The Columbia Spy.

A. H. RAMLEY, Editor and Publisher. | $2,00 Per Year, in Advance; $2,50 if not Paid in Advance.

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NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$2.00 per year, if paid in advance; six months, $1.00. If not paid until the expiration of the year, $2.50 will be charged.

SINGLE COPIES.....Five Cents.

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M. CLARK, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OFFICE—next door to Rising Sun Hotel, Locust street. Office Hours—From 8 to 9 A. M., 12 to 1 P. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M. apr 29, '67-ly

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

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S. CLARK EVANS, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Office on Second st., adjoining Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

J. A. MURPHEY, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Columbia, Pennsa. 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. L. HOFFER, DENTIST, Office—Front Street, next door to E. 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 9 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.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, MILLERSVILLE, Lancaster County, Pa. A First-Class Hotel, well adapted to accommodate the traveling public. Fine Choice of Liquors at the Bar. JOS. KNOEWELL, jan20-3m Proprietor

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 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.

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

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

EXCHANGE HOTEL, MOUNT JOY, PENN'A. First-class Accommodations. The Choicest Liquors at the Bar. KYES MYERS, Proprietor.

MAYTHY HOUSE, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. This hotel has been lately refitted with all the necessary improvements known to hotel entertainers, and therefore offers first-class accommodations to strangers and others visiting Baltimore. [jan18-1y] A. M. MEYER, 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 carried so as to comprehend each part of the subject. The Professors and Tutors are competent and skilful. 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 Catalogue, addressing Rev. T. E. VICKROY, D. D., President, dec. 7, '67-1y 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-

SHRINER & 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 letter, or personal purchasing to a comparison with all other makers. [may2'68-1y

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 fairly tried. Diseases of a delicate character, the result of which is that the patient suffers from several of the forms of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness 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 skilfully compounded, and has proved its claims to such merit, 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 R. 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 real service for the afflicting 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.

DYSPEPSIA.

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 clear, 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 ADVANCING IN YEARS, And feeling the hand of time weighing heavy 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 vigor of more youthful days, build up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

AGENCY FOR

MALT AND CIDER VINEGAR.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

POCKET FLASKS,

DEMIJOHNS,

TOBACCO BOXES,

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

WINES AND LIQUORS!

Embracing the following:

Catawba, Port, Lisbon, Sherry, 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, Jamaica Spirits, Catawba, Kümmel, Cherry, Ginger, Rum, 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.

All of which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

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MALT AND CIDER VINEGAR.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

He is also Agent for the Celebrated

POCKET FLASKS,

DEMIJOHNS,

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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 ever keep on hand the Best Brands of

SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO,

SNUFF, HAVANA, YARA and COMMON SEGARS. Also,

SNUFF & TOBACCO BOXES, PIPES, &c.,

Of 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

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 frequently deranged, causing a sick Stomach, when the functions of digestion, instead of healthily performing their office of converting the food we eat into good, healthy blood, to build up and sustain the various organs of the body in health, create bile, and other disorganized matter, which poisons the blood, and spreads disease throughout the whole system.

To all such complaints the Bitters or Tonic are especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. Mothers, will you allow your children to suffer when a few bottles of either will restore them to health and strength?

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 family, of the efficacy 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, Assist. 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 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 counterfeits.

Principal Office and Manufactory of 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
Hoofland's German Tonic, half dozen, 5.00
Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, $1.00 per bottle, or a half dozen for $5.50.

☞ Be sure to ask for Hoofland's German Bitters or Hoofland's German Tonic, and take no other, or you will be disappointed. Remember the name, and do not be induced to buy, in order to get the genuine.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers in Medicines. [Jan. 18, '68-ly.

Original Poetry.

[For the Spy.]

Salmon P. Chase.

Hail glorious Chase!!!
Who ran his race,
And made a great sensation;
He turned his coat—
For half a vote,
And scorn of all the nation.

Now, Salmon P.,
Just recollect,
The Copper sect,
Who made you put a novice,
Deluded man,
With Ku Klux Klan;
You'd ruin those who made you;
You must feel well!
To go to H—ll
With those who have betrayed you.

Slander.

'Twas but a breath—
And yet a woman's fair fame wilted;
And friends oft'en fond grew cold and vilified,
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word—
That struck its coward, polished blow
In cautious whispers hushed and low—
And yet its work was done.

