

gazed. Behind her, on a small table, stood the feeble light that was to be the beacon of life.

"Maudie does not love me truly, or he would not thus abuse my reputation, my happiness—he has no right. Poor Regis, he with every right, leaves me free; he is ambitious, but for me, for me he has honor; for me his fame; without me he would receive 'M. Pray Heaven! they do not love!'

"Madame de Chelles, agitated and anxious, unburied on the broad balcony opening from her window. There is a rustling among the leaves below, the pattering at the denique that have over the pathers are rapidly taken; a shower of their blossoms like at first, now a soft grass. The lady understood then a head appear; another moment, and a man leaps over. Maudie Chelles, scarcely suppressing a shriek, recoils into her room; a man is at her feet and clasps her knees. Amelia has shut her eyes and dares not look, a voice pronounced her name. With a sob of joy she opens her eyes, and, exclaiming Regis in a tone of joy and love, she is clasped in her husband's arms.

"Amelia," exclaimed Regis, "you love me; again you choose me for your husband; then, this is our second wedding day—leave them the first. Say you love me."

"Yes, Regis, with deep passion and holy tenderness," replied Amelia, raising her head from her husband's shoulder. At the same moment she cast a rapid glance at the garden, and on the top of the wall she perceived de L'Etang preparing to descend. "What was to be done? They stood within the threshold of the room. With the quickness of woman's wit, Amelia conceived the plan. Turning rapidly round, she covered the table and the light, then, with a beating heart and trembling frame, sank into a chair.

"Amelia dearest, are you hurt?" said Regis. "No," faintly replied Amelia. "I will get another light directly." "Do, darling, and I'll close the window." Still agitated and trembling, Amelia glided along her room into an adjoining dressing-room, whilst Regis closed the window. He was long about it, but when he heard his wife open the door he stepped out onto the balcony and leaning over it, said, speaking in a loud whisper, clearly audible, though the silliness of the night.

"Good night, de L'Etang. Don't climb the wall, you might hurt yourself; here's my key of the little postern gate; that's the way I came in—that's the way you had better go out." With this, concluding with a laugh as de L'Etang's footsteps were heard on the gravel beneath, M. de Chelles retreated into the room, closed the windows and drew the curtains just as Amelia, light in hand, appeared at the door.

"I am sorry your Excellency has had so much trouble," said de Chelles, taking the light from her, "for you mean to be an Excellency, don't you, and go with me to St. Petersburg?" "Anywhere, Regis, with you—here in salute, together, if you prefer it."

"No," eagerly replied Regis, "I have had enough of solitude and confinement; we shall be more together in the world than here; at least I have found it so."

Gen. Shaffer of the Senate and A. S. Green of the House will please accept our thanks for favors.

OUR NEIGHBOR.—The arrangements of Mr. Griffith for supplying a public want occasioned by the absurd action of the Northern Central Railway Company in abolishing the office at this place, have, we are glad to learn, met with the entire approbation of Lumber, Iron and other merchants of Columbia, Marietta, &c., as evinced in their application to Mr. G. when in want of cars. He supplies facilities for transportation at so reasonable a commission that freight to Baltimore and other points on the R.R. Road, is shipped at as low rates as is provided for by the Company. We call attention to Mr. Griffith's advertisement in today's Spy, where he announces his readiness to supply cars or forward goods from this point to all stations on the road.

A BATTERED SAILOR.—After an uneventful day's winter of one week, more or less, we have entered upon a spring that must have been "blasted" under glass—it is so naturally forward. The anticipations of last year's fall most miserably fulfilled, and here jubilant joy vendors look at the light breezy face of the river with tears in their eyes—evidently thawed out—and water-gate expression of commensurate. Slates grease their irons and bang them up in despair. Livery horses draw long, free breaths as if relieved of weighty cars, while their owners anxiously watch the vane on the Town Hall and still hope for yet another "snow."

