THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

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DR. J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST.---OFFICE, Corner of Front and Locust streets, Columbia, over Bletz's Grocery.
☞ENTRANCE ON LOCUST.
May 22, 1858-1y

DR. S. ARMOR,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
COLUMBIA, PA.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Second Street, one door from Walnut.
March 13, 1858.

THOMAS WELSH,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa.
OFFICE, in Whipper's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street.
☞Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.
November 28, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN,
DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, May 3, 1856.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Columbia, Pa.
Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties.
Columbia, May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Columbia, Pa.
Columbia, September 6, 1856-tf

GEORGE J. SMITH,
WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, too numerous to mention; Crackers; Soda, Wine, Scroll, and Sugar Biscuit; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c. LOCUST STREET.
Feb. 2, '56. Between the Bank and Franklin House.

Cold Cream of Glycerine,
FOR the Cure and Prevention of Chapped Hands. For sale by Dr. E. B HERR.
Col., Nov. 7, 1857. Golden Mortar Drug Store

CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS, AND LOOKING GLASSES always on hand, at low prices, at THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
March 13, 1858. Adjoining the Bank.

COSTAR'S Bed Bug Exterminator! Never known to fail. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellow's Hall.
April 24, 1858

COSTAR'S Rat Exterminator. An infallible destroyer of Rats, Mice and Cockroaches. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellow's Hall
April 24, 1858.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, for Coughs, Colds, &c., for sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.
Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857.

WOOLLEY'S All Healing and Strengthening Salve, for sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.
Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857.

CORN Starch, Farina, Rice Flour, Tapioca, Sago, Oat Meal, Arrow Root, &c., at the FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.
Sept 26, '57. Odd Fellows' Hall.

JUST received, three dozen Dr. Brunon's Vegetable Bitters, a certain cure for Dyspepsia; also, a fresh lot of Sap Sago and Pine Apple Cheese, Farina and Corn Starch, at D HERR'S
Sept 5, 1857. Grocery and Liquor Store.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Purgative Mineral Water.—This pleasant medicine which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom Salts, Seidlitz Powders, &c., can be obtained fresh every day at DR. E. B. HERR'S Drug Store, Front st. ☞

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at Herr's Drug Store, a new and beautiful lot of Lamps of all descriptions.
May 2, 1857.

A SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just received and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

A LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just received at H. SUYDAM & SON'S.
Columbia, December 20, 1856.

HOOFLAND'S German Bitters. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall.
July 25, 1857.

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, &c., just received H. SUYDAM & SON'S.
Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Coffee and Chocolate, just received at H. SUYDAM & SON'S
Dec. 20, 1856. Corner of Front and Union sts.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters and News Depot.
Columbia, April 18, 1857.

EXTRA Family and Superfine Flour of the best brand, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwheat Meal, at
Dec. 20, 1856. H. SUYDAM & SON'S.

WEIKEL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON.

GERMINE Imported Harlem Oil, for sale at Dr. E. B. HERR'S Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front street, Columbia, Pa. [Feb. 6, 1858.

TABLE AND FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, all widths, and Carpetings, for sale cheap, by
Oct. 10, 1857. I. O. BRUNER & CO.

HATS AND CAPS, suitable for the season, and at low prices, at the Corner of Third and Union sts.
Oct. 10, 1857.

LOOKING GLASSES, all sizes, by
Oct. 10, 1857. I. O. BRUNER & CO., *Corner of Third and Union sts.*

CHEAP White, Red and Yellow Wool Flannels and Wool Yarn, of all colors and qualities, at
October 10, 1857. BRUNER'S.

SALT by the sack or bushel, and Mackerel by the barrel or retail, at I. O. BRUNER & CO'S.
October 10, 1857.

PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO, of different brands, wholesale and retail, by
October 10, 1857. I. O. BRUNER & CO.

TABLE and Rock Salt, by the sack or bushel, for sale low, by
Oct. 10, 1857. I. O. BRUNER CO.

A LARGE assortment of Ropes, all sizes and lengths, on hand and for sale at THOS. WELSH'S,
March 12, 1857. No. 1. High street.

Poetry.

