The Columbia Spy.

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

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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.
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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
OFFICE—next door to Hess' book store.
Office Hours—From 6 to 7 A. M., 12 to 1 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. [apr.20, '67-1y.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
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Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.

A. J. KAUFFMAN,
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Collections made in Lancaster and adjoining Counties.
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J. A. MURPHEY,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Columbia, Penn'a.
Dr. M. is a graduate of the University of Penn'a, and was a student of Dr. John L. Atlee, Sr., of Lancaster.
Office—Corner of Walnut and Second Streets, in the room formerly occupied by Doctor Devlin. [may2'68

J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST.
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered in the extraction of Teeth.
Office—Front Street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut Streets, Columbia, Pa.

F. HINKLE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON;
offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity. He may be found at the office connected with his residence, on Second street, between Cherry and Union, every day, from 7 to 9 A. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M. Persons wishing his services in special cases, between these hours, will leave word by note at his office, or through the post office.

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WESTERN HOTEL,
Nos. 9, 11, 13 & 15 CORTLANDT STREET,
NEW YORK.
D. D. WINCHESTER, THOS. D. WINCHESTER.
LEVIS MISHLER, Clerk.

"CONTINENTAL."
THIS HOTEL IS PLEASANTLY LOCATED, between the Stations of the Reading and Columbia, and Pennsylvania Railroads,
FRONT STREET, COLUMBIA, PA.
Ample accommodations for Strangers and Travelers. The Bar is stocked with
CHOCE LIQUORS,
And the Tables furnished with the best fare.
URIAH PINDLEY,
Columbia, April 29, 1867.] Proprietor.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
LOCUST ST., COLUMBIA, PA.
This is a first-class hotel, and is in every respect adapted to meet the wishes and desires of the traveling public. MARTIN ERWIN, Proprietor.

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On the European Plan, opposite City Hall Park New York. R. FRENCH, Proprietor.

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First-Class Accommodations. The Choicest Liquors at the Bar. ALEX. D. REESE, Proprietor.

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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 Baltimore.
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[Chartered with Ample Powers.]

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE!
FOR BOTH SEXES.
The WINTER TERM commences on MONDAY JANUARY 6th, 1868.
The great success which has attended this Institution, has necessitated the erection of additional buildings, and, with these increased accommodations, superior advantages are afforded. Each branch is thoroughly taught, and students are exercised so as to comprehend each part of the subject. The Professors and Tutors are competent and skillful. The range of study is wide, embracing all the branches of a PRACTICAL, SCIENTIFIC, CLASSICAL and ORNAMENTAL EDUCATION.
☞SPECIAL ADVANTAGES FOR LADIES, particularly in MUSIC and the ORNAMENTAL Branches. CHARGES MODERATE.
☞Send for a Catalogue, addressing
REV. T. R. VICKROY, A. M., President.
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CABINET ORGANS, &c.

EDWARDS, LEE & CO.'S
NEW BALTIMORE ORGAN!
THE BEST MANUFACTURED,
Combining in one INSTRUMENT all that is
VALUABLE IN OTHERS.
MORE PERFECT, MORE DURABLE,
And Less Liable to Get Out of Order.
☞ CALL AND SEE THEM! ☜
AT
SHREINER & SON'S,
Agents for Manufacturers,
FRONT STREET, COLUMBIA, PA.
dec. 21, '67-1f.

J. H. GROVESTEEN,
Founder of the old and favorably known house of Grevesteen & Co.
GROVESTEEN, FULLER & CO.,
HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR
NEW WAREROOMS,
55 Mercer Street, New York.
PIANO-FORTES.
The great increase in the demand for our Piano-Fortes throughout the country, have compelled us to extend our Manufacturing facilities to three times their former size, and having added many new improvements in Manufacturing, we shall continue to keep our prices the same as they always have been, the lowest of any First-Class Piano-Forte maker by at least one-third, and we respectfully solicit by parties about purchasing to a comparison with all other makers. [may2'68-1y

PRICES REDUCED!
PAPER HANGING
AT 10 CENTS PER PIECE.
Special attention given to the correction of damp walls. All Orders left at No. 224 Locust Street (front room, Second floor,) will be promptly attended to by
4j-13] W. H. C. BASSETT.

