RAILROAD LINES.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT

READING RAIL ROAD.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher. VOLUME XXXIX. NUMBER 24.]

FINALLANDALE.

COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 18, 1868:

[WHOLE NUMBER, 2,000.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 per year, if paid in advance; six months, \$1. If not paid until the expiration of the year, \$2.50 will be charged. Single Copies.......Five Cents
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Which for quality and flavor, cannot be excelled; also, the celebrated ROOSTER WHISKEY, Yankee Rum, Jamaica Spirits, Blackberry Brundy, Cherry and Currant Wines. We have Wines, Brundles, Gins, Cordials, Old Monongahela of all grades, Give us a call and examine for yourself. CHARLES GROVE, Corner of Commerce and Walnut Sits, Columbia, Pa.—[dec. 22, 56-tf.]

WINDOW SHADES,
LOOKING GLASSES,
FURNITURE of all descriptions, and at reduced prices, at ou NEW WARE ROOMS, JOHN SHENBERGER. Columbia, Mar. 2, 1867-tf.

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No. 265 Broadway, New York
No. 267 Principal Warchouses:

P. 27 Chestinus Street, Philadelphia.

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Office—Front Street, between Locust and Union
COLUMBIA, PA. MORTON'S CELEBRATED GOLD, We sell at Manufacturers' Prices. We are sole Agents for these Peus in Columbia. Try Morton's PEN. SHREINER & SON.

BUCHER'S COLUMN.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Wines and Liquors Haldeman's Store, Locust St., Columbia, Pa., where he has fitted up rooms, and greatly increased his facilities for doing

a more extensive business.

HERB BITTERS PURE AND UNADULTERATED.

ey have performed in every case, when tried. Dr. Mishler offers fire hundred dollars to the prot relating strictly to their business.
All advertising will be considered CASH, after prietor of any Medicine that can show a greate number of genuine certificates of cures eff by it, near the place where it is made, than MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

> MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS s for sale in Columbia only by · J. C. BUCHER, At his Store, Locust Street, Columbia

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

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DEPARTURES FROM YORK:

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For Wrightsville, 6.45 A. M., 11.45 A. M., and 3.50 P. M.
For Harrisburg, 1.30 A. M., 6.20 A. M., 11.35 A. M., 2.39 P. M., and 10.15 P. M. ARRIVALS AT YORK:

arg. No train arrives from Baltimore at 19.19 on Saturday night; and none from Harrisburg at Saturday night; and hold 4.10 on Monday morning J. N. DU BARRY, General Superintendent,

MISCELLANEOUS. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS!

superb Stock of Fine Gold and Silver Watches all warranted to run, and thoroughly regulated, at the low price of 50 cach, and satisfaction guaranteed.

por DLAR only-price Plan, giving every patron a fine Gold or solid Silvor Watch for \$10, without regard to value!

WRIGHT BRO. & Co., 161 Broadway, New York, wish to immediately dispose of the above magnificent stock. Certificates, naming the articles, are placed in scaled envelopes, and well mixed. Holders are entitled to the articles named in their certificate, upon payment of Ten Dollars, whether it be a watch worth \$1000 or one worth less. The return of any of our certificates entitles you to the articles named thereon, upon payment, irrespective of its worth, and as no article valued less than \$10 is named on any certificate, it will at once be seen that this is no article valued less than \$10 is named on any certificate, it will at once be seen that this profit or the straight forward legitimate transaction, which may be participated in even by the mail, upon receipt of 25 cents, five for \$1, eleven for \$2, thirty-three and elegant premium for \$1, one hundred and most superb Watch for \$15.

To agents or those wishing employment, this is a rare opportunity. It is a legitimately conducted business, duly authorized by the Government, and open to the most careful scrutiny. Watches sent by Express, with bill for collection on delivery, so that no dissatisfaction can possibly occur. Try us. Address

on delivery, so that no dissattant bly occur, Try us. Address WRIGHT, BROTHER & CO., Inporters, oct. 26, '67-3m.] 161 Broadway, New York.

OVERCOATS from best to lowest grades, FINE CLOTH DRESS SUITS. CASSINERE BUSINESS SUITS, SATINETT & JEAN SUITS. ESQUIMAUN & TRICOT BEAVERS, FINE BLACK & COLORED CLOTHS, PLAIN & FANCY COATINGS, new style, BLACK AND PANCY CASSIMERE, do, VELVET CORDS, SATINETT JEANS, &c., &c.