A FINE HORSE KILLED.—On Friday of last week one of the horses of Miss Mulliken's splendid car team was killed on the Columbia Bridge. A train of cars had got off the track and two teams were attached to replace them. The teams started together and the rear horse of one of them, slipping on the timber guard of the carriage way, fell—the other team drawing the train upon the animal. This is the second horse killed out of this fine team within a few months. It was a noble specimen of the draught horse, and valuable.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—The February number of Household Words contains more interesting matter than two thirds of the serial publications of the day. Every article is of merit, and written in the peculiar and originally sparkling style of the Household Words corps of authors. We consider it as the best, and it is, or should be, the most popular journal of all the English periodicals. Three dollars per annum is the very low subscription price.

LITTLER'S LIVING AGE.—Littler for January 19th contains Shipwrecks; the concluding chapter of Hector Garret of Oter—a most attractive tale; The Boat Erics of Mexico; an interesting paper from Chamberlain's Journal; The Four Big Lays—a capital story; Her First Appearance; Amusingly England, &c., &c. This choice No. 1 of January impresses, if possible, with each weekly number.

LITTLE & BROWN'S BAKER NOTE REPORTER.—The January number of this valuable Reporter has been received. Among the new counterfeits noticed in it we find 58 on the Union Bank of Reading and 58 on the Western Bank of Philadelphia. This is one of the best Bank Note Reporter's issued, and should find a place in every counting house and store.

POLICE ITEMS. FETTERED.—On the 7th inst., one Fritz Dunkel, a German powerfully built, entered the city gates at the extreme upper boundary of the North Ward, announcing himself as a committee (self appointed) to test and pronounce judgment on the quality of the larger loaf of the borough, at the same time expressing his confident belief in his capability of creating a drought in this little town. He started at the upper end of the Basin and drank regularly down to the National Telegraph Office, where he seated himself on an Express trunk and trapping on a neighboring box, held up his forehead to the gentlemanly operator, calling out "Pat! Pat!" The gentlemanly and accommodating operator gazed through the bars with a doubtful smile, playing the Devil's ratio on the while on the instrument. Dutchy grew impatient and reiterated his order, when the electric fluid entering the right arm of the "teleotriator," caused that member to put itself in communication with the collar of the thirty one, and the message "Move on!" was distinctly enunciated.

SEVENTH and last round; Tanton prostrate on the pavement, the Sauty sailing benignly through the window. The defeated candidate gathered himself up and hurled a "bottom track" containing his entire wardrobe at the battery, breaking a glass and otherwise injuring property of Telegraph Company. The vessel pursued his course down Front street, in conscious of what was ahead of him, until he reached the Blue Front, where he was invited in by Hollingsworth; and requested to make a statement. He denied intoxication, protesting that as he had had but one glass of lager at each hour, there being but thirteen hours, he could not possibly be other than brutally sober. With regard to the telegraphic ordeal, he claimed that any honest keeper longer ought to be "busted up." Justice Walker sent him down for thirty days at hard labor.

Philadelphia Correspondence. PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 19, 1899. A Bachelor's Complaint.—A Suggestion.—Children—Their Uses and Abuse.—A Band of Invaders—Curious Young Damsel—An Explanation, and what came of it.—A Green Horn—His Situations—His Charities—Advice.

Reader, you may be a bachelor; then peruse this letter, you at least will understand it, you will appreciate it, you will acknowledge the justness of its views. If you are not a bachelor, oh reader! turn your eyes in the direction of your left shoulder, and read the "police reports," the ups and downs of the "Afric race," the meanderings and stumblings of the luckless Hibernian; comfort yourself with the assurance of the colored man's elevation to splendid accommodations in palaces of stoneware adorned with gates of iron; meditate upon the foreigner's enjoyment of free institutions in a land of liberty and corn whiskey; or else turn your physiognomy a little to the right, and glance over the advertisement of the philanthropic composer of the "crowning glory among pills," which conceals all sin, and can impart a virtue if you have it not.

