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 45.] COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 20, 1868. [WHOLE NUMBER, 2,021.

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.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
EIGHT LINES SPACE MAKE A SQUARE.

	1 w	2 w	1 m	2 m	3 m	6 m	1 yr.
1 Sqr.	$1.00	$1.50	$2.50	$4.00	$5.00	$8.00	$12.00
2 Sqrs.	2.00	3.00	5.00	6.00	8.00	12.00	18.00
3 Sqrs.	2.50	4.00	6.00	9.00	12.00	18.00	25.00
¼ Col.	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	30.00
½ Col.	8.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	35.00	60.00
1 Col.	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	35.00	60.00	100.00

Double the above rates will be charged for display or blank advertisements.

Advertisements not under contract, must be marked the length of time desired, or they will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

Special Notices 25 per cent. more.

All Notices or Advertisments in reading matter, under ten lines, $1.00; over ten lines, 10 cts. per line, minion type.

Yearly Advertisers discontinuing their advertisements before the expiration of the year, will be charged at full rates as above, or according to contract.

Transient rates will be charged for all matters *not relating strictly to their business.*

All advertising will be considered CASH, after first insertion.

PROFESSIONAL.

M. CLARK, 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,
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.

A. J. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Collections made in Lancaster and adjoining Counties.
Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, and all claims against the government promptly prosecuted.
Office—No. 152, Locust street.

SAMUEL EVANS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, on Second St., adjoining Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

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. HOFFERR,
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.

HOTELS.

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
CHOICE LIQUORS,
And the Tables furnished with the best fare.
URIAH FINDLEY,
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.

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

MISHLER'S HOTEL,
West Market Square, Reading Penn'a.
EVAN MISHLER,
Proprietor.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
MOUNT JOY, PENNA.
First-Class. Accommodations. The Choicest Liquors at the Bar. ALEX. D. REESE,
Proprietor.

MALTBY HOUSE,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
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.
A. B. MILLER,
Proprietor.

EDUCATIONAL.

[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,
dec. 7, '67-tf. Annville, Lebanon Co., Pa.

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-tf.

J. H. GROVESTEEN,
Founder of the old and favorably known house of Grovesteen & 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
[j-15] 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, Philada.
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 a 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.]

Retrospective.

Harroldore's Review.

BY HENRY J. HOWARD.

Out upon a world less cheery,
Than the heart's so cold and dreary,
Silently I roam;
Pondering o'er the scenes of childhood,
When I roamed the fields and wildwood
Of my native home.

Then my heart was light and joyful,
While I was a thoughtless boy, full
Of delightful pleasure;
Then I had no dreams of sorrow,
Then I thought not of the morrow,
With its bitter measure.

Then the fields, with blossoms teeming,
Filled my soul with idle dreaming,
And the world was love, in seeming,
To my childish soul;
But the storms of age then sought me,
And by angry surges brought me
To that brink which heaven taught me,
Was the sinner's goal.

Still, the heart within, confiding
In the love of Truth, abiding
By its laws, and not deriding
Reason as I went;
Found me at the wicket trying
To escape eternal dying
Through that word "*Repent!*"

Now, once more, that happy season
Comes again—returning reason
Feeds me as of yore;
And the scenes of life, so youthful,
Waits again, in accents truthful,
"*Happy Harroldore!*"

Thus, from childhood's happy hours,
When I played with youth and flowers,
O'er the fields and in the bowers,
Of my good old home;
I to distant scenes am wafted,
And with firm intention grafted
Nevermore to roam!

New York, May 25, 1868.

[For the SPY.]

Our Team.

Have you seen our new team?—if not, keep an eye,
For their pace it is swift, they'll soon pass you by;
E'en Vanderbilt, Bonner, nowhere will be found
When our two-minute coursers are brought on the ground.

We've the pick of the country, selected with care
From the best blood and stock to be found anywhere.
Well trained and found perfect, as sound as a dollar,
And used many years to the Union collar.