Custom Work made up in best style prompt-y. HAGER & BROTHERS, Lancaster, Par-THE PLACE TO BUY

IS THE NEW JEWELRY STORE OF: P. SHREINER & SON. We have largely increased our Stock and

Remember the Poor. The following selected lines are season their poetic beauty be discussed and admired and let their admonition be heeded:

And brightly the frost-pearls are glist'ning around. The streamlets have ceased all their musical

ground Oh, turn not away with a look so repelling

> emember the poor when the hearthstone cheerful, And happy hearts gather around its bright here are hearts that are sad and eyes that are

> days. And plenty, to poverty, leaves thee a prey;

emember the poor as they thankfully gather Thou, too, art a pensioner on a rich Father, For health and for friendship, for raiment and

bread;
f He hath been bountiful, with a like spirit Dispense of that bounty what Charity claims For greater the treasure thy soul shall inherit When thy bread on the waters returneth again.

Thy peace in this life shall be like the deep And dying, thy welcome to heaven shall be-

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

L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

CHAPTER XXVIII. Doctor Littlejohn is sitting in Judge Ashley's easy chair in the library. The village postman has just brought him a letter, and his fingers tremble nervously as they break the seal. How easily we are agitated and troubled

ly why, or wherefore. This was the case with Doctor Littleighns He had expected a feller from Lashem - With histo and agitation he scarched and he was not waiting for bad news. nevertheless he was visibly agitated the

soiled and crumpled missive, perusing its contents rapidly. How the color came and went as his eyes devoured the contents-pale and red by turns-and when he had read all, an oath broke from his lips, startling him as the walls echoed back the sound of his voice. He gazed around the dim and dreary chamber, holding the lamp high above his head, thinking that some one had spoken

the curse after him: but no, 'twas only the echo of his own voice, and he became calm again. Crushing the letter in his hand, he arose, and began to pace to and fro, muttering proken and half inaudible sentences. Lushem had written briefly, informing Doctor Littlejohn of Madelon's escape, with her child, from the Asylum in which he ah! where was it now? It was gone, had her confined, adding, "I have been Who had Lashem's letter? Was hunting for her day and night, and I have Madelon's possession, or had the Judge put spies on her track, but all our efforts to found it on the floor where he had lain? find her have thus far been unsuccessful;

I know not where she has gone." Madelon escaped! he ground his teeth | be found. buried in the flesh.

"D-n Lashem!" he exclaimed, "I'll diswith the doctors and the keeper of the asyare very careless, I think. I can't pay them | ful to me at last-and now it is taken from to keep a crazy woman in close confinement,

and then have her haunting me, and-." He paused abruptly in his exclamation, and staggered backward as though he had suddenly received a violent blow; and there he stood in the centre of the floor, ghastly pale, and trembling, his eyes fixed upon the same weird, ghostly face, that had once frightened him before.

Pressed close against the glass, the dark hair hanging in disheveled masses on either side, was that death-like face; and the black eyes flashed angry reproach on the heartless man who cowered and shrank from their gazé.
"Madelon! my God—it is Madelon!"

broke from his lips; and as he uttered the words he recled and would have fallen had

For a moment Doctor Littlejohn gazed upon that shrunken, wasted form, and on hat face he had once called beautiful. She stood before him, the shattered wreck of her former self, like an accusing angel from the spirit world.

He strove to speak, but his voice died away in a husky murmur—each object in the room floated before his vision—the perspiration stood in large drops on his brow-his strength forsook him-the hand that grasped the chair, relaxed its hold, and he fell heavily on the floor, senseless.

ful apparition at his side. The room was darkened, and the lamp burned low. He arose to a sitting posture, and rubbed his forehead with one hand as though he was endeavoring to recall his her, and together they started for New Orconfused and wandering thoughts.

"Ah! I remember all now," he exclaimed; "I saw Madelon, and that's what frightened me: what a fool I was to be frightened. I am very nervous, and a little start unmans me: I am growing as faint hearted as a woman, and as timid as a little child. I must have more courage, more lution, or I shall never carry out my plans.

I wonder where Madelon is now? I wonder how I came here?" " W'y Paul an' Malachi toted ye up sta'rs, but 'twas me w'at foun' ye layin' on de flo' in de libra'y, jes' as dough ye was gone stone dead fur sartin." He gave a quick, nervous start when he

first heard the voice, but when he turned and saw Phillis sitting near him he was calm again.