BUCHER'S COLUMN.

J. C. BUCHER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Wines and Liquors!
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.

MISHLER'S CELEBRATED
HERB BITTERS!
PURE AND UNADULTERATED,
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 by
J. C. BUCHER,
At his Store, Locust Street, Columbia.

WINES AND LIQUORS!
Embracing the following;
Catawba,
Port,
Lisbon,
Cherry,
Maderia,
Malaga,
Champagne,
Claret,
Rhine,
Blackberry,
Elderberry,
Currant and Muscat WINES.

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

AGENCY FOR
MALT AND CIDER VINEGAR.
He is also Agent for the Celebrated
MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

FOR SALE
POCKET FLASKS,
DEMIJOHNS,
TOBACCO BOXES,
and FANCY ARTICLES, in great variety,
At J. C. BUCHER'S.

MISHLER'S BITTERS!
PURE & UNADULTERATED,
For Sale by
J. C. BUCHER.

BEST STOUT PORTER!
From E. & G. HIBBERT, LONDON.
For sale by
J. C. BUCHER,
Locust Street, above Front.

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.

HOOFLAND'S COLUMN.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
The Great Remedies for all Diseases of the LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
Is composed of the pure juices, (or, as they are medicinally termed, *Extracts,*) of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely *free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.*

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC
Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of *Santa Cruz Rum,* Orange, &c., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.
Those preferring a medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being the most palatable.
The Stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympathizing as it does with the Stomach, then becomes affected, the result of which is that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:
Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking, or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.
The sufferer from these diseases should exercise the greatest caution in the selection of a remedy for his case, purchasing only that which he is assured from his investigations and inquiries, possesses true merit, is skillfully compounded, is free from injurious ingredients, and has established for itself a reputation for the cure of these diseases. In this connection we would submit those well-known remedies—
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Twenty-two years since they were first introduced into this country from Germany, during which time they have undoubtedly performed more cures, and benefited suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.
These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhœa, or Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY,
Resulting from any Cause whatever; Prostration of the System, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, &c.
There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A tone and vigor is imparted to the whole system, the appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy, the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE,
And feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of this BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instil new life into their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE.
It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health; or, to use their own expression, "Never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.
To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.
WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN
Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, without fail.
Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietors, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are men of note, and of such standing that they must be believed.

Testimonials.
HON. GEORGE W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, writes:
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.
"I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system.
"Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD."

HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Penn'a.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.
"I consider 'Hoofland's German Bitters' a *valuable medicine* in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.
"Yours, with respect,
"JAMES THOMPSON."

FROM REV. JOS. H. KENNARD, D. D., Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Phila.
DR. JACKSON—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates St.

FROM REV. E. D. FENDALL,
Ass't Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadа.
I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility, or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit.
Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH St., Philadelphia, Pa.
CHARLES M. EVANS, PROPRIETOR.
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

PRICES.
Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle, $1.00
" " " half dozen, 5.00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, $1.50 per bottle, or a half dozen for $7.50.
☞Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.
For sale by all Druggists and dealers in Medicines. [Jan, 18, '68-1y.

Original Poetry.

[For the SPY.]

The Maiden's Choice.

BY L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

I never can wed him, though rich he may be,
For another is dearer, far dearer to me;
Though he owneth no lands, no houses or gold,
He has a kind heart, and a proud manly soul.
'Tis in vain that ye strive, from him I'll not part;
I bestow not my hand till it goes with my heart;
A cottage is dearer with him that I prize
Than the gold that may dazzle your cold greedy eyes.

Should I marry for riches, I'd ne'er happy be,
A true heart is dearer, far dearer to me;
For happiness lives not mid splendor and wealth,
But in true love, contentment, in labor, and health.
In the halls of the great there dwells envy and pride,
False, false friends will praise you, and proud hearts will chide;
And though handsome, and noble, and wealthy he be,
He is heartless and cold, and can never wed me.