Now, persistent and most obstinate reader with this timely caution, you are supposed to be a bachelor—or you ought to be—on the shady side of five and thirty, with chances slender, and gradually growing "smaller and beautifully less;" ever, being "any thing else," except plus a score or two of years, when your equation will change its sign to minus, and you will soon fade away and disappear like any other unknown quantity.

But you are yet in the prime of bachelorhood; you still carry a rather contented smile, unless your cigar box is empty—you do not yet know how to pass the lady borders in the hall, at some risk of exposing the sins and sins of many summers gone, you are no cynic, and take you for all in all, you are what the world-saving and except the envious portion of it would call a tolerably happy man.

Of course you "boast," it is not considered virtuous for a bachelor to be a housekeeper—or to have one—and you have regard for public opinion—yet. You board in a hotel, of course you do, for private boarding houses you have voted long ago—and carried the election *en masse*—to atrocious nuisances. You do not board at a "first class" hotel, for your pocket though deep, is consequently not so easily sounded and you are indifferent to the glory of paying twenty York shillings per diem for the privilege of being slapped on the back by the *recherche* barkeeper, and called "follow."

As you are a quiet man, you are fond of reading, and rather prefer a quiet room to read in. You take possession of the parlor, and hold it without dispute for weeks, until the house is invaded by a band of juvenile Goths and Vandals who turn your retreat into a bedlam, and stir your sober ideas into a tempest of confusion and rage. You are, as we have said, no cynic, and consequently no hater of children; on the contrary, you are deeply fond of (pretty and quiet) children. Theoretically, you are inclined to the belief that a child coming under the former conditions, and being between the ages of six months and six years, is the most lovely specimen, animate or inanimate, of all created things. But somewhat in opposition to this pure aesthetic view, you are rather sympathetic in your affinity for, and rather shy in your near contemplation of, those rare flowers of divine favor which are showered among men and women to show them what they once were, and may hereafter be. You don't care about compromising your principles by a too near approach to, and a too familiar intercourse with these young emigrants from Paradise; you are perhaps distrustful of your own powers of appreciation, you doubt your own constancy, or are fearful of an explosion in your aesthetic feeling occasioned by some little adventurous Guy Fawkes given to bold experiments and startling effects. You have dim remembrances of infantile chewers of ends who never could manage the cud without frequent and untimely expirations, imbued with those old quorks and eccentric notions you are wont to retreat on leisurely attentions to the quiet parlor, and enjoy your book in cheerful solitude; until a certain unlooked day when the population of your mansion receives a large accession to its numbers, and the boarding establishment is suddenly transformed into a gymnasium, a ball-park, a racing ground, or any thing else that rampant juvenility may please to turn it into. Five boys have taken possession of your retreat. You rest your book quietly on your nose, and commence the study of character. "There are two blue-eyed youngsters of sturdy frame and tardy gait, two black-eyed boys and two of the former, and a grey-eyed youth, perhaps an embryo 'hero of destiny," but at present given to tumbling in an excessive degree. They are probably the five most restless, uncertain, vacillating, and spasmodic maimings on the face of the whole earth; they enter the room with a wild burst, and all in a heap, as if they were about to storm something; but they have hardly gained the citadel before a new idea seems to take possession of the crowd, and they move off in single file, with admirable precision, the last in line being a boy of some consideration shifts the door—with a deafening crash.

You utter an exclamation of gratitude, draw your old arm chair, put your feet on the fender and make ready for a long read—when 'of a shuffling as of one hundred feet is heard in the hall, the door is burst nearly off its hinges, and the regiment is on you again. "There seems to be a meeting, or an intentional war is raging, the troops are without a captain and every boy is contending violently with each other about the possession of a package of cigars."