he asked, "how came you to find me in the

library?" "Couldn't help it, Mas'r Littlejobn 'cause I was goin' frough de hall, an' jes' as I was passin' de libra'y do' I heerd suffin' falls kerslep! I golly! sez I, de cats in dar fur sartin, an' she's 'nock'd Dan. Webstah or Henry Clay off de mantle-piece : so I rushes in, an' dar ye was Mas'r Littlejohn, dar ve was a lavin' on de flo' wid ver mouf wide open, an' yer eyes fas' shut. Yes indeed! dar ye was, stretched out'zackly like as of ye'd gone dead fur sartin. I hollers an' screeches till Mas'r Ashley an' my young missis 'peared, an' den dey made follered 'eni to fotch ye to yer senses. Lordy, land sakes alive! I wouldn't hab ye die fur de worl'; fur I'se allers said. docta Littlejon's de smartes' man in Georgia;

ves indeed !" Was there any person in the library when you entered? Did you see a-ny one beside myself?" "Dar warn't no pusson in de room but

you, mas'r; I kin curse dar wasn't," said the negress. Doctor Littlejohn mused a moment, and then he said, "I was badly frightened—I saw a ghost. Phillis-a ghost." "Halleluyah! On Lord! did ye see a

real live ghost fur sartin? It's berry bad to meet one of 'em, berry bad indeed." "Did the Judge have anything to say when he saw me lying senseless on the "Yes; said dat he knowed w'at skeered

ye. an' den he tole de boys to carry ye up "D-n it, he knows well enough," claimed the doctor, "for he saw the face at the window!"

inquired his sable companion. "No matter-don't ask me any ques tions," growled the enraged doctor. "Trim that lamp, and let me have more light: I wasn't brought up in a dungeon." "I didn't'spect ye was," returned Phillis, sharply, as she arose to obey his order.

Doctor Littlejohn was ill at ease: he be-gan to pace the floor. It was his custom whenever anything troubled him. Phillis watched him as he took those short, impatient strides, muttering to himself sentences that she could not understand. Suddenly he came to a half, and began to feel in his pockets.

from his lips, "I have been robbed! my very moment the letter was placed in his pocket-book containing all my valuable papers is gone! Oh God! what shall I He went to the lounge, thinking it might

have fallen from his pocket while he was nconscious; it was not there. With frantic haste he sought the library.
When he entered, a shudder ran through his frame, and his gaze was fixed upon the window where Madelon had appeared. All was still, and the lamp stood just where he had left it when he was reading Lashem's letter.

clamation as the thought flashed through his mind, "that is gone also." He remembered having it in his hand when Madelou appeared before him; for he had crushed and crumpled it with his trembling fingers. It was in his grasp when strength and sense forsook him, bu

He took the lamp in his hand and searched for it, but in vain, for it was nowhere to

He ground his teeth with rage, and smot his forehead violently with his clenched hand, and then he sat down, moodily musing on what had occurred.

"Fortune frowns upon me." bemurmur as I wish them. I wouldn't care about the me at the very time when I need it most. I must find Madelon, if she has followed me hither to baunt me and destroy my happiness; I must find her, and get from her what I have lost, for I am almost certain the letter and pocket-book is in her

possession. I must have them!"
Having thus expressed himself, he put on his hat, and stole noiselessly from the man-

CHAPTER XXIX. Out in the park! wandering onward be neath the waving branches of the elms and maples, with the moonlight falling brightly down through the green leaves, weaving a network of silver along the path where his footsteps stray, and the evening breeze, perfumed by the breath of flowers, mur-

nurming soft and low. Stop! Doctor Littlejohn has no eye to admire these things; and whither, oh, whither, roving goddess of Fancy woulds't thou lend me? I must toil for my daily bread. I have no time to roam with Thee in thy moonlit haunts, until hand and brain are free. Leave me-I pray thee, leave me!

Doctor Littlejohn walked slowly down the pebbly path until he reached the road-He paused when he came to the gate, and look off his hat to let the breeze fan his

feverish brow. How cool, how refreshing it was; and he stood there with one elbow resting on the gate, wondering where Madelon had gone-wondering if he would meet her soon again. He longed to meet her and yet he dread-

ed the interview because he had wronged

her.
When they first became acquainted she was a governess in a wealthy merchant's family who resided in Charleston. Their his elbow, and gazed wildly about, as intimacy scon ripened into love, (love on though he expected to behold some frightposed, he was accepted, and they were married about a month afterward. With her wealthy husband, Madelon bade adieu to those who had ever been kind to

leans, on a pleasure trip.

The newly married pair passed a happyhoney-moon, and for a while Doctor Littlejohn was as kind, loving, and attentive to his young bride as any man could be.

