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A. M. RAMBO. Editor and Publisher. VOLUME XXXX NUMBER 1.]

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LADIES MISSES AND CHARDEL SHOES AND GATTURS,

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COMMON SEGARS HAISO, TALLE SNUFF & TOBACCO BOXES, PIPES Locust Street, adjoining Haldeinan's Storo.

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POOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS date too late for there. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC. 10 The Great Remedies for all Diseases of the LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS. HOOFLAND'S"GERMAN BITTERS

o were not probably a dozon horses; the tappers, and give them precie for noting

Is composed of the pure Juices, (or, as they are ill medicinally little termed, Extracts,) of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, making a preparation, in a preparation, and entirely free from alcoholic admitture of any kind. HOOFEAND'S GERMAN'TONIC Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of Santa CruzzRum, Orange, &c., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.
"Those preferring a medicine free from Alcollolic admixture, will use the limits of the free from the collolic admixture, will use the limits of the collolic admixture. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS .. "Those who have no objection to the com-inution 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 pulntable.

The Stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its finitions deranged with the Stomach; then becomes after the Liver, sympatithen becomes after the patient saffers from several or more of, the following diseases:

Constitution, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity, of institle 1stomach; Nausea, Heartburn, ness of Blood to the Heatl, Acidity, heatther Stomach; Nauscal, Heartburn, but holisgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Ernetations, Sinking, or Fluttering at the Pit.

Swimming of the
Swimming of the
Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Flattering at
ing 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

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 as _____ sured from his in that which he is as sured from his investigations and in quiries, possesses; true merit, is skill ully compounded, is free from injuri ous ingredients, and has established for itself a reputation for the cure of these diseases. In this connection we would submit those well-known armedies. 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 cures, and benefited suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaund Chronic Nervous Chronic Nervou

ordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines. PEBILITY. Resulting from any Cause whatever: Pros fration of the System, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Ex-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 tingo 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 th will find in the use of this BTTTERS, of the TONIC, an elisir, thit 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 semaining years. NOTICE.

It is a well-established fact that fully one-half, of the female portion of our population are seldon good health; or, to use their own expression, "Never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely parvage and have no appetite y nervous, and have no appet 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, Chousands of certificates have accumulat the hands, of the proprietors, but space ill allow of the publication of but a few hose; it will be observed, are men of note ad of such standing that they must be be-

Testimonials. HON GEORGE W. WOODWARD,

"I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' is a good tonic, useful in diseases of the digestive organs, in cases of debility was action in the second want of nervens action in the ous 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 'Hooftand'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. Hoofmad's German Bitters, I'depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debitity of the system, and especially for Liver, Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fall; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully, uently requested to connect my name with ecommendations of different kinds of med

auses. Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, L. H. KENNARD,

Eighth, below Coales. St.

FROM REV. E. B. FENDALL,

Ass't Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.

Lhave 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 Gorman Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C M. JACKSON is. on the wrapper of cach bottle. All others are counterfeit. Principal Office, and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 Arcti St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Collar LES M. EVANS, Proprietor.

Formerly, C. M. Jackson & Co.

W. m , vinces PRICES. n. , and the W

ainta z & Originala Loetry: in id in[For the SPY.] a write "

Lam Kneeling by thy Grave, Mother. BY'L, AUGUSTUS JONES. I am kneeling by thy grave, mother, And the Autumn sun has set; But its last faint beams of golden light Are lingering round me yet.

No friend is left me in the world, (Beside thy lone, deserted tomb,). Where you in silence sleep.

Tam kneeling by thy grave, mother But my spirit wanders free, Back to my childhood's happy hours But I know that thou art gone, mother, Unto thy home above; To meet my sister and my brother— And I have none to love! I am kneeling by thy grave, mother On the damp and grassy sod;
I would not call thee back, mother, Thy dwelling is with God.

But thy teachings I will Icep, mother
Thy words of truth and love,

> Til nicet thee then above. · Original Storu.

