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THE COLUMBIA SPY,

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And the Tables furnished with the best fare. URIAH FINDLEY, Columbia, April 29, 1867.] Proprietor Columbia, April 29, 1887.] Proprietor. He is also Agent for the Celebrated and when evening came, he told the Judge and the Judge an

This is a first-class note, and as in the adapted to meet the wishes and desires of the traveling public.

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MOUNT JOY, PENNA.
First-Class Accommodations. The Choicest
Liquors at the Bar. ALEX. D. REESE,
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This hotel has been lately refitted with all the necessary improvements known to hotel enterprise and therefore offers first-class accommodations to strangers and others visiting Enlimore.

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JOHN FAREIRA'S OLD ESTABLISHED FUR MANUFACTORY No. 718 Arch Street, above 7th, PHILADELPHIA. Have now in Store of my own Importation nd-Manufacture, one of the largest and most cantiful selections of

FANCY FURS and Children's Wear, in the City. Also, a fine assortment of GENTS' FUR GLOVES AND COLLARS. I am enabled to dispose of my goods at very reasonable prices, and I would therefore solicit a call from my friends of Lancaster County and

Remember the Name, Number and Street! JOHN FAREIRA, No. 718 Arch St, ab. 7th, south side, Philada and I have no Partner, nor connection with any other Store in Philadelphia. [oct.5, 67-1m.

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TEW NOVELTIES
IN WEDDING INVITATIONS.
The Largest Variety of Styles ever offered to the Fublic New Novelties constantly nucleased to be made attended to by mail.

Prices reasonable.
R. HOSKINS & CO.,
Engravers, Stationers, Envelope and Blank
Book Manufacturers,
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DURE WINES AND LIQUORS! For Pure, Unadulterated Wines and Liquors,

TATAWBA WINE, Which for quality and flavor, cannot be excelled; also, the celebrated ROOSTER WHISKEY, Yankee Rum, Jamalea Spirits, Blackberry Brandy, Cherry and Currant Wines, We have Wines, Brandles, Gins, Cordials; Olf Monorgahela of all grades, Give us a call and examine for yourself. CHARLES GROVE, Corner of Commerce and Walnut Sts., Columbia, Pa. [dec.22, 66-tf.

Of all descriptions, and at reduced prices, at our NEW WARE ROOMS, Locust Street, above Second, south side. JOHN SHENBERGER. Columbia, Mar. 2, 1867-11.

CONFECTIONERY AND FRUIT OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON. Parties and Families supplied with ICE CREAM. w the Freezer, or in Moulds, with prompiness at GEO. J. SMITH'S, GEO. J. SMITH'S, Adjoining the Franklin House, Locust street. P. S.—Also, a time assortment of TOYS and Fancy Articles, constantly on hand. [Apr 6, 67. MARVIN'S PATENT ALUM & DRY PLASTER, FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

Warranted the best in the world! Never corrods the Iron. Never lose their fire-proof qualities. Are the only Safes filled with Alum and Dry Plaster. Dry Piaster.
Please send or call for an Illustrated Catalogue.
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Principal Warehouses:
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March 9, 1867-ly.

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LUMBER OF ADD DESCRIPTIONS.
Also, PLASTERERS! HAIR!
Office—Front Street, between Locust and Union,
COLUMBIA, PA. MORTON'S CELEBRATED GOLD
PENS. The Best Pen now made, which
we sell at Manufacturers' Prices. We are sole
Agents for these Peus in Columbia. Try Morton's
PEN.

BUCHER'S COLUMN.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

C. BUCHER.

Wines and Liquors! Has removed his Store to his Building, adjoini Inldeman's Store, Locust St., Columbia, Pa., where he has fitted up rooms, and greatly

increased his facilities for doing

MISHLER'S CELEBRATED

HERB BITTERS! PURE AND UNADULTERATED, resh from the Manufactory of Dr. B. Mishler. These Bitters are celebrated for the great cure hey have performed in every case, when tried.

Dr. Mishler offers five hundred dollars to the proprictor of any Medicine that can show a greater umber of genuine certificates of cures effected by it, near the place where it is made, than MISHLER'S HERE BITTERS.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS Is for sale in Columbia only by

> J. C. BUCHER. At his Store, Locust Street, Columbia

WINES AND LIQUORS!

Embracing the following:

ret. Rhine Carrant and Museat WINES

COGNAC, OF DIFFERENT BRANDS. Also, OLD RYE WHISKEY and BRANDIES of all kinds:

AGENCY FOR Malt & Cider Vinegar. He is also Agent for the Celebrated

FOR SALE POCKET FLASKS,

DEMIJOHNS. TOBACCO BOXES, and FANCY ARTICLES, in great variety, Sold at J. C. BUCHER'S.

MISHLER'S BITTERS! PURE & UNADULTERATED,

> For Sale by J. C. BUCHER.

