, as we dine there to-day. By-the-by, you will meet another dear friend of mine—my whilom tutor, the Reverend Francis Mildmay." "What! the jolly rector, whose rod was confined to the fish? You've often mentioned him. Is he still Drispey still?" "No; he left there long ago, for some better living; or, one, at least, where there was even better fishing. A delightful old boy; I know you'll like him." "It's enough for me that you speak well of him; that at once opens one of the side doors of my heart. But hilloo!" bringing down his legs from the table and consulting his watch; "if we are to dine at seven, it's time we put on the war-paint. I am off to my hotel; where shall we meet?" "I'll pick you up; it's all in my way." Everard laughed. "I promise you a pleasant dinner; and as you've an eye for beauty, I think you will be more than gratified." The friends shook hands, and parted—Mr. Jefferson Fane, who would have been equally at home in an Indian wigwag as in a London drawing room, and vice versa, to adorn his tall and handsome person; while Everard Corbett returned to his chair, and, pondering over the past conversation, was soon lost in painful thought. His reveries was disturbed by a knock at the door. "Come in!" And there entered a brisk, bright lad, with the word "sharps" written all over his features. "Oh! is that you Tom?" said Everard, as he glanced round. "You want two days' holiday, I think. Have you arranged with the other clerks about your work?" "All smooth, sir. My turn now, there's next time." "And so it is to Drispey Bridge you are going? I had no idea that poor old Mrs. Bleek was an aunt of yours." "A grandmother! It's up in Tom, quickly. "Her daughter married my father, and that's how the Bleeks get intermingled with the Bromptons. I'm her only relative now; and it won't do, you know, sir, to throw a chance away." "Certainly not. Here are a couple of sovereigns for you to spend on the road. Remember me to your grandmother; we were old friends." The smart clerk touched his front hair gleefully, as he retired; and again sinking back into his chair, the young lawyer, shading his eyes with

his hands, wandered back into the realms of the past. CHAPTER XXIX. THE SPIDER AND THE FLY. Leaving the Parks by the Albert Gate, a gentleman, riding a splendid bay horse, and closely followed by a well-appointed groom, took his way to Knightsbridge Green, and dismounted before Tattersall's. Throwing the bridle to the groom, with directions to keep the beautiful animal on the move—for she was hot, and her satin-like skin was here and there streaked with foam—he entered the yard. It was evidently what is called a quiet day. A few gentlemen, rejoicing in trousers so tight about the knees that they fitted like a dirty skin, were loitering about, each carrying a straw in his mouth, and exhaling perfumes of the muck-heap and the stable. One and all knuckled their low foreheads as the gentleman passed beneath the archway, and gazed after him with admiring glances. "A right good plucked 'un he is; lost thirty thou' (thousand) 'last Darby, by bakin' Dragonfly!" remarked one of the loungers, a personage with a face that would have been deeply pook-marked but that, with a pardonable vanity, he had carefully covered it with a mask of dirt. "Yes; and he picked up twice as much at h'Ascot!" remarked another of the loungers, a little dried-up man, whose legs took such an outward curve that his body seemed to rest upon the letter O; "but he no more could make a book his-self than I could write one." "You're right there, Billy!" put in a third party; "it's the lawyer as does it. There's a 'ed, if you like! There ain't a dodge as Mr. Rockwood isn't up to, and that chap's in luck who gets the straight tip from him!" "Tip be blowed!" growled the gentlemen with the circular legs. "The lawyer knows as much of the pints of a 'oss as I do of h'ascotometry!" "Pints of a 'oss!" and the individual with the dirty countenance spat contemptuously on the ground. "That for the pints of a 'oss! It's the fingers as does it; and the lawyer's got a 'ed as long as that there Putney bus, and as full inside. Yet, as I said afore, Sir Philip as plucked 'un." "And if he don't take keer, 'un' keeps much of the lawyer's company, said Mr. Bleek, with an evil grin that would have become the countenance of a chimpanzee, "he'll be no jolly well plucked, that he'll 'ave no more feathers on him than I've got on the back of my 'and, and he held it out as if for inspection. "But as they are friends," observed the gentleman with the unwashed countenance, "a pal, ain't he?" "Not when it comes to figgers. I ain't one of 'em as wants to run down my specious, (specious), but when it comes to a matter of figgers—figgers in three columns, with £ s. d. I'd write a top of 'em—I'm blest if I'd trust the h'Archbishop of Canterbury—I mean if a 'oss was in que'er 'ehin'!" Let us follow the gentleman whose appearance has called forth these profound remarks, and who, as the reader is now aware, is no other than Sir Philip Wentworth. Not the Sir Philip Wentworth of five years ago—all must suffer a change in that period of time; but here was a man no longer young in appearance, at least; the yellow face deep lined; the eyes dull and bloodshot; the heavy moustache already threaded with gray. The expression of the face, too, was changed. It had a contracted, narrower, manner look—a look of low cunning, sharpened by avarice, that harmonized but ill with the animal-temper of the mouth. He turned to the left at the entrance of the yard, and ascending some