Mrs. Eshleman.


# The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $2,00 Per Year, in Advance; $2,50 if not Paid in Advance.

VOLUME XXXIX, NUMBER 25.] COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 25, 1868. [WHOLE NUMBER, 2,001.



THE COLUMBIA SPY,

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Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.

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Have now in Store of my own importation and Manufacture, one of the largest and most beautiful selections of
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For Ladies' and Children's Wear, in the City.
Also, a fine assortment of
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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 vicinity.
Remember the Name, Number and Street!
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☞I have no Partner, nor connection with any other Store in Philadelphia. [oct.5,'67-1m.

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IN WEDDING INVITATIONS.
The Largest Variety of Styles ever offered to the Public. New Novelties constantly added to our samples. Orders attended to by mail.
Prices reasonable.
R. HOSKINS & CO.,
Engravers, Stationers, Envelope and Blank Book Manufacturers,
nov 9-3m] 913 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

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For Pure, Unadulterated Wines and Liquors, go to the store of the subscriber. He has elegant
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Which for quality and flavor, cannot be excelled; also, the celebrated ROOSTER WHISKEY, Yankee Rum, Jamaica Spirits, Blackberry Brandy, Cherry and Currant Wines.
We have Wines, Brandies, Gins, Cordials, Old Monongahela of all grades. Give us a call and examine for yourself. CHARLES GROVE,
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LOOKING GLASSES,
FURNITURE,
Of all descriptions, and at reduced prices, at our
NEW WARE ROOMS,
Locust Street, above Second, south side.
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Parties and Families supplied with
ICE CREAM,
by the Freezer, or in Moulds, with promptness at
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Has removed his Store to his Building, adjoining Haldeman's Store, Locust St., Columbia, Pa., where he has fitted up rooms, and greatly increased his facilities for doing a more extensive business.

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HERB BITTERS!
PURE AND UNADULTERATED,
Fresh from the Manufactory of Dr. B. Mishler.
These Bitters are celebrated for the great cures they have performed in every case, when tried.
Dr. Mishler offers *five hundred dollars* to the proprietor of any Medicine that can show a greater number of genuine certificates of cures effected by it, near the place where it is made, than
MISHLER'S HERB 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:
Catawba, Port, Lisbon, Cherry, Madeira, Malaga, Champagne, Claret, Rhine, Blackberry, Elderberry, Currant and Muscat WINES.

COGNAC, OF DIFFERENT BRANDS.
Also, OLD RYE WHISKEY and
BRANDIES of all kinds:
Blackberry, Catawba, Cherry, Rum, Jamaica Spirits, Kummel, Ginger, Gin, Superior Old Rye, Pure Old Rye, XXX Old Rye, XX Old Rye X Old Rye, Pure Old Rye, Monongahela, Rectified Whiskey, London Brown Stout, Scotch Ale, &c., &c., &c.

AGENCY FOR
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He is also Agent for the Celebrated
MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

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 that 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.
For Sale by
J. C. BUCHER,
Locust Street, above Front.

MISHLER'S
CELEBRATED 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 establishment in town, and is warranted to keep fruits and vegetables perfect.

The Best Brands of Imported
SCOTCH AND LONDON ALE.
For Sale at
J. C. BUCHER'S.

TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS.
BUCHER will still keep on hand the Best Brands of
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO, SNUFF, HAVANA, YARA, and COMMON SEGARS. Also,
SNUFF & TOBACCO BOXES, PIPES—a thousand and one varieties. Call at
J. C. BUCHER'S,
Locust Street, adjoining Haldeman's Store.
It is the greatest establishment of the kind this side of Philadelphia.
☞Only Agency for Lee's London Porter, and Mishler's Bitters.


## Original Poetry.

[Written for the "Spy."]

### The Little Man.

BY "CON."

There is a little man,
And he has a little mind,
And his brains they are made of pork, pork, pork.
'Tis said this little chap
Did meet with some mishap,
That chased him from the land of York, York, York.