But give me the cottage, the vines, and the bowers,
The sweet little garden, the birds, and the flowers,
And the one whom I love, and in whom I confide,
To be my protector, my guardian and guide.
I will work in the garden, and hear the bird's song,
While he tills the land with his arm proud and strong,
And as life glides along, none more happy can be
Than the one that I love, in the cottage with me.

Origin of the Motto of Odd-Fellowship.

Once on a time when earth was new,
I wandered forth in Eden's bowers;
And sought for emblems of the true,
Amid its varied sweets and flowers.

Quick from among the petals rare,
Appeared an Angel, pure and fair;
She plucked two flowers—Pink and White,
And vanished suddenly from sight.

Another came to cheer the scene,
And chose two others, Blue and Green:
When she had gone a third appeared,
And the bright cardinals reared;
She plucked the Purple dahlia too,
And spread them all before my view.

Then all appeared, as pure as air—
Twined a bright chaplet, rich and fair,
Bound it upon the brow of youth,
And called it Friendship, Love and Truth.

Original Story.

Back numbers of this Story can be furnished.

[For the SPY.]

BERKELEY HALL.

BY L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

Author of "The Ashleys," "The Golden Lion," "The Beaufortsi," "The old House on the Hudson," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

TROUBLE AT BERKELEY HALL—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Great was the excitement at Berkeley Hall when May's flight was discovered. Sir Richard raved, stormed and swore until he was in a high fever. His nephew mounted one of the horses, and dashed off at a mad pace toward London; in quest of the fair fugitive. Servants were dispatched in every direction, some mounted, others on foot, to aid in the search. In the Hall, all was confusion among the maid servants, and Mrs. Laramie, the housekeeper, had everything in the house moved and overturned, from the darkest corner in the cellar to the furthest nook in the garret.

Even the hounds ran howling through the grounds, assisting in the general clamor, and such a medley of sounds never had been heard in or around the mansion since it had been built.

The Lady Blanche alone remained calm and unconcerned. She had expected this uproar; for well she knew when May informed her she would leave the Hall, the proud, spirited girl would keep her word. Alone in her chamber she sat, listening to the footsteps and voices of the menials as they ran hither and thither, a proud smile wreathing her thin lips.

"I pray God they may not find her and bring her back again," she exclaimed, passionately, "for she stands between me and happiness, and I might do her harm."

There was much meaning in these words, and the dark eyes of the maiden sparkled with the fire of hatred as she uttered them.

"My cousin is already infatuated with her artful wiles, and I must stand aside for *her,* the saucy, brazen-faced, low-born thing! No sooner did he hear she had fled from the Hall, than he sprang from his seat as though he was shot, and leaving his breakfast untouched, ran to the stables—mounted one of our best horses—and rode away like a madman. I pray he may not find her; and little would I care if he broke his neck in the chase. Sir Richard himself storms, fumes and frets like a caged hyena because his gout keeps him from accompanying his foolish nephew. One might think, judging from the noise, the whole household had suddenly gone mad—master, servants, and guest."

She arose, and began pacing to and fro, her costly robe trailing in short, impatient jerks behind her.

Although Blanche Berkeley was surrounded with every luxury that wealth could procure, still she was far from being contented or happy. Nothing pleased her, and she did not try to please herself. Faultfinding was the main feature in her character, and jealousy principal among her passions, while her disposition was hateful in the extreme. Haughty, unfeeling, revengeful and unforgiving, it was no wonder she was always unhappy. Her turbulent temper had caused a certain degree of coldness between herself and Sir Richard, and the eccentric old gentleman had lavished on May the affection Blanche had cast away in scorn. May had become the child of his heart, and the joy of his declining years; and when Sir Richard learned that she had fled from the Hall, he said, "Blanche has done this."

* * * * * *

The haughty girl was still pacing the floor when the housekeeper opened the door and looked in.

"Sir Richard wishes you to come down," she said.

"How dare you open the door of *my* chamber without knocking?" demanded Blanche.

"Don't look at *me* in that manner," said Mrs. Laramie, sharply, "for you can't frighten anybody with your snaky eyes, I fancy. You ain't mistress of Berkeley Hall yet; when Sir Richard dies, it'll be time enough to begin your ugliness. You drove poor Miss May out of the house with abuse, but you can't scare Mrs. Laramie—and if you cut up any more of your didos, your cousin, the captain, shall here all about you; there!"