stairs, entered the room known as the Subscription Room, which, like the yard, was comparatively empty. The person he sought, however was there, seated at one of the tables, busy with many papers. This person looked up as the other came toward him, and showed a good looking though somewhat freckled face, framed by hair, golden and curly, and finished off by a carefully trimmed beard of flaxen hue. Five years have made slight change in Mathew Rockwood. The same sharp, eager, hawk-like glance, the same mobile features, the same half-jocular, half-sneering expression about the mouth. It is evident a "clear conscience" is not always a necessity to preserve the health of the body. "What's the matter?" he asked, as the Baronet drew a chair to the table and sat down; anything gone wrong? They haven't scratched Flying Polly, I hope?" He alluded to a horse, one of the racing favorites. Sir Philip replied, with an oath. "D—n Flying Polly! When a man insults you, what would you do?" "Bring an action," said the lawyer, promptly, "if his words were actionable." "But if he speaks no words—only looks them—what then?" Rockwood shrugged his shoulders. "Put up with it. I never heard of a man getting damages for a scowl or a frown. I suppose you are alluding to Mr. Corbett?" A string of oaths from the Baronet. "The supercilious, sneering bound! I met him in the park just now. He was one of a mob of fellows who were about old Frampton's carriage,

but looked out directly I approached, and passed me at a gallop, saying something to the man at his side that made him laugh, then wheel round in his saddle, and look at me. I should like to horsewhip him." "That's actionable," said the lawyer, quietly. "Only he would get the damages; always provided there was no retaliation, and he didn't horsewhip you." Sir Philip frowned, and pulling at his long moustache, bit it savagely. "I would kill him, if I could! I hate the fellow!" "And if I were you, I'd let it stop there. If we killed every one we hated, we should thin what is called the 'social circle' considerably. Bah! Bide your time and make no noise about it! That's my maxim! There never was a suit of armor yet that hadn't some weak joint in it. That bully, Achilles, thought himself invulnerable, but Paris's arrow caught him in the heel. Watch and wait. Something's sure to turn up. Now for the matter in hand, for, with me, business is business. I suppose it concerns little Totty Fay?" "It does," assented the other, still dark and scowling. "You want to get rid of her?" The lawyer had to put the question a second time, before he got the reluctant admission. "Well, I suppose I do. "Suppose you do! Stop! we've no time for sentiment. This is how the matter stands. You bring a girl to London—we won't discuss the wisdom of such a proceeding; it's too late to do that now. You procure her an engagement to the 'light fantastic' at the Royal Chickadee Theatre, give her a house, a brougham, a poodle-dog and a parrot. All is sunshine and pearl-powder, when you meet Lady Caroline Somers, with high connections, heaps of money, parents willing. Smash goes the Brompton toy, while down goes the scale that holds the moustaches (money), and Cupid kicks the beam. Isn't that about the size of it?" "What am I to do?" asked Sir Philip, savagely. "Give Totty an annuity—something small, of course—or, what is better, a sum of ready cash. They'll none of them refuse that bait." "She will. The girl adores me." Rockwood laughed—then in his usual bantering way, apologized. "Excuse me, Sir Philip, but I am an old fellow, and you are a young one. A girl of eighteen adores nothing but her own face in the looking-glass—especially young ladies whose education has been completed at the Chickadee Theatre. But there's something behind all this," he said, gravely, while he scanned the Baronet's false and shifty countenance. "Has the girl any hold upon you—any writing?" Sir Philip struck his fist down on the table. "I wish I had never learned how to hold a pen." "Many will echo that wish," said the lawyer, drily. "Promise marriage?" "Well, no, not exactly; but letters—letters to that effect." "Do you know where they are kept?" "Somewhere in the house, of course. I know Totty—she wouldn't part with one of them." "The first thing you've got to do is a bit of innocent burglary. Find out the place of deposit, and then, one twist of a skeleton key, one blaze on a candle, and your 'home'—he emphasized the word meaningfully—will be relieved from the weight your folly has laid upon it." There was a silence for some moments. Sir Philip was the first to speak. "You don't know Totty," he said. "When roused, she's capable of anything." "And can do nothing; once you've secured your written folly. A great mistake of Shakespeare to have made Dugberry an illiterate watchman of Messina. It is the great ones of the land—the grandees, the swells in purple and fine linen—who write themselves down assed every day in the year. Don't be angry—the Somers match is the very thing you want. Money and high connections—both, above all, money! And it doesn't stand to reason that a little ballad-guy should be suffered to come between you and the realization of your wishes." "You're a Job's comforter, Rockwood," returned the Baronet, sullen and gloomy. "You put things in such a delicate way." "Business—pure business" was the answer. "There is no necessity to gild the gingerbread till we hang it up in the public eye. Are you going down to The Lillace now?" "Yes." "Secure the letters—that is move No. 1. Having done that, make a quarrel about something—that is move No. 2—and sling out of the house. A woman, especially if she adores you—and the lawyer grinned—"is sure to put herself in the wrong." "This quarrelling will not be difficult—we've done nothing but quarrel lately," said Sir Philip. "I never came across such a temper." "All the better. Let her strangle the poodle, and murder the parrot, smash the mirrors, and make a clean sweep of the chimney-piece, as the unmoved lawyer, adding, "only take care she doesn't murder you." "I won't answer for anything. I wish I had never seen the girl. Who would have thought that a country girl, who, two years ago, seemed sim-