The little man came down
To old Columbia town,
And began at once to shout aloud, "fire, fire, fire!"
But he shouted only once,
When the Knickerbocker dunce
Became one of a "Co." against fire, fire, fire.

All this was well enough,
To save the wooden stuff
Of the "Land of the Free" 'gainst fire, fire, fire;
But then the C. I. Co.,
Does suffer when folks know
That the Knickerbocker man is a l—r, l—r, l—r.

But then did come a change,
As curious as 'twas strange,
When the little man that hailed from York, York, York,
Thought, "Oh wouldn't it be fine
If I'd print a dirty line,
And sing all I know 'bout pork, pork, pork."

Then this little man began
To scratch his head and plan,
How to get at once a circu-lation, 'lation, 'lation;
But he soon found friends enough,
To gobble the pork-stuff,
That he dealt to them weekly as a ration, ration, ration.

This little man has with him,
To earn a greasy living,
A youngster whose aims were once bigger, bigger, bigger;
But now with will enough
He helps to deal pork-stuff,
And backs the little man 'gainst the nigger, nigger, nigger.

But the day will soon come 'round,
When in old Columbia town
The people will arise against pork, pork, pork,
And drive the little man
With his porkesene clan
Back to the land of York, York, York.

COLUMBIA, Jan. 14th, 1868.

## Original Story.

(Back numbers of this story can be furnished.)

[*Written Expressly for the "Spy."*]

# THE ASHLEYS;

OR,

## *Lights and Shadows of Life.*

BY

L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

Mrs. Brown's heart is gladdened because Joe has returned. The sad expression that clouded her features has vanished, and her former cheerfulness has returned again. How natural, how like "old times" it seems to see him sitting in his arm chair, telling all about the "great battle at Manassas," and relating the painful incidents connected with his prison life at Richmond.

He is much altered in form and feature, for sickness has made him thinner and paler, and perhaps more interesting. But in danger's dark hour, when the masked batteries were dealing death and destruction on every side, mowing down our gallant sons of the north-land rank and file, when the bullets fell like hail amid our advancing columns, when steel clashed against opposing steel, when swords and banners wore waving high, and the battle shouts thundered on the smoke dimmed air, when the red blood crimsoned the wide spread plain, and heroes fell to rise no more, *he* had escaped unharmed—and a whispered prayer of heartfelt thanks ascended from the aged mother's lips to Heaven, because her boy was spared by the dark Angel of Death to comfort her declining years.

I will not tire the reader with a recital of Joe's sufferings, nor the wrong and abuse he was forced to endure—suffice it, he is once again safe at home, for which blessing he is very thankful.

After he had exhausted his store of information, and the old lady had become tired of questioning him, he in turn began to interrogate.

"How's farmer Sparks and family?" he asked with apparent unconcern.

Her heart gave a quick, painful throb, when she thought, "Now he'll ask something about Hetty."

"They're all well," she replied in answer to Joe's question, "and Mrs. Sparks has been *awful* kind to me—ra'ally."

"I'm glad! do you owe 'em anything? If ye do I'll pay 'em as soon as I get to work agin, fur I don't want to owe nobody nothin'. *I can't see it.*"

"Can't see *what?* Was ye lookin' fur anything my son?"

"No," said Joe, laughing; "that's a phrase the boys had in camp, an' I use it 'cause I've heern it so often I 'spose: it don't mean anything in pertic'lar as I know."

"*I* thought ye was a lookin' fur suthin'," said the old lady, so innocently Joe was forced to laugh out in spite of his efforts to maintain his composure.

"An' has Hetty been to see ye often, while I was away?" he inquired.

"Wal—yes—considerin' how much she has to dew, an' how busy she's been. Ye know there's a heap o' work to be done up to the farm house, Joey."

"Yes, I know that: but I am glad she didn't forgit ye while I was away.