The Parting Word.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I must leave thee, lady sweet!
Months shall waste before we meet;
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grows dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;
Through thy tears, O lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;
When the morning star shall rise,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes;
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Taught too well that wild despair,
Dims thine eyes, and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;
In the first month's second half
Though shalt once attempt to laugh;
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
Slightly puckering round the lip,
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last,
Round the chamber bolted fast,
Many a youth shall fume and pout,
"Hang the girl, she's always out!"
While the second week goes round,
Vainly shall they ring and pound;
When the third week shall begin,
"Martha, let the creatures in."

Now once more the flattering throng
Round thee flock with smile and song,
But thy lips unwean'd as yet,
Lisp, "O, how can I forget?"
Men and devils both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive;
Eve was duped, and Helen kiss'd,—
How, O how can you resist!

First be careful of your fan,
Trust it not to youth or man;
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Often with its perfumed gale,
Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;
Shorter ell than mercers clip
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes;
All the hemp that Russia bears
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers;
Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretch'd the line,
Would not hold the lovers true,
That would really swing for you

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Heating breasts in black despair;
Others murmur with a sigh,
You must melt or they will die;
Painted words on empty hes.
Grabs with wings like butterflies;
Let them die, and welcome too,
Pray what better could they do?

Fare thee well, if years efface
From thy heart love's burning trace,
Keep, O keep that hallow'd seat
From the tread of vulgar feet.
If the blue lips of the sea
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Seal'd how often, Love, as now.

Selections.

My Nose.

Far away back in the early days of childhood I remember being gazed upon in a curious manner, and hearing the mark, in a suppressed tone, "Poor child—she has a nose." Whether it was expected of me to have been born without this appendage I could'nt exactly understand; especially as in looking around upon the circle of my friends and acquaintances I saw that they were all well provided in this respect.

Vague hints and mysterious remarks upon this unfortunate feature threw a sort of shade over my early years, and the first mortification that I ever experienced arose from the same cause.

I was then at the sensitive age of eleven years, and at a child's party a little boy, whom I had distinguished by calling him up to extricate me from "the well," imprinted a kiss upon one end of my nose amid the tittering of his companions. A quick, angry flush shot through me, and from that time forth the unpleasant consciousness that I had indeed "a nose" never left me.

Why a machine for the compresssion of extensive noses should not be put into practical operation I was at a loss to conceive, and that it should one of these days be attempted I was fully determined. When, therefore, I read Miss Bremer's "Home," it was the disappointing overthrow of a long cherished plan. I perused the history of Petrea Frank, read the failure of her admirably arranged plan for reducing the size of her nose; and went off and cried myself to sleep in a paroxysm of despair.

My nose was a never-ending source of amusement to a family of cousins, who gave me no peace of my life. There were five of them, all girls, all handsome, and full of life and spirits. I was very fond of them, and I believe they were of me; but they never would restrain their jokes at my expense. Poor things! They were motherless, and if they sometimes lacked the refinement and sentiveness of those more favored, I was not disposed to be unforgiving.

Uncle Althorpe was a barrister, and his pretty daughters, when they arrived at young lady-hood, were in a fair way of being spoiled with adulation. They were beautiful, those girls—Celestine the eldest, was a perfect type of southern beauty.—Slender, symmetrical, with beautiful black eyes and moonlight face—a picture to be studied. Then came Anna who always played "Rowena" in all the tableax, a tall, graceful blonde, with an air and manner so distinguished, that on entering a room at any assembly there was always a murmur of "Who is she?" Emma was a piquant little thing, with a look of a ripe peach; her cheeks were so downy, with a rich color glowing through the olive tint.

Matilda was my especial favorite; and I who have always been an admirer of beauty, would often gaze upon her in a kind of wistful rapture. Bright, laughing, and lovely, she was seldom ever still for two *consecutive moments*. I have watched her dip her head in a basin of water, and the rich, dark hair, with a tinge of auburn, would emerge one dripping mass of curls, which she tossed about with the quiet contempt of conscious beauty. Those large laughing brown eyes were always sparkling with merriment, her mouth was the nearest approach to a ripe cherry that I have ever yet seen, and her nose was just sufficiently retrousse to give an expression of archness to the face. Add to this the exquisitely fair complexion that accompanies auburn hair—pale, except when emotion called the color to her face; or a kiss pressed on her cheek gave it the appearance of a fresh rose-leaf—and you have a lengthy but truthful description of my cousin Matilda. I never saw any one half so beautiful.

