

The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME XXXVI. NUMBER 511

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

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

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,871.]

THE COLUMBIA SPY,
MISCELLANEOUS FAMILY JOURNAL.
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OFFICE, 111 LOCUST ST., OPPOSITE COLUMBIA B. & O. Bldg.

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MISLENER'S HERB BITTERS.—Below
the afflicted will find a condensed
statement of the cures of various individ-
uals whose names are herewith appended,
whose Certificates can at any time be seen
by calling at the Store of the Proprietor,
Country, Lancaster, Pa.
B. MISLENER, Sole Manufacturer.

John C. Walton, Lancaster, cured of Dis-
ease of Spine and Kidneys, etc., 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 Face, 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 Diarrhoea and Rheumatism.

Daniel Finroek, Lancaster, cured of
Chronic Rheumatism, which he was much
afflicted with while in the Army—recom-
mends 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 Madert, Lancaster, was cured of
difficult breathing, his water, by the use
of the Bitters, and his wife also relieved
from Rheumatic pains.

Philip Donce, Lancaster, Cured of an af-
fection of the Kidneys and Bladder, by the
use of Mischler's Bitter.

Daniel B. Herr, Rohrerstown, Lancaster
Co., certifies that he was cured of severe
stitches in the side which he was afflicted
with for many years.

Jan. Beckler, Little, 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, Joppatown, Cured of
Croup, which was so severe that he be-
came apprehensive of Rupture.

Mary J. Carney, Lancaster, cured of
weakness of the breast and pain in the side
by Mischler's Bitters.

Wm. H. Jordan, Lancaster, relieved of
Cholera formidans in 10 or 15 minutes, by
the Herb Bitters.

Jacob Haug, Lancaster, says that his
son, was relieved of extraordinary pains in
his arms and legs.

Samuel McDonnell, Lancaster, cured of
Dispnoea of 20 years standing by Mischler's
Bitters.

II G. Kendig, Farmer, near Lancaster,
was cured of a severe attack of Dispnoea,
by the Bitters.

High Dougherty, Lancaster, says his
daughter was cured of weakness, pthisis
sore throat, etc.

J. L. Baker, Lancaster, certifies that his
father has been much relieved from afflic-
tion by the Bitters.

E. H. Rhoads, Reamstown, Lancaster Co.,
cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism of
some years standing.

Ya. was cured of Rheumatism by the Bit-
ters—contracted in the Army.

Thomas Brophy, Lancaster, recovered from
attack of Fever and Ague, by the use of
Mischler's Bitters.

A. Musketung, Lancaster, cured of what
is called a Running Leg, by application of
the Bitters.

John Rote, Lancaster, cured of a Run-
ning Leg of 20 years' standing, by Misch-
ler's Bitters.

Isaac McIntyre, Lancaster, relieved of
a severe pain across his kidneys, by the
Bitters.

C. B. Mayer, Lancaster, cured of a severe
cold which had settled in his teeth, by
Mischler's Bitters.

J. F. Prodenberg, Lancaster, was entire-
ly cured of a remarkable distressing Af-
fection by the Bitters.

Henry G. Keudig, Camp Potomac, was
cured of Diarrhoea by the use of Mischler's
Bitters.

A. Fairer, Lancaster Co., Poorhouse,
cured of Dispnoea and disease of the Kid-
neys, by the Bitters.

Mary Rives, Lancaster, relieved of a
terrible cold on the breast of three months
standing, by the Bitters.

John W. Cramer, Lancaster, says that his-
self and wife were cured of severe Rheu-
matism by the Bitters.

A Lady of Lancaster, writes to Mr. Misch-
ler, that the Bitters cured her of Piles of a
year's standing.

John H. Cramer, Lancaster, cured of Dis-
ease of the Heart and a severe pain in his
breast, by the Bitters.

G. W. Whiteford, Agent at Altoona,
Blair Co., writes of the success he has met
in selling the Bitters.

Mr. Druckenmiller, of Mount Joy, Lan-
caster Co., was cured of excruciating
Gout, in his hands and feet, by the use of
Mischler's Bitters.

John Leshor, of Reamstown, Lancaster,
was cured of a swell in the neck and
throat, by the use of Mischler's Herb Bitters.

H. C. Glinkinger, Philadelphia, after be-
ing 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
prostration, is restored to health by the
Bitters.

Mrs. Margaret Kirk, Lancaster, was cured
of a severe pain in her side and nervo-
usness by the use of the Herb Bitters.

Mrs. Eliza Wenditz, Lancaster, was cured
of Inflammatory Rheumatism by the use
of the Bitters.

Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

Hope.

BY JAS. S. WATKINS.

Hope, sweetest comfort, steady friend,
Who'st dost thy succession lend
Whene'er my heart's oppressed;
On these found thy genial rays
Dispel the clouds of darkest days,
And set my soul at rest.

But, ah! on earth I dare not cast
Hope's precious anchor, lest the blast
Of Time and wind should shake
And loose its hold, and in the gale
Of surging tempests I should fall,
And my fond schemes should break.