'Twas but one whispered curse—
That muttered low, for very shame;
The *thing* the slanderer dare not name,
And yet its sight, how fearful!

And yet so mighty in its power—
A human soul in one short hour
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Original Story.

Back numbers of this Story can be furnished.

[For the SPY.]

BERKELEY HALL.

BY AUGUSTUS JONES.

Author of "The Ashleys," "The Golden Lion of Granpere," "The Old House on the Hudson," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER—THE GIPSEY'S VOW.

A week has gone by since we last saw the inmates of Berkeley Hall. Sir Richard is very ill. His gout has become very troublesome, added to which he has a severe cold which keeps him in doors. The Lady Blanche has been very kind and attentive to him of late.

Every morning she visits Sir Richard's apartment to ask, "How do you feel this morning, dear father?" and oftimes she tarries an hour with him, amusing him with her lively prattle. Perhaps she has an object in doing so—I leave the reader to judge. This kindness and attention is pleasing to the invalid, although he is well aware it is forced and unnatural; and sometimes after she has left him he leans back on the pillow and smiles, wondering at the world's deception.

* * * * * * *

The Lady Blanche is strolling in the park, after her morning call on her father, and a happy smile is playing o'er her features as she paces over the soft green sward, in the shade of the old oaks. The morn is serene and beautiful, and a few fleecy clouds are floating in mid air, mellowing the sun's warm rays as they drink up the sparkling dew drops from the flowers. Blanche Berkeley is thinking—thinking of *him* whom she loves—thinking she will soon be a happy bride. He has asked her to become his, and she has consented—and now they are waiting, waiting for Lady Clifford's death.

* * * * * * *

What a pity it is that people will not hasten their departure from this world, at times, especially when they know, or *ought* to know, that by so doing they will please, as well as accommodate their friends.

* * * * * * *

She walked on until she reached the wall that seperated the park from the roadside, and there she, poused, leaning against the iron gate, with her face pressed against the bars—gazing out.

A figure was slowly approaching, trudging along the dusty road. It was a man about fifty years of age, clothed in tattered rags, and his whole appearance betokened extreme poverty. To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

He is also Agent for the Celebrated

POCKET FLASKS,

DEMIJOHNS,

TOBACCO BOXES,

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

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He had black hair, which was matted and tangled, and his broad breast was covered with a coarse shirt, open at the throat, and his sleeves rolled up to the elbows, displaying his brawny arms. His face was dark and swarthy, and his eyes black and piercing, wandering continually from side to side, unless their gaze was fixed on some particular object.

Blanche remained riveted to the spot, watching this strange and singular looking being as he approached.

When he arrived opposite the gate he halted, and leaning on the stout staff he carried, he gazed long and steadily at Blanche.

The proud girl returned his glance without flinching, but when the stranger walked slowly towards her she drew back a pace.

"Don't be alarmed," exclaimed the old man, "for I would not harm you; I only wish to ask you a few questions."

"I can answer them where I am," replied Blanche; "and if you come any nearer I will run into the porter's Lodge."

"Stand there then and answer me. Who are you?"

"Who am I? I am the Lady Blanche Berkeley, the daughter of Sir Richard Berkeley, of Berkeley Hall," replied Blanche, proudly.

He smiled. "You are mistaken," he said; "your name is Mdy Wallabe, and you are *my* daughter—and I am Mark Wallace the gipsey! Sir Richard has been deceived—*you* have been deceived—and now after many long years have passed and gone, I have returned to claim you! He has brought you up a lady, and I am proud of my child—ha! ha! ha!"

Blanche shuddered as he spoke. A sharp pain pierced her heart, and for a moment sense and strength seemed forsaking her.

Oftimes she had suspected that she was not Sir Richard's child, and once when Sir Richard had whispered to his nephew, Charles, "Watch *Mary,* and see if she hasn't the family likeness," her suspicion had amounted almost to a certainty, and yet she dreaded to acknowledge the truth, even to to herself.

She believed, yet doubted—still hoping it might not be so.

But now she could no longer doubt—her father had returned—he stood before her, he claimed her as his child—and she dare not deny the relationship that existed between them, although her lip curled in disgust as she gazed at the wretched looking being who stood outside the gate.