They're a team for all work—any task they'll perform—
They have toiled in the sunshine, the tempest, and storm;
They were found ever ready, both faithful and true,
And are known by their color—the bright Union Blue.

In our country's next race we'll match our new team
Against any two trotters that ever were seen,
'Gainst McClellan, or Seymour, or any nags handy—
Not even excepting Old Copperhead Andy.

So bring your contestants, our team we now name,
Two Sons of the Union, well known unto fame:
And our first it is Grant—Ulysses the Great;
Our second—True Colfax, his equal—and mate.

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 Beauforts," "The old House on the Hudson," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HOUSE IN LENNOX SQUARE—THE FINGER MARKS.

The shutters were all tightly closed, and gloom pervaded the great house in Lennox Square. The coroner had been there, the inquest was held, and the verdict was—Suicide. The intelligent jurymen were all satisfied in their own minds that the deceased nobleman had taken his own life, and after their verdict was given they departed to their several abodes. It was well known that Lord Clifford and his wife lived unhappily together, and when people were told what had occurred; few persons manifested surprise, while some of the "wise ones," of both sexes, remarked: "I knew how it would end. Something told me this long ago." Lady Clifford and the servants were examined by a magistrate, and after being questioned until that worthy personage was fully satisfied, the work was done, and no one was suspected of having anything to do with this sad and singular affair.

Lady Clifford breathed freer when she saw all these troublesome visitors depart, and still she was restless and feverish, for her mind was tortured with strange doubts and fears, and her heart ached beneath its weight of guilt. She sat in her easy chair, propped up with pillows, her face ghastly pale, trembling from head to foot whenever any noise disturbed her. The flame of the lamp cast its faint rays on the pale face and figure, sitting there wrapped in the white robe that she usually put on before retiring for the night.

All was still in the house, save the closing or opening of a door as the servants passed from one room to another.

Lady Clifford was just sinking into a doze when Betty, the old housekeeper, entered the chamber. "Ah! you have come at last," said Lady Clifford, smiling. "What kept you so long, Betty?"

"Why, I had to see to the work in the kitchen, and give directions to the servants; then, after locking all the doors, I just went into his Lodship's room to have a look at the corpse."

Lady Clifford shuddered.

"How does it look, Betty?"

"The face is greatly swelled and discolored, and the poor man's tongue is so large that his mouth cannot be closed. I never saw a more frightful object in all my life."

An icy chill crept through the guilty woman's veins, and she felt a choking sensation rising in her throat.

"Has Sir Mortimer arrived? Have my lawyers come yet?" Her voice was husky.

"Your brother has not arrived, neither did the servant who rode over to Sutherland Manor see *him.* Sir Mortimer was not at home, but they will give him your note as soon as he returns. Mr. Pensby, the lawyer, has sent us word he will be here early to-morrow morning."

"Wish everything was settled and the house was quiet once more. I am almost distracted with excitement and grief. Oh! my poor husband! my poor husband!"

Lady Clifford bowed her head and wept bitterly. The deed was done. Tears cannot wash out her guilt; it is too late now. Remorse was gnawing at her heart, and her anguish increased with every passing moment. She would freely and unhesitatingly give all her wealth if the sacrifice would bring back the spirit that had gone forth across the dark tide of Death, never to return. The thought of the dark hereafter tortured her guilty soul, and when she began to realize the true state of affairs; when her conscience thundered: "Thou art a murderess!—prepare to meet thy victim before the bar of God!" a wild, wailing, hysterical cry broke from her lips, causing the housekeeper to start to her feet in affright.

"Oh! my Lady, don't take on so," implored Betty; "it isn't right to do it, and you will make yourself down sick, I'm sure. Do lie down a while and try to compose yourself, for you are awful nervous and feverish."