Till by thy side I sleep, mother

Back numbers of this Story can be furnished BERKELEY HALL

ÉV L'AUGUSTUS JONES. Author of "The Ashleys," "The Golden Lion," "The Beauforts," "The old House on the Hudson," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVI. UNEXPECTED VISITORS—THE LAST CARD, they have not made their appearance, after ny writing and telling them I was exremely auxious to have my business ffairs arranged and settled immediately Curse them! they are a lazy set of variets and not one of them is there that knows what respect is due to to a gentleman! I his opponents right of inheritance against am'out of patience with them. Egad! I such ovewhelming odds, and he wisely dehave a mind to employ other attorneys cided to abandon the contest witout a who will attend to their business, for I am sick with waiting for them. I ought to have been at Berkeley Hall by this time, for my charming Blancke must be pining for my society. Angelle creature! She will soon be my

his money bags." Thunder! I wish they would burry up" for there's nothing so tiresome as waiting." Thus grumbled Mortimer Sutherland as he sat in the library of the great house in | bride without delay; for if she knew the Lennox Square gazing out of the window true state of my affairs, I would soon reto catch a glimpse of the tardy limbs of the Law, who were so long in coming. "By, Jove, this is too bad !" he again

and fro, with his hands thrust deep in his the best of a bad bargain.!!: ;. nockets. There was a ring at the bell. "Ahn! here they come at last," he extrying to look as miserable as possible. He heard Belty shuffing through the again, then the door of the livrary was thrown open, and the horse-keeper

ushered two, gentlemen into his presence nameless. Mortimer Sutherland halted in the centre of the room, and examined his unknown visitors without speaking, although he nanuged to bow, rather stilly. There was something in their appearance that he did not like; he felt awkward and embarrassed in their presence, and yet he knew not

why. thus unexpectedly called on Mortimer, Sutherland were Caspar, the fortune teller, and Mr. Bright, the well known attorney

and adjusted the bow of his white cravat, "Ahem!" began the lawyer; "Mr. Mr. Sutherland! Come Caspar, we will Sutherland I presume." That is my name, Sir," said Mortimer "My name is Bright! Simeon Phineas Bright, Attorney and counsellor at law, 14 Regent street, first floor, front, You have

heard my name spoken by your father. who is dead poor man. I was his legal as he threw himself on a fateuit and leaned adviser—affairs in a bad state when he his head back against the wall. "Fortune died-Sutherland manor heavily encumbered-I hope he is in heaven-my poor dear Mr. Bright pulled out his handkerchief

and drew it over his eyes. "What is your business with me, Sir?" demanded Mortimer. "I am anxious to have it settled immediately, for my lawyers third party present." " Your lawyers!" there was a mahcion

matters on our hands. We would not wish Lam sorry to inform you they will not be

"Not be here? I do not understand you! What will prevent them from coming?" Mortimer was agitated. The lawyer saw it, and smiled. "I told them not to

"And what business, what right have you or any person to meddle with my affairs?" demanded Mortimer, reddening. "" My sister has just been haid in he grave, and I am her heir; and I should like very much to settle my business it peace, without being troubled by strangers. "Keep; perfectly cool young man heads are over hot sometimes for young . There's nothing like calmness in cases of energy-nothing. You asked "what busi ness. I have to meddle with your affairs,' and I reply, I have been employed to meddle. Lawyers are a meddlesome se wherever you find them. You don't like to be ." troubled by strangers." I. answer this is a wourld of trouble. You said that you were heir to the Clifford estate-I say

This announcement, so emphaticly spoken; sounded in the young man's cars ike a thunder clap. For a moment sense and strength seemed to forsake him. groun broke from his lips-the color for ook his cheeks—the perspiration stood in large drops on his brow-and he staggered to the window' seating himself ,where the cool breeze stole softly in. . .