Last of all, there was Hilly; who, having been handed over to an ancient aunt of her father's for a name, was christened by that lady "Hildegarde." Hilly was the baby, a perfect *imp of mischief*, but with such a way of throwing herself on one's protection that she always came off the injured party. Very deep violeteyes, with the reddest of red lips, and the brightest of complexions, and very brown hair, had my little cousin Hildegarde.

Any one of these girls had sufficient attractions for half-a-dozen ordinary belles; then what was poor I, with my unfortunate nose, to do among five of them? Precisely what I did; feel like the beast, to which they all played the part of Beauty, and wonder what was to be done with my nose.

Uncle Althorpe lived at some distance from us, and one day, after I had left school and considered myself a young lady, I received the following characteristic letter from Matilda:—

"For goodness' sake, Becky," (I had the name of Rebecca added to my nose,) "do come and see us! I suppose you hadn't the least idea where we had located for the summer; but you can't think how delightful and romantic it is! I should scarcely be more surprised if Noah's Ark had been discovered and fitted up for us; but that would'nt be half so charming as to be in this old mansion. *It is said to be haunted*, too! A queer old woman, Miss Eleanor Pyott, who had out-lived all her family, owned this place, and died lately. A nephew used to live with her, and people supposed that the place would be his; but they could'nt find any will, and all the connections went to law about it. Of course none of them could live in it until it was settled to whom it belonged; so papa has taken it for the summer, and here we are all! It's the queerest place you ever saw; do come at once. There is a portrait of Miss Eleanor here, and it looks just like you—she has the funniest nose!"

This is but an extract from my pretty cousin's rather incoherent letter, and by the time I finished the epistle I was pretty well mystified. But Uncle Althorpe soon made his appearance, on purpose, he said, to escort me to Pinchurst, and Hilly sent me a saucy message to "pack up my nose without delay."

I was not long in making preparations; and with much curiosity to behold the old mansion, I set forth with Uncle Althorpe.

"I suppose," said my uncle, when we were comfortably seated in the railway carriage, "that the girls have been frightening you with all sorts of stories about the place?"

"No, sir," I said, "I am not easily frightened."

"No?" said my uncle, looking at me with additional respect. "Well, I have always heard that a long nose indicated a clear head."

My poor nose again! Why could'nt he let it alone!

"The girls are half beside themselves with fear," he continued; "there is a story that the house is haunted: there's a walled up room; a gentleman once shut up his daughter there for loving a young officer; and she walks about at night and all that! Have I frightened you?"

"Not in the least, sir; I don't believe in ghosts."

"That's a sensible girl!" said my uncle, emphatically, and he seemed to be considering this, for he said very little more during the journey.

I kept an eager look-out for a glimpse of the house, but it was nearly night when we arrived at the station, and then my uncle's carriage conveyed us to Pinehurst, a distance of two or three miles.

The carriage stopped at an ancient gateway, and the first sight of the place filled me with *ecstacy. The house was entirely* out of sight hidden by trees, and as we approached it through a noble avenue I gloried in the dense retirement around us. Once in the avenue, we seemed shut in from the world, and the broad walks, the sloping lawn, and the aristocratic silence, were all exactly to my taste. I had a passion for mystery, and my uncle's summer residence was exceedingly mysterious.

There was the house, and on the broad steps stood the five Graces waiting to receive us. Oh! that grand *old* hall! It did my heart good to see it! Everything was lofty and spacious, and as the old-fashioned furniture had been left undisturbed the room presented a perfect picture of a century ago, and claw feet, lions' heads, and all sorts of queer designs started upon me from all directions. But my five cousins would not allow me much time for a quiet survey.

"Why, Becky!" exclaimed Matilda, after regarding me with considerable astonishment, "you're really grown pretty?"

"So you have!" chimed in Hilly, "I declare your nose hardly shows at all!"

This was not meant to imply that the organ in question was too small to be seen, but only that the monstrosity of it was not quite so prominent as it had hitherto been.

"I like to look at your mouth, Becky," said Celestine, graciously.

I had rather a decent mouth.