Lee's London Porter, Manufactured by GEO. LEE,

(Late of Lion Brewery, London Who says that this Porter is better than tha manufactured in London, as we have better material here.

J. C. BUCHER Is the Agent for this Porter, in Columbia,

BEST STOUT PORTER! From E. & G. HIBBERT, LONDON.

> J. C. BUCHER, Locust Street, above Front.

MISHLER'S

CFILEBRATED HERB BITTERS! By the BARREL, QUART OR BOTTLE,

Sold only by J. C. BUCHER, Locust Street, Columbia

Agent for the PURE MALT VINEGAR. Cannot be purchased at any other establish nent in fown, and is warranted to keep fruits nd vegetibles perfect.

The Best Brands of Imported SCOTCH AND LONDON ALE. For Sale at

J. C. BUCHER'S.

BUCHER will still keep on hand the SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO, SNUFF, HAVANA, YARA, and COMMON SEGARS. Also, SNUFF & TOBACCO BOXES, PIPES--

TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS.

thousand and one varieties. Call at: J. C. BUCHER'S, Cocust Street, adjoining Haldeman's Storet Pen now made, which res' Prices. We are sole Columbia. Try Morton's side of Philadelphia.

SHREINER & SON. Mishler's Bitters.

COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 11, 1868.

Original Loctru. (Written for the Spy.) Where Is Bonnie Kate?

BY "CON." erhaps she's riding in the chaise Of Mr. John, the dobbin: With sidelong glance and well-played part She'll break the poor man's calf-like heart, As they go 'round a bobbin'.

erhaps she's flirting on the ice

Perhaps she's smiling into life

Perhaps for want of other game Sine sets a "Sport" a-loyin'! Who ever dares to meddle here, To rival suit, or interfere

erhaps alluring with her wiles She's caught a poor mechanic scard thy coquetry, and marry This poor mechanic.

Then Love and Labor thus unite, The sky has ne'er a fog-in; For gentle power and working zeal Do all things gain for human weal, And set the world a joggin'.

COLUMBIA, Nov. 18th, 1867.

Original Story.

Lights and Shadows of Life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

On the following evening Judge Ashley and Doctor Littlejohn were sitting together in the library. The doctor had been in a had gone out at an early hour in the morning, to ride, leaving him to breakfast alone having gone to the village before his guest

So the doctor was obliged to cat his toast, and sip his coffee companionless; a thing that irritated and angered him exceedingly. When Leonore returned it was nearly mid-day, and the doctor began at once to fume and fret because she had neglected him so shamefully. Doctor Littleichn said shamefully-and his red cheeks flushed a deeper red, his

blear eyes flashed forth indignant fire, when she left him, laughing merrily as she scended the stairs. He raved, he stormed, and he swore as he paced up and down the ball, with his ands clasped behind his back, and his fingers working and twitching nervously. He did not see Leonore again that day,

they sat face to face, a triumphant smile

played over the villain's features as he calmly regarded his cowering victim with glitter-Both were silent for several mo At length Doctor Littleighn began:

"Indeed I do not," replied the old man with a shudder. The doctor smiled.

accompany me to my home? "I am sure I don't know," faltered the Judge: "I have not said a word to her about the matter since your arrival, and I

"Time," growled the doctor, angrily; time is precious, and there has been too much of it wasted already! I'll have no more delay; no more humbing and foolery! Leonore Ashley must become Mrs. Littleohn one week from this day; and if she refuses, if you withhold your consent, I'll foreclose the mortgage—I'll turn you both out in the street—and then I'll hang you!"

too ernel, doctor; for you know it is a hard matter for a father to compel his daughter to wed a man whom she detests."

night when you stabbed Mark Winthrop and threw his body into the Mississippi's dark waters. Do you remember it, old

"Would to heaven that memory could ands and rocking his body to and fro. Would to heaven that I might die, for life to me is but a curse !". 'Would you die on the scaffold?" sneer

hat would kill Leeny," he sobbed. henever I demand it, or I give you up to Justice. If I have your consent I can easily manage her:" The wretched father looked up, gazing through tears at his tormentor, and in firm

Lingard lives?" For a moment the physician sat like one etrified-immovable-speechless-then he flushed and paled by turns, and a hourse laugh broke from his lips. "Ha! ha! who the devil is she? Who is Madam Legard?!' he asked.

moment to gaze back. "I did not say Madam Legard: I mentioned the name of one who is well-known to you—Madelon Lingard."

"I did not say Madam Legard: I mentioned the name of one who is well-known to you—Madelon Lingard."

"I did not say Madam Legard: I mentioned the resolved to deep-toned voice at her side. With a cry of alarm she started backward, gazing in the direction from whence the voice at her side. With a cry of alarm she started backward, gazing in the direction from whence the voice at her side.

gard is?"

"Thy lawful, wedded wife!" exclaimed

With Mr. Flp, the foppy,
Who "ah's" and "hem's," and twirls his glass, And sighs "such charms were ne'er surpa Does Mr. Fip, the foppy.

