The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,50 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

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THE COLUMBIA SPY,

A MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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FOUR CENTS A COPY.

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JOB WORK,

Having just added to our office one of GORDON'S IMPROVED JOB PRESSES, we are enabled to execute in a superior manner, at the *very lowest prices*, every description of printing known to the art. Our assortment of JOB TYPE is large and fashionable. Give us a trial and our work shall speak for itself.

READING RAIL ROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM the North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, &c., &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, and all Intermediate Stations, at 8 A. M., and 2 P. M.

New York Express leaves Harrisburg at 6.50 A. M., arriving at New York at 1.45 the same morning.

A special Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 7.15 A. M., and returns from Harrisburg at 5 P. M.

Fares from Harrisburg: to New York $5 15; to Philadelphia $3 35 and $2 30. Baggage checked through.

Returning leave New York at 6 A. M., 12 noon and 7 P. M. (Pittsburg Express arriving at Harrisburg at 2 A. M.) Leave Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M., and 3.30. P. M.

Sleeping cars in the New York Express Trains, through to and from Pittsburg, without change.

Passengers by the Catawissa Railroad leave Tamaqua at 8.50 A. M., and 2.10 P. M. for Philadelphia, New York, and all Way Points.

Trains leave Pottsville at 9.15 A. M., and 2.30 P. M., for Philadelphia, Harrisburg and New York.

An Accommodation Passenger train leaves Reading at 8.00 A. M., and returns from Philadelphia at 5.00 P. M.

☞All the above trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

A Sunday train leaves Pottsville at 7.30 A. M., and Philadelphia at 3.15 P. M.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, and Excursion Tickets at reduced rates to and from all points.

80 Pounds Baggage allowed each passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.

may-2,1864

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Trains leave Columbia going east.		
Columbia train,	8 15	A. M.
Col'a. Accommodation,	4 55	P. M.
(to connect with Fast Mail east, at Lancaster)		
Harrisburg Accomodation,	6 50	P. M.
Trains leave West.		
Mail train,	11 45	A. M.
Harrisburg Accomodation,	6 50	P. M.
Columbia train arrives,	8 20	"

E. K. BOICE, Ticket Agent.

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

Accom. leaves Col'a.	8	A. M.
Arrive at Reading,	10 32	do
Fast Line leaves Col'a.	2 10	P. M.
Arrives at Reading,	4 23	do

All trains connect with the Penna. R. R. at Landisville, going east and west.

R. CRANE, Supt.

N. C. RAILWAY.

YORK AND WRIGHTSVILLE R. R

The trains from Wrightsville and York will run as follows, until further orders:

Leave Wrightsville,	7 30	A. M.
" "	1 00	P. M.
" "	7 30	P. M.
Leave York	6 30	A. M.
" "	12 10	P. M.
" "	4 30	P. M.

Departure and Arrival of the Passenger Trains at York.

DEPARTURES FROM YORK.

For BALTIMORE, 4.15 A. M., 8.30 A. M., and 2.50 P. M.

For HARRISBURG, 11.55 A. M. 6.19 P. M. and 12.25 A. M.

ARRIVALS AT YORK.

From BALTIMORE, 11.50 A. M., 6.15 P. M. and 12.22 A. M.

From HARRISBURG, 4.10 A. M., 8.25 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.

On Sunday, the only trains running are the one from Harrisburg at 8.25 in the morning, proceeding to Baltimore, and the one from Baltimore at 12.22 A. M., proceeding to Harrisburg.

DR. HOFFER,

DENTIST,—OFFICE, Front Street next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut sts, Cola., Pa. Apr.

H. B. ESSICK,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, PA.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

NEW Stock just received. We have some cheap bargains.
STEACY & BOWERS,
Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, Col'a, Pa.
November 23, 1863.

DR. A. S. MILLER,

SURGEON DENTIST, offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity.

OFFICE on Front street, fourth door above Locust, office formerly occupied by J. Z. Hoffer.
Columbia, Dec. 19, 1863.-1y.

H. M. NORTH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster York counties.
Cola., July 4, 1863.

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

BY purchasing the best Boots and Shoes at the lowest cash prices, at the New Store of
Col'a, mar.19,'64. MALTBY & CASE.

WANTED.

