

The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.50 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

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READING RAIL ROAD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM the North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Gettysburg, Lebanon, Altoona, Easton, etc.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: 12:00 and 8:15 A. M., and 1:40 P. M., arriving at New York at 10 A. M., and with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Rail Road, and Sleeping Cars connecting with the great trunk lines.
Leave for Reading, Gettysburg, Tanawagon, Mineola, and Philadelphia at 8:15 A. M., and at 1:00 P. M., stopping at Lebanon and principal Sts. only.
Way Trains stopping at all points at 7:25 A. M., and 4:00 P. M.
An express passenger train leaves Reading at 4:15 A. M., and returns from Philadelphia at 4:45 P. M.
The Columbia Railroad trains leave Reading at 6:00 A. M. for Philadelphia, and at 1:00 P. M. for Harrisburg. Leave for Philadelphia at 7 P. M., Philadelphia at 10 P. M., and at 12:00 A. M. for Harrisburg. Connections, Millego, Seaman, and Excursion Tickets at reduced rates to and from all points. 80 pounds baggage allowed each passenger.
For full particulars, apply to the General Superintendent, Reading & Columbia Railroad.

4:15 A. M. Way Freight and Passenger train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Harrisburg at 4:15 A. M., arriving at Reading at 6:00 A. M. and at 8:15 A. M. for Philadelphia. Leave for Philadelphia at 7 P. M., Philadelphia at 10 P. M., and at 12:00 A. M. for Harrisburg. Connections, Millego, Seaman, and Excursion Tickets at reduced rates to and from all points. 80 pounds baggage allowed each passenger. For full particulars, apply to the General Superintendent, Reading & Columbia Railroad.

6:00 A. M. Mail Passenger Train for Philadelphia and intermediate stations, leaving Harrisburg at 6:00 A. M., arriving at Philadelphia at 10 A. M., and at 12:00 P. M. for Harrisburg. Leave for Philadelphia at 7 P. M., Philadelphia at 10 P. M., and at 12:00 A. M. for Harrisburg. Connections, Millego, Seaman, and Excursion Tickets at reduced rates to and from all points. 80 pounds baggage allowed each passenger. For full particulars, apply to the General Superintendent, Reading & Columbia Railroad.

8:00 P. M. Way Freight and Passenger train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Harrisburg at 8:00 P. M., arriving at Reading at 10:00 P. M. and at 12:00 A. M. for Philadelphia. Leave for Philadelphia at 11:00 P. M., Philadelphia at 1:00 A. M., and at 3:00 A. M. for Harrisburg. Connections, Millego, Seaman, and Excursion Tickets at reduced rates to and from all points. 80 pounds baggage allowed each passenger. For full particulars, apply to the General Superintendent, Reading & Columbia Railroad.

N. C. RAILWAY.
FORK AND WRIGHTSVILLE R. R.
The trains from Wrightsville and York will run as follows, until further orders:
Leave Wrightsville, 8:45 A. M.,
" " 12:10 P. M.,
" " 4:00 P. M.,
" " 6:45 A. M.,
" " 12:10 P. M.,
" " 4:00 P. M.

Departure and Arrival of the Passenger Trains at York.
FOR BALTIMORE, 4:15 A. M. 9:15 A. M., and 2:50 P. M.
For Harrisburg, 11:57 A. M. 6:15 P. M. and 11:25 A. M.
ARRIVALS AT YORK.
From Baltimore, 11:52 A. M. 6:10 P. M. and 11:20 P. M.
From Harrisburg, 4:10 A. M. 9:10 A. M. and 2:45 P. M.
On Sunday, the only trains running are the one from Harrisburg at 10:10 in the morning, proceeding to Baltimore, and the one from Baltimore at 12:45 A. M., proceeding to Harrisburg.

H. B. ESSICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, PA.

D. J. M. LOOP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, PA. Office in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Nov. 19 1864-65.

E. M. NORTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, PA.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster York counties.
Columbia, July 4, 1865.

A. J. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, PA.
Collections Made in Lancaster and adjoining Counties.
Pensions, Bounty, back pay and all claims against the government promptly presented.
Office—Locust Street, between Front and Second.
Dec. 1864.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.—Below the afflicted will find a condensed statement of the cures of various individuals whose names are herewith appended, whose certificates can at any time be seen by calling at the Store of the Proprietor, Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.