She was young and inexperienced, of a confiding and unsuspecting nature, therefore she never for a moment doubted him,

holy affection was centered in him, for he was her only earthly idol. brough Life's varied and changing scenes. our love dream, when we first learn our af-

spurns the gilded toy that has lost its first freshness and beauty. How deep, how keen, how agonizing the pain that tortures the brain, and rankles in the heart, when first we learn the bitter truth, the one who is dearest to us on earth is lost to us on earth forever: lost,

Oh! ye who stand before the altar, pledging your solemn vows to "Honor and Obey, to Love, Cherish and Protect," strong

Madelon at length became enciente, and was about to start for home, in order to make some necessary preparation for future reception and comfort.

She made no objection to this proposition for she thought he knew best what should be done, and fearing that she might anger him, she merely said in her usual quiet way, "I am so glad I am going home at last, for I am tired with the noise and bustle of this great city. I need a little quiet and repose. Oh, I am sure we shall be very

A sharp pain pierced his heart as he said. "I hope we may, I shall send for you " Send for me?" The dark eyes looked

up tearfully in his own as she asked timid-"W'at face, mas'r Littlejohn?" innocently ly, "Can't you come after me yourself? I don't like to travel such a long distance with a stranger." "I can't come myself very well," he re-

> to bring you home: You will be as safe with him as you would with me." There was no other alternative; his word was to her a command, and she thought it her duty to submit. With a loving embrace they parted.

A week went by and she heard nothing from him; but at the end of a fortnight, early one morning, a tall sickly looking man made his appearance at the hotel, and inquired for Mrs. Littlejohn. Madelon was sitting with several other

He introduced himself as Mr. Simple, and gave Madelon a letter from her husband. Her fingers trembled as they unfolded the precious missive; precious, because it was the first she had ever received from

him. The contents of the letter were brief, and t contained no tender expression, such as a young wife loves, nor one gentle, affec-Doctor Littleichn bade her start for home

riend, Simon Simple."-Informing Mr. Simple that she would be prepared to start that afternoon, she sought er chamber, and he took his departure, promising to call at the hour appointed. True to his word he came, and together

deception that was being practiced upon her by her false lord, and his well paid, vil-The journey was made with all possible haste, and at a late hour one night when they alighted from the cars, her polite and attentive companion surprised her with the

welcome assurance their journey was at an "The distance is short from the depot t your husband's home; it is about three niles," said Mr. Simple. "I will order a carriage, and we shall soon be driven there.'

with an innocent expression of thankfulness, and Mr. Simple felt ashamed when he thought of the treachery he was performng. He almost wished that he had refused to

fair, but a thousand dollars annually, added to his yearly salary, was a temptation that he could not resist.

Doctor Littlejohn had said, " Madelon is nsane, and I will pay you well if you will keep her in the Asylum where she will

never trouble me again." Mr. Simple promised he would do so for thousand a year.

The bergain was concluded, and Mr. Simple was dispatched without delay t

such as coachmen and cabmen oft tines receive, himself and his companion took their seats in the conveyance, and they were driven rapidly away.

The lights and the houses were soon left behind, and as Madelon gazed out from the coach she saw they were riding along a lonely road, where the houses were few in number, and long distances intervening between. But she gave little heed to surrounding

objects: her thoughts were all of home, and him whom she loved. She was silent, and reverie by a word.

on either side by a high hedge, and in a moment afterwards the coachman's voice startled her. "Whoa! here you are Mister, safe and sound!"

nain road into a narrow avenue bordered

down, and there stood Simon Simple waiting to assist her. She took his proffered hand and sprang lightly to the ground. Mr. Simple closed the door of the coach with a bang, and away it rattled down the gloomy avenue.

"Take my arm if you please, and I'll

Suddenly she started backward alarm and astonishment marking every feature. "Where am I, oh, where am I?" she cried in pitcous accents: "tell me, why have you brought me here?"

the great sign over the door, on which was emblazoned in letters of gold, "MILLEDOEVILLE LUNATIC ASYLUM." "Don't be alarmed; don't be the least bit alarmed," said Mr. Simple. "This is only a little trick of mine, and I intended to give you a pleasant surprise. When we stopped at the denot I met a friend of mine.

me the doctors were holding a consultation, and they had sent for him. When I heard this I made up my mind to surprise my friend Littlejohn, by bringsee him, and then keep out of sight myself. ha! ha! such a rich thing—and then he can

During their journey his manner had been deferential and respectful, and he had reated her with brotherly kindness. Her husband trusted him-why should

being anxious to give her husband a pleasant surprise, she took Simon Simple's arm, and went in.