A Mr. Pore of Bodley,
Who leaves his books, and leafs his life,
And wants Kate for his little wife; This Mr. Pore of Bodley.

Might get his head well stove-in. hen prithee Kate! lest thou shouldst tarry,

(Back numbers of this story can be furnished.) [Written Expressly for the "Spy."]

THE ASHLEYS;

L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

and humor all the day, because Leonore for the Judge was no laggard, he himself

left his chamber.

he was so completely, so entirely in his nower. He had tried to avoid him since the hour of his arrival, leaving him with his daughter both day and night, and now the time had come, and he must pass through an ordeal he dreaded worse than death, because he knew he should not escape unscathed without he could appease his tormentor by making a fearful sacrifice. He followed the doctor mechanically, with troubled heart, and blanched checks; and when they reached the library, when

"I suppose you know why I asked to see

"I came North after a wife, and I shall not go back without her. How soon do you think Leonore can be prepared to

am not prepared to answer your question at present. Give me time and I will speak

"I hope you won't be too hasty, too rash,

"Detests! does she dare to detest me when I have all her father's property in my hands; when I can at any moment make him'n beggar; when his existence is only prolonged by my forbearance? By beaven! I'll teach her a bitter lesson of submission, and henceforth commands shall take the place of entreaties! I have a paper in my possession to which your nature is attached, and that paper, drawn up by me, contains an acknow edgement of the murder you committed You signed it at my request, when your guilty soul was paralyzed by fear, the very

lie," groaned Judge Ashley, wringing his

ed his heartless persecutor.
"No-no-no-that would be too hard: "Then swear to me she shall be mine

he demanded: "Man, can you ask for the hand of niv nnocent and virtuous child while Madelor

He strove hard to maintain his comosure, but in vain. His increasing agitation betrayed his duplicity.

"I am more puzzled now than I was before," said the doctor carelessly, "'pon my honor I don't know who you are talking about. Pray tell me who Madelon Lin-

in the dim old library. Both men sprang instantaneously to their

floor, and enter. The doctor trembled in every joint, his waxen features, on which the angel imface was ghastly, and a wild light shone | press of innocence lingered. forth from his eyes as they wandered about

arms, regarding him with a smile of trium- from me, for I am poor, heart broken Made phant satisfaction. "What could it have been? Who would dare to frighten us so?" inquired the phy- clon what?"

sician faintly.

Doctor Littlejohn fell back fainting in his chair, while the Judge stood firm and I tiful, and I know you are happy: if you unmoved, with his gaze rivited on the would always remain so, shut your heart rightful face before him. The face disappeared, and Judge Ashley

sprung forward to the window and looked out. There was no person to be seen on the piezza · he heard no refreating footstep : but all was silence, while the silver moonbeams fell softly around, through the delicate network of dancing leaves that adorned the lambering vines.

"Strange how any person could disap-

pear so quickly," he said, turning away from the window. "Did you see anything?" asked the doctor in tremulous tones. "I saw the face—that's all."

"Ah! I wonder what person could be nean enough to be eavesdropping in order to frighten us? I declare, I was actually startled. Wasn't you, Judge?" "Startled," repeated the old man contemptuously; "you trembled like a condemned criminal, and every feature of your

face was deformed with terror. Startled Doctor Littlejohn winced. "I wasn't much afraid, and I wouldn't have trembled if I hadn't been nervous. I was always nervous and timid. My father was just like me; and my grandfather might have been for aught I know. My mother was easily terrified. Poor creature! I've known her to faint at the sight of a spider, and go into fits whenever she saw a mouse. I inherit their weaknesses, and I am not to blame. Delicate rearing spoiled my

parents, and they spoiled me; consequently I should be pitied—not blamed." He mused a moment, while his companion paced the floor with irregular, uneven strides." Suddenly the doctor inquired, "Who first spoke to you about Madelon Lingard? How came you to know anything concern He feared his unwelcome visitor because | ed the sudden and unexpected appearance of Madelon, with her babe, at your house:

the rest you are acquainted with." "The rest! what mean you?" demanded the doctor. "I mean what occurred afterward. Can you deny Madelon Lingard's right to the name of wife? Can you deny the claim of the innocent and helpless babe to your parental care?"

"I can-and I will," exclaimed the doctor: "Madelon Lingard is insane, and she imagines that I am her husband. She escaped from the same asylum in which Mrs. Ashley is now confined: if you doubt my veracity, you can easily satisfy yourself by writing to the keeper, or the head physician, whose address I will give you."
"No matter at present," said the Judge as he resumed his walk: "time will make

everything plain." "I can't waste any more time," said Doctor Littlejohn resolutely. "You will please inform your daughter of my decision. Tell her she must become my bride just one week from this day; and I trust you will and I will never doubt you again." see that she is properly and plentifully supplied with everything that a woman needs." on a long journey, because we shall start for Georgia without delay. I have been humbugged and made a fool of long enough; and now I am going to take the reins in my own hand. Apparitions—crazy vomen-the devil himself shall not rob me

of future happiness! Remember what I have said: good night!" Judge Ashley continued to pace the apartment after his guest had gone, with his irms folded on his breast, and his head bowed down as if in thought.