Lady Clifford suffered her kind attendant to lead her to the couch. She sank wearily upon it and hid her face in the soft pillow. Betty moved the lamp so that its rays fell softly on the crimson velvet curtains that hung about the couch, and then, drawing a rich satin coverlet over her mistress, she sat down in an easy chair beside her. Weary and worn, the wretched woman soon slumbered. The aged domestic, whose mind was overburdened with household cares, soon followed her mistress to the land of dreams, and silence at length reigned, unbroken save by the monotonous ticking of the Venetian clock that adorned the marble mantle.

* * * * * *

It was midnight. The bell of St. Marks had tolled the hour, and its mellow vibration still lingered on the air, when the inmates of the great house were aroused from their slumbers by a heavy knock on the front door. The coachman was nodding in the room where the corpse lay in the coffin, covered with a velvet pall. He started up, rubbing his eyes and grumbling as he went to the door.

"None but the dead can get a chance to sleep in this 'ouse," he muttered. "I wonder who's come now. Oh! bless my heyes, hit's Sir Mortimer 'imself! We've been hexpectin' you, sir."

"I came as soon as I could," said the young man. "I suppose all the family are sound asleep, so you need not disturb them. How is Lady Clifford?"

"She ain't well at all, sir; this 'orrible hafair 'as flummuxed 'er completely. Walk hinto *this* room, sir, hand I'll strike a light himmediately. You've 'ad a long ride. Would you like some wine, sir?"

"Yes; a glass of wine will do me good, and you may bring some."

The young gentleman laid aside his hat and gloves, and then sat down. The servant soon came in with the wine. Sir Mortimer filled a glass and swallowed it hastily. He was about thirty years of age, rather above the medium height, and finely formed. His face was meagre, pale and careworn, and a hollow, artificial smile, that might properly be termed a sneer, continually played about his thin, colorless lips. His dress was of the latest cut and style, and various articles of jewelry adorned his person. His bearing was generally haughty, but on certain occasions, when it suited his pleasure, he was condescendingly polite, even affable.

"Matthew, just raise one of the windows, and let in the air, for this room is like an oven. There, that will do; now come and sit down near me. Do you drink wine, Matthew?"

"When I can get it to drink, sir."

"Help yourself, my boy; you will feel better after moistening your palate with a glass of two. Capital stuff, this, Matthew."

"My master never would 'ave h'any but the best. Your 'ealth, sir."

Matthew thought his companion an "exceedingly agreeable" man, with no pride about him; and he wondered why he had never called at the house when Lord Clifford was living. He did not ask any foolish questions, however.

"So it seems your master was foolish enough to hang himself, remarked Sir Mortimer. "What do people think about it?"

"I 'aven't 'eard many h'express h'an h'opinion h'on the subject, but them what has seem to think that h'it was h'all h'on account of my mistress h'and 'im livin' so un'appy together."

"What is your opinion, Matthew?"

"I 'aven't h'any h'opinion, h'and h'if I 'ad, I wouldn't be foolish h'enough to say h'anything to you, sir."

Sir Mortimer smiled.

"You are the first man I ever met who hadn't an opinion; and you would be a valuable addition to the curiosities in the British Museum. Most people are generally ready to give their opinion without waiting to be asked."

"Those who do so are fools," said Matthew, bluntly.

"God help us, then," laughed Sir Mortimer, "the world is made up of fools."

"I don't doubt it, not a bit, sir."

"How does Lady Clifford bear up under this great affliction, Matthew?"

"She *seems* to take it very 'ard, but I guess she won't break 'er 'eart."

Sir Mortimer glanced at his companion sharply, for he saw there was something hidden beneath his calm exterior.

"Was any of the servants suspected of having a hand in this matter?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

Matthew returned his interrogator's glance unflinchingly.

"None h'of the servants were suspected," he resumed; "h'and h'if suspicion was to h'attach h'itself to h'any person, that person would be Lady Clifford, for she 'ated 'er 'usband; that h'everybody knows."

"Be careful what you say, or you may get yourself in difficulty," burst out Sir Mortimer, angrily.

Matthew laughed.