Doctor Littlejohn was not there; and Madelon soon learned she was a prisoner. Tears and entreaties were of no avail: she her husband informed her one morning he | was confined in a strong room that was sitnated in a part of the building were visi-

tors were not allowed, and there she was

left to bewail her fate. Her only attendant was a coarse, repulregularly three times a day, but resolutely refused to answer any questions. Thus was loving and innocent Madelon imprisoned in that gloomy place, from

CHAPTER XXX. Doctor Littlejohn still stands at the gate, musing in the starlight-thinking of his past life, and wondering what the future has in store for him; whether time will

bring him happiness or wee. He gazes up at the sky, the pure blue sky, and from time to time he sighs as though his heart was troubled. Can it be possible that he has any feeling left in him, after leading thus far a life of

He must have-for see! the tear drops are trickling slowly down his cheeks, falling silently among the pebbles that lie at his

"She was a good mother to me," he murmurs, "and I know that her spirit is watching over me from the bright heaven above; watching over me, a wicked, erring man. ... Would to heaven I was now as innocent her and lisped my earliest prayer! Oh! those sunny days, those joyous days of childhood, gone, gone, never ngain to return! Manhood is waning fast; my hair is turning gray; and Death with its fleshless finger is pointing me onward to the tomb.

I fear death, I dread the judgment beyond the grave, when I think of the dark catalogue of sins that are recorded against me. Oh! if I could pray! Oh! if I could repent! If I could atone for the wrongs I have done those who have never injured me, I would be content; but it is too late now, for God will not hear my prayerguilty, God forsaken wretch that I am! have planned and plotted to gain wealth

and power, and now when my coffers are overflowing with gold, I cannot purchase the love for which I sigh; I cannot purchase happiness. There is no happiness for me on earth; n light of hope for my soul beyond the grave —all is dark, dreary, desolate. Would that I had never met thee, Leonore Ashley; then my heart would never have known this

mad, sinful passion, this idolatrous love that I cannot banish from me! Oh, misery! misery!" He bowed his head until his aching brow rested on his folded arms, and there he stood in the twilight and silence of eve-

"We have met again," she said in cold, calm tones, and her dark eyes flashed forth reproach as he shrank from her steadfast gaze: "husband, we have met again." He retreated still farther, for her pale

face and wasted form were so spectre like, he feared to look at her. " Do not fear me; I am but the shattered wreck of her whom you once called beautiful; still I am your Madelon in the sight of God and the angels. I am still unchanged. The love my young heart gave you is unaltered and pure." "Husband," she went clo-er, and laid her hand upon his arm, "do you love me still? In the sight of heaven, with the stars above us, can you ook me in the face and say, Madelon, my wife. I have never broken the solemn vow I made when we stood side by side to be

wedded?" "No, I can't say that; I can't say that," he faltered, removing his arm from her grasp.

"Why did you make me your wife?

Why did you lure me from a home and dving love? I ask why are you here ""

Passionately, energetically were the words spoken, and she stood before him with quivering lip, waiting to hear his reply; he ought never to stand, but to continue in while he, a strong man, trembled in the presence of injured innocence. His fingers worked nervously about the knot of his neck-tic, as though it was chok- | ed for such as are dry, and have those parts

ing him. thought I did; but after we were wedded a ders, and arms are generally the parts most wronged thee, Madelon; I know that you prevented by adopting this course. Catarrhs,

may call it a mad infatuation, you may say I am weak, and imbecile, but I have strug-gled manfully against its power, and all in vain: I cannot shake it off. Am I to blame for this? If so, may God forgive me."
"You love Leonore Ashley, and you had

me confined in the lunatic asylum so that you could make her your bride. Am I not right?"
"I know not from whom you derived this information, but I will acknowledge you have been correctly informed. I was in hopes that I might obtain a divorce, and be forever free from all claims you might chance to bring against me. My plan has failed, unless-a-unless you are willing that we now part by mutual consent. I do not love you. I never can love you; and I know you would not wish to live with a

would you?" There was a great struggle in the heart of the young wife, and her breast heaved with bitter emotion as she clasped her unconscious babe in a passionate embrace.

man who was weary of your presence:

"Look at your helpless child!" she cried, holding the infant so the light good fail on its waxen face. "Look at your boy as he slumbers in its mother's arms, and let your marble heart be moved to pity! Can you not see your own features mirrored in his? Gaze at him well, unnatural, unfeeling man, and tell me woulds't thou cast thy offspring on the world, to dwell among strangers, to toil, and drudge, to be a slave through life, while you revel in luxury and wealth? How calmly, how peacefully he sleeps, with the dark curls clustering around his beauteous brow, and a sweet smile wreathing the rose-bud lips. How gently the silken lashes rest on the pure white skin, and how tenderly the small hands are clasped above the little heart that knows no care. Look at him well-and tell me can'st thou leave him? Husband!