At this juncture, a five year old damsel, rejecting in the Byronic appellation of *Ada*, entering the room, and begs you to show her the "spellers" in the *New York Ledger*. You explain them in what you conceive to be the most interesting manner, to the juvenile mind; you endeavor to invest each with a personal interest and tell her that the *Spellers* were from her stern uncle concerning the estate of her deceased father—'tis *Ada*, that the Spanish *Spellers* contain just received from the ravenous jaws of an underaged tender by her gallant suitor—is *Ada*; that the young lady who appears to be dying of between two verses of poetry, had enough to kill girls of sterner stuff—is *Ada*, too. Your little auditor looks quizzically at you and asks if they can be *Ada*. You answer, "yes certainly," and you try to say it sweetly, which elicits the triumphant rejoinder, "Well, but both may be my paper, then!"—accordingly

the appropriate it, and vanishes in search of her widowed mamma. The five boys seem to have made a "quarter settlement" in your domain, and perhaps are contemplating a "constitution" to exclude "furriners." This brings up the conscious feeling that you are nothing but a bachelor—a person of no authority, and little account—so you bury from the scene, and rush to half a dozen in the shell, with a foaming glass of "Massey's old stock." Miserable man, this Bachelor! mistaken indeed to be called a freeman!

Our excellent young friend, Green Horn, is engaged in the hopeful and exciting occupation of hunting up a "situation"—"salary not so much an object, as permanent employment, and a knowledge of business." And though Green Horn does not seem to secure any fixed establishment, it is perfectly astonishing how vast and various is his experience in the rudiments of all sorts of business.

He has had an excellent situation (for a beginner) in a thread-and-needle store, which cost him only one dollar and a half, paid out to a disinterested informer; but as the proprietor was out of town at the time of the purchase, and somehow or other does not return, he embraced a "splendid opportunity" to enter the drug business in a Western city, paying \$4 for the chance, and will enter upon his duties early in the ensuing spring.

The next essay of our friend, as he wishes to be doing something all the while, was a dash at the liquor business in which he embarked as a partner—"active" of course, endeavoring to do all the out-door business—for the moderate sum of \$25 paid into the "capital account." The other partners however, have not yet quite "concluded their arrangements," which leaves G. H.'s "a little time to myself, sir!" and this he employs to the best purpose—a good amiable soul that he is—in charitable enterprises. A few weeks ago, this touching advertisement caught his eye: "Wanted—by a young lady, a loan of Ten dollars, to be repaid in sewing." Fortunate thing for Mr. Horn as he remarked, for he was very much in want of shirts just at that time, owing mainly to the fact that his washerwoman had a "uncle" to whom she appeared to be so much attached, that she was continually bestowing upon him, not only her own property, but the property of every one else who is rash enough to trust it to her care.

Now, thought Green Horn, here is a chance to replenish my wardrobe, and do an act of charity besides. Accordingly, the advertisement was answered, the opportunity to set up a deserving young lady was embraced, and G. H. advanced the \$10, "needed for a particular purpose," besides \$2 for the more general purpose of needles, thread and other sewing necessities. He thought it prudent to purchase his own machine and linen which he took, with an old garment for a "pattern"—all done up in rather a formidable bundle, along with an unflattering amount of confidence, to the residence of the young lady in Fitzwater street.

After various directions relative to the increase of collar, and decrease of wristbands, &c., and with a constantly accelerated faith in the virtues and traits of the young lady in question, G. H. returned home and commenced the pleasant occupation of waiting for his shirts. Well, he waited for the space of three weeks and then went in search of them; but lo! and behold, his bird had flown. The apartment recently occupied by the interesting young lady, was vacant, and she had disappeared with all of G. H.'s stock in trade.

He is meditating now, and hesitating between a beneficial sewing society, and a gentleman's furnishing establishment. We have recommended neither, but instead, have urged young Green Horn to return to the paternal roof in the vicinity of Shippensburg, and in early spring time to "take up the shovel and the hoe"; would we advise every young man fortunate in the possession of a paternal roof, instead of coming a situation hunting to the great city of Philadelphia.