The offended housekeeper banged the door behind her, and marched away with stately step, rattling her bunch of keys.

* * * * * *

Blanche Berkeley's face became livid with passion, and she ground her teeth together like an enraged animal.

"I cannot bear such insolence," she exclaimed. "Mrs. Laramie shall leave next! I will make Sir Richard discharge her immediately, and engage a housekeeper who knows her place. High times these, when a servant dare insult her mistress with impunity. It shall be stopped without delay!"

For a moment she stood as though undecided as to how she should act; and when her agitation had subsided, she went down to meet Sir Richard.

She found him in the library. He was sitting in his arm chair, with his gouty limb resting on an ottaman that had been placed before him. A scowl was on his brow, and Blanche dismissed the idea of speaking about Mrs. Laramie, for she saw he was in no fit mood to listen to a complaint.

He looked up when she entered, regarding her sternly.

"Sit down *there,*" he said, pointing to a chair that stood near him.

"I prefer standing."

"Sit down, I say! D—n it—I am in no humor to behold any stubbornness."

Again he pointed to the chair. Blanche sat down.

"We are in a pretty hubbub at Berkeley Hall, miss; and I want to talk with you about it. You have caused all this trouble, you have often caused trouble before; but now you have raised the very devil—the very devil. By unkindness and abuse you have driven May from her home; and now I want to know what passed between ye—I want to know all about it."

"I know nothing about her," said Blanche, innocently, "neither do I care where she has gone. You have treated her with fatherly kindness for many years, and now she is going to repay you by running away, and perhaps she will disgrace us in the end. I have spoken harshly to her at times, I am willing to admit; but she has been so saucy lately I could do nothing with her. I pray she may never come back."

"Then there has been no quarrel between ye since my nephew has been here?"

"There has not, father; we have been on the most friendly terms. May dressed my hair after his arrival, and I gave her the privilege to choose any dress she wished to wear, from my own wardrobe, when she was presented to Captain Berkeley."

"Indeed," ejaculated the old man. There is a mystery somewhere; and I cannot understand it. *I* didn't scold her. I never spoke a cross word to her in my life. I'm afraid you have treated her with cruelty, and she has fled to escape your persecution. I don't assert positively you are telling a falsehood, but damn my buttons, if I don't *think* you are! I'll sift this matter to the bottom, and if I don't find out the whole truth, may I break my neck at the next fox hunt—the next fox hunt.

'O! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.'

I'm familiar with the poets, you perceive, miss. I'm not as great a fool as some people think I am—ha—ha—ha!"

Blanche arose and went towards the door.

"You make use of language that should never come from a father's lips," she said, with all the calmness she could command. "You have called me a liar—and I will retire to my chamber."

He did not call her back, but when the door closed behind her, he leaned his head on his hand, sighing heavily.

* * * * * *

The day drew slowly to a close, and at nightfall, the servants who had been out in search of May began to arrive at the Hall, weary and dispirited after their unsuccessful mission. One by one they came into the library and told Sir Richard May could not be found; and when the lights were brought, and the shutters closed, the disconsolate old gentleman ordered wine and other refreshments; and there he sat alone, waiting impatiently his nephew's return. Time passed slowly to him, and when the old clock struck eight, he leaned back in his chair and fell asleep.

* * * * * *

An hour passed by, and when the clock struck nine Sir Richard was suddenly aroused by a touch on the shoulder. He started, and opened his eyes. Brown, the butler, stood beside him.

"Ah! it's you, eh!" he exclaimed. "Have they found her?"

"No, master; but—"

"Has my nephew returned?"

"He has not, sir; but there—"

"What the devil is the matter, then? Is the house on fire?"

"A gentleman has just arrived from London, and he wants to see you."

"A gentleman—from London—show him in—show him in."

The butler departed. He soon reappeared, announcing with an air of importance—"Mr. O'Grady!"

Sir Richard looked sharply at his visitor, and extended his hand. He was unable to rise.