From time to time he glanced toward the window at which the pale weird face had appeared, as though he expected to see it again. '''Tis wondrous strange,'' he murmured ; 'wondrous strange! The voice was like

his: the features were a striking reservblance, pinched and ghastly though they were. But it cannot be-it cannot be-although, oh! would to heaven it was him, then a great anguish would be taken from my heart, my brain, my soul! 'Tis very strange, very strange indeed, and I wait until time solves the mystery. I feel I have a friend who will deliver me from the power of my persecutor, my enemy; but how, I

He went to the window. He parted the surtains and gazed out. The moon rode high in the cloudless sky, and the evening breeze murmured musical and low. He azed upward with clasped hands, and his lips moved as if in prayer, though no sound

escaped them.

Let us steal away, and leave him, with the silver moonbeams nestling gently down amid his gray locks, and brightening his brow like a smile from heaven. CHAPTER XXV.

.Ten days have passed away since Leon-

ore has seen Mrs. Matson; ten days have

rolled onward into the great ocean of eteruity, chained to the ever moving chairet vheels of Time. "I'll run over to Rose Hill and spend an hour with the old lady," she exclaimed one norning; and hastening to her chamber, she quickly put on her gipsy but, and after arranging her curls, stole noiselessly down the stairs, fenring she might meet Doctor Littlejohn.

there," she thought, "and he will see me as I pass by; but if he speaks, I'll go right on, just as though I didn't hear him.' She glided stealthily through the hall without interruption, and her heart beat fast when she reached the open air. Tripping like a fairy through the park, she soon arrived at the gate that opened on the roadside, and passing out, she halted a

The parlor door was open. "He is in

"Whither away so fast?" inquired a

There was a fragment of rock beside the gate, and seated upon it was a stooped, shranken figure, clad in ragged garments. The face was ghastly, like that of the dead —the eyes were wild and glaring—and long dark locks of tangled hair hung in disorder-

deep toned voice that echoed strangely ed masses from beneath the faded hood that sat jauntily on the woman's head. Careworn, sorrowful, wretched she appeared, feet, as though they had received an electric and Leonore shrank from her, shuddering, shock; and there they stood, gazing to- On her lap, half covered with the corners ward the window from whence the voice of the threadbare shawl that hung loosely came, expecting to see the unknown part from her shoulders, lay a babe, slumbering. the rich lace curtains that reached to the Leonore thought it very pretty; and her fear fled as she gazed steadfastly at its

"Do you fear me?" inquired the woman the room.

Can a wretched, wandering creature like me fill your heart with terror? Shrink not "Madelon!" exclaimed Leonore; "Made-

"I was Madelon Lingard when I was "I am Madelon Lingard's avenging spirit, young and happy; but now I am Madelon and I will haunt thee till thy dying hour," Littlejohn. I am married, you know, and again spoke the voice; and then for a this is his child. He couldn't ruin me, so moment the curtains were parted, while a he made me his wife; and then he left me pale, weird face was thrust forward in the soon afterward. Oh! I have suffered so much anguish, lady, and all because I loved and trusted him. You are young and beauagainst the voice of love, and shun mankind as you would turn from the pestilence. Their smiles are false-their words are flattery-their hearts are filled with sin and deceit, and like the serpent, they charm but

to destroy. Single life is happiness. Wedded life is misery and woe." Mournful was the tones of her voice, and when she had censed speaking she sat rocking her emaciated form to and fro, meaning like one in pain.

Leonore's heart was touched, and all her womanly sympathy was awakened at the sight of so much misery. She had read her brother's letter, and she who sat shivering before her was the unfortunate Madelon of whom he had spoken. But how came she there, so far away from her home, clad in the tattered and threadbare robe of poverty? what was the object of her mission? Leonore was keenly perceptive, and she already imagined why

the wretched woman had undertaken this long and tollsome pilgrimage with her innocent and helpless babe. Advancing nearer to her strange compan ion, she said: "Then you are Doctor Littlejohn's wife, and that is his child?"

"Can you prove it?"

Madelon regarded her interrogator re "Taking a walk," she replied, coldly. "To Rose Hill?" proachfully, and her eyes grew dim with " Yes, have I done wrong ?"

"Every person doubts poor Madelon," she sobbed; "every one except Henry Ashley, the brave young soldier who was so kind to me and little Johnny. I shall see him again if he don't get killed, and Madelon's innocence will be proven by and by." Suddenly her eyes flashed, and her thin, colorless cheeks glowed with a crimson flush, as she inquired sharply, "Do I look ing her?"