The lawyer drew a silver box from his pocket and cooly took a pinch of snuff. "Take a seat, Caspar. Atchee! Atchee! Caspar, never take snuff for it's a dirty habit. Atchee! Now Mr. Sutherland we please, for I have a chancery suit that I must attend to in an hour. Do you wish to contest the claim of Lord Cliffords son to his fathers estate ?"que entra a sal "Lord Clifford had no son no daughter either," muttered Mortimer, and this is

only a damnable conspiracy, got up by

wife, did. She had one child—a boy—and, you know it well. That boy is now living, him! I'll defend his cause, and you may long imprisonment—perhaps an ign employ all the lawyers in the united Kingwitnesses knew his lordship also, and his estimony will corrobborate the Rectors. I their demands: have here beside me a friend known as Caspar, the featune teller of London, and he can bring forward the coach-man who and his testimony will be useful: Zai in the . And, marki me; Sir L. I-have the Church

marriage is recorded. Now Sir, I want to know what you intend: to do. Will yo relinguish all claims to the property, and allow Arthur Clifford to take quiet posession, or will you enter into a law-suit in which you will get worsted, in which you will disgrace your family, and. "I wonder why my lawyer's have not arrived! I have sent for them twice and yet evidence that he could-bring into a court in Arthurs favor would be sufficient to con-

vince any jury that he was Lord Cliffords, son, and they would decide against all pposing claims without any hesitation. He saw that it would be useless to contes struggle. It pained him to part with the fortune that he had just begun to consider. his own, but saying to himself, "discretion is the better part of valor" he yielded,

though reluctantly. ... - + + -"If I should strive to oust the heir out bride, and when her old father dies I'll of his inheritance, where would I get have the unspeakable pleasure of fingering money to pay my lawyers? I can borrow no more, and I don't wish to expose my an do is to hasten to Berkeley Hall before this unfortunate affair, and make her my heart. ceive a polite note from Sir Richard in which I should be reguested to discontinue my visits at the Hall &c. I'll let Lord and round so that it cannot get loose again.

xclaimed, as he rose and began pacing to Guy's wealth go to the devil, and make These thoughts flashed through his mind shall give up my profession, throw off in rapid succession, and turning to the these rags, dress myself in fine clothes, and lawyer, he said: myself, neither do I wish to rob Lord Guy's son of his inheritence; but, if I yield to it! when I am shaved, and dressed, my hall, he heard the front door open and close | your, request, will you pledge me your, word, as a man of honor, that you or your client will say nothing about this affairabout what has passed between us-about

my deceased sister, or the journey she took to Hampton. The is dead in her grave, and I would not wish to hear faults to be the theme of slanderous tongues—I wish her to rest in peace.". "Nothing shall be said to injure the living or, the dead," answered the lawyer. "And now, Sir, what do you intend to do? Mortimer Sutherland sighed heavily.

"Give me time to remove such things a Before we proceeded any farther we will belonged to the Lady. Agnes-after that is nform the Reader the gentleman who had done the heir can take posession of the Bright, "and no person shall trouble you during that time: You have idecided Caspar nodded. Mr. Bright nodded also, wisely, and by so doing saved yourself from a yast amount of trouble. Good day

go now." Mortimer bowed his unwelcome visitors out, for he was heartily glad to get rid of them, and then he went back to the library many disappointments." "I am in a nice flx now," he soliloquise

frowns on me, and everything I undertake to do, fails. 'I have squandered my own wealth among my dissolute companions and now I can go to the devil for ough they care, for not one of them would lend left it standing on the shelf beside his dram me a cent without scurity. Egad! they are right too, for I have no security to give, and its' poor business loaning a man will be here soon, and we have important I money when you see no prospect of getting it back again. I wonder if old Levi, would advance me

five hundred pounds on my sisters twinkle in Mr. Brights small gray eyes as | plate, jewels, and the choice paintings that he uttered this exclamation. "I have just are in the gallery? Perhaps not-for I am come from their office;" he resumed, "and | deep in his book's already, and the old miser may not admire artists or their works-but the plate and jewels will suit his avaricious taste. I have planne and plotted to rebuild my sinking fortune but all in vain! I have sinned-Oh God! I have made. Agnes sin deeply, and I will eternaly !