EVERY ONE to know that the way to save money, is to buy your goods at the *Cheap Store* of Maltby & Case. A general assortment of Spring Goods just received.
Col'a, mar.19. MALTBY & CASE.

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES.

REFINED Sugars and Syrups. Prime Rio Coffee, Teas, Spices, Dried Fruit, English and American Pickels, &c., &c. Just received by HENRY SUYDAM,
Cor. of Union & Front sts
Col'a, mar.5-'64.

DR. WISHART'S

PINE-TREE TAR CORDIAL

Is The Vital Principle of the

Pine Tree,

OBTAINED by a peculiar process in the distillation of the tar, by which its highest medical properties are retained.

Have You a Cough! Have You a Sore Throat! Have you any of the premonitory symptoms of that most fatal disease, Consumption?

Those who should be warned by these symptoms generally think lightly of them until it is too late. From this fact, perhaps more than any other, arises the sad prevalence and fatality of disease which sweeps to the grave at least "one sixth" of death's victims.

Consumption has destroyed more of the human family than any other disease, and the best physicians for many years have despaired of a cure, or a remedy that would heal the lungs, but for more than two hundred years the whole medical world has been impressed that there was a mysterious power and efficiency in the Pine Tree Tar to heal the lungs; therefore they have recommended the use of Tar Water, which in many cases had a good effect; but how to combine the medical properties so as to heal the lungs, has ever been a mystery until it was discovered by Dr. L. Q. C. WISHART, of Philadelphia, Pa., the proprietor of "Wishart's Pine Tree Cordial."

Many, not only of the people, but physicians of every school and practice, are daily asking me "What is the principle or cause of your success in the treatment of *Pulmonary Consumption*?" My answer is this:

The *invigoration* of the digestive organs—the *strengthening* of the debilitated system—the *purification* and *enrichment* of the blood, must expel from the system the corruption which scrofula breeds. While this is effected by the powerful alterative (changing from disease to health) properties of the Tar Cordial, its healing and renovating principle is also acting upon the irritated surfaces of the lungs and throat, penetrating to each diseased part, relieving pain, subduing inflamation, and restoring a healthful tendency. Let this two-fold power, the healing and the strengthening, continue to act in conjunction with Nature's consoûant recuperative tendency, and the patient is saved, if he has not too long delayed a resort to the means of cure.

I ask all to read the following cirtificates. They are from men and women of unquestionable worth and reputation:

DR. WISHART—*Dear Sir!* I had a very dreadful cough and sore throat for one year and my whole system was fast giving way, and I was prostrated on my bed with but little hope of recovering. My disease baffled the power of all medicines, and in a short time I must have gone to my grave, but, thank God, my daughter heard your name not rest until she went to your store, No. 10 N. Second street, and related my case to you, purchased one bottle of your Pine Tree Tar Cordial, and I commenced to use it, and in one week I was much better; and after using three bottles, I am perfectly well, and a wonder to all my friends, for they all pronounced me past cure. Publish my case if you think proper.

REBECCA HAMILTON,
No. 1321 Wylie street, Philadelphia.

Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial is an infalliable cure for Bronchitis, Bleeding of the Lungs, Sore Throat and Breast, Inflamation of the Lungs.

Mr. Ward says:

DR. WISHART—*Sir:* I had Bronchitis, Inflamation of the Lungs, Shortness of Breath, and Palpitation of the Heart in their worst forms; I had been treated by several of the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia, but they could not stop the rapid course of my disease, and I had despaired of ever being restored to health.—I was truly on the verge of the grave. Your Pine Tree Tar Cordial was highly recommended to me by a friend; I tried it, and am thankful to say that, after using four large, and one small bottle, I was restored to perfect health. You can give reference to my house, No. 963 N. Second street; or at my office of Receiver of Taxes, from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m., corner of Chefunt and Sixth streets. JOHN WARD.

Read the following from Utica:

DR. WISHART—*Dear Sir:* I take pleasure in informing you through this source that your Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which was recommended for my daughter by Dr. J. A. Hall, of this city, has cured her of a cough of more than five months' standing. I had thought her beyond cure, and had employed the best of medical aid without any benefit. I can cheerfully recommend it to the public as a *safe and sure* remedy for those similarly afflicted, as I know of many other cases besides that of my daughter, that it has entirely cured of long standing coughs. Yours respectfully,

JOHN V. PARKER,
Daugerrean Artist, 126 Genessee St., Utica.

