

The Columbia Spy

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THE COLUMBIA SPY,
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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.

Poetry.
Written for the Columbia Spy.
"Too Late!"
"Sometimes
The young forget the lessons they have learned
And love—like thee—Emma."
I.
"Tis true we met ere time had dimm'd
Thy brilliant eyes;—or passing years
Had in life's withered Autumn hymned
A requiem to thy passion tears;
That bound thee in a hush of state
Around us in that dreaming state,
Or encompas'd by youth's spring leaves,
And yet, alas! we met "TOO LATE!"
II.
No shadow track'd thy spirit's flight,
Thy wild romance or joy's domain;
Thy lips were wreath'd in smiles of light;
No sorrow warbled in thy strain—
And yet a ban was on thy heart,
That bound thee in a hush of state
Which kept, for age, our lives apart;
For we had met—and met "TOO LATE!"
III.
"TOO LATE!" in accents seem to leap
From every vocal groove; and all
The moonless nights by yonder steep,—
Thy whisper'd in the wat'ral sleep.
Forever in my soul this wail,
Will echo from the lyre of Fate,
Repeating o'er and o'er the ceaseless tale.
"We met 'TOO LATE!'—we met "TOO LATE!"
HENRY J. HOWARD,
Singletonville, Pa., 1864.

And now Saul carefully slid back the bolt, and slowly pushed it, so that it made a terrible noise. In an instant a voice—"Forward and seize him. He is here." A rush of some half dozen of the gipsies was made towards the door. Saul dashed back to the open window, and was in the garden in an instant, and rolling over and over down the hill side, for he did not venture to rise to his feet. Then a sharp stump of a tree brought him up with a sudden bump, and he felt certain from the pleasant rippling sound he heard that he was close to the banks of a little brook, which took the drainage from the gardens on the hill side.

"No, no, I feel a new joy. Be he rich or poor he is still the same to me." "Girl, he is not the same to you." You will not thank me for exposing the faults of a parent, but you should thank me for saving your soul from perdition." A cold shudder came over the heart of Irene, for the voice and manner of Myra both had something so impressive about them, that he it true, or be it false, she could not but suppose some very awful revelation was at hand.

He received from Charles this letter." "And what?" "It is short and simple. It absolves me from all, and admits he is the highwayman. Let it pass, and before he is two miles on the road, the gipsies shall rescue him. I then will leave both you and him, and within twenty-four hours, you may proclaim his innocence, for I shall be in safety with all my tribe." "I cannot! I will not." "Then take your just look at the green world and the sunshine, which even now is blinking on the topmost windows of the old mansion, for as I am a living man I will kill you."

free and yet in company with the ministers of justice, so that, without a doubt, something very favorable indeed, must have occurred in the course of his fortunes to make his innocence apparent to all. "You are saved, too, my Charles. They know now that you are innocent!" "Yes, dear. I have Marshal Hand to thank for a promptitude, in effecting my release, that I can never sufficiently acknowledge." "It was easily done," said the Marshal, "so no thanks." "And this gentleman," said Charles, turning to the officer, who had exchanged a few words with Marshal Hand, "and this gentleman—how shall we thank him, Irene, for I saw him ride up to your rescue?" "It was duty," replied Captain Grant. "Good day to you all. I wish you joy, Miss."

READING RAIL ROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM
The North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Potsville, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, etc., etc.
Trains leave Harrisburg for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Potsville, and all intermediate stations, at 8:00 A.M. and 2 P.M.
Trains leave Philadelphia for Harrisburg at 6:00 A.M. and 12:00 P.M.
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Those who should be warned by these symptoms generally think lightly of them until it is too late. From this fact, perhaps there is any other, arises the sad prevalence and fatality of disease which sweeps to the grave at least "one sixth" of our people's victims.

Original.
IRENE;
—OR—
THE GIPSY LEADER.
A STORY OF LOVE & TREACHERY.
BY FINLEY JOHNSON,
Author of "The Outcast Daughter," "Alice St. John," "Fanny Mowbray," "The Orphans," "The Drunkard's Daughter," etc.

A police officer was close to the boy, and soon both were in the Marshal's presence. Exhausted as the boy was, he managed to relate his adventures. "It is Mr. Charles," I've found it all out. It's Mr. Henry and the gipsies. He is the highwayman. I know all about it now, and this is the wig he wears. Oh, sir, go at once and take up Mr. Henry—he is guilty! He will kill her. I know he will. He tried to kill me. Go at once to her—the gipsies are all there too—I can't speak any more—any more."

But it was not for long that the naturally firm and logical intellect of Irene was submerged in the mere terror of a state, such as this, she rallied, and looked into the face of Myra as she said faintly: "You say this—but you only say it." "You doubt it?" "I do."

"What is this?" she said faintly. "A grave—your grave—is it your heart?" "Oh, heaven save me!—heaven spare me." A shadow as of some one about to enter the tent, appeared at the opening in front of it, and for one instant the eyes of Henry Handy were withdrawn from Irene. On the floor lay a not very efficient weapon in the hands of a man, but one that woman's fingers would be more familiar with—a pair of scissors. It was with an instinct rather than from any reflection, that Irene caught them up, and with one effort made a long straight rent in the cotton canvas of the tent, opposite to where Henry was standing, and with a rush, fled through it.