have answer for, it-suffer, for it-perhaps But I must banish these fearful thoughts from my mind, for they would drive me mnd if T should sit "here and brood over them ! I'll away to Berkeley Hall, and the bright smiles of my peerless Blanche, will anish from my heavy heart all sorrow and gloom! Now is the time to play my last card, and restore the fallen fortune of my use-my.name. Timb is precious it is noney to me now—and, I will, not peril my last remaining chance of success by delay ! Delnys are dangerous proceastination i the thief of time—Mortimer Sutherla will take time by the fore-lock, and reap a

golden-harvest-while-the sun shines!" He left the library and hastened to his mber, where, after, dressing, himself with scrupulous care, he came down, ordered his carriage, and was soon on his way to Berkeley Hall. He had acted wisely in giving up all claim to the wealth he so much coveted. It would have been madness to dispute Arthurs right to the inheritence, besides a publicity that would have injured him in

it would have given his own private affair. the eyes of the fashionable world, and this exposure would have ruined all his hopes and plans for the future. If the odds had not been so heavy against him, if there had appeared the smallest chance of success, he would have entered into the contest with a will end this painful interview if you vigor and a determination that would have surprised his oppenents, but alas! he say the uselessness of the effort, and at once abandoned the unholy cause that would have overwhelemed him in ruin and disgrace, if he had persisted in adhering to it this is alone that induced Mortiner Sutherland to yield his claim. He was alruid that some of this dark deeds on his vile plots would hour like this! Mines of the glittering ore into twing a store in, and in a short time of the fing silence and gloom reigned in the chamber of death. Mrs. Glum and her daughter went down to their own room. They could hour like this! Mines of the glittering ore not bear to gaze on the face of the corpse, dry cloth. knaves and villains to rob me!"The Lady

the Lady Frances, his first wife, his lawful more than [disgrace. "Though his counsel. and artful advice Lady Clifford had been induced to enter in into a hellish conspiracy he is sole lielt to the Clifford estate—and against her husbands life, and he was by heaven he shall have every linch of murdered. Should this chance to become ground, and every farthing that belongs to known what would be his fate? A life ious death on the gallows-for in fruth he

dom, but I'll floor them every one, for in was a marderer. Matthew might be summy posession are proofs that will stand model as a witness; and Matthow had seen against all the opposing evidence that may the finger marks on the neck of the corpse or can be produced. Hark ye, young man! when it lay in the coffin. Mortimer Suther-The child of Lord Clifford is living, and land was affaid of lawyers and the law, every person will acknowledge that he is and he has acted wisely in keeping out of the image of his deceased Suther both in lits clutches. His fortune was desperateform and feature. The clergyman who sinking falling and when the final crash terformed the inarriage ceremony who came he would be buried beneath the ruins, united in holy wedlock Gny Clifford and One last resource was all that remained. Frances Warwick, is still living, and can He must wed the Lady Blanche, and with that he knew Lord Clifford on that eventful manor of rom, the grasp of his avaricious night. The sexton, who was one of the creditors, who were impatient to seize his ancestral home, and by selling it to satisfy

Sad were Mortimers thought's as he in his carriage, with his eyes closed, and was in his Lordships service at that time, his hands clasped together. He was lost to the world around him, he saw not the beautiful scenes through which he passed. Register that you sent the Lady, Agnes the heard not the roar, and bustle of the after, the Register that disappeared in a great city behind him, for his mind was mysterious manner, the book in which the wandering in dream-land, and earth had no charm for him. Totl. to.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Brightly the pure sunbeams are stealing into the beggar's wretched abode through the dingy panes in the narrow windows, and brightly glitters the gold and silver, that he has counted out and arranged in seperate piles on the greasy table before