* * * * I have used Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial in my family, and can cordially recommend it as a valuable and safe medicine for colds, coughs, and those predisposed to consumption.

Dr. G. A. FOSTER, 160 Genessee St.

The above are a few among the thousands which this great remedy has saved from an untimely grave.

We have thousands of letters from physicians and druggists who have prescribed and sold the Tar Cordial, saying that they have never used or sold a medicine which gave such universal satisfaction.

The Tar Cordial, when taken in connection with Dr. Wishart's Dyspepsia Pills, is an infallible cure for Dyspepsia.

The PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL will cure Coughs, Sore Throat and Breast, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Diptheria, and is all also an excellent remedy for the diseases of the kidneys, and female complaints.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

The genuine has the name of the proprietor and a Pine Tree blown in the bottle. All others are spurious imitations.

Price Fifty Cents and One Dollar per Bottle. Prepared only by the Proprietor,

DR. L. Q. C. WISHART,

No. 10 NORTH SECOND Street, Philadelphia Pennsylvania.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, at Wholesale by all Philadelphia and New York Wholesale Druggists.
mar.19-'64-1 y.

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

The Apple Blossom's Song.

Written by request of a Lady,
BY LU LIGHT.

I am a blossom fair and sweet,—
Sweet and fair,
Free from care,
Deck'd in a robe so bright and neat,
I come with happy smile to greet
Ella.

I live a life so wild and free—
Free and wild,
Like a child.
We live in love, for all agree;
Just such a life I wish for thee,
Ella.

My dress is green, my cheeks are red—
Red my cheeks—
Like your cheeks—
The bright display of lovely health,
Worth vastly more than fame or wealth,
Ella.

My life is short, but peace and joy—
Joy and peace—
Never cease
To fill my heart; no cares annoy,
No sins my happiness destroy,
Ella.

But I must die, must say farewell—
Farewell say—
Fade away,
But think of me, let Fancy's spell
Bring me to thee where're you dwell
Ella!

Original.

For the Columbia Spy,

IRENE;

—OR—

THE GIPSY LEADER.

A STORY OF LOVE & TREACHERY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON,

Arthor of "The Outcast Daughter," "Alice St. John," "Fannie Mowbray," "The Orphans," "The Drunkard's Daughter."

CHAPTER VII.

That it may be understood how it was that farmer Stoops met with his death on that eventful night of his journey, it is necessary that we again repair to that solitary roadway on which he had met the mysterious horseman, with the red lantern. [illegible] the spot in a furious gallop, with the hope of regaining the highway. The horse partook largely of the excitement of the rider, and plunged onward, furiously starting as if in terror.

That he had the money safe, he felt assured. It was of two bulky a nature to doubt its presence, but as he neared a little bridge, that crossed the stream at the lower part of the road, a feeling of congratulation came over him that after all he had foiled an attempt to rob him. On, on—still, as if with the wings of the wind—rapidly, like anvil strokes from many hands that gave each other no pause struck the iron shod feet of the horse on the rocky road. Then, there was an unmistakable gleam of light—a shout, something between a wild, unearthly laugh and a yell of excitement, and the horse fell to the ground, rolling over and madly kicking and plunging in its fear. Confused and half stupified, William Stoops certainly was, but he was a man of extraordinary nerve and self posession, and nothing but some positive physical injury could have really prevented him from scrambling to his feet as soon as possible. His hands were torn by the loose stones—his apparel disordered, and several severe bruises upon him,—yet the farmer, so soon, as he came to a stop from the exhaustion of the momentum that hurried him, was upon his feet. It was strongly impressed upon his mind that the fall of his horse was not an accident. There had been something too peculiar about it for that. It was not in human nature to forbear some sort of exclamation on such an occasion, an hence it was that when he arose to his feet, and found no bones broken, that he gave a loud shout of triumph.

It was probably that exclamation that cost him his life. On the instant a strong glare of light, evidently projected from some lens, behind which was a powerful reflector, illumined the whole road, and took him within the radiating sphere of its influence, so that crouching for the spring forward he was about to take, he was plainly visible.

"Fire," said a voice.

There was the sharp report of some fire arms, and for an instant William Stoops thought some one had struck him a sharp blow with a stick in the back. It was but for an instant, however, that the feeling lasted, for there came the sickening sensation of being shot, and he felt his limbs relaxing, and an awful agony growing up in his breast.