"I ain't h'afraid, for I've been in difficulty before. You can't frighten me, h'if you are my Lady's brother. People shouldn't ask h'unpleasant questions, and then they won't get h'unpleasandt h'answers. The least said is soonest mended; h'and h'it's best to let well enough alone."

Short and pointed were Matthew's periods at the end of each sentence. He wished his words to have their full weight.

"Your language is enigmatical to me," said Sir Mortimer.

He was evidently troubled.

"You said something h'about the servants bein' suspected, an' I know that h'every one of them liked the master too well to do 'im an h'injury. I suspect your sister, Lady Clifford, knows h'all h'about this h'affair from beginning to h'end, h'and h'if you're wise, you'll keep your mouth shut."

"Keep my mouth shut! you are insolent! Damn it, I have a great mind to chastise you—how dare you address a gentleman in such a manner?"

"Strike me if you dare," hissed the burly coachman, clenching his great hands, "and Sutherland Manor will have no heir! Fine feathers make fine birds—you're a gentleman, h'and I'm a man."

Sir Mortimer quailed before his formidable antagonist; and when he looked at the muscles that swelled out on the back of the large hand resting on the table before him, he concluded not to tempt him too far.

"Sit down, Matthew, sit down and take another glass of wine; I was rather hasty, I'll admit."

Matthew sat down, pacified. They drank in silence.

"Would you like to see the murdered man?"

The coachman emptied his glass and left the table.

"Yes; let us go and look at it."

Sir Mortimer arose and followed him.

* * * * * *

The room was darkened, for the lamp was shaded by a screen, and Sir Mortimer gazed with awe on the velvet pall that enshrouded the coffin. Matthew removed the screen, and a bright light flooded the apartment.

"You can go h'and look h'at 'im, now."

Sir Mortimer went to the coffin, and drew back the pall with trembling hand.

"Shall I remove the cloths from the face?" inquired Matthew. "The doctor told me to keep them wet with alcohol."

"Please take them off, Matthew."

Sir Mortimer started back horror-stricken when he beheld the bloated and discolored features. The sight was repulsive and sickening.

"I cannot look at it," he said, turning away; "cover it again, and let us go back."

"Wait a moment, fur 'ere something you must see. Look."

Sir Mortimer turned back, shuddering.

"There, sir; 'ere's something I have discovered. Do you see them marks h'on the neck, where the blood 'as settled? Them's *finger marks,* plain h'enough, h'and *nobody 'as seen 'em but me.* Am I right, sir?"

"My God! they are *very* plain," ejaculated Sir Mortimer, as an ashy paleness overspread his face. He stood appalled, and a groan broke from his lips.

"My master was murdered," muttered the stout fellow, sadly, "h'and I know who 'ad it done, I guess."

"Matthew!" Sir Mortimer grasped his companion's arm, speaking earnestly; "Matthew, these marks must not be seen by any person save ourselves. Cover the face of the dead, and screw the lid of the coffin down firmly, then come with me. I will purchase your secret with gold. Obey me, and you will never regret it."

Matthew's eyes twinkled avariciously. Gold! The word seemed to act like a charm upon him, and already his fingers itched to clutch it.

He saw his advantage, and he determined to profit by it. All his noble principles vanished, and he thought, "Now I can make myself a rich man."

"The coffin lid shall be screwed down, h'and it'll never be h'opened h'if we can h'agree," said Matthew; "but h'if you're close with me, h'if you drive an 'ard bargain, h'and ain't willin' to pay me well fur keepin' mum, h'off comes the lid again, h'and the cat'll jump h'out o' the bag."

"You shall be satisfied, depend upon it. Now fasten the coffin tight, and then follow me into the parlor; for this is no place to settle our affairs."

Matthew went out. When he returned, he held in his hand a large screw driver. Softly he closed the coffin lid, and as the silver mounted screws were driven deep into the wood, a triumphant smile curled Sir Mortimer's thin lips, and a sigh of relief escaped them.