Like a vile, dishonored thing? Does my approximation of the state of the about in gilded halls, arrayed in costly robes? Alus! that woman in adversity should always be despised and condemned by her own sex, when men regard her with pity! Come nearer, girl! gaze at the features of my child-mark well the smile that plays about its rose-bud lips-see the mark of innocence that angels stamped upon its fair brow, when it came to me, a precious gift from the hands of its great Creator, and then

tell me, can you, dare you call it a child of Innocence, like truth, is mighty, and will prevail. Leonore gazed steadfastly for several moments at the slumbering infant, and then she turned to the sorrowing mother who clasped it so tenderly in her

The impress of heaven-born innocence

lingered round the childish face, and from

he mother's eyes, the mirrors of the soul, shone the light of truth in all its purity. Leonore's doubts fled, and kneeling beside Madelon, she cried: "Forgive me if I have wounded your heart! I believe you; There is a chord in the human breast that thrills to the touch of kindness, or sympathy, and Leonore had unconsciously awoke its echoes. The low, soft tones of her voice, the pitying glance of her eye, the tender touch of her hand as it rested on her companion's arm, affected the aching heart. and stirred its holiest emotions; and Made-

happy moment to her; for one who was young and beautiful, one of her own sex trusted, pitied, and believed her. There was a sacred silence, a holy calm broken only by Madelon's sobbing; and the babe, unconscious of its mother's woes, babe, whose lips have not lisped the name

lon wept sacred tears of joy. It was a

lay sweetly slumbering. Perchance bright guardian angels hovered near! Who shall say they did not? When Madelon looked up her features wore a calmer and less sorrowful expression, and she smiled sadly. Gazing at her companion a moment, she parted the curls from her brow, murmuring, "No wonder he loves you better than Madelon, for your beauty has enchanted him. I know you now. Isn't your name Leonore Ashloy?

Arcyon not Henry Ashloy's sister?" "I am." faltered Leonore. "I will love you then for his sake, if you will only swear you are not trying to steal my husband from me. Your beauty has ascinated him, and thy bright smiles have lured him from Madelon's side. Tell me. oh! tell me," she eried, "do you love

"Love him!" the dark eyes flashed scornfully, and the fair cheeks flushed a rich erimson, as she added, "I hate, I despise

"Bless you! bless you!" cried the wretched creature; "I shall not lose him now, because you will not try to win him from me. May heaven bless you, girl !" " I must leave you," suddenly exclaimed Leonore; "but if you need anything call at the house and ask for Miss Ashley, this game? I can get divorced from Madelon if evening. "Perhaps I may. You shall see me again before I go away. I am going to aunt him like a spectre, until he takes me

once more to his home and heart; until he

alls me his own loved Madelon-his wife."

"I-hope it may be so," said Leonore

adieu, she walked on toward Rose Hill,

feelingly; and then, bidding Madelon

thoughtfully. - CHAPTER XXVI.

Leonore walked onward, thinking of the poor unfortuanate creature whom she had just left. She pitied Madelon and her child, and she began to hate the unprincipled, unfeeling man who had caused her so much misery. She looked upon Doctor Littlejohn as

being devoid of honor, and she resolved to

She was thus musing, when the rumbling of carriage wheels caused her to pause and

look back. A coach, drawn by two spirited horses was rapidly approaching, and she turned aside to let it pass. As it drew near, Leonore recognized the

horses: they were from Rose Hill.

"Mrs. Matson has been to the village luite early this morning," she exclaimed; and perhaps she has got another letter The cumbrous vehicle came rapidly onward, the gilded panels flashing and spark-

ling in the sunlight, the good steeds prancing, and champing their silver-mounted "Mrs, Matson will probably order the coachman to stop, when she sees me," said Leonore, "and perhaps she will ask me to take a sout beside her in the coach, when

The coach came on rapidly, and Leonore tood in the narrow path by the roadside, waiting for a familiar nod from the old But Mrs. Matson was not in the coach.

tell her I am going to Rose Hill.

It contained but one occupant; a young man, who was reclining languidly back against the soft cushion. Leonore caughta glimpse of the pale face as he rode by, and a quick exclamation

broke from her lips: "Frank! Oh! Frank has returned!" He had not seen her, and she stood gazing after him with clasped hands, until the coach halted in front of the handsome man sion, haf hidden by the trees on the hill. She saw the coachman open the door and assist his young master to alight, handing him his cane, and placing the crutch carefully under his arm; and then Frank hobbled up the long avenue that led to the

house, slowly. * * *

How she pitied him, when she beheld the shattered wreck of that manly form, once so graceful, so praised, so envied. How she longed to meet him—to clasp his hand -to hear again his words of love-to feel knew at once that the wretched creature his warm kiss on her lips and brow-to ask his forgiveness for the hasty spoken words that drove him forth in auger from her side.

> anything concerning this horrid war, she esolved to make no unkind reply. "I wonderifhe will come to visit us soon! she murmured as she walked slowly hom ward, "Oh! I do hope he will!" Doctor Littlejohn was standing at the

She was certain she would never offend

him again, and whenever he mentioned

gate, just where she had parted with Mad-"I was looking for you," he said as she approached. "Where have you been?"