A smile of satisfaction plays over his wrinkled and repulsive features, as he surveys the wealth before him, money earned by fearful deeds-the wages, of crime that would make any feeling heart

shudder with horror. He has never thought to himself, "The wages of sin is death." Mark-how his snaky eyes flash and glitter, as he gripes the coin with his long fingers, depositing it in the course canvass bag softly, fearing lest the pieces may clink together and some one will hear the

sound. There is no music so sweet to his ears as the ring of the rich metal, no sight so charming as the yellow gold. He can sit poverty to the world. The best thing I and feast his eyes with its beauty for hours and not grow weary. Gold is his the Lady Blanche hears anything about idol, and he worships it with mind and

"Five hundred pounds," he whispers as he drops the last piece in the bag, and his fingers tremble nervously while he ties the strong cord about the top, twisting it round "I have been a slave many, many years, and I am an old man now: to-morrow I be a gentleman. Who has a better right to be a gentleman than Old Grabby? Nobod I must sail under new colors—I must ha calves, and breast padded to make myshrunken limbs and emaciated form look more respectable, I will call myself John Russell Grabby, for I resemble that great statesmen in many ways. I will have cards printed with my name, and wherever I chance to call, I will leave one. John nior and better off without them "

Russsell Grabby! that sounds aristocratic, I may say genteel. I shall have friends. for money makes friends, but I'll pass them by without knowing them. John Russell Grabby wants no persons friendship, fo there is a mockery in the name of friend. Don't I know it? Hav'nt I seen friends betray each other all inv life? No-no-I don't want any friends, for I shall be hap-Having ended his soliloguy, the begge left the table and went to the closet, where cracked china and several old bottles adorn

ed the shelves. Taking a cup in one hand and a bottle in the other, he poured out a copious draught

and drank it down. Suddenly his face become ashy pale, h trembled in every limb, the cup and bottle fell from his hands, and he staggered backmuttering to himself about "Life, and its ward gasping, "Poisoned! my God, I ampoisoned! Never did human countenance mirror

the image of despair more plain than did the beggar's when he discovered his fatal mistake. He had drank, as he supposed-Gin-but it proved to be a subtle and deadly mixture that he had prepared for some victim long before, and he had carelessly He writhed with fear and agony, as

bottle. sharp pains darted through him in light ning flashes, and a fiery heat consuming his vituls. "God have mercy," he cried and seizing the bag that contained his illgotten treasure, he clasped it franticly to and it was not long ere he returned, accomhis breast, and staggered across the floor, falling heavily on the bed. "Must I die, must I die?" he cried hair.

wildly; " it is hard to die when one is about to become a gentleman! I have spent my time in sin and wickedness-I have never thought of the dread hereafter-I have never prayed to God-and now in this dark hour He will forsake me! I have wasted years of lily agreed to sign it. In a few moments precious time, I have imbrued my hands in blood; the blood of my fellow creatures and how dare a guilty wretch like me hope for mercy? Oh! Oh! that sharp pain again! my strength is forsaking mesight grows dim, and the blood rushes through my veins, burning as it goes like molten lead. My temples throb as though they would burst, and in my ears a roaring | had surely come. sound is dinning-dinning, dinning. Water! water! the fire is consuming me! water, water, water, will no one give me a cup of

Ah! this is hard, to die here alone like 1-wonder-if-I-could pray? My mother-taught, me to lisp a simple prayer when I knelt beside my cradle-bed, a happy sinless child, but I can't remember he words now - I forgot then long ago. Oh, why did I ever forget them? Why did I forgot her wise counsel and pious teaching, and become a vile, sin-hardened wretch? Angel of goodness, spirit of purity, descend from thy bright home above and bring comfort to thy dving son! No-no-noshe cannot come-she cannot come. Could he gaze upon me now, it would cost : blight on her eternal hanniness. Angels of heaven hover not round the murderers couch, but grining fiends wait impatiently to convoy the guilty soul o'er Death's chill tide to the regions of the damned. God o beaven! Is there no hope, no mercy for guilty wretch like me?"