O'Grady did not see the hand Sir Richard held towards him. His eyes were wandering about the apartment, while a look of surprise gradually overspread his features. He gazed up at the ceiling that was arabesqued with stucco—at the windows where the diamond shaped panes of stained glass reflected back the light in mellowed lustre—at the old portraits, and the rich landscapes that adorned the walls—at the statuary that was placed in elevated niches at regular distances—at the solid black oak furniture, grotesquely carved—at the ornaments and images of virtu that were tastefully arranged on the marble mantel—at the figures of two knights who stood leaning on their lances at either side of the door he had entered—until at last he turned to Sir Richard, saying—

"It's all mighty nice an' illegant, so it is!"

Sir Richard smiled. He was amused to see his visitor's curiosity.

"Then you admire the library?" he said.

"I'm plazed with it, sur; fur I didn't see the like in a long time. It puts me in mind uv a ra'al gintleman's place at home, so it does. But I see ye don't recognize me."

"I recollect you well, Mr. O'Grady; there was a little quarrel between us once, but I had almost forgotten it."

"Don't mintion it! don't say wan word about it," exclaimed O'Grady. "We war both boys thin, hot headed, an' full uv dho divil; an sure annything is fair in love or war. Let us not sphake uv dho unfortunate occurrence again; for fwhat matters it so long as neither uv us married her. Hould yer tongue, an' I'll do the same. I have important news fur ye, so I have."

"Important news," exclaimed Sir Richard, brightening, from whom?"

"From Miss May Wallace."

"What! news from her? Then you are a welcome visitor indeed. Where is the young lady?"

"She's at me own house in London, so she is."

"In London—at your house—and how came she *there?*"

Mr. O'Grady related the facts, with which the reader is already acquainted, while Sir Richard listened attentively, until he had ended his recital.

"You found her lying senseless on the road, and took her home with you," repeated the old man, thoughtfully. "I shall order my carriage and go after her in the morning; but I wonder because you did not bring her with you. She is not ill, I hope."

"Divil an ill, barrin' dho fatigue and dho excitement," responded O'Grady; "an' she's well satisfied where she is, dhis minute. Didn't I ax her to come home wid me, an' she wint down on her two knees forent me, cryin' an' implorin' me to lave her where she was, so she did."

"Strange," muttered Sir Richard; "did you ask *why* she would not return to her home?"

"Uv coorse I did!"

"What reply did she make?"

"She tould me her poor heart was bruk wid all dhe abuse she resaved fhrom yer divil uv a daughter, Lady Blanche; an' she swore dhat she wouldn't stir wan peg fhrom me own dure, if yees all kem in a dhrove to take her, so she did. Miss Blanche called her a low born thing—a nagur squaw—a thief—an' worse dhan dhat agin, so she did."

The old man was silent—shame for his daughter's unkindness made him so. Suddenly he brightened.

"She didn't say that I abused her, did she, he inquired.

"Oh, no, sir; she thinks a dale uv you, I'm sure; but she won't come back to Berkeley Hall far all dhat. Dhere isn't any use in axin' her, not the laste, so there isn't."

"We shall see—we shall see. May I break my neck at the next fox hunt, if she don't return with me when I drive to London. 'She would leave the great city, so brilliant and gay,
For a peep at her home on this fair summer day.'

I'm familiar with the poets, you see."

"Damn the poets," ejaculated O'Grady, disdainfully.

Sir Richard looked at his visitor sternly.

"Did you say 'damn the poets,' Mr. O'Grady?"

"I did, sur; an' pwhy not? Fwhat are they good fur at all, I'd like to know, only to go aboit sthar gazin' at night, an' thin whrite nonsense all the day, dhat dhrives dhe sinse out uv foolish girls. Some other time I'd be plazed to enther into a discussion about them, but 'pon me sowl, I havn't time now."

"Can you not stay at the Hall to-night, and return home with me in the morning?"

"I cannot, sur; I must go now, fur me carriage is at the door. There's me card; an' I'll be plazed to see ye any time."

Sir Richard rang for a servant, and ordered wine. They drank together, and Mr. O'Grady departed.

Rapidly the carriage rolled away from Berkeley Hall, and the good natured Irishman leaned back against the soft cushions, humming in a low voice, "The young May moon is beaming."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MURDER—THE GIPSY.