ply itself, would come out strong in the way she does?" "Ah! that's just it," said the lawyer, consulting his watch and gathering up his papers. "You impressionable young gentlemen are like children who gather berries from a hedgerow because they look so pretty and nice with their green surroundings. Once get them home, and you find out to your cost you've been gathering thorn. Now, follow my advice; throw the girl overboard—the sooner the better; kick up a row, and I'll come in as a mutual friend—the Love's wings with a bit of red tape, and shut his mouth with a bit of sealing-wax. By the way, here's a letter Malton gave me from his sister. She's with her husband, at the doctor's house on a visit. They desire to be remembered to you." "Anything more?" asked Sir Philip. "Why, yes—old Balm wants a loan." "Gift, you mean?" "Call it what you like—a rose by any other name will smell as sweet. Three hundred pounds!" "Three hundred devils! The daughters of the horse-leech were reasonable to these harpies, it is always the one cry—'More! more! more!'" "All goes well at Windlestraw," continued the unmoved lawyer; "the patient is as well as can be expected, and quite comfortable." A pause, followed by a sullen query from Sir Philip—"How am I to find the money?" "I'll arrange it—on the old terms, you know." "Yes, I know," said Sir Philip, far from graciously. "You must be getting infernally rich, Rockwood?" "Who? I? Nonsense; it's all my good heart. Let's come down into the yard; I've promised to look at a horse with the doctor." "Malton?" "Yes. What a practice that fellow is making, and what a change money has made! Never drinks but in private, and is never seen drunk but by his confidential valet. Talk about the lessons of prudence that poverty teaches! Both! It is prosperity that works the miracles—look at the doctor!" So saying the two gentlemen descended the stairs. Yes, look at the doctor, as he stands there, sleek, shining, and utterly respectable, volubly discoursing upon the points of a horse that has been of the auctioneer's men has been racing up and down for his approval and gratification. The face is no longer bloated and discolored, the eye no longer humid, the hand no longer trembles. David Malton has tasted the luxury of success. Fleekie Fortune's wheel has, for him, taken the right turn; his decorous brougham, with its pair of iron greys, rolls hither and thither over the stones of Baywater and Belgrave; his name figures on a door-plate in Harley street, and he lives—well, never mind how he lives; in the eyes of the world, David Malton is eminently respectable, and a prosperous gentleman. All this in five years?—and why not? Which of us can answer for tomorrow?—who may say what the next month has in store for him? Time works wonders! [TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sea-Serpent. That interesting specimen in natural history, the sea-serpent, has been seen again, this time between Malacca and Penang. The fortunate spectators were the officers and passengers of the steamship Nestor, who "unusually" mously took for the webster, the commander, John W. Fabster, has published a card on the subject, from which I take the following account of the serpent: "Being on the bridge at the time (about 10 A. M.) with the first and third officers, we were surprised by the appearance of an extraordinary monster going in our course, and at equal speed with the vessel, at a distance from us of about six hundred feet. It had a square head, and a dragon ball and white striped tail, and an immense body, which was quite fifty feet broad when the monster raised. The head was about twelve feet broad, and appeared to be occasionally at the extreme about six feet above the water. When the head was placed on a level with the water the body was extended to its utmost limit, to all appearance, and then the body rose out of the water about two feet, and seemed quite fifty feet tall at those times. The long dragon tail with black and white scales afterward rose, and an undulating motion at which at one time the head, at another the body, and eventually the tail formed, each in its turn, a prominent object above the water. The animal or whatever it may be called, appeared careless of our close proximity, and went our course for about six minutes on our starboard side, and then finally worked round to our port side, and remained in view, to the delight of all on board, for about half an hour."—Tokio, Japan, Cor N. Y. Post. A circus performer, who had daily permitted himself to be boosted out of a cannon by a light discharge, was shot through a netting stand against a post by an overload of powder, in N. Y. He was badly hurt and has given up such exploits. The standard bushel in the United States contains 2150.4 cubic inches. Any box or measure the contents of which equals 2150.4 cubic inches, will hold a bushel of grain.

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