In the madness of despair he sat upright the bed, his eyes glaring wildly, his teeth chattering, and the white foam oozing from between his livid lips, while with ne hand he held, the neck of the bag that ontained his treasure, as though he would

b. 1. We know that plisaid the lawyer | 4 but | be discovered, and the idrended punishment | I can not purchase us; one moment's respite when the grim King of Terrors has touched with icy fingers our heart-strings when and dust to dust !" Well is it for those who have "laid up

the state of the s

their treasure in Heaven." The poison was spreading rapidly through the dying man's system, mingling with his blood, and bounding through the

pulses to the heart.

Eletric flashes of pain darted through his frame, causing him to shudder and gasp spasmodicaly for breath, while his thoughts became confused and wandering. "My gold, my bright, yellow, glittering gold! who will have it when I am gone?

but not me but not me. I have worked be brought forwardent, any time sto swear ther dowry he hoped sto rescue Sutherland hard to earn it, and the labor of a life-time is gone for nought. Who will have it? who will have it? who be John Russell Grabby now? I wish I had some kind friend to close my eyes and leaned back against the soft cushions give me christian burial, I would leave in his carriage, with his eyes closed, and him all my wealth, and he should be a

gentleman in my stead. Death is coming now—I feel an icy chill creeping over me, and the burning flashes have gone. Who will have the cards printed-and wear the fine clothes-and spend the money-who will be John Russel Grabby to-morrow? Ha! ha!! ha!!

His breath came thick and hard, and the ghastly hue of death, began to overspread bis features.

There was footseps on the stairs, and in a moment the door opened, and Caspar, the

fortune teller entered the chamber of When Caspar beheld the miserable man sitting upright in the bed, he started back a pace, and an exclamation of surprise and forror broke from his lips. The beggar heard the voice, and he turne partly around, gazing sharply at his visitor. "Ha! you have come at last," he ejacuated. "and I am so glad! I'm dying-I lrank from the wrong bottle and poisoned nyself. I was going to be a gentlemanout you shall have all my gold, you shall e a gentleman when I am gone, you shall be John Russell Grabby, and walk about the streets spending the money that I have | Hell?" saved, for I have no one in the world to leave it to-no kindred-no heir. Here's the gold in this bag, and part of it is the price of blood. Come nearer, Caspar, for I am very weak, and it pains me to speak so loud. I have a secret to tell you.'

Caspar came and stood beside him. "Lady Clifford is dead and buried, isn't

"Yos," roplied the gipsy. "And everybody believes he committed they ?"

Caspar podded. "Well, he didn't kill himself, for Lady done the deed." "May God have mercy on your guilty "He won't have mercy!" cried the beggar despairingly, "for my crimes have been

nany, and I de re not hope for pardon; I dare not ask Him to forgive me. Caspar, quick! bring the table close up peside my hed-there is pen, ink and paper on it-and I wish to make you my heir, for Thave no friend to give my money to but yourself. You will see me laid in my grave cently, wont you?" "I will," replied Caspar. "You shall be

tried wherever you wish." "No-no-not where I wish, for I am nurderer," said the beggar, sadly; "but if ou can manage it in any way, I would ike to be laid beside my mother in Hamp ton church-yard. Her name is on the head tone, 'Hester Grabby, aged 40 years.' leave my body in your charge, trusting all o you. Now write as I shall dictate, and rite fast, for my hour has come."

Caspar placed the table close beside the ped, seated himself, dipped his pen in the " I am ready."