Ike Partington and Pagilism. Mrs. Partington was much surprised to find Ike one rainy afternoon in the spare room, with the rug-bag hung to the bedpost, which he was laboring very justly with his fist as huge as two one cent apples. "What grammar-time are you doing here?" said she, as she opened the door. He did not stop, and merely replying "training," continued to pitch in. She stood looking at him as he danced around the bag, busily punching its round sides. "That's the Morrissey touch," said he, giving one side a dig, "and that," hitting the other side, "is the Benicia Boy." Stop, and he immediately stopped after he had given the last blow for Morrissey. "I'm afraid the training you are having isn't good," said she, "and I think you had better train in some other company. I thought your going into compound fractures in school would be dilatory to you. I don't know who Mr. Morrissey is, and don't want to, but I hear that he has been whipping the Pernicious Boy, a poor lad with a sore leg, and I think he should be ashamed of himself." Ike had read the Herald with all about the great prize fight in it and had become entirely carried away with it. "How strange it is," said Dr. Spooner, as we told him the above, "that boys take so naturally to cruelty and violence. In the time of lordhood, the reason has not got control, and hence temptations to tyranny and wrong have at this time potent force. We all remember the tale of a child—not a candallite but a narrative—who was seeing a picture of the holy martyrs torn to pieces by lions in the days of Nero, wherein one, according to perspective, that was in the background, appeared smaller, and, as it appeared to be taking no part, the child, instead of being horrified at the scene, remarked with considerable anxiety that the little lion wouldn't get any martyrs if he wasn't very quick. So, a few days since, two urchins in school were punished by their teacher for trying to punch and whipping it to death. It was an such cases that the doctrine of man's total depravity was based. Boys who thus begin, with none to guide them by the dangerous period, kept right on in wickedness, whereas the merest child of the boy to port might have saved them. The boy is the least unscrupulous of anything in the animal kingdom." There's an opinion as it is an opinion.

The editor of the *Plaintifier*, Cleveland, Ohio, says he is for popular sovereignty against Congressional sovereignty, and for Douglas against the world, the flesh and the devil.

Artemus Ward among the "Spirits." BALTIMORE, Ind. Dec 9, 1885. GENT.—I make bold to have made a "quarter settlement" in your domain, and perhaps are contemplating a "constitution" to exclude "furriners." This brings up the conscious feeling that you are nothing but a bachelor—a person of no authority, and little account—so you bury from the scene, and rush to half a dozen in the shell, with a foaming glass of "Massey's old stock." Miserable man, this Bachelor! mistaken indeed to be called a freeman!

My nabours in mourn had crazy on the now fangled ideas about sperrits. Spectoul Circles is held nightly & 4 or 5 long hared fellows has settled here & gone into the Sperrit biznis exclsuivly. A attempt was made to got Mrs. A. Ward into the Sperrit biznis but the attempt failed. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethercal creator & wood make a sweet mejum, whereupon she attack him with a wop handle & drove him out of the house. I will hear obars that Mrs. Ward is an invulnerable woman—the partner of my joys & sharer of my sorrows. In my absunce she watchis my interests & things with an Eagle Eye & when I return she welcomes me in affectionate. Trooly it is with us it was with Mr. and Mrs. Iguoner in the May, to whit—