"I don't wish you to go there." "I am mistress of my own actions, and shall go wherever I please," she replied with spirit. He frowned, and bit his lip. "Did your father say anything to you this morning about making preparation for our marriage? You'll have but little time

left,"
"Our marriage?" she repeated, disdainfully ... " Have vour senses talt you? . Are you mad? " No person in our family ever was in nne, but in *yours* – She interrupted him instantly.

dainted, and her dark eyes flashed with in-

God afflicted her, and we bow humbly to

lignation.

Littlejohn; and I despise you more than the meanest insect that crawls the earth of my feet! Stand aside, and let me pass, foul mage of a man !"

his decree. You are no gentleman, docto

She tried to pass him, but he placed himself before her, grasping her radely by the "You must be my wife one week from this day," he hissed through his teeth. You cannot escape me this time, for I am determined. When you are Mrs. Little john I'll soon brenk down this fiery, fiery

temper! remember that."

"You have crushed and broken one lov ing woman's heart already," said Leonore, firmly; "and if Madelon was laid in the grave I would not be your second victim.' He released her arm from his grasp, and said : - ^^ I have no wife ! the]woman_whose name on have mentioned is insane; and she sometimes fancies that I am her husband. four brother listened to her raving, and like a foolish boy believed her. Madelon

Lingard is now in the asylum, at Milledgeille, from whence she escaped." "Oh! how can you tell these falsehoods?" exclaimed Leonore: "God will surely punish you at the judgment. False-hearted, unprincipled man! Can you stand there, knowing God hears you, and deny that Madelon Lingard is the woman whom you have sworn to love, honor and protect? Can you deny the existence of a beauteous of papa; whose little arms have never twined around your neck; whose dark eves have never gazed up lovingly in thine? Will you desert those who have a right to lemand your care, and ask for the love of a girl who detests you? Heartless-soulless -unprincipled wretch! You are meaner than the vilest reptile that crawls the

earth, and if I was but a man I'd whip you like a dog." "What a pity it is you are not one," sneered the enraged doctor; and then he added fiercely, "by heaven! I'll tame you in a short time so you won't have so much temper. You talk bravely, as Leonore Ashley, but as Mrs. Littlejohn you'll be glad to keep quiet, I'll warrant; and you shall be my bride in just one week-remem

ber that." " Mrs. Fiddlesticks," exclaimed Leonore with a contemptuous glance at his dumpy form, and opening the gate she walked rapdly onward toward the house, leaving the octor sputtering with rage. "The saucy jade carries herself like a queen, and I'll humble her to pay for her

insulting language, see if I don't. I'll let her know I've got a rope about her father's neck, and I can tighten it at any moment. guns! I can get divorced from Madelon if eed be-for a little money will do that business for me, just like a book. Money shall purchase my future happiness in spite of all opposition. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" From whence came that shrill mocking

laugh, causing him to start with affright,

while the color fied from his features, leav-

ing them pale and ghastly? Did it issue from the hedge that skirted the meadow near by, or did it come from the thicket on the opposite side of the road? Was it a mortal, or spirit voice? It sounded strange and unearthly. Doctor Littlejohn stood shuddering and glancing about him a moment, and then, overcome with fear, he turned and fled to-

ward the house, as though pursued by ome demon of darkness. Onward he ran, tripping in the tall grass, and upsetting some of the statuary, ere he reached the mansion. Breathless and panting he halted on the steps to look back.

No person was in sight; and laughing hoarsely at his own fears, he entered the

house and sought his chamber. Dr. Littlejohn began to fear some great danger menaced him, and although he knew not what it was, he thought he would be safer on his plantation, in Georgia, where no pale, weird face had ever been seen at his windows, where no strange, unearthly voice had ever startled him.

So he resolved that nothing should pre-

vent his wedding, and he determined to start for home with his bride immediately after the auptial rites were performed. He was sure that Lashem had Madelon safely confined in the asylum, from whence she had escaped, but he could not imagine coming footstens. who was on his track, trying to frighten him in the strange manner we have described.

In truth he was sorely troubled, and his guilty conscience was tortured by a multitude of perplexing doubts and fears. And while the physician was planning for future happiness. Leonore sat by the open window, in her own chamber, gazing tearfully through the trees at the mansion on Rose Hill, wondering if Frank was think-

ing of her, and murmuring, "Now long

will it be ere we shall meet again?"