JOHN C. WALTON, Lancaster, cured of Disease of Spine and Kidneys, &c., contracted in the Army.
Thomas Groom, Glen Hope, cured of Disease of the Back and Nervous system.
Henry Nagle, Lancaster, cured of a stroke of the Palsy, causing the loss of the use of the right arm.
Joseph Witmer, Philadelphia, certifies that Mischler's Bitters has restored him to health, having been much afflicted with various ailments for a long time.
James Kennedy, Lancaster, cured of Chronic Diarrhea and Rheumatism.
Daniel Finecreek, Lancaster, cured of Chronic Rheumatism, which he was much afflicted with for several years—restores the use of the Bitters to soldiers and others similarly afflicted.
Levi Hart, Sen., Lancaster, cured of Rheumatism occasioned by exposure in the Army.
Charles B. Williams, Lancaster, certifies that his daughter was cured of a lingering sickness of eight months from various diseases, by Mischler's Bitters.
Henry Mader, Lancaster, was cured of difficulty in passing his water, by the use of the Bitters, and his wife also relieved from Rheumatic pains.
Philip Ince, Lancaster, cured of an affection of the Prostate Gland, by the use of Mischler's Herb Bitter.
Daniel B. Herr, Rohrerstown, Lancaster Co., certifies that he was cured of severe sickness in the back which he was afflicted with for nine years.
Jas. Dieking, Litiz, Pa., was cured of a severe attack of Chronic Rheumatism.
Jos. H. Watson, Lancaster, relieved of pains in his shoulders and limbs, that he was unable to sleep.
Andrew Eberly, Lancaster, cured of Cramp Cholera—was so severe that he became apprehensive of Rupture.
Mary J. Curney, Lancaster, cured of westward rheumatism and pain in the side by Mischler's Bitters.
Wm. J. Jordan, Lancaster, relieved of Cholera Morbus in 10 or 15 minutes, by the Herb Bitters.
Jacob H. Long, Lancaster, says that his son was relieved of extraordinary pains in his arms and legs.
Samuel McDonnell, Lancaster, cured of Dispepsia of 20 years standing by Mischler's Bitters.
H. G. Kendig, Farmer, near Lancaster, was cured of a severe attack of Dispepsia, by the Bitters.
Hugh Dougherty, Lancaster, says his daughter was cured of weakness, phthisis, sore throat, &c.
J. L. Baker, Lancaster, certifies that his family has been much relieved from affliction by the Bitters.
E. H. Rhoads, Hemmstown, Lancaster Co., cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism of some years standing.
Jonathan Stryer, of Haywood Hospital Va. was cured of Rheumatism by the Bitters—contracted in the Army.
Thomas Brophy, Lancaster, recovered from attack of Fever and Ague, by the use of Mischler's Bitters.
A. Musketmuss, Lancaster, cured of what is called a Running Leg, by application of the Bitters.
John Rote, Lancaster, cured of a Running Leg of 20 years' standing, by Mischler's Bitters.
Isaac McIntyre, Lancaster, relieved of a severe pain across his kidneys, by the use of the Bitters.
C. B. Mayer, Lancaster, cured of a severe cold which had settled in his teeth, by Mischler's Bitters.
J. P. Feinberg, Lancaster, was entirely cured of a remarkable distressing Abscess by the Bitters.
Henry G. Kendig, Camp Potoam, was cured of Diarrhœa by the use of Mischler's Bitters.
A. Paier, Lancaster Co., Poorhouse, cured of Dispepsia and disease of the Kidneys, by the Bitters.
Mary Rives, Lancaster, relieved of a terrible Rheumatism of three months' standing, by the Bitters.
John Weidman, Lancaster, says that himself and wife were cured of severe Rheumatism, by the use of Mischler's Bitters.
A Lady of Lancaster, writes to Mr. Mischler, that the Bitters cured her of Piles of a year's standing.
John Gilman, Lancaster, cured of Dispepsia of four years, by a severe pain in his breast, by the Bitters.
G. W. Whitefield, Agent at Altoona, Blair Co., writes of the success he has met in selling the Bitters.
Amanus Amment, of Strasburg, Lancaster Co., used the Bitters for a wound in the leg received at the Battle of South Mountain, and has now no more pain.
J. C. R., a member of Co. E, 16th Regiment, P. V., writes to the Proprietor, that the Bitters cured him of a distressing cold which had unfitted him from duty.
Martin Bents, Lancaster, was cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism, from cold taken by a broken arm.
John Neidich, Lancaster, was cured of Palpitation of the Heart, which he had for 25 years.
John Schock, Pequea, Lancaster Co., was relieved from an attack of the Gravel by the Bitters.
Mrs. Drauckemiller, of Mount Joy, Lancaster Co., was cured of excruciating pains in her hands and feet, by the use of Mischler's Bitters.
John Lesher, of Remmstown, Lancaster Co., was cured of a swell in the neck and jaw, by the use of Mischler's Herb Bitters.
H. C. Glinkinger, Philadelphia, after being confined to the house for two years, was cured by the use of Mischler's Bitters.
Geo. W. Killian, Lancaster, was confined to the U. S. Hospital for 10 weeks, by the use of the Bitters, and restored to health by the Herb Bitters.
Mrs. Margaret Kirk, Lancaster, was cured of a severe pain in her side and nervousness, by the use of the Herb Bitters.
Mrs. Eliza Wenditz, Lancaster, was cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism by the use of the Bitters.
Ames Groat, Lancaster, was relieved of a severe cold in the throat by the use of the Bitters.
Henry J. Etter, Lancaster, had his sight restored, (which he had been deprived of for about 5 years,) by the use of Mischler's Bitters.
Charles P. Miller, Philadelphia, writes of a family in that city having been cured of the Dutch Ague, by the use of the Bitters.
Harriet Orr, Lancaster, was cured of inward weakness and pain in the back, by the Herb Bitters.
John Kubz, Lancaster, had a slight attack of Lockjaw, which was cured by the Bitters.
Theodore Wenditz of Pa. Esq., was cured of a family in that city having been cured of the Dutch Ague, by the use of the Bitters.
Harriet Orr, Lancaster, was cured of inward weakness and pain in the back, by the Herb Bitters.
John Kubz, Lancaster, had a slight attack of Lockjaw, which was cured by the Bitters.
Theodore Wenditz of Pa. Esq., was cured of a family in that city having been cured of the Dutch Ague, by the use of the Bitters.
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John Kubz, Lancaster, had a slight attack of Lockjaw, which was cured by the Bitters.