My nabours indused me to attend a Sperretoul Sircle at Squire Smiths When I larove I found the west room full in dind all the old mades in the vilage & the long hared fellers asaid. When I went in I was saluted with "hear cums the benited man"—"here cums the unbelcever"—"here cums the hoory helcd skeffer at trutht", etsettry, etsettry. Sez I my friends its too imo hear and now Bring on your Sperrets. I of the long hared chaps arose & sed he wood make a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intellcud and was movin on to a Gale. Sam men had bigger intellcuds than other men had and they wood git to the Gale the soonnest. Sam men was beasly & wood never git into the Gale at all. He sed the Erth was materiel but man was immateriel and mens man was differnt from the Erth, continued the speaker, resolves round on its own axceltree once in 24 hours, but as a man haiat got no axceltree he cant resule. He sed the ethercal essence of a koodinate branchis of super human nator becum metymorfesed as man progres in harmonical coexistence & eventually anty humanized themselves and turned into regular sperretoulers. [This was verisifurly apudaled by the company and as I make it a plot to git along as pleasunty as possible, I sung out "bully for ye old boy."] The company then drew round the table and the Sircle konnest to go it. They axed me if there was any lady in the Sperrit hand which I wood like to talk with, & I said if Bill Tompkins who was onct my partner in the show biznis was sober I wood like to converse with him a few periods. "Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?" sed I of the long hared chaps and there was three knoz on the table. Sez I "William how goz it?" He sed things was rather rough. Sez I me you in the show biznis William, & John Bunyon was travellin with a side show in connectoon with Shlakeper, Janson & Co's concolated mabagery & circus. He said old Man (Manning Mc Bunyon) stired up the anemurils and ground the organ while he tended foud. Occasionally Mr. Bunyon sung a comic song. The circus was doing middle well. Bill Shlakeper had made a good bit with "Old Bob Billy" and Ben Jonson was deltin the people by his trooly great acts of ho-manship without addid or load. Sez I William kan you pay me that 18 dollars you owe me, & he sed not with one of the most tremendous knoz I ever experimenced. I then called for my grandfather and learned that he was meatin with fare success in the peanut biznis & liked very well, altho the climate was rather warm.

When the Sircle stopt they asked me what I thaut of it. Sez I my friends ive been into the show biznis now goin on to 23 years. There's a article in the constittushun of the United States which sez in effact that everybody may think just as he drin pleazes & them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowtlis believe this Sperrit rapping while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soous amu becomes a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leetes or workin, lets his hare grow all over his face and commensis rppun his livin out of other people. He eats all the dics & plunnies he can find & goze round chock full of big words, a scarein the wimin folks & little children & destroy the piece of mind of every famerle he enters. He dont do no body no good & is a cuss to So-ciety and a pirit on honest peeps corn beef barrils. Admittin all yu say about the doctrine be troo, I must say the reglar professional sperrit rappers—them as make a biznis on it—sir about the most ornery set of cusses I ever encountered in my life. So sayin I put on my surtout and went home.

Respectfully Yures, ARTEMUS WARD. The Albany Statesman alluding to a candidate for office, who was defeated in that city, says he had such an itching for office that his friends concluded to scratch him!

Philadelphia Division P. R. R.—Winter Arrangement. On and after Monday, Nov. 29, Passenger Trains on this Division will run as follows: LEAVE EASTWARD.

Table with 4 columns: Location, Leave Time, Arrive Time, and Days. Locations include Columbia, Lancaster, W. Philad., and Philad. Times range from 8:00 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.

TO SHIPPERS BY NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY. The Albany Statesman alluding to a candidate for office, who was defeated in that city, says he had such an itching for office that his friends concluded to scratch him!

ALL wanting to emigrate to a mild climate, see advertisement of Hamilton Land Co. [Page 28-30] TO ALL wanting Farms, see advertisement of Hamilton Land Co. [Page 28-30]

ALL wanting to emigrate to a mild climate, good soil, and fine market, see advertisement of Hamilton Land Co. [Page 28-30]

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. SIR JAMES CLARKE'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS. Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

TO MARRIED LADIES. It is peculiarly suited. It will, in a short time, bring on the monthly period with regularity. Each bottle, price One Dollar, bears the Government Stamp of Great Britain, to prevent counterfeits.

HAIR DYE—HAIR DYE—HAIR DYE. WM. A. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE. The Original and Best in the World!

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR. In all diseases inflammation more or less predominant in its nature, and in all cases of inflammation strikes at the root of the trouble, and causes more or less acute pain.

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR. In all diseases inflammation more or less predominant in its nature, and in all cases of inflammation strikes at the root of the trouble, and causes more or less acute pain.

PERSONS having claims against the firm of George Wall & Co. are requested to present them to our accountants, and all indebted to the same will please make payment to the subscribers, surviving partner of the said firm.

WRAPPING PAPER. J. P. Rambo received a large lot, and for sale at 25 cents per pound. A. M. Rambo, Family Grocery, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, January 22, 1899.

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