"What have you been doing to make your eyes so bright?" asked Anna, by way of adding her contribution.

"Well!" exclaimed Emma, "you've left me nothing to say; but I prophesy that Becky will cut us all out yet."

I was beginning to feel extremely foolish, when Uncle Althorpe turned me gravely round, and surveying me from head to foot, remarked, "Stature average height; figure good, neither fat nor lean; hair very passable; nose, but that's a prohibited subject; mouth just what a mouth should be; chin—very pretty; I love to see a pretty chin; complexion delicate, yet healthy; expression modest, but sensible. You'll do."

"Do what?" I enquired.

"That remains to be seen," said Uncle Althorpe—and he vanished to read his paper, and was heard no more that evening.

We girls sat and talked until twelve; by that time I had become pretty well acquainted with the history of Pinehurst.

It had belonged to the Pyott family from time immemorial, and a proud and aristocratic family they were, who had always been considered the very cream of society. But the family had all died out, with the exception of an elderly maiden lady, who lived there alone in her grandeur until she adopted a nephew, the only child of a sister who had made what the world calls a mésalliance.

The Miss Eleanor Pyott was the talk of all the country around, and every one had something to say about her stately bearing, which they pronounced exactly that of an old dowager duchess. Every fibre of her her heart seemed twined about the old place, and she refused to have the slightest alteration or improvement made in it. The Pyotts for generations had *dined in* that dining room, slept in those chambers, and held courtly receptions in those drawing-rooms; and as one generation of Pyotts went out and another came in, they followed tenaciously in all the ways of their ancestors.

I was speedily shown the portrait of Miss Eleanor; a very grand old lady indeed, with a long sharp nose, delicate complexion, and hair done up in old fashioned puffs. I was rather struck myself, with the likeness which I bore to the portrait; but I would not acknowledge this to my cousins.

Miss Pyott never walked beyond the precincts of her ancestral mansion; when she had occasion to go farther, she rolled aristocratically along in an old fashioned carriage, driven by an ancient coachman, who considered a quick pace decidedly plebian. The old lady always looked like a portrait of one of her ancestors descended from its frame; rich, coffee-colored lace ornamented the heavy brocades in which she attired herself, and she sported a muff that would have extinguished an ordinary woman.

But the story of Pyott Denmore, her nephew, interested me most. From early childhood he had played in these broad avenues, roamed through the wooded paths, and made those empty chambers resound with gleeful notes; he had listened with deferential attention to Miss Eleanor's long stories of this and that ancestor, and faithfully promised to keep up the old mansion in its original style, when she should be gathered to her fathers; and how in his matured manhood, when he could fully appreciate the value of the bequest, he was turned away as one who had no right there because she, whose heart was set on installing him as master of the old house, had neglected to commit her wishes to writing. It was very hard, I thought; and in spite of Uncle Althorpe's learned arguments, I persisted in denouncing the injustice of the law.

Fortunately, however, for her nephew, Miss Eleanor had the good sense to give him an education calculated to make him depend upon his own resources.

"You can't think what a charming person he is," said Anna, confidently. "We have never seen him; but we hear he has lovely dark eyes, and such a sweet smile! just the style I like—and if he succeeds in getting his property, we are all going to set our caps at him.

Hence it was agreed that if he regained the old house, he would also come into possession of a lovely wife; for that any one of my beautiful cousins should not succeed in winning any man upon earth never entered my head. My unfortunate nose looked larger than ever as I gazed upon my reflection while undressing for the night.

Matilda and I occupied the same room, and she amused herself with relating to me all the various alarms they had experienced with the benevolent intention of frightening me. But I remained perfectly unconcerned, while my cousin involuntarily trembled, and behaved like the veritable coward she was.

Several times during the night I was compelled to rise from the couch and explore the apartment in order to allay her tremors. Now it was a huge fire place, in which something was certainly moving, then the moon sent an unusual light into the room, and next a mysterious tapping on the window-pane had to be explained. This somewhat puzzled me at first, but I soon discovered that the branches of the trees, which were very near the window, were continually driven by the wind against the glass, and thus produced the perplexing noise.

Again and again, as I laughed at poor Matilda, was I thankful for not being a coward; and in the midst of these alarms I could have explored the whole house alone with perfect serenity.