Write," said the beggar, "I Harman rabby, now lying on the bed of death, do give and bequeath unto Caspar, known a the fortune-teller of London, all my worldy wealth; said Caspar being bound by cred promise to see my body decently in terred. Signed,

HARMAN GRABBY, CASPAR, the Fortune Teller." Caspar guided the dying man's hand growing dim, and his strength was failing "This paper will be of little use to me without the signatures of witnesses," said

Caspar, Witnesses," whispered old Grabby: 'call up Mrs. Glum and her daughter, they live on the next floor." Caspar hastened down the rickety stairs, panied by an old woman with blear eyes, and a hump-backed young lady with red

Caspar told them that the beggar had ac cidentally taken poison-that he was dying | your bottles or cans, with their proper lids -and that they would oblige him by affixng their signatures to his will. It was read to them, and the ladies readmother and daughter had written their names, "Arabella Araminta Glum," "Vic toria Annabella Glum." Mrs. Glumraised her eyebrows when she wrote, and Vic

toria Annabella stuck out her tougue. The trie new turned to the beggar. He ad fallen back on the pillow, for his hour "I am going now, Caspar," he murmur d faintly, and he reached forth his hand, saying, "take it in yours, and hold it tight ıntil Lam dead." Tears dimmed the gipsy's eyes, and

grasped the quivering fingers of the dying "Open the shutters and let in the light, me of you, for it is growing very dark, and the sun is sinking in a sea of blood! Stir up the fire, for I am shivering-shiver ing with cold ! . God have mer-cy-I an going-now!"

trickled slowly down his cheeks, as he

the spirit strove to rend its earthly ties "Bury me beside my-my mother," whispered the beggar, faintly; and his soul went forth over the dark waters to the God who gave it. Caspar turned away with a sigh, and a he murmured, "God have mercy on his soul!" hoarse laughter and fearful oaths

There was one long, fearful struggle as

came echoing up from the vile den of iniquity in the street below. * '>" * '4 Slowly the pure sunbeams departed from that wreched abode, lingering as they went, to kiss the murderer's brow. Softly the twilight stole in, and in a short time

for it was beginning to be a sickening sight black—swollen and distorted. "An inquest; must be held," suddenly

exclaimed Caspar, "and I must find the Coroner. A jury will be easily summoned, for in this case it won't matter much who is called in. Ah! I came near forgetting the bag of gold. It wouldn't be safe to leave it here, so I'll take it with me, and leave it where honest people dwell."

He went to the bedside and lifted it gen-

tly cas though afraid he might disturb the lend man's repose. 🧢 He shuddered as he glanced at the face of the corpse, and hiding the treasure under his coat he hurried from the room, locking the door carefully, ere he left the house. As he descended the creaking stairs he fancied the beggin's hand was rest-It will make somebody a gentleman, ing on his arm, striving to detain him, striving to rescue his coveted, worshipped gold. Caspar hurried down the stairs. He ran through the lower entry, and when will have the cards printed, and who will be stood in the street he began to breathe free again. Superstition makes man a coward, and Casper was superstitious Hugging the bag to his breust, he walked fast up the narrow street, where shouts of

laughter and fearful curses greeted his ears from the vile dens of iniquity on either hand. England, christian country! Send not thy missionaries abroad while this plague spot blots, thy fairest city, rankling in its very heart like a festering sore! Cleanso thyself! There is labor for God's servants in "The Mint!" Purify thyself.

TO BE CONTINUED.] THE ENGLISH H. There used to be a good English clergyman connected with the Providence Conference, who had a carpet-bag marked with the single initial L. On one occasion in those times the annual sitting of the Conference finished its business and reached the final adjournment in the afternoon, but a few minutes before the hour when the members were to leave town. Many of them, anticipating such a state of things, had taken their buggage to the church where the sessions were held, and as soon as the benediction was pronounced there was a rush for the pile of values and bugs in the entry. Our English friend was at the last end of the crowd, and not being able to get to the pilestood at the outside of the circle, calling out, "Has any brother seen a carpet-bag marked

Larm and Nouschold Column.