CHAPTER XXVII. The heart can bear a great weight of woe, und never break. The young soon forget their earliest disappointments and sorrows -the middle aged oft times bow to griefwhile the aged, when overwhelmed with the chilling waters of utiliction, look beyond the darkness that enshrouds them, and with the eye of Faith behold the everlasting light of happiness that is ever shining like a beacon on the heavenly shore. Mrs. Brown has known many sorrows; and now she sits musing in her lonely cot-

toge-musing on the many varied scenes

that have marked her earthly pilgrimage,

since happy, hopeful girlhood, when her

seart was unscathed by sorrow's withering

blight; when love, and hope, and happi pess were all her own, and the future was reighted with a rich argosy of never end ng bliss. All themory's dreams! how oft they ome unto us with faithful pictures of the never to be forgotten past, bringing smiles to the brow, or dimming our eyes with tears Seated in her rocking chair, by the ope window, with the sober shadows of twiligh

nother muses alone. The fire has gone out in the furnace-the kettle has ceased its song-the supper remain untouched upon the table—and mournful silence reigns in the cottage, unbroken by aught, save the purring of a large maltese cat that sits dozing on the window sill at the old lady's side. * 3

falling softly around her, the widowed

gaze, and they behold three graves. Three tombstones mark them, and the in scriptions are plain and simple: "Father"—"Little George"—"Elenore." Nothing but the names; but those who oved them mourn their loss, and their vir-

The graves of a household; how dear to

those who have heard the last parting

words from lips that are voiceless and.

tues live in sorrowing hearts.

Through memory's glass the dim eyes

mute—who have closed the eyelids over orbs that ever beamed with affection's pure le light—who have marble brow-who have shed agonizing ears above the mounds beneath which the eloved forms are mouldering away to dust, The graves of a household!

Alas! Our "loved ones," mother dear

lumber not side-by-side. Their forms are

far apart; and their dust mingles not; but n heaven our spirits shall be re-united again. Weep not, mother, as you bend over me to lovingly, with your trembling arm class ed about my neck! Lean lower down, and let me kiss thy cheek! We are the last of the family. One loving embrace, and then

I must to work again. There—weep not.

From the dead the widows thoughts turn ed to the living: from the Spirit Land to earth. She thought of Joe, her brave strong boy, the only remaining tie that linked her to the world. She had not heard from him in a long ime, and as the weary days dragged their

slow flight along, her heart grew heavier,

and more sad, for the cottage was so lonely

And she knew that Hetty was false to

without his presence.

him; she knew the girl loved Charence Bell better than ever she had loved great stout, honest Joe; for Clarence had dazzled her with his beauty, and charmed her with his eloquence. Her Joey was not handsome, neither was be learned; but his honest, man'r heart could love as fondly and passionately a his fascinating and accomplished rival's.

Oh! this heart-love causes us poor mor

tals many a bitter pang; and happy would some be if the "Boy God's" shafts bad never pierced their breast. Mrs. Sparks had told the widow of Hetty's neoustancy, one pleasant afternoon when they were together. The old lady listened to her words in speechless amazement, rocking her body o and fro, and sighing heavily from time to time, for her heart was troubled: and an old, experienced dairyman, who has when her companion had ceased speaking, the only exclamation that broke from the

old lady's lips, was, "My poor, poor boy! I know his heart will break when he hears this, for he loved Hetty better'n his own life. I can't tell him when he comes home no! no! no! Hetty must tell him herself." Her thin lips were trembling with emotion, and tear drops trickled slowly down her wrinkled cheeks, falling with a dull pattering sound on her starched gingham

Mrs. Sparks was not a woman to comfor any person in sorrow; and thinking she had done her duty, without farther delay took her departure. Hetty never came to the cottage again and whenever she saw Mrs. Brown coming or going from church, she always avoided

Clarence Bell called twice a week at the

cottage, as usual, but his visits grew short-

er, for the wretched mother did not wel-

meeting her face-to-face.

come him as she formerly had done, and he knew well enough the cause of her cold-His visits became less frequent, and last he came no more. How lonely the old lady felt, as day after day glided by, and no one came in to say a kind word, save the aged gardener that Mrs. Sparks sent down from the farm-house,

with a market basket well filled with frui

and vegetables, Her heart grow heavy-her cheerfulness fled-her form became bowed down more and more—the care marks deepened on her brow, and her features were a melancholy look that never had marked them before. She ate very little food, for the choice vivands had become tasteless; and any person might have marked the great change sorrow had wrought in her appearance.
Every afternoon she sat by the window musing, weeping, praying that Joey might

soon return. But as day after day passed, and he came not, the worn and weary heart grew hopeIWHOLE NUMBER, 1,999.

less and despairing, and she began to fear he was lost to her, on earth, forever. I said she wassitting by the open window.

vhile the twilight shadows are falling softly around her. But a deeper gloom is in her aching heart-the gloom of wee and She needs not the cal that rubs her head against the dreamer's shoulder, as if she ould sympathize with her mistress by this dumb show of affection; for her thoughts are wandering in dream-land,

among the ghostly images of the past, and she is lost to the world and all around her. The old lady does not hear the sound of

Perhaps it is the gardener from the farm No, it is not him; because any person

would recognize the shuffling sound of his tread. Perhaps Hetty is coming?