A bullet had entered between the shoulders, and lodged in his chest. There was one struggle, and then he fell with a deep groan on the roadway.

The strong glare of light vanished, and all was darkness with no dissipating to William Stoops, for a death-like faintness crept over him, and he swooned away.—How long it lasted, he knew not, but he felt cold water dashed upon his face, and he opened his eyes, there was the glare of light, and he saw before him a strange figure.

"William Stoops," said the voice, "you and all you love are about to part. Do you know me?"

The farmer tried to speak, but could not.

"Look at me still. Do you know these auburn locks? Ah, I see you do. You and I know each other! There are but two things I love in all the world—there are but two things I live for;—beauty and gold. Irene is beautiful, so I love her; gold you had—I have it now. Can you name me?"

By an effort the farmer spoke—"Some devil," he said; "some devil—Charles Handy!"

"Yes, Charles Handy. Ha! You never knew Charles Handy till now. It was this hand that took your life. Farewell,"

The light disappeared, and all was darkness again. Then, by another great effort the farmer spoke.

"Help! help! for my child's sake. Oh! heaven spare me to tell her that it is a villian who would make her his!—that all is lost—lost! And this is Charles Handy! Had it been Henry, now—Henry—Henry——"

His voice died away, and the same sort of swoon that had before come over him, and he saw nor heard anything about him.

Then came those dark forms again that had hunted the defile since the night had fallen, and stood in a dim and dusty throng around William Stoops.

"What shall be done with this man?" said one of them.

"Place him in the grove near by. I wish him found early."

The dusky forms bent over the seeming lifeless body of the farmer, and in the dim night light that might have been mistaken for a glow worm, they bore him away. Then, the man who had given the order, stood for some moments as still as a statue. At last he spoke:

"The plot thickens. All goes well.—Mount Hope and all that belongs to the old house will soon be mine. Alone I will win it—alone I will enjoy it. Terrified by the fires of late, those who hold farms will sell cheaply. With their own money, robbed from them will I pay for the lands, and then will I be owner and ruler. I have sworn it. What right had my father to barter away what should have been mine? What right had he to part with the fragments to General Scott, and leave *me* desolate? I will yet have *all*."

He waved his arms, as if in triumph, and continued:

"He loves her, does he? Well, I love her too. But it is the fair auburn haired boy that has caught her fancy. But we will see. Thanks to my old gipsy nurse Myra, I have her and her tribe to back me. They expect a rich reward and they [illegible] Let me think—let me think. Charles disposed of as a fugitive from justice—for such I hope to make him seem to be—I am master of all here, and no one to thwart me. All works well—all works well,"

"Art sure of that?" said a voice, and on the moment, before Henry Handy could utter an exclamation of surprise, his arm was in the clutch of Myra, the ancient gipsy woman.

"Hands off! hands off!" he shouted.—"No, I will not be taken alive. What—what—is it you, Myra?"

"You tremble."

"You came upon me in the dark."

"Let it pass. I have had a dream."

"Well, let me hear it, mother,"

"Alas! alas!"

"Why do you say alas, and why do you weep?"

"It is so long ago, and even now I feel it was but accidently that that word came from your lips."

"Oh, the name of mother."

"Yes, Henry, yes."

"You were my nurse through all my infancy, and I was in the habit of calling you mother. I will always do so, if you like it."

"You never knew another mother than me."

"You have often told me, that my real mother—the wife of the rich owner of Mount Hope—scarcely knew me before she died."

"It was so."

"But you did a mother's part by me, Myra, and so, if it pleases you, I will call you mother."

"It does please me, but there is that which pleases me not. You have this night done a deed which will yet rise against you. Henry, Henry, it was a foolish act. Why kill him? why destroy Charles? I have had a dream?"

Henry Handy shifted his position uneasily—he did not wish to hear it, but the old Gipsy was firm.

"I dreamt, Henry, that you were master of Mount Hope, and all its broad lands. You know that the dreams of our people are prophetic. I saw you master—I saw the old house once more restored to all its ancient grandeur. I saw all again in its glory."

"A good dream, that."

"Yes, a good dream, but—but——"

"Spare me the sequel, Myra, it may mar all."

"You are the light of my heart, Henry, but I will and must tell you all. There came a cloud, no bigger than a hand, yet so full of the spirit of the storm that it spread rapidly all over Mount Hope. All was once more desolate."