AGRICULTURE is the most useful and most noble COMMUNICATIONS, Selections, Recipes and articles of interest and value, are solicited for this department of the paper. We desire to supply the public with the best practical information in reference to the farm, garden, and household.

ABOUT TOMATOES .- If you wish to bake tomatoes cut them in two parts, round suicide-that he hung himself, don't the tomato, that is, so as the cells can be dia ested of the pulp and seeds which they contain. To six tomatoes take half a pint of bread crumbs, one large onion finely Clifford hired me to murder him, and I-I | chopped, one ounce of butter; pepper and salt to the taste. Fill the cells of each piece with the dressing, put the two halves together, and tie them with a piece of thread. Put them in a pan with an ounce of butter and a gill of, water, set them in a moderate

oven, and cook them till they are soft. Tomatoes for Winfer Use. After skin-ning perfectly ripe tomatoes, cut of any green around the base. I think leaving in the hard green core is the immediate cause of the loss of the fruit. Place them in a bell-metal kettle over the fire; season with salt as if for immediate use, then only allow them to come to a boil; while hot, put in stone cans or small mouthed gallon jars, cork and seal. If proper judgment be exer-

cised, you will never lose one jar. Sweet Green Tomato Pickles .- Peel and lice two gallons of green tomatoes, add five ablespoonfuls of ground mustard, three gills of mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful of loves, one pound of brown sugar, three quarts of vinegar. Boil all together until quite done. If you choose, you may use one spoonful of ground and a portion of cinnamon bark. Celery tops improve the

flavor. COMMON TEA CAKES, No. 1.-One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, half a cup of butter, one egg, one and one-half teapoon of cream of tartar, three-fourths teaspoon of soda, flour to make as thick as pound or common cup cakes, flavor with TEA CAKE, No. 2.-One cap of sugar,

one of sour cream'; if very thick, use while he wrote his name, for his sight was butter-milk; one teaspoon of soda, a pinch of salt, flavor with spice, add flour to make as thick as cup cake. Both kinds of the cakes should be served when a little warm. consequently, only enough for one meal should be made at a time. TEA CARE, No. 3-CREAM SPONGE CARE.-Bent two eggs in a teacup and fill the cup with sweet-cream, add one teacup of sugar, one teaspoon of cream of tartar,

one-half teaspoon of sodu, one and onehalf teacups of flour, flavor with lemon or nutmeg, stir well and bake in a long tin. To Bottle Peaches .- After seeing that are ready, season your bottles, by pouring into each one a pint of water in which you can bear to hold your hand any length of time, but which should be quite warm. Place upon the fire a nice clean porcelaiu or brass kettle, in which is about a pint of water; sweeten it and place in the penches which are prepared. We always have ours. As soon as boiling, empty a bottle of warm water and fill with peaches, pushing the topmost well under the juice, and put on the lid immediately; put more peaches into the kettle, and more sugar and water as required. We always keep a kettle of boiling water ready at the back of the fire .- Coun-

try Gentleman. To PICKLE PLUMS .-- After weighing, dace the plums in a jar or crock, a layer ut a time. Between each layer scattering a few cloves, stick cinnamon and allspice. Then to three lbs. of fruit allow one lb. of sugar, and vinegar enough to moisten nicely; boil and pour over; set the jar in a cettle of warm water, and let the water boil till the plums are soft, or drain them and pour over again till the juice will cover

the plums. To PICKLE PEACHES .- Wipe them well, and stick into each one three or four cloves. and place in a crock, and prepare a pickle as follows: To one peck of peaches allow three lbs, of sugar, and nearly one quart of vinegar. Scald and pour over three sucessive mornings.

CHOLIC OR SCOURS IN HORSES.-Give a half tumbler of spirits of camphor in a pint of warm water (cold will do:) if not relieved in fifteen minutes repeat the dose. Give nothing else. I have never known it to fail in a practice of twenty years. No after bad effects.

RICH cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good nor licalthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a cool, dry place. If mould appears on it, wipe it of