She spoke not a word, but stood there statue-like, as though her limbs were paralysed, until she saw him opening the wicked gate in imploring cry broke from her lips:

"Oh, don't come in, to disgrace me, father; don't!" Go away—go away before any person sees you, unless you wish to ruin my happiness forever!" Here! take this, purse and depart without delay, and come not here again until you hear I am married! Do not tell Sir Richard I am not his child, *will you?*" She ran forward to meet him, clasping her arms about his neck, and kissing his bearded cheek.

"There," she cried; "my dear, dear father! have I welcomed you now? Am I not glad to see you? Do I not love you? You will go away, and not stay to disgrace me? here is the purse."

She threw herself from his embrace, and stood with the purse held out towards him.

"Then you think that I will disgrace you," he said bitterly. "You do not understand me, father, and you know not how I am situated. Sir Richard believes that I am his daughter, and Sir Mortimer Sutherland, whose bride I shall soon be, thinks me a great heiress. If you should tell Sir Richard the truth, he would inform my lover, and then my hopes of future happiness would be blasted, for *he* would scorn me. Remain silent until after we are wedded, and then you shall be a gentleman; for I will supply you with money from my private purse."

The gipsey's eyes sparkled avariciously. He was fond of gold, and he balanced the purse on his fingers ere he thrust it into his pocket—the purse which she had given him, then he replied: "There is some person coming this way from the Hall, and I will leave you, but you *must* meet me to night on this spot; if you are not here, my child, I shall come to the Hall and ask for you!"

Blanche looked back. Pomp, Sir Richard's servant was approaching. "I leave me! Go quickly! I will meet you to night," she exclaimed, and then she turned away, while he hastened from the park, saying "Remember!"

Pomp touched his cap when he met the proud girl, and was passing by her, when she stopped him.

"Pomp, you are a faithful servant to my father, are you not?" she asked.

"Yes indeed, missee," replied Pomp, "I was a beggar when I first went to live with your father, and he took me in my rags, fed me, clothed me, and I have been with him ever since. I'd die for him, missee, if I could."

"Pomp, you will do as I tell you, I shall soon be the bride of a noble gentleman, and then you shall never want, for I will supply you regularly with money. Do not tell my master that I am your child, will you?"

"Me tell massa? I am the last person to tell him anything, my child. Missee Blanche is my child, and I will keep her secret, for I love her dearly."

"Then you will tell Sir Richard that I am not his child? You are determined to wreck my happiness, and drag me down from my high station to place me on a level with the vile race to which you belong, are you?" she hissed in his ears. "It shall never be, I say," she exclaimed fiercely, "and I dare you to keep your vow! Go to Sir Richard if you wish, and tell him all! but by the heaven above us, should she dare to stand between me and happiness, her triumph will be short, for I will remove her let the consequence be ever so fearful! Think you that this proud spirit can be humbled? Think you that I will throw aside this costly garb, and put on coarse apparel to follow once throughout the length and breadth of the land, to roam wherever my fancy wills, and like the women of my tribe become a slave? I tell thee no! I will die first, for these hands were not formed for toil—I was not born to be a drudge, and my heart would break were I to lose *him.* Thirty winters have flown by, and now do as thou will, but when May returns to Berkeley Hall, with the knowledge that she is Sir Richard's child, her doom is sealed."

"You talk wildly, my daughter," said the gipsey; "but your threat cannot cause me to break my vow. I shall not rest until I have restored the old man's child to his arms—then I shall have done my duty, and when I am called to meet my Maker I can die happier. Let me warn thee in time. Bridle thy fierce passions, and listen to reason's warning voice ere it is too late. Commit no act for which thou will be sorry hereafter. Punnishment shall surely overtake the guilty—if not in this world, in another, where it will be everlasting. On the morrow Sir Richard shall know all, and when his fair child returns to her home with them they are happy in each other's love, seek not to mar that happiness, for if thou dost, bitter indeed shall be thy punishment."

He waited for her to speak, but she sat motionless and silent, gazing upward at the sky, while unshed tears trembled on her long, silken lashes, and her lips were trembling with emotion.

A dark cloud swept over the moon, and for a moment all was gloom around them—it passed away and the silvery light fell on the earth far more beautiful than before.

"Did you watch that cloud, my child?" asked the gipsey.

"Yes; and it seemed like an omen of evil," she replied.