The safest Hope 's in Heaven above,
Stable and firm 'twill ever prove,
For God will never deceive;
'Tis in His Son that I confide,
And with His promise satisfied,
I safe and joyful live.

Written for the Columbia Spy.

Human Nature, Continued.

SHADY SIDE, NO. 23.

BY LOCAL.

Men by teaching and by nature,
Are designing and ambitious;
Each one trusting in his wisdom,
Fancies and imagination,
Covets what he has committed,
Covers up inclinations,
By attempts to make exposures
Of the sins he sees in others,
Such as he has not committed,
Or, at least has not committed,
Or, perhaps, is not inclined to.

All the sources of contention,
All the bitter persecutions,
All the starting points of error,
Which have filled the world with terror,
Filled the world with war and bloodshed,
Threatening extermination,
To exterminate our species,
Proceed from a common error,
Proceed from a common weakness,
Always sound in human nature.

Each one, whatever his station,
Cannot notice his own errors,
Cannot notice his own weakness,
But can see with double optics,
What he classes faults in others;
Wonders why men are so foolish,
Wonders why mankind should differ
With himself, in his opinions?

Wonders why the world was made so,
Why it was not made much better?
Why the Gods who first conceived it,
Did not draft the laws of nature?
Why did he from a state of chaos,
Make him heir and sole inhabit?
Of the globe, which we inhabit?
That he might have shown his wisdom,
And corrected all the errors,
Which in his image should differ
Were committed at creation.

Thinks mankind would be much better,
If he had power to make it so,
Live up to his code of nature?
That if he had been consulted,
While all matter was in chaos,
Or, perhaps had been appointed,
Chairman of the grand committee,
With full powers, delegated,
For to draft the laws of nature;
Would have made a grand improvement,
On the plan that was adopted.

BY WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

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a large, showy, dashing looking girl, and
much like her mother in disposition—
Harrie, a boy of four years, delicate, and
of a gentle, loving disposition was his
father's pet and comfort. Mr. Stanhope's
sister, whose funeral, he had left his
home to attend, had only one child, a beau-
tiful girl of sixteen summers. Amy Al-
leben, was all that was lovely and in-
teresting, and when she entered her un-
cle's stately dwelling, robed in the deep-
est mourning, Amanda felt that she had
to cope with a formidable rival.

Mrs. Stanhope and Amanda treated
the poor orphan with the most chilling
formality, and as she sat in her room—
three days after her arrival, she felt sad-
hearted and lonely, the tears were cours-
ing down her cheeks, as she murmured—
"Alas, now that thou art gone, my
mother, I have no one to love me."

"I loves you," said a child's sweet
voice at her elbow; turning, she saw little
Harrie, standing, gazing upon her in sur-
prise.

"Dear little fellow," she said, lifting
him into her lap, and half smothering
him with kisses—then she added as she
untied the curly ringlets of his flaxen
hair—"Why do you love me?"

"Cause you ain't cross to me like ma
and Mandg—I loves you and I loves
papa—"

It was pleasant to be loved by that
little child; it was balm to the wounded
heart of the orphan; and she was lonely no
more, for little Harrie was ever her com-
panion, and she cared not to see the liv-
ely visitors in the drawing room. She
preferred to sit in the library and read
to her uncle, while little Harrie slept
soundly upon her breast, and Mrs. Stan-
hope was content, so long as she did not
interfere with the company of her daugh-
ter. Thus, week after week, month after
month passed by. A confidence and
friendship had gradually grown up be-
tween herself and her nephew. When they
were cozily seated in his library, after
supper, she would relate all that had
transpired during the day; repeat any
cunning speech that she enjoyed those
quiet evenings, and with what feelings of
pleasure Mr. Stanhope looked forward to
evening's enjoyment during the hours of
the day.

"Blessings brighten as they take their
flight." Little Harrie was taken sudden-
ly very ill, and Amy watched by his sick
couch. The evenings in the library were
at an end, for a time at least, for Mrs.
Stanhope and Amanda were so much en-
gaged with company and parties, that they
had no time to spend in the sick
chamber. Every morning Dr. Lee came
to gaze his little patient, but he grew no
better, as day after day rolled by, and
then the Dr. came twice a day, and each
visit he made to the sick chamber was a
few moments longer than the last.

Harrie had been ill some two weeks
when Miss Amanda suddenly became
aware of the fact, that Dr. Lee, a wealthy,
unmarried man, and an "excellent
catch," was daily in the society of Amy.

"Mother, what if that huzzy should
use her powers of attraction and secure
the Dr."

"I never thought of that before—let
me see, the Dr. usually comes at ten, and
you had better be dressed in a morning
wrapper, and seated in the sick chamber
when he arrives, and speak of the poor
child's restlessness during the night, giv-
ing him to understand that you have sat
up with him all night. Use every means
in your power to secure his attention and
draw the attention from Amy. If it is
not too late you may be able to secure
him."

"Trust me, I'll use every means in my
power. I wish I had thought of it be-
fore."