Hetty glides along without making any noise: her steps are fairy-like, and silent. Then it must be Clarence Bell? It is not Clarence Boll-his step is quick er and not so firm.

See! the gate opens, and a tall, manly form is coming toward the cottage.

It is honest Joe Brown, who has come ome from the war; but oh ! how changed Pale, emaciated, weak, trombling, he ap-! proaches the cottage, where his eyes first oped to behold the light, and when his gaze falls on the motionless form by the

open window, he hastens forward with open arms, exclaiming : "Here I am, home again! Oh! mother mother!" How well the mother knew that voice, although the tones were tremulous and

She looked up-and then there was a loving embrace that told affection's power, more eloquent than words.

He had dashed his cap to the ground as e hastened forward, and his long black hair fell mingling with the widow's silver

tresses, as he pillowed her head upon his eaving breast. Mother and son clasped in a close enibrace-"God and the stars above-silence nd solitude below."

How touching, how beautiful the picture! TO BE CONTINUED. Larm and Household Column.

AGRICULTURE is the most useful and most noble-polarment of man.—Washington. COMMUNICATIONS, Selections, Recipes and articles of interest and value, are solicited for this department of the paper. We desire to supply the public with the best practical information in reference to the farm, garden, and household. Crops and Stock in Great Britain. It is announced that the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade has made up the aggregates of the agricultural returns collected for 1867. It appears that under grain crops of all kinds there were in England and Wales 7,941,578 acres, against 7,921,244 acres returned in 1866, and in

Scotland 1,367,012 acres, against 1,366,540 acres in 1866. The land under wheat is returned for England and Wales at 8,255,917 acres, against 3,275,293 acres in 1866, and for Scotland at 115,118 arres, against 110,101 acres in 1866. The number of cattle 19 returned for England and Wales as 4,017,790 against 3,848,435 in 1866, and for Scotland as 979,170, against 937,401 in 1866. Sheep are returned for England and Wales, to number of 22,097,286, against 16,793,204 in 1866, and for Scotland to the number of 6,893,603, against 5,255,077 in 1866. The large increase in the number of sheep returned in 1867, as compared with the previous year, is to be accounted for by the

fact that the returns in 1866 were made for

the purpose of the cattle plague inquiry at a date preceding the lumbing season in some parts of Great Britain. FARM ACCOUNTS.-Mr. Wallace, of the Utica Herald, in a late agricultural discussion strongly and properly advocates the absolute necessity of kepping careful books of account of the operations on the farm. He says very justly that many farms go on from year to year raising and selling with out having any correct knowledge of the profit or loss of the different crops. It is natural that every farmer should know exactly what crops pay and what don't. He says he has known farmers to grow oats year after year and selling it at thirty cents per bushel who do not know they were doing it at a loss. This state of things ought to be remedied, but it can only be by farmers, who, just as much as the manufacturer, the merchant, or the storekeeper, should have his regular books, where the whole operations of the farm should be distinctly stated, and his receipts and ex-

penditures appear to the last cent. CREAM IN WINTER .- Keep where moderately warm, and add to each milking (or once a day) a little hot milk. Heat the milk till almost to the boiling point; heat it fresh from the cow. The quantity is about a pint to a pailful at each milking. The effect of this is to prevent the cream from turning bitter; buttermilk will be as sweet and fresh as in summer, and the butter in consequence will be better than without this treatment. We have this from practiced it for many years, and we are personally known to the excellence of the practice. It is a point that should be known. for there is much bad butter made in winter and buttermilk untit to use .- Ec.

NEW Mode of Shoring Horses,-A Frenchman named Charlier thinks the notion that horses need shoes entirely wrong. He himself does not cut a horse's hoof. He merely protects it against violent blows and accidents, and against the wear and tear of the Paris pavement, by enclosing it in a thin circle of iron, which wards it from danger without compressing it. In this way the horses stands upon a healthy member instead of upon one which is being constantly wounded by the iron and knife of the smith. Besides the economy of this reform, it is expected to make hoof diseases unfrequent. POLISH FOR SADDLES AND BRIDLES .-

imes repeated, will produce that rich dark brown so much desired .- Scottish Farmer. WORTH KNOWING .- A correspondent of the Rural World uses a medicine for the cure of slobbers in horses, that though infallible, is not popular because it is so simple, handy and cheap. A dose or two of from one to two gallons of dry wheat bran has never failed with him.

or vermin. Mixthesame with oats or feed, and it is an excellent remedy for worms in colts or horses. A WRITER in the N. E. Farmer says he

Apply the albumen or white of an egg to the saddle and give it plenty of elbow grease, with the aid of a piece of flannel. The same application to a new saddle, two or three

MEDICINAL USES OF ASHES .- One of our readers, a practical farmer, says hard-wood ashes rubbed dry on the back of sheep or cattle, is an excellent exterminator of lice

has four golden spangled Hamburg hens that produced 560 eggs between the first of January and the first of September.