"Well?"

"And you, Henry. I saw a cavern of large aspect, and in it were three ghastly objects. One had been fair, O, so fair. Another, even in death, looked the scoffer he had lived. The third, Henry—the third, had your form and likeness. I saw your raven hair, but your face was still as death, and the fatal weapon which parted soul and body was still in your grasp."

Henry Handy passed to and fro for a few seconds, before he made any remark, then he said hoarsely:

"So it is to tell me a dream of this kind that you came here? Be comforted good mother. It will not be. Your dream is an idle vision. Good night."

"Henry, yet a moment. I have one request to make of you Spare Elm Tree Farm."

"It may not be. All must feel the scourge."

Bent almost to the earth with age and apparent dejection, the old gipsy woman seemed for a few moments, to give way before the sterner purpose of Henry; but, then, slowly rising to her full height, she confronted him, and spoke in a tone of menace.

"And who shall gainsay the words of Myra? What am I and what are you?"

She pronounced these words in peculiar shrieking accents, and Henry Handy, with an undefined feeling of alarm, stepped back a few paces, for from the surrounding obscurity, there emerged a strange throng of wild dusky looking faces. Without a word, but with many strange gestures, they gathered slowly around Myra and Henry Handy, until he found himself in the centre of a silent throng. Like some priestess of old, Myra stood in the midst and spoke:

"All who are my people, listen. Fire shall consume the rich harvest stores, but in the midst of all one shall escape."

"One?"—cried a voice.

"Yes, Hackets, one. Elm Tree farm. Woe to the hand that shall commit all else against it. I have spoken; it sheltered me when I was stricken—it shall not be harmed."

Henry Handy paused to hear no more, but at once plunged off, in the darkness, toward Mount Hope. Not far did he proceed alone. He soon heard a footstep rapidly following him, and pausing, he pronounced in a low tone, the name of Hackets.

"Aye, master," was the reply.

Like men who know their way, they plunged onward, and were soon on the hillside, where the gardens of the mansion were so conspicuous. There it was that Henry Handy paused and said:

"Well, Hackets?"

"You know, master, what I have to say to you."

"I guess it."

"Elm Tree farm shall be in a blaze when you say so, and are willing to pay for the job."

"You must trust me, Hackets. When the time shall come when all this broad domain shall be mine, you shall be my steward, [illegible]

It was evident that he did not intend that Hackets should accompany him any further, and the gipsy slowly departed, while Henry took his way again slowly towards the house.

It was at the early dawn of morning that Myra abruptly entered the Farm House at Elm Tree, and astonished and alarmed farmer Mason by saying to him:

"Get help, good watchers, and those who close not their eyes in the still night. Six nights from last night, the flames will flicker around your house. Be wary and heedful, or all is lost.

Without waiting for any reply, she left the cottage, and as the sun rose in the heavens, she might have seen crouching beneath the old chesnut tree, a little removed from where the gipsies had their encampment, and gently rocking to and fro, as she muttered to herself words of strange and unintelligable import.

CHAPTER VIII.

We return once more to that little spot of earth on which reposed all that remained of the mortality of William Stoops.—He was calm and still, but what pen can describe the agony of heart of that bereaved one, the fair girl whose whole existence was but in her affections, and who at one fell blow found herself bereft of all. Her father murdered, and Charles accused of the deed!—those were the ingredients in her cup of misery and which overflowed it.

While she was kneeling and sobbing by the side of the hurdle on which lay her father's body, the little throng of persons around stole strange glances at each other, and at Charles Handy, who stood as if panic stricken, now and then pushing his hand over his brow, as though he doubted if he were awake, and would fain clear from his mind the misty vapors of some fearful dream.

It was not very long, that Charles remained in this dreamy state. It was a whisper that aroused him from it—a whisper from his brother Henry.

"Fly, Charles, fly, while there is yet time."

With a sharp, sudden cry, he was himself again, and in a voice, which rung clear and loud, he *said*:

"Who is there that can think I done this deed? My whole life is a contradiction. I am innocent—and will not fly. Irene—Irene—Irene! Oh, speak to me one word—but one word, that to say that you do not—that you cannot believe this monstrous charge against me."