Father! look at thy beauteous boy!" Calmly, coldly, unmoved he looks upon he slumbering child, with his arms folded on his broad breast: but no ray of affection or pity beams forth from his eye: stony and unfeeling is his gaze, and he betrays no outward sign of emotion. The babe is o him like a beautiful piece of mechanism, which he may admire, but not love. He always had an aversion for children. orgetting, doubtless, that he was once a child himself. I have known many like him, but their friendship I have never

prized: I shunned them as though there was pollution in their touch-I dread them more than the pestilence. "Can you part with him?" and Madelon looked up so hopefully, pleading so earnestly for her child. "Part with him! what would I do with a baby I'd like to know. I can't take care of it: it will need a mother's care for some

can look about and find a home, and when you have one engaged, write to me for money. Form an estimate as to what your yearly expenses will be, and my agent shall send you the money in advance, every quarter. in the meantime, with your consent, I will

apply for a divorce. Are you satisfied with my proposal?" "Nothing can move you: you are determined to leave me, are you?" ly cannot wish to dwell with me when I do

"No," she faintly gasped; "I am too proud for that; but if you have no love for me, I am sure you do not hate your child." "I don't hate any person, and I am willing to provide for you both: neither of you shall want while I live. If I could love you I would; but that is now impossible. He was silent a moment; and then look-.

ing up, he said, "You have a paper in your ossession that is very valuable to me, and will be thankful if you will give it to me." "A paper?" she exclaimed in surprise: have no paper of yours in my possession: can truly say I have not." ,. "When you made your appearance at the ouse, in the library, I was so startled I fainted. I had a letter in my hand when I fell senseless on the floor, and in my pock-

et was my wallet containing a small amount

of gold, besides a paper which I would not

lose for the world. When I recovered my senses the wallet and the letter were both gone, and I concluded, after searching in vain for the missing articles, that you had robbed me and fled."
"I fled the very instant you fainted, for I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. I know not what happened afterwards; and if you have been robbed, don't accuse poor Madelon of the theft. You look incredu-lous: search me if you doubt my words." Could he doubt her? She looked too innocent, too truthful; and thinking, "The Judge has the missing articles in his pos-

session," he began to pace up and down the path, crunching the pebbles beneath nis feet. Something whizzed past his face, falling on the walk beyond him. He halted abruptly, gazed a moment at the small, dark object lying near him, and then he retreated from it, as though it was a hand gren-

ade, thrown by some concealed assassin to explode and destroy him. Mudelon approached and picked it up. "Here," she said, "what is this?" He came forward and took it from her

" My wallet! my wallet!" he exclaimed, and then he proceeded to open it with nervous haste.

The gold was all there-but the paper was gone. He grouned aloud; and as he thrust the recovered transure into his pocket, a hoarse laugh that chilled his blood

with terror came echoing from the hedge, followed by the sound of retreating footsteps. "The devils of the infernal regions are leagued against me," he exclaimed; and without another word to Madelon, he turned and fled toward the house, with that

strange, mocking laugh still ringing in his ears, "Gone, lost to me forever," broke [from Madelon's lips as she gazed up at the starry sky above her. "I cannot reclaim him! I cannot win back his love, and worthless to me is the empty casket when the bright jewels of affection are gone. Oh, God! my cup of misery is full! Another drop, and orrowing heart will break, and in the cold, cold grave I'll find repose.

Gerring Wer.-When a person is wet

motion till he arrives at a place where he may be suitably accommodated. Here he should strip off his wet clothes, to be changof his body which have been wetted well "I loved you once," he said, "at least I rubbed with a dry cloth. The legs, shoul-

Has removed his Store to his Building, adjoining

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WINES AND LIQUORS! Embracing the following:

POCKET FLASKS

For Sale by J. C. BUCHER.

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better material here: J. C. BUCHER Is the Agent for this Porter, in Columbia. attention to the second

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et them be read aloud at every fireside; le

November 25, 1867. GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH AND North West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: At 3.00, 5.25 and 8.10 A. M., and 2.05 and 9.35 P. M., connecting with similar Trains on the Pennsylvania R. R., and arriving at New York at 5.10 and 10.15 and 11.50, A. M., and 3.40 and 9.30 P. M. Sleeping Cars accompanying the 3.00 A. emember the poor for bleak winds are blow The snow-drifts lie scattered all over the demember the poor in their comfortless dwell-