This conversation was held in the
breakfast room, as the two ladies were
sipping their coffee. The evening pre-
vious, Dr. Lee had called, and finding
little Harrie so much worse, had remain-
ed in the sick room all night. Amy had
never left her post by the little sufferer's
couch, for a moment, during the whole
long night. Dr. Lee left the house be-
fore the family had arisen and as a mat-
ter of course they were perfectly igno-
rant of his stay. He had told Amy he
would call again about ten o'clock. A
few moments before the clock struck ten,
Amanda entered the chamber, arrayed in
a gaudy silk morning gown, and flung
herself in an arm chair. She had been
seated but a few moments before Dr. Lee
entered.

"Ah, good morning Miss Stanhope,
you look weary this morning."

"Yes, I have been up all night with
my little brother." No blush stole over
her face as she uttered this falsehood,
and the Dr. could not repress a smile as he

inquired of Amy how Harry had rested.

After many days of intense suffering,
little Harrie went away to the angels.

"Like an ideal thought he came
A star upon Love's crest,
They vanished like sunset flame,
That warms the ardent West,
And like a thought of priceless worth,
Filled with ambrosial heaven,
He passed up to his second birth,
Above the Pleiades seven,
One angel less upon the earth,
One spirit more in heaven."

Until little Harrie's dying hour,
Amanda exerted herself to receive the
good opinion of Dr. Lee, and she really
flattered herself that she had made an
impression, and was even heartless
enough to say to her mother the morn-
ing of the funeral:

"Mother I'm afraid mourning will not
be becoming to me. I do wish Dr. Lee
had proposed before Harrie died."

About two weeks after little Harrie
was laid to rest Amy sat in the library
with her uncle. They had been convers-
ing for some time, the reader can judge
upon what subject from the following rep-
ly Mr. Stanhope made to the last ques-
tion Amy had put to him.

"Certainly, you have my consent—
Dr. Lee is a noble man, and will doubt-
less make you a good husband, but I
shall miss you sadly, you have been a
quiet comfort to me, Amy, and you do
seem to be very happy."

In three months Amy became the
bride of Dr. Lee. Mrs. Stanhope and
Amanda were surprised, and disappoint-
ed at the turn affairs had taken, but very
wisely concluded to hide their real feel-
ings, as Dr. Lee was wealthy and influ-
ential, and it was something of an honor
to be even distantly related to so popular
and distinguished a man.

Amy was very happy in her new home.
Amanda soon after her cousin's marriage
was united to the son of a retired pork
merchant, thinking it best to take up
with what she could get, after so great a
disappointment. Dr. Lee and his wife
often laugh over the meanness of the fool-
ish girl, and he blesses the day, he took
to his heart and home, his darling little
Amy, as he calls her.

BY MOLLIE MIDNIGHT.

"We have good news this morning,
Gerald. Jeff Davis is captured. This
caps the climax of our recent victories.
Rebellion is dead, and our long-desired
peace has at last arrived. Oh, that our
brave Willie had lived to see it! This
war has brought sorrow to our house-
hold; yet, dear husband, I will not mur-
mur if you are spared to me. You look
better this evening than you have for
months. Your eye is brighter—check
much less palid, and you have been un-
usually cheerful all day. These changes
for the better I accept as omens of your
future good health. Don't despair, Ger-
ald; be resigned; God has taken our
son—he died in a righteous cause—
Look aloft for help. 'He doeth all things
well,' and if you look to Him for com-
fort He will not refuse you."

"My little wife—companion of my
happier days—your words are like the
balm of Gilead. I can deceive you no
longer. Jennie, here in sight of Willie's
grave I will tell you why I have sorrowed
so unceasingly—why my hair is pre-
maturely grey, and my life a burden."

Gerald Kinsley raised his eyes to the
light from which bent over his couch,
and the remembrance of her unceasing
tenderness during his past three years of
invalidism, strengthened his desire to
give her his confidence—to share with
her his burden of bitter memories.

The sun was just setting, and in his
descending gorgonness cast a halo of
light directly over the face of the in-
valid.

With his wife's hand convulsively
clasped in his, he poured into her aston-
ished ears the promised explanation.

"Jennie, since that eventful day, three
years ago, which made us childless, I
have never known a happy moment. I
have mourned for our son, as any father
would mourn for an only child, stricken
down in the dawn of his manhood; but
a deeper feeling, a more comfortless sor-
row, has eaten out my vitals. 'Twas at
the battle of Pea Ridge that Willie fell.
Heretofore, in every engagement, he had
fought nobly, and his well-earned straps
had just been awarded him. That morn-
ing we exchanged a few words with
each other. Then it was he said, 'Fath-
er, the odds are against us. Adding, half
jestingly, 'If I fall, bear me home, and
bury me under the old willow tree.'—
I grasped his hand fiercely, for I feared
his words were prophetic, and duty alone
compelled me to leave him. Twice more
I saw him living—once in the thickest
of the fight; a slight clearing up of the

smoke revealed him to me; only for an
instant, yet long enough to admire the
calmness and quiet bravery which en-
abled him to stand unshaken amid the
storm of bullets that fell thick and fast
around him