She's a dear, good girl, an' she'll be a prize to the man what makes her his wife. I guess I'll take a walk up to the farm house an' have a look at her. This is such a beautiful mornin', an' the fresh air will do me good: I shan't be gone more than an hour or two."

She watched him as he brushed his hair before the glass, and a long drawn sigh struggled up from her heart when she thought of the great disappointment he would soon know.

"Aint there any blackin' in the house?" he asked, when his toilet was complete: "these old shoes have seen hard times, an' they're as brown as a slice of toasted bread. A little polishin' won't hurt 'em a bit."

"There's yer box of blackin' in the wash stan' drawer, jest where ye left it afore ye went away, but it's dried harder'n a brick. But hadn't ye better put on yer Sunday boots, Joey? Them shoes make yer feet look so clumsy, 'cause there ain't any shape in 'em. You'd better take 'em off, my son."

"I'm darn'd if I don't," he exclaimed; and then he smiled as he thought, "the old lady wants me to look as genteel and respectable as I can."

He found some difficulty in drawing them on, for his feet were swelled; but after he had made several desperate tugs, breaking off one of the straps, he finally succeeded.

"Gosh! how nice they look, an' how light they are," he exclaimed. "By the jingo, I think I can jump clean over a five barred gate! I'm off now! Where's my cap?"

She arose and gave it to him, and then she arranged the bow of his cravat to her liking, turned down one corner of his collar, that had become rumpled, kissing him so tenderly ere he left her.

Tears dimmed his eyes, for he had known no kindness in a long while, and these simple tokens of motherly affection touched him to the heart.

Dashing the pearly drops from his cheeks with the rough sleeve of his coat, he hastened from the cottage, fearing she might think him weak-hearted, or unmanly.

* * * * * * *

Brightly shone the sunlight on his path, sweetly sang the birds, and the perfume laden breeze murmured a musical melody, as it wandered through the drooping branches of the willows that skirted the banks of the clear, sparkling stream, that flows in its beauty through the lovely and romantic vale. A soft, sad, subduing influence seemed to hang languidly on the very air, and every object on which his eyes rested, bore the semblance of a dear, familiar friend. Each shrub, each tree, each plant, each flower, seemed smiling on the wanderer a joyous welcome home.

He strode on, along the narrow path that wound through the meadow, proudly erect, thinking of the happy meeting that was so near at hand, the meeting with the one who was dearest to him on earth.

* * * * * * *

How many of us have looked forward to a similar meeting, picturing in fancy the glad smile that would greet our return, the warm clasp of hands, the tender words, the tearful, loving embrace? I trust that none of my readers have been disappointed in these bright anticipations.

Ah! a low, sad voice is whispering, "*some* of us have," like a mournful wail from the buried memories of the past.

* * * * * * *

In Heaven there is no parting—and there love never dies. * * * *

Lost in pleasant meditation, he walked onward until he reached the turn-stile that separated the pasture-field from the clover-meadow. Here he paused and leaned both arms on the stile, gazing at the old elm beneath whose branches he had played with Hetty in childhood, where he had whispered his impassioned tale of love, where many a moonlit tryst was held, where he had spoken his sad "farewell."

What a throng of memories crowded on his brain, bringing before his mental gaze bright pictures of the past, and he stood there, unmindful of the fleeting moments, lost to the present, thoughtless of the future, wandering in dream-land.

The sweet song notes of a bird recalled him from fancies' realm: he turned the stile, and entered the meadow. The rustic seat which his own hands had woven, of pliant willow boughs, was still there, just where he had placed it one pleasant morning, long ago.

But why does he start, and why does his cheeks blanch so suddenly when he gazes on the tree? On the smooth bark, neatly carved, are two names. He reads them aloud.

"CLARENCE. HETTY."

A dark frown gathers on his brow—his eyes flash—and he clenches his strong, bony fingers so hard, the veins swell out like cords on the back of his hands. His breath comes hard through his firm set teeth, for the burning fire of jealously has been suddenly kindled in his heart.