The night was dark and the murky clouds hung heavy over London. Hoarse peals of thunder shook the vaulted heaven, and the livid lightning leaped, darted and hissed like fiery serpents through the air. Large drops of rain fell pattering on the hot and dusty pave that soon absorbed the moisture, and pedestrians hurried along with rapid footstep anxious to shelter themselves from the outburst of the threatening storm.

The bell of St. Marks had just struck nine, and its mellow vibration was still lingering on the air, when the old beggar, whom we have before described, ascended the steps of Lord Clifford's mansion and knocked lightly at the door.

It was opened almost instantly by Lady Clifford. She held up her finger to enjoin silence, closing the door carefully as her visitor glided in on tiptoe.

"Follow me," she whispered, and old Grabby shuffled along after his agitated guide, until they reached his Lordship's private apartment. They entered, and for a moment stood regarding each other silently. Lady Clifford's agitation was great. Her face was ghastly—her breathing was convulsive and her form trembled from head to foot. Her companion was calm—not a muscle quivered, but an expression of brutal ferocity, mingled with dogged determination disfigured his disgusting and crime-hardened features.

"Where is he?" inquired the wretch in a low voice.

"He went to Cameron's to meet some members of his club, he will be home at ten. You must conceal yourself in that closet and await his arrival. Have you prepared yourself well for your work? He may make some resistance."

"I never leave a job half finished, ma'am. See! With this cord I intend to strangle him, and if I find him very anxious to live, why I'll stab him with this little beauty. Just run your pretty white fingers over the edge if you please, and then feel the point and you'll say it's as sharp as a razor, and it pricks like a needle. Is'nt it a little beauty?"

He held in his hand a knife, the bright blade glittering as he twirled it about in his long fingers.

"Put it away," said Lady Clifford, shuddering, "I cannot bear to look at it."

Old Grabby obeyed.

"That's what'll make you a widow," he muttered, "he—he—he."

"You must secrete yourself, for he may arrive at any moment," said the lady.

"Where am I to hide?"

"In that closet," she pointed with her finger as she spoke. "You will have plenty of room within, to move about in, and the upper part of the door is glass; by drawing aside one of the curtains you will be enabled to observe every movement his Lordship makes."

"All right, my Lady! Nothing could be arranged that would suit me better. I'll just pop into the closet now, and you leave me to my meditations; but before we part I would just like to kiss your hand—your pretty white hand."

He took it ere she could prevent him, and with an air of mock humility pressed his lips on the jeweled fingers. The proud woman drew back with an air of insulted modesty. The beggar laughed.

"Don't scowl at me so, madam, I've had ladies kiss *my* hand before now."

A scornful laugh broke from Lady Clifford's lips, and saying in a commanding tone—"Go into your den!" she left the apartment.

"She imagines I'm a wild beast," muttered old Grabby, as he opened the door of the closet and entered, there to await the coming of his victim.

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Wildly wailed the wind around the mansion, and the rain fell in torrents. Hoarsely the thunder echoed, and vivid flashes of lightning illumed the heavens.

In her own chamber, Lady Clifford was pacing to and fro—waiting—listening for her husband's coming, while in the closet that was below, a dark face was pressed against the glass, and two glaring eyes gazed eagerly into the chamber where the doomed man was soon to meet his fate.

Ten o'clock came and then Lord Clifford's carriage halted in front of his handsome mansion.

"Heavens! this is a terrible storm," exclaimed the gentleman, as he drew his hat down tightly and hastened up the steps that led to the terrace. A furious gust of wind swept past, driving the rain in his face, and nearly dragging the cloak from about his form. He folded his arms and pressed forward until he reached the door. It was not locked. He opened it—entered and went straight to his chamber. Throwing his cloak over a chair, he rang the small silver bell that stood on the table. A servant entered.

"Bring me wine, Jacob, I am all chilled through."

"Would you like to have a fire kindled in the grate, master?"

"No, not to night—it is'nt cold, man."

"Very well, I'll fetch the wine, and then I'll take your cloak down to the servants' hall, and dry it there."