He had passed round to the other side of the murdered man, and as Irene, now lifted up her face, bathed in tears, she could see him. The struggle in that young breast was terrible. There lay her father, the words of accusation yet warm upon his lips——and there was Charles, her own Charles who had by many acts showed the humility of his heart—who saved her from death, and who would not hurt a worm in his path. His eyes looked into hers, and could she believe him guilty? Yet those awful words of her dying father! Oh, how she prayed to God for guidance.

What a trial was that, for both, but, oh, most to her. What a furnace to pass through. Can human love withstand such fierce contention of feelings? Listen. He speaks:

"Irene! Irene, not one word! You do not speak to me. Oh, darling, speak to me. I am innocent. It is some strange misconception, Irene. God knows I did not do this deed. Speak to me—oh speak."

She trembled excessively, and with her small delicate hands strove to push aside the long clustering ringlets that overshadowed her sweet face. She wanted to look more closely at Charles—to convince herself that his face bore no murderer's signs, and then a thought struck her, and she spoke:

"Charles, Charles—my—no. Charles, only now, You see, this is my own dear, good, fond father, It may be—for we are liable to error—that he mistook some other person for you—that some one has personated you, may be the case. Oh, who shall say?"

"I see men coming over the stile yonder. They are constables, I fancy.—Charles, I make no secret of my own council to you—you must fly."

"Hush, brother," said Charles. "Let her speak. Irene, Irene, what would you say to me?"

"Charles, will you—can you—Charles——?"

"Yes, dearest, anything you could wish."

"Can you take his hand in yours—my father's hand—and with the name of heaven upon you lips, can you then say that you are innocent of this deed?"

There was a visible emotion among those around the spot at these words.—Mrs. Stoops looked fixedly at Charles, and Henry Handy said faintly, "No it is absurd."

But Charles paid no attention to the words of his brother, nor to the emotion of the side of the murdered man. There was an awful stillness. A curdling fear took possession of the farm laborers, and they shrank back, as Charles in both his own took the hand of poor farmer Stoops, and held it, so cold and still as it was, in his grasp.

"As God is my judge, I am innocent," he said.

There had been an expression of pain upon the face of the dead, and at that moment, one of those strange physical changes that so soon take place in poor mortality, when it has parted with the spirit of life, altered that expression, and a soft, tender look slowly spread over the [illegible]

Then Irene stretched fort her arms, and over the body of her father she was in another moment clasped to the heart of Charles Handy.

"Innocent! innocent. He is innocent. Charles, you have to forgive me for the doubt. I feel you are innocent. There is some great mystery—yet heaven will solve it."

With a flood of tears—not at all distressful ones—she clung to him as though he now was her chief hold upon this world. Nor was that groundless one, for the constables had reached the spot. A very few words passed between them and the surgeon, and some of the bystanders, and, then, one advanced, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of Charles as he said:

"Mr. Handy, I am very sorry that you are my prisoner."

"You are but doing your duty, Marshal Hand," said Charles. "But I am innocent."

"I am glad to hear it."

"He *is* innocent." cried Irene. "Indeed he *is* innocent."

"Oh, what a dreadful scene is this?" said Henry Handy. "My own brother accused of murder. It is too sad."

"My father might have been mistaken, oh, moiher, speak for Charles," added Irene.

"He said it—he said it," said Mrs. Stoops. "I dare not gainsay it. Heaven will protect the innocent, and punish the guilty."

Irene flung her arms around her lover, and sobbed aloud.

"No, no, they shall not take you to death, my Charles, for you did not do the deed. I have faith in heaven, and I have faith in you."

"It is painful, but my duty must be performed," and again Marshal Hand laid his hand upon Charles.

"Sir, said Henry, there must be some mistake. This murder must have been committed in the night, now, my brother can no doubt prove that he was at home all the night."

"No, said Charles, I was absent some part of the night."

"Yes," said Irene, "it was for me.—He went to get a little bird that I loved. It was for that he went. I believe him innocent, and here in the presence of my dead father, I pledge to be your wife.—When you take him, I will go likewise."

"My dear young lady, that is impossible. Come sir."

Charles looked pale, but firm. From face to face, he gazed around him for a moment or two, and, then he spoke in a low earnest voice to Irene, as he pressed both her hands in his.

"Darling of my heart, you believe me innocent. Heaven has appointed us this trial, and we will not shrink from it. Be of good cheer, and hope for the best. Go home, dearest—nay, not home—you have no home now, but I would that you leave Henry's farm."