"My God! can it be possible she has proved false to me?" he exclaimed. "Has she deceived me? Does she love another?"

There was anguish in the tones of his voice as he spoke these words, and his lips trembled with the force of heartfelt emotion.

Drawing a knife from his belt, he opened it, and began to deface the names.

"There," he muttered, when the letters were no longer visible, "I ain't a goin' to hev *his* name so conspicuous with hers, nohow: I can't see it! By the flag of freedom! It's a fortunate thing fur Clarence Bell that he ain't here jest now, fur I feel jest like spillin' a rival's blood. If him an' me should happen to come into *contack* jest at this perticuler moment, book-larnin' wouldn't save him, by the jingo! I'm wolfish! I'm riled! I'm mad as a yelpin' mohegan! Ef I find out fur sartin that he's bin tryin' to make her turn agin me, I'll stick him jest as I would a suckin' calf, ef I swing fur it. I ain't to be trifled with, 'specially in matters relatin' to the heart: in any other affairs I'm as docile as a lamb; but when a man tries to steal my gal away, he's indangerin' his earthly existence purty precariously, I imagine, that is ef she ain't perfeckly willin' to secede from me."

The knife closed with a sharp click, and after returning it to his belt, he walked onward toward the farm house.

"I'll soon know all about this affair," he solioquized; "an' ef Hetty has turned agin me of her own free will, why I can't have any anermoserty towards him; but of she han't, then look out fur a tragerdy."

The farm house was by this time in view, standing a short distance away, surrounded by fruit trees. Joe sprang lightly over the fence at the foot of the garden, quickening his pace as he went up the well-worn path that led to the kitchen door.

His heart throbbed audibly as he drew near, and as he passed the open window, shaded by fragrant honeysuckle, and climbing roses, he caught a glimpse of Hetty's form as she sat knitting there alone.

She started when his form darkened the doorway, and an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips as she recognized her unexpected visitor.

"Oh! Joe, have you come back again? I am *so* glad to see you!"

The knitting was quickly thrown aside, and she advanced to meet him with extended hand.

He would have embraced her, but she drew back with an air of offended dignity, mingled with confusion.

A grieved expression flashed over his features, and he said sorrowfully, "Is this all the welcome you've got fur poor Joe? Hetty, we didn't part thus coldly. Don't you love me any longer?"

Her eyes fell, and a crimson flush mantled her cheeks and brow. She could not look up at that open, honest face, nor meet with firmness his unwavering, reproachful gaze, for her conscience chided her with its "still, small voice."

I love you as a friend—as a dear brother—but no more," she faltered. "I once thought I loved you next to God, but time has taught me it was a delusion; a girlish fancy; a mad chimera of the brain; and I have broken the spell that bound me. Do not blame me, Joe; for I could not control the wild passions and strange longings of my heart! I shall always love you with sisterly affection, and if I have unthinkingly deceived you, if I wound your feelings, and cause you pain, forgive me, oh, forgive me, for I am not to blame!"

A long drawn sigh came hard through his set teeth, and a dark frown settled on his brow. She stood trembling and weeping before him; weeping as though her heart would break.

"You love Clarence Bell," he said, sternly. "I know'd it when I saw yer two names carved on the old elm where *we* used ter meet, as I was crossin' the field. He is larn'd, an' han'sum, while I'm ignorant an' homely; but he hain't got a braver, honester heart than mine, nor he can't *love* you any better'n I kin.

He can make you a lady, pra'aps, but he hain't got a powerful form, an' brawny arms, nor strong, hard hands like these to toil from morn till set of sun, and buffet with the world.

He's a carpet knight—a home guard—a parlor soger—a whipper snapper, fit only to talk love-sick nonsense in a gal's ear when her lover's a fightin' fur his country, an' the old flag. I wish I only had him in my hands fur about a minute! I'd make his bones crack like egg shells, the onprincipled, ommannerly, underminin', low lived, sneakin' cuss! By the flag of freedom! I'll larn him what it is to sareumvent a soger, an' make a *raid* on a gal's affections when a feller's away to the war. I'll spile his daguerotype the fust time we meet, with a note of hand delivered at sight."