I enjoyed life at Pinehurst, although the girls pronounced it dull; and so enraptured was I with the place, that in consequence of this and my resemblance to the portrait, it became quite a standing joke with my cousins to call me Miss Eleanor Pyott. Now this was not agreeable; I was very sensitive respecting my nose, and Miss Eleanor's certainly was a little larger than mine. When, therefore, they urged me to don some old bonnet that had been discovered at the top of the house, and arrange my hair in puffs, I declined affording them this gratification, for which they teased me daily.

The walled-up chamber, which was regarded with a mixture of horror and curiosity, was soon pointed out to me. It was in a sort of wing that joined on at the extreme end of the mansion, and looked out upon the densest part of the grounds. Being in the second story, a narrow flight of steps led up from the outside to a low door that opened directly into the room. This was never unfastened, and the one window was tightly boarded up. I regarded this spot with longing eyes, and often proposed an exploration of the haunted apartment; but this Uncle Althorpe decidedly opposed, alleging that as he was only a temporary tenant, he had no right to penetrate into these carefully guarded recesses.

One day my cousins had been more than usually aggravating upon the subject of my resemblance to Miss Eleanor Pyott, and I retired to rest at night in no very pleasant frame of mind.

Matilda was soon asleep, but I lay awake thinking of the former occupants of the mansion, and wondered if Pyott Denmore would ever be restored to what I considered his rightful position.

I was restless; and finally I rose from the bed, and, lighting a candle, proceeded to view Miss Eleanor's portrait. The more I looked, the more I became convinced that I did look like it; and the desire came over me to attire myself in the ancient dress and then compare noses. Hilly had caught a glimpse of some old-fashioned things in the back part of a deep closet, and thither I accordingly repaired. A faded dress of stiff brocade that had evidently seen long service soon replaced my white wrapper, and having rolled my hair into puffs, a la Miss Eleanor, I donned a green caleche, and almost trembled at my reflection in the glass.

I looked at the portrait again, to be sure that it was really I, and not the old lady stepped from her frame; and then unhestitatingly directing my steps towards the walled-up room, I determined to see if it were possible *to effect an entrance there.*

It was a ridiculous expedition, but I walked gravely on through the silent passage, until I came to a little entry that opened into a closet. Carefully guarding my candle, I peered around in search of some outlet, for I knew that this closet was at the end of the house near the mysterious chamber.

The narrowness of my quarters caused a ratling sound in the capacious pocket of my dress and drawing forth a roll of paper. I grasped it tightly for future investigation. My candle was not brilliant enough, or I should before have discovered a sort of board window at the end of the closet. This was secured by hooks, that were noiselessly unfastened, and then I found myself in a small room, from the further end of which seemed to proceed a light.

I was staggered, and my first impulse was to turn back; but resolving to inquire into the cause of this strange phenomenon, I proceeded tremblingly forward. I could not have told what I expected to see, but I certainly was not prepared for the sight that met my eyes.

The room into which I entered led to a larger one, and in this, seated by a table, was a gentleman completelp absorbed in the perusal some old yellow letters. His face wore an expression of sadness as he sat there, but I could see that he was very distinguished looking, and quite young.

The situation in which I found myself was particularly embarrassing—alone there at midnight, but instead of retracing my steps, I stood spell-bound, staring at the occupant of the mysterious room.

Presently he turned and saw me. His face grew white, as he exclaimed in a husky voice: "Am I dreaming! Merciful Heaven! that nose!"

This unprovoked attack upon my much injured feature quite exasperated me, and without stopping to consider what I did I threw the paper in my hand at the speaker and glided back to my closet. I thought that I heard a heavy fall; but now thoroughly alarmed at my own imprudence, I hastened breathless and panting, to my room.

My cousin still slept; and divesting myself of masquerading attire, I sat down and pondered over my singular adventures. As I had told my uncle I did not believe in ghosts, and the gentleman whom I encountered had given full evidence of being a living man, I fully believed it to be Pyott Denmore; though how he came there, and for what reason, I could not tell. I had evidently impressed him with the conviction that he had been visited by his Aunt Eleanor: and with a sort of mischievous glee, and a little inward trembling. I retired to bed, wondering what would come of it.