The finger marks were hidden from sight—the coffin would not be opened again—the grave would soon close over the mortal remains of Guy, Lord Clifford.

CHAPTER XV.

A MORNING WALK—THE DISSEMBLER.

"How do you feel this morning, Miss May?" asked Alice O'Grady, as May entered the breakfast room. It was the day following Sir Richard's visit.

"I slept very sound, and if I was only rid of this headache, I should be myself again. Has your father breakfasted and gone so soon?"

"He didn't come down yet, but you'll hear his footstep in the chamber above, before long."

Mr. O'Grady soon came down, and they were not long in discussing the merits of the buttered toast and cold chicken that Alice placed before them. Mr. O'Grady left the table first, for he had an engagement at the store that morning, and he had risen later than usual. He arranged his cravat before the mirror, took up his hat and moved towards the door.

"Good mornin' me little beauties! I haven't time to rade me paper, it's so divilish late; besides, I'm expectin' a customer in to buy a ghrate amount uv cutlery at tin, pracisely. Good morning."

"Could you wait one moment, Mr. O'Grady? I think a short walk would do me good; and I will accompany you, if you have no objection."

"Come along thin, Miss May; you shall go wid me a piece, an' very proud I'll be to have ye walkin' at me side. Be the bones of me anchestors, but there'll be many a fine young gintleman envyin' me, as we pass them by; so come along, and maybe dhe mornin' air will bring dhe roses back to yer cheeks. Don't be jealous uv yer old father, Alice, darlin', fur we'll have a dhrive about town in dhe cool uv dhe evening, an' you shall have a new dhress, so ye shall. Are ye ready, Miss May?"

"Yes, sir, I am ready now;" and the delighted girl joined him, placing her gloved hand on the stout little man's arm as they descended the steps.

* * * * * *

Mr. O'Grady enjoyed that morning walk exceedingly. It was a bright spot in the darkness of life's pathway, an hour to be recalled in after years, when memory opened her casket, in which was stored the golden treasures of the past, when *she* was no longer with him, and he was a gray-haired man—waiting patiently, hopefully for the end.

Oh memory! mournful is thy voice, when we stand amid the ruins of life's brightest hopes, and gaze tearfully back through the dim vista of time, marking the path that our feet have walked, from the cradle to the grave.

* * * * * *

Mr. O'Grady walked with a short, proud step, his head thrown back, looking very much like a newly elected alderman just practicing his paces, or the dumpy member of the "House."

He pointed out to his young companion the principal objects of interest, such as public buildings, large warehouses; descanting on everything he met with great volubility, until they arrived at his own store. A proud smile wreathed the little man's lips, as he pointed with his fat forefinger to the sign over the principal entrance. "Dhat's me."

May looked up and read, "Cormac O'Grady, Hardware Merchant."

On ordinary subjects, O'Grady conversed sensibly enough; but he was possessed with a monomania: he loved to talk about himself. He would doubtless have kept his companion standing on the walk half an hour, had not one of the clerks came out and told him "a gentleman was waiting to see him."

"I shall have to lave you," said O'Grady, "an' are ye sure you can find your way home again?"

"Oh, yes, easily," replied May.

"Well thin, good mornin'! Go straight home. Hould on! Here's a guinea—yo might see a ribbon in some o' dhe windys dhat'll plase yer fancy."

He pressed the coin in her hand, and ran in before she had time to utter a word. She looked at the guinea a moment, and then her face flushed.

"I will not spend it," she murmured, half aloud, "I will give it back to him"—and then came the bitter thought, "I am eating the bread of dependence."

She turned and began to retrace her steps.

"I will speak to Mr. O'Grady to-night, and perhaps he will get me a situation in some gentleman's family as governess. I will not, cannot live in idleness! I must earn my bread, and be independent! Oh! I wonder where my poor father can be—dead perhaps—but my Father in Heaven will not forsake me."