"Don't harm him, Joe! Don't harm him, for he is not to blame," cried Hetty in alarm. "Because God has given you great strength you would not *beat* Clarence, would you?"

"I don't want to take an onfair advantage even of an inemy, fur that ain't my style; but pra'aps he'll fight me with a sword or a pistil ef I'd ask him."

"Oh, no! Clarence will not fight you in any way," exclaimed the frightened girl. "Don't be so heartless, so cruel, Joe!"

"He won't fight, eh! Then he's a cussed coward, an' by the flag of freedom, I'll hoss whip him most beautiful, fur that's my style! I'm mighty high priced when I git roused—*awful* high priced, by the jumpin Mohegans!"

"Oh, don't harm poor Clarence, for he has never injured you," she implored, grasping his arm with both hands, and gazing tearfully upward in his face.

"Strike me dead at your feet, but do not injure him! I alone am to blame, and the innocent should not be made to suffer for the guilty! Forgive me, brother, friend, for I cannot help loving him!"

"Wall, ef you're *altogether* to blame I'll let him go; but you don't know how my heart aches; you don't know how my brain throbs when I think we can never meet agin as we did in old times, when I think, an' *know* I must give you up forever. I was sure you would one day be my wife—I was a lookin' so hopefully for'ards to a happy future—but now all hope is gone; an' by the flag of freedom, I am miserable! I hope you'll both be happy, but I never know'd what sorrow was till now. Think of poor Joe sometimes, fur *he* won't know it; an' when I'm away fightin' the darned rebels, don't let my old mother starve. Ef I fall in battle, know that the heart that is cold in death gave its last throb fur you. That's my style, an' I can't help it, 'cause I'm honest. My dickshinary an' book larnin' is played out. I can't say another word, fur I'm growin' wonarnish, an' weak hearted. God bless you darlin'! Good bye!"

Sobs choked her utterance, and in vain she tried to speak; while he turned and marched from the house, walking with long hasty strides down the garden path, without pausing to look back.

Onward he went, in the shade of the willows that skirted the banks of the sparkling stream, with his great brown hands tightly clenched, and the strong, bony fingers working nervously. His head was bowed—his gaze downcast—and the dark veins on his brow swelled out like cords beneath the skin.

It was a hard blow to him—thus to lose her—thus to give her up—and agony was crushing his heart like a leaden weight—making it give out great throbs of woe.

He had pictured in imagination such a bright, glorious, happy future; and the awakening from this blissful dream, to find his fondest hopes a delusion, a cheat, a mockery, nearly maddened him.

"I must bear it like a man," he exclaimed, "fur my old mother is feeble, an' I wouldn't have her know how much I suffer fur the world! poor cretur, she'd take on dreadful, I know. Nobody shan't know I care a cuss fur my disap'intment, fur I'll be jest as merry as I allers was, of my heart breaks in the end.

By the flag of freedom! I'll go to the war agin, an' I'll fight like a mohegan; darned of I don't! Mebby I'll git *permoted*; an' of I don't, I'll do my duty, by the jingo!"

He entered the cottage, smiling as though nothing had gone wrong with him, but in spite of his assumed cheerfulness, the anxious mother knew his gaiety was forced, and unnatural.

A lingering expression of sadness lurked behind his smile, and there was sorrow in the tones of his voice, and the widow sighed as she watched him walking uneasily about, exhibiting unmistakable symptoms of a mind that was harassed and tortured by sorrowful, distressing thought.

She wisely decided not to speak of his disappointment until he was calmer, and better able to bear it, and thus the matter rested.