Poetry.
Written for the Columbia Spy.
Human Nature. Continued.
SHADY SIDE, NO. 14.
BY LOCAL.

Nature by her laws, eternal,
In a grand scene of gradation,
Works in harmony and concert;
Has a place for every object,
Which by nature has been placed there.
Fate eternal, blind matter,
Left to human action, freedom,
Man 'tis true, is not contented
With his rank, as God has placed him;
Looking upwards, makes inquiries,
Wonders at his own existence,
Wonders why he was created,
Mortal, yet in part, immortal,
With an intellect to reason,
Wonders at his short existence,
Why, on earth and not in Heaven,
Why, a man and not an Angel,
Why he was not made, eternal,
From beginning of creation;
Wonders why he is left in blindness
Why he is not fully posted,
Of the time, when all was chaos,
When that chaos was created,
If created, what before it,
How long, since the first creation?
Or wait, in looking downwards,
Who to beasts has nature given,
Instinct, beauty, strength and fleetness,
Pinions, to the feathered species,
Fors' and weapons of resistance,
Instinct to his kind dominion,
O'er all the brute creation?
Or in musing mind will wander,
Wander in imagination
Into space, it cannot measure,
Universe, composed of millions,
Millions added into millions,
If man is to have dominion,
O'er all the brute creation?
Or in musing mind will wander,
Wander in imagination
Into space, it cannot measure,
Universe, composed of millions,
Millions added into millions,
If man is to have dominion,
O'er all the brute creation?

Original
Written for the Columbia Spy.
THE MANIC BRIDE.
BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

CHAPTER I.
It was midnight in the city of New York. The noise and confusion of the day had given place to silence, but amid the deep gloom and darkness of night, a bright light streamed from the windows of the elegant dwelling of Mrs. St. Ebon.

