

gaily, "I want none of your money. I have enough of my own. Wait here and I will return in a few moments—I will lock you in and you will be secure from intrusion."

He left her and proceeding directly to Broadway, fitted himself in clothes that became his real station and rank in life, setting his fine figure off to advantage, and returning as speedily as possible, he found Ellen waiting patiently for his return. She gazed upon him with looks of admiration, and taking his arm, they were soon *en route* for the Mayor's house, and that functionary being fortunately at home, made the twain one flesh.

On leaving the house, Ellen hung more heavily upon her handsome husband's arm and trembled excessively, but as the rubicon was now passed; she knew there was no retreating, and with a violent effort, she composed herself. She gave the orders to the coachman in a low tone of voice, and Charles did not hear whither she had directed him as they were again about to start.

"Will you return to my friend's?" asked Charles, as they seated themselves in the coach.

"No sir, we are going to your house, where your presence will be required."

Mr. Best looked steadily at his young wife as she uttered these words, and for the first time he actually did think that she was out of trim in her upper story, and he was almost convinced that he had placed himself in a very awkward predicament. He was, indeed, rather uncomfortable, and was inwardly devising some plan of escape, when the door banged too, and in a mo-

ment they were off, and the coach rattling over the rough pavements. Another glance at his lovely blushing bride, settled him, and he determined to see the end of it, as he had begun.

The coach stopped at a large and elegant house in one of the most fashionable streets, and Charles having alighted, handed out his wife, and they ascended the stately steps. In answer to the bell, which she rung violently, a servant in handsome livery appeared, whom she rapidly asked "Is my uncle yet at home?"

"No Miss Ellen," responded the menial respectfully.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SUNDAY ON THE DEAD SEA.

WE take the following vivid sketch of the heat and desolation of the Dead Sea, and of its effects upon the human frame, from Lieut. Lynch's forthcoming "Narrative of the U. S. Expedition to the River Jordan and Dead Sea." We understand that the work will form a very handsome octavo volume, with maps and numerous plates. We have rarely read a more eloquent and thrilling passage. This work will become very popular:

"A light air from the south induced me to abandon the awning and set the sail, to spare the men from laboring at the oars. A light tapping of the ripples at the bow, and a faint line of foam and bubbles at her side, were the only indications that the boat was in motion.

"The Fanny Skinner was a mile astern, and all around partook of the stillness of death. The weather was