He was unconscious his mother knew ought concerning his grief, while she was praying in silence that he might be given strength to bear.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

"I wonder why Frank hasn't been over to see us?" said Leonore Ashley, as she sat beside her father, near the open window in the library, the same morning the events related in the preceeding chapter occurred. "He has been home three days, and he might have called ere this."

"He is not very anxious to see any of us, I suppose," replied the Judge. "I wish you would think more about your wedding, and less of him; you have but two days remaining in which to complete your preparations."

"My bridal robe will be finished to-morrow, but,"—and an arch smile played about her lips, as she added, "I don't think I shall wear it very soon."

"Don't think you'll wear it," exclaimed the old man, in amaze; "and why not?"

"Because Doctor Littlejohn's wife is living: I have seen her, and conversed with her. What my brother Henry wrote concerning her is true. She has followed him here from Georgia, and I have heard the story of her wrongs and suffering, from her own lips. She will be here when the hour arrives in which my wedding is appointed to take place; be here, in this house, to confront him face-to-face."

Judge Ashley was more bewildered now than he had been before, and not until after Leonore had told him all about her unexpected meeting with Madelon, not until she had related the conversation that passed between them, was he satisfied her statement was true.

"It must have been Madelon who appeared at the window," he mentally exclaimed; and then he thought, "suppose she *should* appear, an uninvited guest at the wedding, and suppose her coming should free Leonore from making this fearful sacrifice, that she dreaded worse than death, *he* was still in his enemy's power," and he knew that Doctor Littlejohn would use that power to its fullest extent—unmercifully—unsparingly.

"He will make me a beggar, and then he will hang me, even if *you* escape," groaned the wretched man, as he hid his face in his hands, shivering with terror.

"Oh, Leeny, my child, though the sacrifice is loathsome, though it is fearful and hard, make it, *to* save your poor old father's life! I am afraid to die! I am afraid to meet my Maker with the stain of murder resting on my soul! Save me! Save me!"

He fell on his knees beside her, clasping her hands in his, shuddering and trembling as though the sentence of death had already been pronounced, and his features were distorted with terror.

He was neither brave nor strong, but cowardly, weak minded, and childish. He thought that *any* sacrifice would not be too great, if that sacrifice would be instrumental in saving his life.

"Save me! save me! he again cried; "promise me you will!"

"I must first exact a promise from you," she said.

"I will promise anything you ask, if you will rescue me from his power."

"Will you freely consent to my union with Frank Willis, if he should ask me to become his bride?"

"I will; but Doctor Littlejohn will never give you up: I know him too well, my child. You may plead with him, on your knees, but all your pleading will be in vain, for his heart is as hard and unfeeling as adamant. You will not succeed, Leeny; you will only anger him until his vengeance will fall upon me. Be careful, girl, and don't exasperate him."

She smiled.

"Didn't I tell you, before he came to visit us, I would manage him, that I would out-wit him, if you left him in my care?"

"Yes."

"Well, God has given me the power to thwart all his villainous schemes. Fear not, my father; for you shall be rescued from every danger, the mortgage shall be paid, and soon Doctor Littlejohn shall have no claim upon your property, or aught that you possess."

"Are you sure of this?" exclaimed the old man eagerly. "Oh, if I thought it *would* be so, I should be the happiest man on earth! Tell me how you came in possession of this power that is to deliver us from our persecutor."

"I cannot; but have no fear, and all will be well. Doubt not my words, for in three days you will acknowledge I have spoken truly. Question me no more, but strive to be cheerful."

"I will," he said, "for I know you would not speak as you have done unless you were sure of your power: you would not bid me hope when hope is in vain. I shall rest content, and wait impatiently for the proof of your words."

"And you shall not be disappointed," she said, and after kissing his care-worn brow, she arose and left the library, humming a merry air.

"Something bids me hope for brighter, happier days," murmured the old man, when she had gone. "Already the dark clouds of sorrow seem leaving my path, and the first faint beams of happiness is breaking through the gloom, falling so softly on my heart. Oh, God! if through thy mercy the declining years of my pilgrimage are to be blessed with peace and joy, grant that she whom I loved in my early youth may share it with me!"