I half feared to go to the breakfast table; but nothing was said of the performance of the night before; Uncle Althorpe looked perfectly unconscious of the scene that had been acted and I began to breathe freely.

My cousin teased me during the day for being so unusually silent: but my thoughts were wandering off to the melancholy looking gentleman, and I wondered what had become of him. It would not do to trust the girls with my secret; for they would laugh at me, and declare that I had been dreaming, and that I was, after all, as great a coward as themselves.

I stole off to the thicket that was immediately under the boarded window; but all looked dark and deserted as before, and I almost asked myself if I had not imagined the whole affair.

Uncle Althorpe went to town every morning, and returned every night; and always, on his appearance, he was besieged with a host of questions respecting Pyott Denmore's case. The usual reply was that it was standing still, as everything in law always is. On the evening succeeding my promenade he made his appearance with a countenance that was a perfect series of notes of exclamation.

"What is it, papa?" was demanded, in five different keys; but an unaccountable trembling seized me, and I remained silent.

"The strangest story I ever listened to!" said my uncle, at length, in a solemn manner. "I cannot possibly account for it."

"Why?" exclaimed the volatile Emma, "has old Miss Pyott appeared to her nephew, and told him, in a sepulchral voice, where to find her will?"

"Something very like it," was the reply, in a tone that drew five eager faces closely around him.

"Denmore's story," continued my uncle, "began with an apology. It seems that the walled up room is not walled up at all, but only boarded and to one acquainted with the locality it is very easy to effect an entrance, unperceived, from the outside. Knowing, he says, that it would *not interfere* with the arrangements of the family, he has been accustomed to spend hours in what is called the haunted room; and there he loved to sit, thinking of the past, and devising means to prove his lawful claim to the beloved house. Last night he discovered, in an ancient secretary, some old letters written by his mother to his aunt, before he was born; and losing all thoughts of the present, he had been reading them for at least an hour, when sudden a rustling sound attracted his attention and the figure of his Aunt Eleanor stood in the door way. She seemed to gaze upon him inquiringly and her hand grasped a roll of paper. But at the sound of the exclamation, which he could not suppress, she immediately started and throwing the paper *towards him vanished from his sight.* He lost his consciousness for a time, and when he recovered he found himself lying on the floor, where he must have fallen. Although a man of great strength of mind, it is impossible to persuade him that he did not really see his Aunt Eleanor; and the strangest part of it is, that when he came to himself, the roll of paper was there before him! and what do you think it proved to?"

"The will!" whispered several awe stricken voices.

"Actually the will," said my uncle, which says beyond all doubt, 'I give and bequeath to my nephew, Pyott Denmore, the old family mansion with all its appurtenances;' and after a few legacies to servants and dependants the whole of her property, personal and real estate, goes to the said Pyott. So you may prepare to change your quarters as soon as possible."

The girls looked anything but unwilling, and a sort of subdued horror pervaded the party.

"Now don't be such fools," said Uncle Althorpe, "as to suppose that Miss Eleanor really appeared in propria persona to her dreaming nephew; if he believes it, that is no reason why I should; and it is my opinion that some old family servant has managed to discover the will and invest it with this little air of mystery. I shall make diligent inquiries the village and I have no doubt that it will turn out just so; don't you agree with me, Becky?"

"No, sir," I replied abruptly, without a moment's reflection.

"What!" exclaimed my uncle, "have the girls then infected you with their ridiculous fears. Where is all your boasted courage!"

I pretended to be absorbed in a book; but I could see that my clear headed uncle was observing me closely through his spectacles.

"Well, papa," said my cousin Celestine, "are we to obtain a sight of this hero and ghost-seer before we vacate his establishment?"

"If nothing happens to prevent it," replied my uncle, "we shall be favored with his company to morrow evening."

"To morrow evening!" Such a state of excitement! All the next day my five cousins were discussing the respective merits of various hued dresses; and one might have supposed from their conversation that, instead of spoiled beauties, they were unattractive girls who had never had a beau in their lives.

Hilly, who was but sixteen, was gravely advised by her elder sisters to be sweet simplicity in white muslin, with a sash tied behind; to which the damsel retorted by declaring that I ought to present myself before Mr. Denmore dressed as Miss Elleanor Pyott. This took place at the breakfast table.