It was no rare occasion, by any means, that her dwelling was lighted at the midnight hour, Oh, no, for many scenes of gaiety had been enacted within the walls of that stately mansion; but the scene that now presented itself was of a far different character.

The once gay, happy and wealthy woman of fashion, was stretched upon her dying couch—the voice of music and gladness was hushed; the heart which had so lately beat with gratified pride now lay in the agonies of death.

Silence deep and unbroken, save by a sob now and then from the haughty watcher, reigned through the chamber.

Edith St. Ebon was what the world would call beautiful. Her hair was as black as a raven's wing; her eyes dark and brilliant as jet—she wore her hair bound in plain bands around her queenly head. Her forehead was high and of almost alabaster whiteness; her nose Grecian; her mouth small and well shaped, and yet there was a something strange, almost demon like in the smile that played around her red lips, there was scorn, passion, and fired determination depicted in the haughty curve of that smiling mouth.

Mrs St. Ebon, the mother of our heroine, was early left a widow, in possession of a large fortune. After the death of her husband—she plunged into the gaieties and follies of fashionable life, with a wild reckless extravagance.

She had surrounded herself and only child with every luxury and elegance, but death, the grim destroyer had marked the fashion's votary as her victim, and she must leave behind all these elegant

the bride and was about to place a rose-bud amid the auburn tresses which clustered about the head of Addie when she started and exclaimed;
"Addie, dear, how pale you look. You must take a glass of wine. Really, I thought you were going to faint," and Edith poured a glass full of bright red wine from a bottle that stood upon a small stand near by.
She stood with her back toward the bride, and taking a small package from her bosom, she opened the paper and emptied the contents in the glass, a fine white powder for a moment rested upon the surface of the wine, a moment more and it was dissolved. She took the glass with a tremulous hand, and gave it to the unsuspecting girl, who immediately drank the contents.
Alas, she little dreamed the wine contained a deadly poison, mixed by the hand of one she loved as a friend, prompted by jealousy.
The bridal party entered the crowded church, and stood before the altar—the Man of God stood before them with open book in hand, waiting to begin the marriage service as soon as the melody of the organ should die away among the hollow arches of the church.
But just as he was about to commence the service the assembled friends were startled by a scream full agony, piercing every heart present, and Addie, pale and lifeless, fell into the open arms of her betrothed. Yes, the beautiful creature who but a few short hours before was full of life and hope now lay a lifeless corpse in her lover's arms, and there stood her murderers, pale and terrified, but no outward emotion betrayed what was passing within. But, oh, could they have looked into that crime stained heart, what a tale of love, jealousy, passion, murder and remorse would they have read.

The lovely Addie Graham is at rest in the quiet graveyard, above her ashes stands a monument upon which is engraved, "In the midst of life we are in death."
The cause of her sudden death was to all a mystery. Various were the reasons assigned for the sudden stroke. At length it was decided that heart-disease was the cause.
Edith again mingled in society; she was again the reigning belle, the brightest star, the queen before whom all hearts bowed. No change had taken place in her, save that her brow might be a shade paler, and her eyes gleamed with a fiercer, wilder light.
Mr. Harriss was with her much, it was natural that he should turn to the friend of her he had loved and lost, for comfort, and Edith professed sincere sympathy for him in his affliction, and he found a strange fascination about the wild girl, and yielded to it.
CHAPTER IV.
Two years took their flight, and again Mr. Harriss stood before the marriage altar, and by his side stood Miss Edith St. Ebon, in a regal and graceful bridal attire. Her life object was at length accomplished, but at what a fearful cost! In the dimly lighted church the warm rays of the sun, shaded by the stained windows, fell upon the bridal party,
As the words "I pronounce you man and wife," died upon the lips of the priest, to the utter surprise and consternation of all present, Edith, the stately bride, threw her arms wildly in the air, exclaiming:
"I killed her! yes, I killed her! ha! ha! ha! I, her murderers am now his wife!"
Her voice sounded strangely shrill in that vaulted church.
On the very spot where Addie Graham breathed her last, the beautiful Edith, the heartless fiend, the unfaithful friend, and the murderers parted forever with her reason.
In the Lunatic Asylum you may see a beautiful inmate, whom you will at once recognize as the belle, Edith St. Ebon. She wanders around the spacious pleasure grounds, murmuring; "I killed her, I! yes, I!"
Everything that wealth can procure surrounds her, for Henry Harriss is ever watchful for the comfort of his manic wife.
Such was the fate of one who might have been one of society's brightest ornaments, but alas! the demon jealousy was allowed to creep into her heart, and the reader has seen the consequences.
Surely "the wages of sin are death."