He stood with clasped hands, gazing with tear-dimmed eyes from the open window, upward, at the unclouded sky, happy, and still he knew not why.

*Something* bade him be of good cheer. What was that *something?* Perchance an angel's whisper! Who can tell? * * *

Leonore, after leaving her father, went out to enjoy a stroll in the park. She did not wish to meet Doctor Littlejohn, but she had gone only a short distance from the house when she heard his step behind her.

He came up panting for want of breath, and highly perfumed. He had dressed himself with unusual care for the last three days, and moreover he had kept sober; (a thing that did not often occur.)

"A delightful morning, my dear!" he exclaimed, ducking his head, with an ineffectual attempt to be gallant.

"A charming morning, my love," she returned with a serio-comic air.

"Might I inquire where you are going at this early hour, my gay cavalier?"

Doctor Littlejohn was not offended at these lightly spoken jests: they pleased him much better than her former coldness, and her usual monosylabic replies.

"Inquire? Certainly! I am going to Utica, for the express purpose of purchasing a magnificent diamond necklace for my young and lovely bride."

"How kind—how utterly regardless of expense," she said, smiling archly upon him: "my robe and my jewelry will be fit for a princess. Ah! how can I thank you? I am delighted! I am overjoyed! I shall be in ecstacies of delight when I am arrayed for the bridal!"

He frowned, and bit his lip to conceal his chagrin. He was evidently ill pleased because she was carrying the joke too far.

"Marriage is a solemn ceremony," he said, rebukingly, "and you should not speak thus lightly of it."

"A solemn ceremony I acknowledge it to be: I am surprised because you have not thought so before now."

"I have always thought so."

"Then why did you desert Madelon? Why did you leave her confined in the insane asylum, at Milledgeville? She is your lawful, wedded wife."

He laughed hoarsely.

"She is a lunatic," he replied; "and she escaped from the asylum, where her friends had placed her: she went roving about the country, claiming every wealthy man for her husband, whom she chanced to meet, and I unfortunately was among the number. I am not to be blamed for this, am I? Must I acknowledge the truth of her statement? Must I turn my home into a madhouse—a nursery for other people's children,—just to please a set of gossipping, meddling fools? Not I! I have never loved any woman but you, and you I have loved since first I beheld you in childhood. Although many years your senior, I resolved to wait until you were old enough, and then offer you my heart, my hand, and fortune. I could have married long ago. My wealth and my profession gave me admittance into the highest and most respectable society; but I have passed amid beauty's brightest smiles unscathed and free, and I have sought your side at last, to lay at your feet the affection and homage of a heart whose love has long been thine. Can you doubt my sincerity? You surely are not weak-minded enough to believe the ravings of a woman who is mad, nor the tales evil-disposed persons may tell you concerning me. When you are mine, the devotion of a lifetime shall reward you for the "sacrifice," as you have termed it, that you are about to make; and you shall be mistress over the home of your childhood.

But I hear the carriage coming, and I must leave you! I shall be back by sunset! For a short time, adieu!"

He took her hand in his own, and after pressing it to his lips, he hastened away.

A contemptuous smile curled Leonore's thin lips as she stood watching him until he entered the carriage; then, as the spirited horses went prancing down the avenue that led to the road, she exclaimed, "Oh, how can men be so deceitful, so wicked, so cruel, when they know life is short, and after death cometh the judgment! Can he think that I am simple enough to believe him? With all his cunning he is but a fool; and he will soon find out that virtue must triumph over vice. God never deserts those who serve Him, and trust in Him; and although everything looks dark, though our life-path is clouded o'er, and thorns wound our feet at every step, though Hope's bright star withdraws from us its radiance, and our spirits sink despairing beneath a crushing weight of woe, light and joy dawns upon us at last; Faith rescues us when all else fails—for He *will* aid those whose faith in Him is *firm* and *strong!* God has given me the power, placed the means in my hands to rescue my poor old father from poverty and death, and save myself from a life of misery and shame. My prayers have been heard, and I am happy. If Frank still loves me I will tell him all; but it is very strange he don't come and see us."