"Why Marshal," said another of the police, this is the man named Hackets, that we were to take on the information of Mr. Henry Handy. I know him well." At these words, Hackets, for it was indeed that ruffianly gipsy, uttered a cry of despair, and partially supported himself on one arm, as he looked about him with eyes in which hatred and fear struggled for mastery.

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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 impingement of the digestive organs—their debility and the consequent stagnation of the blood, must expel from the system the corruption which scrofula breeds. While this is being done by the powerful alternative (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 inflammation, and restoring a healthy condition to the system.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)
The gipsies hurried Irene down the hill side. Nothing but inarticulate moans came from her, and after a faint resistance, she submitted to her captors. How it was that Irene came to be without the mansion can easily be comprehended. She had, but one remaining idea, of escaping from him. Therefore was it, that after finding an entrance through the second door, she had not advanced two or three steps in the passage beyond, when she had paused and listened to the tread of footsteps of her enemy, with the hope of being able to leave the mansion by a rapid flight.

"I comprehend. Is he in the mansion?" "I saw him there," said Myra. "I saw them both. Draw the circle, my sons, around the house, so that not even a rabbit can pass unobserved." The gipsies slowly scattered themselves around the old mansion, and cruching down, they kept watch for Saul. But in the meantime, the boy had recovered his spirits and his courage, and had risen from the prostrate condition in which we left him. Escape was the one word that came from his lips, and placing his ear against the panel, he felt assured that no one was in the room beyond.

"You are welcome," she said. "Call for aid as loudly as you choose, and see how much it will avail you." Irene was silent. "Tis well," added Myra. "You are discreet. You know me well, but not so well as I know you, and it is to tell you what it befits you to know that you were brought to this tent."

"I will not reflect, for reflection implies doubt, and there are some things about which we should never doubt. I cast the whole story away—I believe it not." "Beware, beware! and carry this sting with you, forever rankling in your heart. You may not be Henry's wife, but you will pay some price for the rescue of your brother. On condition of your solemn oath that you will in no way attempt to criminate Henry, and that you will get Charles to do the same, you shall be set free."

"It is a very singular and potent fact, and one that seems never to have been noticed, that throughout the whole animal creation, in every country and climate on the earth, the most useful animal eat vegetable food. The all-powerful elephant, and the patient, untiring camel, in the torrid zone; the horse, the ox, or the donkey, in the temperate; and the reindeer in the frigid zone, obtain all their muscular power from nature's simplest production—the vegetable kingdom. But all the flesh-eating animals keep the rest of the animal creation in constant dread of them. They soldier out vegetable food until some animal has eaten its flesh, and made it into flesh. Their own flesh is unfit for other animals to eat, having been itself made out of flesh, and is most foul and offensive. Great strength, fleetness of foot, usefulness, and docility are, then always characteristic of vegetable eaters."

YORK & WESTCHESTER RAIL ROAD.
The trains from Wrightsville and York will run as follows, until further orders:
Leave Wrightsville, 7:30 A.M., 1:30 P.M., 7:30 P.M.
Leave York, 6:30 A.M., 12:10 P.M., 4:50 P.M.
Departure and Arrival of the Passenger Trains at York:
For Baltimore, 7:15 A.M., 8:30 A.M., and 2:50 P.M.
For Harrisburg, 11:55 A.M., 4:10 P.M., and 12:25 A.M.
From Baltimore, 11:50 A.M., 8:15 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. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial is an infallible cure for Bronchitis, Bleeding of the Lungs, Sore Throat and Breast, Inflammation of the Lungs.
Mr. Ward says:
Dr. Wishart—Dear Sir: I had Bronchitis, Inflammation 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 was sinking under the power of the alternative remedy for those similarly afflicted, as I know of many other cases besides that of my daughter. It is entirely cured of her standing coughs. Yours respectfully,
JOHN W. PARKER,
Daugerren Artist, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHAPTER XIV.
The inclination at once, when she found that she was free to do so, on the part of Irene, to scream and cry aloud for help, was strong; and probably Myra, with her knowledge of human nature, saw that such was the case, for her words were cold and sarcastic.
"You are welcome," she said. "Call for aid as loudly as you choose, and see how much it will avail you." Irene was silent.

"I comprehend. Is he in the mansion?" "I saw him there," said Myra. "I saw them both. Draw the circle, my sons, around the house, so that not even a rabbit can pass unobserved." The gipsies slowly scattered themselves around the old mansion, and cruching down, they kept watch for Saul. But in the meantime, the boy had recovered his spirits and his courage, and had risen from the prostrate condition in which we left him. Escape was the one word that came from his lips, and placing his ear against the panel, he felt assured that no one was in the room beyond.

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DR. HOFFER.
DENTIST—OFFICE, Front street next door to Dr. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut sts., Col., Pa., Apr. 1864.
H. B. ESSICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Columbia, Pa.
LADIES' DRESS GOODS!
New Stock just received. We have some cheap bargains.
STACY & BOWERS,
Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, Col., Pa., November 28, 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. F. Hooper.
Columbia, Dec. 19, 1863-15.

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H. M. NORTE,
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Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York counties in an excellent manner, by the undersigned.
Columbia, July 4, 1863.
SAVE YOUR MONEY.
By purchasing the best Boots and Shoes at the lowest cash prices, at the New Col. 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. mar. 19.

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