"I will do so."

"That is well. Where, Marshal Hand, do you take me?"

"To Columbus."

"Mother," said Irene, "will you come to Columbus?"

"My child, my child, what evil spirit possesses you? Let his innocence be proved, and no one will rejoice more than me."

Poor Irene, how she trembled and sobbed still, as she clung to Charles, and her mother, unable any longer even to assume the outward aspect of composure, flung herself upon the breast of her dead husband, and wept bitterly.

"Go, darling, comfort your mother.—I will write to you," said Charles, "and, then, you can come to me.

The constables now surrounded Charles, and a few steps were taken on the road. Several men were about to lift the body, and carry it where an inquest might be held. The young man tried to smile as he carried his hand to Irene. She could not bear to see that faint, wan smile, and she rushed toward him. For one moment he strained her to his breast.

"Your [illegible] Charles. Yours, and forever!"

The constables moved onwards, and Charles was soon out of sight and hearing of the gentle girl, who loved him so truly. Henry Handy at a rapid pace soon joined the party. "Let me speak, to my brother," said he.

"No, sir," replied Marshal Hand.

"Is it possible! Charles is there anything you want seen to at home?"

"Nothing."

"I don't like that question," said one of the men, "suppose we search his house."

"A good idea. Mr. Henry Handy, we are going to your and your brother's house. Push on."

A slight turn to the left at the part of the road they had come to would easily lead them to the house, and Marshal Hand and his prisoner reached one end of the flower garden just as Irene and her mother, and the men who were carrying the dead body, reached the other. It was with a cry of surprise that Irene saw Charles again.

"Put the body in the lower room, said the Marshal, and lock the door. Don't let any one in the house until the search is over."

"What search?" said Irene, faintly.

"You and your mother, Miss Stoops, will oblige us by remaining in the garden: We must search his room."

"I can have no objections," said Charles, "I have no secrets."

The Marshal went into the house, accompanied by one of the men, and when they were alone within it, he said, in a cautious voice: "What is your opinion of all this, Davis?"

"You think him innocent then?"

"Yes."

"And so do I, and yet there was the dying man's declaration. I don't know how to get over that. Get one of the servants, and ask which is the prisoner's room."

"I know it, Marshal, it is this way."

"It is a great reproach to us, Davis, that there should be on the road an actual highwayman, tricked out in old costume, and we not able to catch him."

"Yes, so it is. I saw him once myself. But here's Mr. Charles Handy's room. I know his fishing tackle, and that's his gun."

Marshal Hand turned round several times, and looked uneasily about him as he said:

"There is nothing murderous about here, Davis."

"I think not, sir."

Davis was busy glancing inside the different trunks; and finally, he pulled from under the table, one that had the appearance of being hurriedly placed there. It was at this moment, Henry Handy entered the room.

"Pardon me, Marshal Hand," he said, "I am here contrary to your orders, but none of your men are to blame. I got into the house by a way they knew not."

"Well, sir."

"Can I speak to you a moment?"

"Not unless on official business."

"Sir, sir," said Henry, in a whisper, "I know not what to think of this charge against my brother. This is his room, and these are all his things. Oh, Heaven save him."

Davis had dragged the trunk from under the table, and opening the lid, the first think he took out was a red coat, with broad lappels, and flaps, and tarnished gold lace upon it, and rich lace ruffles upon the wrist.

"That's it," shouted Davis. "The highwayman's coat!"

"Mr. Henry Handy," said Marshal Hand, sternly, "I take you to witness the finding of this coat, although for your own sake, I will not say that I suspect you had before seen it."

"Oh, spare him. He is so young—A thousand dollars. Oh, spare him.—My own brother!"

"Here you are," cried Davis. "The hat and feathers—the lace cravat—the boots. Why, Marshal, we have found out the mysterious highwayman at last."

The Marshal made two steps to the window of the room, and flung it wide open.

"Simmons, put irons on your prisoner at once."

There was one shriek from Irene, a scuffling of feet, and poor Charles was manacled on the instant.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Elopements are becoming more frequent than ever throughout the country. Men and women are just now experimenting largely with the husbands and wives of others.

The price of flour in the Confederate States has advanced to such a rate that the inhabitants are saved the expense of yeast. It takes more than yeast to raise that flour.