Penisylvilini. 2. R. and 11.50, A. M., and 3.30 and 9.30 P. M. Sleeping Cars accompanying the 3.00 A. M., and 2.35 P. M. Trains without change. Leave Harrisburg for Reading Pottsville, Leave Harrisburg for Reading Pottsville, Leave Harrisburg for Reading Pottsville, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelpila, 3.10 A. M., and 2.05 and 4.10 P. M., stopping at Lobanon and principal Way Stations; the 4.10 P. M., making connections for Philadelphia and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven, and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road, leave Harrisburg at 3.55 P. M. New York at 9.00 A. M., Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 A. M., Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 A. M., Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 A. M., Partindelphia at 8.15 A. M. and 4.30 P. M. Yeniladelphia from Reading at 6.30 P. M. Stopping at all Stations; Pottsville at 8.5 A. M. and 2.45 P. M.; Ashland 6.00 A. M., and 2.10 woomand 2.00 P. M.; Tamaqua at 8.30 A. M. and 1.00 and 8.45 P. M. Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road at 7.10 A. M. and 1.200 noon. 200 noon. Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves Reading at 7.30 A. M., returning from Philadelphia at

Columbia Rail Road Trains leave Reading a 7.00 A. M., and 6.15 P. M., for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia. caster, Columbia, &c.
On Sundays: Leave New York at 8.00 P. M., Philadelphia 8.00 A. M., and 3.15 P. M., the 8.00 A. M. Train running only to Reading: Pottsville 8.00 A. M.; Train running only to Reading: Pottsville 8.00 A. M.; Harrisburg 5.25 A. M., and 4.10 and 9.35 P. M., and Reading at 1.00 and 7.15 A. M. for Harrisburg, and 7.06 A. M. and 11.40 P. M. for New York and 4.25 P. M. for Philadelphia.
Commutation, Mileage, Season, Schooland Excursion Tickets, 40 and from all points, at reduced Rates.
Buggange checked, through 1800. Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed the Passenger. G. A. NICOLLS, General Superintendent, Reading, Pa., Nov. 25, 1867.

Trains of this Road are run by Reading Rail Road Time, which is 10 minutes faster than Penn-sylvania R, R, Time. READING AND COLUMBIA R. R. On and after MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23d, 1867, Trains will run between .

LANCASTER, COLUMBIA, AND READING,

AS FOLLOWS: Leave Lançaster and Columbia, 8.00 a. m. 3.00 p. m. Arrive at Reading, 10.20 a. m., & 5.30 p. m. Returning—Leaves Reading at 7.00 a. m., and 115p. m.
Arrive at Lancaster 9.20, and Columbia 9.25 a. m., and 8.30 p. m.
TO NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA, via READING. READING.

Leave Lancaster and Columbia, at 8.90 a. m., and 3.00 p. m., daily, except Sundays. Arrive at New York at 5.00 a. m., and 3.15 p. m., and Philadelphia at 1.100 p. m., and 9.10 p. m.

Returning—Leave New York at 12.00, Noon, and Philadelphia at 3.30 p. m. Arrive at Lancaster and Columbia at 3.30 p. m.

The above trains also connect at Reading with Trains North, on P. and R., and West, on Lebanon Valley, Roads. FARE, \$5.40 TO NEW YORK, AND \$2.90 TO PHILADELPHIA. PHILADELPHIA.

Tickets can be obtained at the Offices of the
New Jersey Central Railroad, foot of Liberty
Street, New York, and Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, 13th and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia.

Through tickets to New York and Philadelphia sold at all the Principal Stations, and Baggage Checked Through.

GEO. F. GAGE Supt

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GEO. F. GAGE, Supt.

E. F. KEEVER, Gen. Frt. and Ticket Agent.
dec 1 '66. Pinsylvania rail road. TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA GOING EAST.

Lancaster Train... Harrisburg Accor

COLUMBIA ACCOMMODATION, Leave Columbia for Lancaster.... Arrive at Lancaster..... Connecting with Day Express Leave Lancaster at...... Arrive at Columbia...... WM. F. LOCKARD,

TRAINS LEAVE WEST,

YORK AND WRIGHTSVILLE R. R. DEPARTURE AND ARRIVAL OF THE PASSEN-Baltimore, 5.55 A. M., 7.00 A. M., 9.50 A. M., 9 P. M.

RAILWAY.

From Baltimore, 1.25 A. M., 11.30 A. M., 2.34 P. M., 6.50 P. M., and 10.10 P. M. From Wrightsville, 8.15 A. M., 1.20 P. M., and 6.52 P. M. 6.55 P. M.
From Harrisburg, 4.10 A. M., 10.05 A. M., and
365 P. M., and 6.25 P. M.
On Sunday, the only trains running are the
one from Harrisburg, 10.05 in the morning, proceeding to Baltimore; and those from Baltimore
at 1.25 A. M., and 10.10 P. M., proceeding to Harrisburg.