CHAPTER III.
The evening set apart for the wedding arrived, and Addie, happy as a loving bride should be, sat in her chamber arrayed in bridal costume.
Edith was to officiate as bride's maid. She was arrayed in satin and actually glittered in diamonds. She bent over

all this pomp show, and fashion, and go out into the great hereafter, and appear before her judge in another elime, Hour after hour took their weary flight, and still the watcher retained her place, no tear stole down her velvet cheek, no sigh of sorrow save a deep, half smothered sigh, or a choked sob, that now and then broke the stillness of the room, escaped her lips.
Ere the morning dawned, Mrs. Ebon had passed from this to another world, and still another name was added to the list of the victims of fashionable dissipation.
CHAPTER II.
After the death and funeral of her mother, Edith removed to the home of her guardian, Mr. Graham.
The family of Mr. Graham consisted of himself, a son and daughter; his wife having died some years previous to the death of Mrs. Ebon.
Addie Graham was a gentle, modest and retiring girl of eighteen summers. She mingled little in society; and, for nearly two years Edith remained secluded from the fashionable world, but the days of mourning passed, and she entered into scenes of gaiety with the same zest and recklessness that had characterized her mother.
Night after night she sought the excitement of the ball room, the opera, or the gay play House. Addie, Graham generally accompanied her though she found but little pleasure in fashionable life, and often longed to fly away to some spot where parties and scenes of gaiety were unknown.
The reputed heiress of immense wealth found many admirers and suitors for her hand. She delighted to draw around her a crowd of admirers, and if perchance one gay butterfly of fashion hovered around the gentle Addie, Edith became terribly jealous, and exerted herself to win his admiration for her gentle friend, and secure it herself.
At length a Mr. Harriss, a young man of superior talents, well known in literary circles, appeared in the saloons of fashion. There was nothing foppish in his appearance, he was plain almost to a fault in his dress, manly and dignified in his bearing. When Edith returned from the party where she met this distinguished gentleman, she determined to bring him to her feet, as she had brought dozens of other men.
"It will be such a glorious conquest to bring this talented author sighing to my feet," thought the ambitious girl.
And she left no means untried to accomplish her design. But for once her many charms, and her reputed wealth, failed to secure her the desired conquest. He treated her politely, but seemed entirely unconscious of any peculiar charm she possessed. He seemed rather to seek the society of the modest, unpretending—unassuming Addie. Edith became desperately jealous and much enraged at his preference for the society of one she considered entirely void of attraction.
So deeply in earnest had she become in this game, such we must call it, that her heart had become interested in it. Yes, the haughty beauty actually loved, loved one who sought not her society, and she took no pains to conceal from the object of her passion the love she felt. But Mr. Harriss preferred to show attention, not receive it, and Edith received little encouragement from him.
Time passed on, and Addie Graham was the betrothed of Mr. Harriss. The night Edith was informed of this, as she stood before her mirror, after her return from a brilliant party, taking the jewels from her jetty hair, she said:
"Addie Graham his wife—the only man I ever loved, never! no, never shall he call her wife! If I have been foiled in this deep game, I shall never look upon a rival as his wife, never! If he chooses to thrust my love back in my face, he shall go through the world single hearted, I'll revenge the result if it costs me my life."
Her eyes flashed with anger, the corners of her mouth were drawn down, fixed determination and evil passions marked her classic features. She drew her white, jeweled hand through her long, silken hair, and as she stood before the mirror she looked more terribly beautiful than she ever had in a drawing room upon a festive night.

Poetry.
Written for the Columbia Spy.
Anna.
The Autumn winds go whirling by
With sad and mournful lay,
And clouds enshroud the Autumn,
Cherries and cold and grey.
The trees beside the half-flooded brook
Are standing lone and bare,
And all the landscape doth its look
Of desolation wear.

No more in woodland and in grove,
The feathered choir we meet,
No more, to songs of joy and love
They tune their voices sweet.
But borne aloft on feeble wing,
They speed their distant flight,
To where, beneath the smile of Spring
The earth is glad and bright.