"Nay, think not so," he said, "for it has gone, and light is beaming upon us again. Thus shall the darkness of sorrow pass from thy heart, and the sunlight of joy irradiate thy path through life. May the spirit of thy angel mother watch over thee. On the morrow I shall come to see Sir Richard. Farewell!"

He arose and walked away, leaving her sitting on the rock, mournfully musing.

The wild glare of passion had departed from her features, and an expression of speakless sorrow alone remained. Her turbulent passions were calmed—softened, subdued. Rising with an effort, she walked slowly towards the house; and as she glided spectre-like over the soft grass, the night dew penetrated through her thin robe, chilling her to the heart.

Utterly exhausted she reached her chamber, and after laying aside her silken scarf, which she had worn, she threw herself on her couch, weeping bitterly.

"But tell me how long you was a captive?" said Blanche.

"I was a captive for one year, and that year seemed an age to me; but I was not kept in the dungeon all that time. Two armed men came and led me to a small room, where there was air and light one day, after I had been confined about a month, as near as I can judge, for day and night was alike to me in the dungeon. After I was removed to my new quarters they gave me better food, and although the supply was scanty, still I was thankful for the change. Time passed on, and nothing occurred to break the dreariness of my lonely captivity. One afternoon as the light was slowly dying away, and the dark shadows were creeping in through the bars of my little window, I was awakened from a reverie into which I had fallen, by hearing the key turn in the lock, and the sound of the heavy bolts shooting back into their sockets. I looked up, expecting to see the jailer enter with my evening meal, but it was not him. A fairy form, robed in spotless white, glided in and stood before me with finger upraised as if to enjoin silence. I never saw a face so beautiful, and when she spoke her voice sounded sweeter than any music I have ever heard.

"Yes, fair lady," I cried, starting to my feet. "Can you deliver me from captivity that is worse than death?" Dare I hope that you have come to release me?"

"Hush! speak not a word, but follow me quickly," she whispered, and, my heart bounded with joy as she glided before me as an angel of light. We passed through a long gallery, down a flight of winding stairs, until we stood in darkness.

"Give me your hand," she whispered, and fearlessly I obeyed. She led me on, faster and faster, until we came to the end of the passage, and then as if by magic a door flew open before us, and I saw the trees, standing like silent sentinels in the twilight. I knew that I was free.

"God, she said, 'the way is clear before you,'" and she pointed with her finger on into the light.

"Thy blessing, fair lady, ere I depart, that my return thy kindness if ever the opportunity presents itself," I exclaimed.

She hesitated one instant, and then said, "I am called May Wallace, but ask me no more questions. Speed ye to the town."

"I knew then that my abductors was the wronged, the injured daughter of Sir Richard Berkeley.

"Lady, I exclaimed, 'may God bless thee! I will and then when they knowest it not—farewell!' I raised her trembling hand to my lips, and then I sprung out into the open air, and gazing upward at the starry dome, I swore a fearful oath that the defrauded heiress of Berkeley Hall should soon claim her rightful inheritance.

"Oh, my father I am lost, ruined, disgraced," cried the wretched maiden, clasping her hands together, and bursting into a flood of tears.

"Charles Berkeley will tell his uncle this, even if you do not, and then what will become of me? May will be restored to her father's arms, and then her triumph will begin. I have often suspected I was not Sir Richard's child, and fearing he might some day learn the truth, I abused May until she fled from her home and sought refuge among strangers. She is now living in the house with the very man who knows the secret of my birth, and—Oh, God! what will become of me?" she cried in impotent accents. "Must I lose him who is dearer than life itself to me? My heart will break! I shall go mad, MAD, MAD!"

"Calm yourself my child," exclaimed the gipsey kindly.

She looked up in his face so wildly—that he drew back from her as if in fright.

"The agony that every feature betrayed chilled the blood in his veins, and the moonlight shining on her face made it look ghastly as she sat there immovable as a statue. For several moments neither moved nor spoke. The silence was painful. Blanche was the first to break it. "I am calm now, but it is the calmness of despair. Finish what you were saying, and I will hear you to the end."

"He saw that I was embarrassed and astonished, and he called me a—"

"Am I not right?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, but how did you learn this?"

"I guessed at the truth, and I now have your own words to confirm my suspicions. But come with me to the grange, for my father and mother are both in London, and I wish to have a short conversation with you before you visit my uncle Richard. Will you come?"