1867. FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS. Large Stock—All New—of our own Manufacture—At the Lowest Prices.

ing; Ill-clad and ill-fed afid o'erburdened with Thy kindness may save them perhaps from

Thy Saviour thus kindly remembered the The destitute thou shalt not send empty hand-

Ye did it to others—ye did it to me." Original Story.

Ye faithful and blessed of my Father-com-

or, Lights and Shadows of Life.

sometimes, without being able to tell exact-

With nervous eagerness he unfolded the

with rage, and clenched his hands so tightly the nails on his fingers were almost charge him if he don't find her and have . "Fortune frowns upon me," he murmur-her taken back again! I'll raise the devil ed in bitter accents, "and things don't work lum for letting her escape; see if I don't. letter if my pocket-book was not gone also.

I'm not going to pay them a thousand In that I had the paper Judge Ashley signdollars a year, for nothing! I'll let them ed, granting his consent to my marriage know it, too. Madelon will raise mischief with his daughter, and his confession of the if they don't catch her soon; and I wouldn't | murder he committed years ago. I made have her find out where I am for the wealth him sign the document when he was intoxiof the Indies. This is the second time she cated, and I have preserved it carefully has got loose from their clutches, and they | many long years, thinking it would be use-

he not grasped the back of a chair for sup-Slowly the window swung back upon its inges, a thin, emaciated hand parted the costly curtains, and the wronged, injured woman glided into the apartment like a

When Doctor Littlejohn recovered, he found himself in his chamber, lying on a ounge. He opened his eyes, raised himself on

At length his manner changed. He grew tired of her society, and sometimes he would be gone for days, always saying strength of mind, greater energy and reso- when he returned, important business had called him away.

but readily believed all that he said. Being an orphan, she had none but him to love, and her young heart's pure and

But this blissful dream of happiness was destined soon to end, and she was soon to learn how false, how utterly unworthy of her love was the man whom she had chosen | ing you here, leaving you in the "Visitors, to be her guardian, her protector, her guide | parlor, sending him word a lady wished to Oh! how bitter is the awakening from I thought it would be such a capital joke fection has been given to one who makes it take you home with him when he goes, a plaything to beguile an idle hour, and Come, let us go in! I know he'll forgive then casts it coldly away, even as a child me, and we'll drink a bottle of wine when we meet again at his own house."

Paul an' Malachi tote ye up sta'rs, an' I though bound to us by the holiest tiesours only in name.

> youth, and beauteous maiden, remember thy vows are registered by Heaven's Recording Angel, and break them not while life itself shall last.

happy at home!

plied evasively; "but I will send a friend

ladies.

immediately, in company with "his dear

they both set out for Macon, Georgia.

Little did the young wife dream of the lainous accomplice.

" If you please, sir." The dark eyes were gazing in his own mve anything to do in this disgraceful af-

New Orleans after his fair captive, Simon Simple had no difficulty in engaging a carriage, and after paying the driver, giving him a few useful hints as to secrecy,

her companion did not break her blissful He was leaning back against the soft ushions, with folded arms, gazing at her half pityingly. Suddenly the carriage turned from the

The door was thrown open, the steps let

And there she stood, pale and trembling n the moonlight, her dark eves fixed upon

and he told me Littlejohn was here-told

Her doubts and fears vanished in an What had she to fear when she was with er husband's friend?

She thought over what he had said, and

sive looking woman, who brought her food whence she escaped not until after the birth of her child. birth of her child.

time yet, and you had better keep it. You

not love you?"

A light touch on the shoulder caused him to look up; as he gazed around he started with surprise, for there at his side stood Madelon, with her babe clasped closely to her breast.

riends, with your false protestations of un-Did you envy an orphan's happiness when she dwelt with those who were ever kind? Did you wish to make me your plaything for the gratification of an idle hour, and then cast me from you when you perame weary of my presence, or did you win me to destroy? Speak! for I would know what were your motives. I would know why I was forsaken when I most it will overflow; then this poor, aching, needed a husband's love and care; why I was betrayed and imprisoned when I was about to become a mother; why you did about to become a mother; why you did not take me to your home and heart; and her breast, she turned and left the spot.

fairer face than thine baunted me, until the affection that I cherished for thee died out in my heart. I know that I have deeply incredible how many diseases may be assist you up the steps."

She looked first at him, then at the steps, then up at the dark, prison-like building before which they were both standing.

Will hate and despise me when I tell you inflammations, rheumatisms, diarrheas, fevers, and consumption are the foremost among the train which frequently follow an accident of this kind.