The leaves a dying love have shown,
For who gave them their life,
And to the still ring lay have flown,
Of parent, mother earth.
And 'on Spring's gayest followers
The lovely flowers too,
Alas were hottest messengers
And perished where they grow.

November's cold and fitful blast
Sweeps over hill and plain,
And with each gust that hurries past,
Doth come the chilling rain,
And voices now of grief and gloom,
With sadness fill the heart,
A requiem above the tomb,
Where summer did depart.

Once, with the Summer's early dawn,
A spirit came to stay,
Till Summer's three had come and gone,
And then it passed away,
Where lies the seraph withered leaf,
Upon that silent mound
The Autumn winds bestow their grief,
And rains are falling cold.

But hope speaks of a happier time,
When Spring again will come
When fields shall wave with richest grain
And flow'rs of healthy bloom.
When once again we see that team,
The Greenwood will adorn,
And swallows will again come home
To twitter in the morn.

The blue-bird then will trill its note
Like voice of gurgling streams,
And cadence on the air will float,
Like melody in dreams.
Amid the blossom and the thorn,
The song from every bush will roam,
And with the glad song unto the morn
The lark will plume her wing.

Then, as through sunset's golden bars,
Doth come each glorious night,
Amid the face of world of stars,
Will Fancy take her flight,
While invisible sweetly stream,
By fountain, dell, and chime,
Like princess of the olden time,
Enchanted, ye may dream.

Oh, then, will perfume breezes blow,
From out the warm, sweet South,
And fall with me the soft and low.
As roses from my hair will bloom,
And to that tender flow'rets' tomb,
Where love myrtils will creep,
Those gentle words will often come,
And dew of heaven weep.

And there is, too, a genial clime,
Where seasons all are May,
Where Spring hath not a parting time,
And winter hath no stay
And where each flow'r that doth arise,
From out its lovely tomb,
Amid those courts of Paradise,
Both year eternal bloom.
Cumberland, Md.

Miscellaneous.
Keeping Secrets.
With most persons, the art of keeping a secret is at a low enough stage of development. With uncultivated, uneducated people, a secret is often a burden intolerable to be borne, and this though the secret be one to effect their fame, and even life. We believe half the confessions of gross crime are made, not from remorse, but simply because the criminal cannot keep his secret; he wants a present gratification, and prefers to tell it and die. Once it is out, he may care for the punishment, but is easy about the crime. He has satisfied the want of his soul. But, happily, a secret does not mean, in men's ordinary acceptation, any deep, oppressive mystery; and "keeping secrets" means something quite different from the dissimulation of royal schemers, or the silence of moody conspirators of breakers of the law. Our relation to secrets are of two kinds. They may be our own or our friends'. Prudence or favorable circumstances may keep us clear of important secrets of our own, but there is always something which it is wise to keep to ourselves, and most people know something or other about their friends which they must not divulge. Now, it is clearly a duty to keep our friend's secrets, and it is wisdom to keep our own; but, with the majority, this is a hard duty. Some, indeed, seem physically incapacitated from observing it. We all know people who can only regard a secret as something to tell.—Their precaution is solely engaged in finding a fit depository; they regard it as an egg to be laid in some hidden safe place. And, perhaps, if they could be content with one telling, they would not differ so much from their fellows, for very few people can lock a thing that deeply interests and concerns them absolutely in their own breasts; but, with them, the yearning of tell continues on them so long as the secret interest themselves. They have no place to keep it in so they give it in our charge. Their minds are thoroughfares through which they invite any one to pass. All their stock is in the window, and our secret is only hung out with the rest. This mere babbling incontinence of a secret is a very different thing from that love of mystery which tends to much the same result. To be fond of secrets leads, of course, to the manufacturing of them; it is to be fond, not only of hearing and telling, but of having them. Indeed, the impulse to tell and to conceal are, in this state of mind, don't much care for any information that is not enveloped in a mystery. Their notion of a pleasant conversation is of telling things that ought not to be told, or of which the tones implies that they ought not to be told; their notion of a complaint is to impart something with the entreaty not to let it go further. Our first introduction to this form of confidence is at once flattering and embarrassing. Our honor and discretion are appealed to with a trust and engaging reliance of which it is anxious work to show ourselves worthy.—No doubt gossip gains a great deal of excitement when thus imparted; but in time it becomes a harassment to a tender conscience, which cannot, for the life of it, recall which was particular and which general information, and fears lest what was confided, under oaths of secrecy, should be let out unawares. But we come in time to the conclusion that the person who tells his secret from no necessity, but only to amuse himself at the time, cannot thus throw the onus of keeping it on our shoulders. He has no right to expect from us more prudence than he has shown; while a further experience makes it apparent that our friend had only one notion of a *let-it-out*—as an opportunity for telling a secret. A vast number of secrets are current in society in this hunt-the-slipper form of circulation. Nor does it do to call it a secret any longer. It is a very fair secret, as the world goes, so long as it is not discussed by three and fours, and so long as the person mainly concerned does not know that it is known. This is the real standing of many religiously-kept secrets.
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the bride was about to place a rose-bud amid the auburn tresses which clustered about the head of Addie when she started and exclaimed;
"Addie, dear, how pale you look. You must take a glass of wine. Really, I thought you were going to faint," and Edith poured a glass full of bright red wine from a bottle that stood upon a small stand near by.
She stood with her back toward the bride, and taking a small package from her bosom, she opened the paper and emptied the contents in the glass, a fine white powder for a moment rested upon the surface of the wine, a moment more and it was dissolved. She took the glass with a tremulous hand, and gave it to the unsuspecting girl, who immediately drank the contents.
Alas, she little dreamed the wine contained a deadly poison, mixed by the hand of one she loved as a friend, prompted by jealousy.
The bridal party entered the crowded church, and stood before the altar—the Man of God stood before them with open book in hand, waiting to begin the marriage service as soon as the melody of the organ should die away among the hollow arches of the church.
But just as he was about to commence the service the assembled friends were startled by a scream full agony, piercing every heart present, and Addie, pale and lifeless, fell into the open arms of her betrothed. Yes, the beautiful creature who but a few short hours before was full of life and hope now lay a lifeless corpse in her lover's arms, and there stood her murderers, pale and terrified, but no outward emotion betrayed what was passing within. But, oh, could they have looked into that crime stained heart, what a tale of love, jealousy, passion, murder and remorse would they have read.