These words, this thought, seemed to give her strength, and she walked on briskly, until she had emerged from the busy street in which stood Mr. O'Grady's store. Just as she turned the corner, a familiar voice at her side said:

"Good morning, Miss Wallace; you must not pass by your friends without recognizing them!"

She stood quite still as soon as she heard the voice. She looked steadily in the speaker's face, returning his salutation coldly.

"I did not think of meeting *you,*" she said; "and still I am not sorry, for I believe I have lost my way."

"Where are you going? It will be a pleasure to me if you will allow me to accompany you."

"I was on my way home. I have been to the store with Mr. O'Grady, and when I left him I was sure I could find my way back without difficulty; but I am going wrong. If you will conduct me to Morton street, I can go on alone."

He smiled as she walked on beside him.

"I will not leave you until we are at the door."

She was silent—he spoke so firmly.

"Are you happy in your new home; more contented than you were at Uncle Dick's?"

"Yes—and yet I am not happy, for I have no right to remain where I am, and I must find another home. I will not be a burden to any one, and I shall advertise for a situation as governess in some gentleman's family."

"You shall not," he said, resolutely; and then he added, "that is, if I can help it."

Her lips trembled, and her dark eyes were dimmed with tears.

"Shall not," she repeated; "and what right have you to control my actions?"

"No right; but I would be a friend to one who is friendless. You will not go back to Berkeley Hall, you will not remain with Mr. O'Grady, and now I have a proposition to make. My mother is an invalid. She wants a companion. Will you come and live with her, May?"

He paused, waiting for an answer. Their eyes met.

"I cannot," she said, "for then I would be none the less dependent. I must toil for my daily bread; but allow me to thank you for the interest you seem to manifest for my welfare. I may not have another opportunity."

"You are willing to accept a situation as governess, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, Lady Berkeley wants a companion, and I know she would be willing to pay you the wages you would receive as a governess elsewhere, for the pleasure your society would afford, and for the many little tasks that you would have to perform."

"Then I will not be idle," she exclaimed, brightening; "I will *earn* the money I receive?"

"Certainly, and you will have a happy home. With your permission I shall speak to Lady Berkeley, and she will call for you on the morrow, when she leaves London. Shall I do so?"

"Yes—I will be prepared to accompany her."

The wily dissembler smiled—a proud, exultant smile it was, playing about the corners of his eyes, and curling his thin lips.

They soon reached Morton street, and there they parted.

"You will not alter your mind, you will be ready to accompany my mother when she calls to take you home with her," said the young guardsman, inquiringly, as they halted, a few paces from Mr. O'Grady's door.

"Lady Berkeley will find her waiting maid ready. Good morning, sir."

He bowed low, and then stood watching her until the door closed behind her.

"The play has but just begun, and my first card has won *the game,*" muttered Charles Berkeley, as he turned to retrace his steps.

"I'll outwit my old fool of an uncle, and this bog-trotter without much difficulty, I fancy. Lady Berkely will soon mould this silly girl to her will, and then let those laugh who win. Now I hasten to my dear mother's presence, and tell her the bird has run blindly into the fowler's snare; then I'll start without delay for home, for I am anxious to see my *captive.* Ha! ha! ha! if things work well, my pockets will be heavier than they have been for these many days, and my credit will be good again at Crockford's."

He saw not the half-starved little girl whose bare feet pattered on the dusty pave at his side—he heard not the plaintive cry that broke from her trembling lips:

"*Please sir, give me a penny to buy bread, for my mother is starving!*"

The roar and tumult of the great city drowned the cry, and the proud man strode onward, busy with the dark and sinful thoughts that rushed in wild confusion through his plotting brain.

* * * * * *

Oh! why is it that some are clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day, while others walk life's thorny path, clad in tattered garments, greedily devouring the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table? Perhaps the last great day will solve the mystery. The poor may be rich in Heaven.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pay Before You Eat.

Near San Francisco is a restaurant where the proprietors are compelled to exact prepayment for meals. Recently, a stranger called in and ordered soup. The waiter brought it up, set it down, then held out his palm