"Why?" asked my uncle, sharply. "Does Becky fear so close a resemblance to Miss Elleanor when dressed in her clothes?"

"So they chose to imagine," was my reply.

"Then they have had no means of proving their supposition?"

"Not the slightest," said I, as unconcernedly as possible

Uncle Althorpe gave me another penetrating look, and then departed for the day.

In the evening came Mr. Denmore, and one glance satisfied me, I had seen that face before.

My beautiful cousins were presented to him in succession, and I brought up the rear. I saw his look of admiration, as his eyes turned from one face to another; but when they fell upon me, he started visibly: and I trembled so that I could scarcely stand.

Uncle Althorpe was watching us; and as he said, "My niece, Miss Entwick," Mr. Denmore bowed low, and his voice had a faltering tone of tenderness that I knew was called forth by thoughts of the departed. It was decidedly uncomfortable, this looking so much like somebody else; and as soon as I could politely do so, I left Mr. Denmore's presence, and watched from a distance.

He was a fine looking man; not handsome enough to be distinguished for his beauty, as far as mere features were concerned, but he had a good look, and his face wore an expression of mingled resolution and sweetness, which I had always admired and seldom seen. He interested me, and at the end of the evening I was fully convinced that he deserved the term "gentleman" in its widest sense. A thoroughly polished gentleman, unobtrusive, yet attentive, one who has acquired an entire forgetfulness of self, was a character I had very rarely met with. I had rather a contempt for men in general, and I studied Mr. Denmore as a pleasant discovery.

When he left us his eyes again rested on me with that tender yet melancholy expression; and rather piqued that I was made a sort of escape-valve for thoughts that were busy with another, I hastened up stairs.

My little cousin Hilly was laughingly boasting of Mr. Denmore's attentions.

"Talk of words indeed!" exclaimed Emma, as I entered, "words are nothing—I believe in looks, and here comes the magnet for Mr. Denmore's eyes. I'll tell you what it is, Becky," she continued, "I don't like it at all—for when he bade me good night, he looked at you. It is not fair."

"What a pity it is," I said, rather bitterly, "that you don't all look like Miss Eleanor Pyott."

At this outbreak, Hilly tenderly embraced me, and they all declared their unbounded affection; but I felt provoked with the world in general, and went moodily to bed.

Mr. Denmore kindly insisted that my uncle *should occupy the mansion during the full* time for which he had engaged it; we were therefore just as comfortable as before, with the addition of a very agreeble visitor.

He had a habit of staring at me that was by no means pleasant: but as his conversation was most frequently addressed to my little cousin Hilly, I could not construe this into anything flattering. He often asked questions, too, that struck me afterwards as being very peculiar. One night, after gazing at me for a time, he inquired if I ever walked in my sleep: and on my replying with an astonished negative, he looked disappointed. I begun to think Mr. Denmore a little out of his mind, and avoided him as much as possible. But, one evening, just at sunset, as I stood beneath the boarded window whither I had a habit of straying of late, Mr. Denmore suddenly appeared beside me.

"Have you ever visited the haunted rooms?" he asked abruptly, fixed upon me what I imagined a most penetrating gaze.

"No." I replied, without thinking: "that is yes," I stammered—"let me go, Mr. Denmore!" for he stood directly in my path.

"Where did you find the will?" he continued without heeding my request.

"In the pocket," I replied, mechanically. I felt that I was behaving like a fool, and I made a strange effort to recover my dignity; but it failed, and I burst into tears.

Mr. Denmore took my hand with respectful tenderness and led me to a rustic seat that stood near.

"I owe you more, Miss Entwick," said he, "than I can ever repay. I only desire to have this mystery explained. How could you contrive to make yourself so exact a personation of my aunt—all save the wrinkles? You did not mean to be cruel in thus exciting me!"

"Why how could I know you were there?" I replied with some sprit, for I was quite provoked at this absurdity.

"True," he replied, with a smile at his own unreasonableness; "but I am most anxious to hear the story."

I told him the whole, foolish affair, from beginning to end; but interrupting me, as I dwelt upon my own folly, he declared that he fully believed me to have been heaven sent, and that but for "my folly," as I was pleased to call it, the will would, most pro-