Lord Clifford threw himself languidly in his arm chair, and folded his arms. His head sank slowly forward until his chin rested on his breast, and thus he sat musing while the dark face was pressed harder against the glass, and the snaky eyes flashed on him from between the curtains malignantly.

Jacob entered with wine.

"Do you wish anything else, master?"

"Not to-night, you may go for I shall retire soon."

He sat there, drinking his wine and listening to the dreary patter of the rain drops for nearly an hour. At last he pushed both decanter and glass away, crossed his arms on the table and then rested his head upon them, sighing heavily.

The curtains that hung on the closet door were parted wider and the form of the assassin appeared. The door itself is now cautiously opened, and although the hinges creak, the unsuspecting victim hears not the sound. Rouse thee! Rouse thee, Lord Clifford! and put forth thy strength for life. Rouse, dreamer!—thy foe, thy murderer is creeping towards thee! Alas! still slumbering! Thine hour has come.

* * * * * *

Slowly the beggar crept cautiously from the closet, his eyes fastened on his unconscious victim, the "strangling rope" in his hand. Each step was measured, and each footfall weighed, for old Grabby was experienced in this murderous profession. Not a muscle quivered; a hellish expression disfigured his naturally repulsive countenance as he advanced towards the slumberer. Once the unhappy man sighed heavily, as though his dream was troubled, and then the beggar had crouched behind his chair ready to spring upon him if he should awake. But he still slumbered, for he was weary and the wine had made him drowsy. For a moment the hoary-headed wretch bent above the sleeper, and then he sprang like a tiger upon him, fastening his long bony fingers about his throat. For a few seconds there was a desperate struggle, for Lord Clifford with a mighty effort released himself from the assassin's grasp.

"Mercy! Mercy! Don't murder me! Don't murder me!" he gasped, his eyes starting from their sockets as he uttered the words.

Again the beggar's fingers were grasping his throat. Once again he struggled to be free, but in vain. The beggar bore him heavily to the floor and quicker than thought the "strangling rope" was about his neck. A low, gurgling sound broke from the nobleman's lips as his murderer tightened the cord with both his hands. Terrible convulsions shook the dying man's form—the eyes bulged farther from their sockets—the features were black, swollen and distorted—the tongue lolled from the mouth, while above the lifeless form bent the inhuman fiend, tugging away at the rope with hellish satisfaction.

The deed was done. Lord Clifford will stand in thy way no longer, Lady Agnes; but at the bar of God thou wilt meet him face to face.

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Old Grabby gazed at the face of Lord Clifford without exhibiting any sign of emotion then he dragged the body to the door that opened on the piazza. This he unlocked and opened carefully looking out and listening. Dark was the night, and the fury of the storm had not abated in the least. Old Grabby grinned—listened, and grinned again. He then dragged the body out on the piazza and raising it in his arms, fastened the rope to the ornamental iron bracket that was nearest him.

"I'll let him dangle there," muttered the villain, "and when the servants find him, they'll think he hung himself;—all right, now I must to be off. Damnation! what an awful night, this is to be sure; I wish I was safe home in the Mint."

Mr. Grabby crushed his hat firmly on his head—stole along the piazza like a thief—glided down the terrace steps, and soon he stood in the streets, with the rain pouring in torrents upon him. He gazed back at the mansion, dimly seen through the darkness, and he fancied that he heard a voice crying out on the awful silence of the night; "Mercy! Mercy! Don't murder me! Don't murder me!" and for the first time a thrill of horror ran through his veins, curdling his blood and paralysing his limbs. He stood for a moment trembling with fear, then he strode onward through the storm, muttering—"Why should I fear? Spirits can never return again after they have left the body, he—he—he!"

"He—he—he!"

"What was *that?*" exclaimed the beggar, halting; "surely I heard a voice—a strange, strange voice—a mocking voice—but where did it come from?"

"You *did* hear a voice."

A tall figure came slowly forth from the shelter of an arch, and stood before him. It was too dark for the beggar to see the stranger's features.

"It was my voice you heard," said the unknown.

"Who are you?" demanded the beggar, stepping back a pace.

"I am a gipsy. You have doubtless heard of Caspar, the fortune teller?"

"Aye; that I have, and often; your name is well known throughout London. What