"I was weary and footsore, and without hesitation I consented. When we reached the grange I was conducted to a handsome ly furnished apartment, and there the servant left me, saying his master would be in soon. I sat down and waited for his coming. Half an hour went by, and I was growing impatient, when a rough looking fellow opened the door and bade me follow him. I arose and followed him. After passing through a long, dimly lighted hall, we halted before a door to which, my guide pointed, saying, "you will find him in there."

"He turned and walked away, and I opened the door and entered. I had no time to look about me, for in an instant I was knocked down from behind by a blow, a cowardly blow, given by some concealed ruffian.

Blanche uttered an exclamation of horror.

"How long I was insensible I know not," continued the gipsey; "but when my consciousness returned I was in darkness. I presset my hands on my head, for my forehead felt as though it would burst with pain, and fiery flashes of light darted before my eyes. In my agony I groaned aloud. I attempted to rise, and found I was lying on a bed of straw. With difficulty I got on my feet and began groping about in the darkness, until my hands came in contact with the wall—the cold, damp wall down which the moisture was slowly trickling—and the touch sent a chill to my heart. At last I found an iron door, and I knew that I was in a dungeon.

"Oh! how horrible!" exclaimed Blanche, with real feeling. "Dear father, how you must have suffered!"

"Suffered! words cannot expresse the misery that I endured. I cursed Charles Berkeley for his treachery, and call on God for aid. I wept, I cried aloud, I beat the walls with my clenched hands until they were bruised and bleeding, and then my senses fled, my strength forsook me, and I fell fainting on my pallet of straw.

"My poor, poor father," sobbed Blanche, "Why was Charles Berkeley so cruel, when you had never harmed him?"

"He had his reasons, doubtless; and he wished to keep me out of his way for a time, but his cruel treatment was unnecessary, and by the heaven above us I will have revenge!"

The gipsey glared upward at the blue sky as he spoke, and his broad breast rose and fell like troubled waves, while his breath came fearfully.

"But tell me how long you was a captive? Tell me how and when you escaped?" said Blanche.

"But you certainly will not," cried his companion, in alarm. Oh! you will not, cannot be so cruel as to ruin my happiness, and have your daughter driven forth from the home that has been her's so long disgraced. I shall die with grief and shame if you do; and sooner than wander about with the detested tribe of gipsies, to which you belong, I will take my life with my own hands."

Mark Wallace gazed at the beautiful being at his side in silent amaze. He knew not of the fierce fire of passion that burned within her heart, and he shuddered as he saw the fearful look that rested on her features. The dark eyes flashed—the brow was contracted—the cheeks rigid and pale as sculptured marble—the lips firmly compressed with determined resolution.

"Interupt me not again," exclaimed her father; "for when I have ended my story it will be time enough to speak of matters relating to yourself. When I arrived in England I left my tribe, and started at once to visit Sir Richard. I was passing through a small wood one pleasant afternoon, near Hampton, when I chanced to meet a young officer and two attendants who were riding slowly, conversing together. When they approached, the road being narrow, I turned aside to let them pass; but instead of riding by, the gentleman reined in his horse and thus addressed me: "I give you good day, my fine fellow. If I am not greatly mistaken ye have met before."

I recognized his features, and replied, "We met in Spain; I am the gipsey, Mark Wallace."

"I was sure of it," he said, "and you, at that time, done me a favor by putting a shoe on the foot of my horse, as I was passing through your encampment. You moreover told me that you had at one time lived in a cottage that stood on Uncle Dick Berkeley's land, and that your wife was the woman who nursed my little cousin "Baby Blanch," after my aunt Madeline died. Where are you going now?"

"I have been in England but a few days, and I am now on my way to Berkeley Hall. I have important business to transact—I have something to tell Sir Richard, something that he should have known long ago."

"Perhaps I can tell you what it is," he said, and he smiled, saying, "Come near."

I obeyed, wondering what he meant. Leaning forward in his saddle, he whispered so low that the attendants could not hear the words: "You are going to tell my uncle Richard *the Lady Blanche is not his child.*"

"Had a powder magazine exploded at my feet I would have been less startled than I was when I heard these words."

"Oh father I am lost, ruined, disgraced," cried the wretched maiden, clasping her hands together, and bursting into a flood of tears.

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"My poor, poor father,"