The lovely Addie Graham is at rest in the quiet graveyard, above her ashes stands a monument upon which is engraved, "In the midst of life we are in death."
The cause of her sudden death was to all a mystery. Various were the reasons assigned for the sudden stroke. At length it was decided that heart-disease was the cause.
Edith again mingled in society; she was again the reigning belle, the brightest star, the queen before whom all hearts bowed. No change had taken place in her, save that her brow might be a shade paler, and her eyes gleamed with a fiercer, wilder light.
Mr. Harriss was with her much, it was natural that he should turn to the friend of her he had loved and lost, for comfort, and Edith professed sincere sympathy for him in his affliction, and he found a strange fascination about the wild girl, and yielded to it.
CHAPTER IV.
Two years took their flight, and again Mr. Harriss stood before the marriage altar, and by his side stood Miss Edith St. Ebon, in a regal and graceful bridal attire. Her life object was at length accomplished, but at what a fearful cost! In the dimly lighted church the warm rays of the sun, shaded by the stained windows, fell upon the bridal party,
As the words "I pronounce you man and wife," died upon the lips of the priest, to the utter surprise and consternation of all present, Edith, the stately bride, threw her arms wildly in the air, exclaiming:
"I killed her! yes, I killed her! ha! ha! ha! I, her murderers am now his wife!"
Her voice sounded strangely shrill in that vaulted church.
On the very spot where Addie Graham breathed her last, the beautiful Edith, the heartless fiend, the unfaithful friend, and the murderers parted forever with her reason.
In the Lunatic Asylum you may see a beautiful inmate, whom you will at once recognize as the belle, Edith St. Ebon. She wanders around the spacious pleasure grounds, murmuring; "I killed her, I! yes, I!"
Everything that wealth can procure surrounds her, for Henry Harriss is ever watchful for the comfort of his manic wife.
Such was the fate of one who might have been one of society's brightest ornaments, but alas! the demon jealousy was allowed to creep into her heart, and the reader has seen the consequences.
Surely "the wages of sin are death."

Miscellaneous.
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