She wandered on until she arrived at the gate that opened on the roadside, and there she paused in the shade, gazing across the meadow at the great house that stood on Rose Hill, half hidden by the trees that surrounded it. How enchantingly beautiful was the landscape, marked with mystic lights and shadows, dotted with leafy groves, and open glades, adorned with sparkling rivulets that went flashing onward, and made musical by the murmur of miniature cascades that sung unceasingly a monotonous song.

There is a strong tie that binds *some* souls to nature, and nature unfolds to their admiring gaze wondrous beauties, that *others* cannot see. Rational people do not wonder at this. The child of Genius knows and *feels* it. Cold hearted, and unloving are they who doubt this simple truth. * * *

Leonore leaned against the gate, musing; thinking of him she loved,—and her heart oft asked, "Does he ever think of me?"

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Musing thus, lost to the world and all around her, these words unconsciously escaped her lips: "Does he ever think of me?"

The sound of her voice recalled her wandering thoughts, and as she looked up, tears stole silently down her cheeks. She brushed them away, sighing heavily, for her heart was troubled.

"Why don't he come?" again she exclaimed; and then she thought, "perhaps he feels ashamed because he has lost one leg, and he *may* think I don't love him when I see how helpless he is. I know he is proud, and sensitive, but if he only *knew* how well I love him, he wouldn't stay away."

"Hea' yo is, am ye? I'se been lookin' all ober fur ye, an' now I'se foun' ye at las!"

It was Phillis who spoke, and Leonore hastily brushed away the tears that glistened on her cheeks, inquiring as she turned towards her, "what do you wish? why were you looking for me?"

"Wy dar ain't no pusson in de house fit to entertain comp'ny 'cept me, an' I hasn't got any time to spare dis mornin', 'cause de kitchen work an' de bakin' mus' be tended to fur sartin."

"Company!" exclaimed Leonore, "pray who has honored us with a visit at this early hour?"

"He ain't o' much count nohow, 'specially in my 'pinion; but mebby as how you'll t'ink dif'rent from w'at I does. He ain't to be compared to Doctor Littlejohn, fur he's de smartes' man dat lib'd in Georgia."

"Cease this idle talk and tell me who our visitor is?" said Leonore with an impatient gesture.

"Cap'in Willis," replied the negress.

Leonore waited to hear no more, but a crimson flush mantled her cheeks and brow as she hastened towards the house, leaving Phillis to follow at her leisure.

"Oh, Frank has not forsaken me! He loves me still!" exclaimed the fair girl, as she almost ran up the path, her heart throbbing with tumultuous joy.

A tremor ran through her frame when she entered the open door, and she paused a moment in the hall to regain her composure, and to recover breath: then she walked toward the parlor, pale and firm.

He was sitting on the sofa, thin and care-worn, his crutch and cane beside him. A glad smile played over his face when he heard her well-known step, and he attempted to rise and meet her, forgetting for an instant his crippled state.

He sank back on the sofa with a sigh, and the next moment Leonore was at his side.

"Welcome, welcome home again, dear Frank!" she sobbed, and her arms twined lovingly about his neck, while her head was pillowed on his breast, the glossy curls shading her face like a waving veil.

He spoke not—he replied not to her passionate greeting—but clasped her silently, tenderly to his heart, kissing her cheek with the kindness of old—and then she knew the past was forgotten and forgiven—knew she was still beloved—knew that he was unchanged. * * * *

It was a moment of delicious joy; a meeting full of purest happiness; a blissful re-union of loving hearts that unkind words had nearly estranged forever; a reconciliation such as angels love to see.

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When he released her from his embrace, they sat side by side together, her hand resting in his.

"I did not expect a wel