Jacob Eshleman

The Columbia Spy.

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

VOLUME XXXX, NUMBER 31. COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29, 1868. [WHOLE NUMBER, 2,031.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

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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.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, MILLERSVILLE, Lancaster County, Pa. A First-Class Hotel, well adapted to accommodate the traveling public. The Choicest Liquors at the Bar. JOS. KNOTWELL, je20-3m] 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 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

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 benefitted suffering humanity to a greater extent, than any other remedies known to the public.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhoea, 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 portion of our 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 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.]

A Fact Hard to Realize.

BY EVA ALICE.

Ever falling, all around us pass the loved from earth away,
To the tomb the cortage bear the sleepers day by day;
Infant, youth, and those in manhood, rich and poor of every age—
Fall beneath the angel's sickle—pass from off the tragic stage.
Our end is certain, soon or later will the solemn summons come,
In the skies is kept the record—Christ's the name of every one;
Death awaiteth but the bidding of the God who rules supreme;
The day? 'tis not for man to know it—tell the time 'twill intervene.
O, how distant mortals place it—live as if time ne'er would end,
For a day perhaps we're thoughtful—when we lose some dearest friend;
But worldly care and worldly pleasure soon again absent the mind—
And 'tis hard to learn the lesson every death scene leaves behind.

The Editor.

The editor works—he's never at rest,
For the world, unsated with news,
Keeps asking for more, the latest and best,
He cannot—he will not refuse.
Big sermons and speeches, stories and rhymes,
With items both ancient and new,
Suiting the people and suiting the times,
He must faithful and constant review.
Not only deals he in subjects profound,
His reasons must mingle with fun;
The world will laugh and the joke go round
When the editor scribbles a pun.

Original Story.

Back numbers of this Story can be furnished.

BERKELEY HALL.

BY L. AUGUSTUS JONES.

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

(CONTINUED.)

"They are coming," said Florine, and all eyes were turned towards the door.

Lady Berkeley entered, her form proudly erect, May still leaning on her arm, wondering, puzzled, confused.

The clergyman started when he beheld her, gazing half sorrowfully in her colorless face, a sigh escaping his lips.

Henry Berkeley smiled, for he was proud of the fair young creature who was soon to be his son's bride, and he said to himself, "What a triumph I shall have over my haughty brother Dick; and how enraged he will be when he learns we have outwitted him—when he finds out May is his own child, and *my* son's bride. We have been too cunning for him! It is strange that cursed gipsy hasn't been to Berkeley Hall and told him all, before this!"

Lady Berkeley and May had halted in the centre of the room. May gazed about her, hoping to see Arthur. She was still bewildered—still confused—wondering why they all started at her without speaking; wondering who the strange gentleman could be, sitting in the corner so silent and solemn visaged.

The clergyman arose and adjusted the knot of his spotless neck-tie—hemmed and hawed a moment—and then said, "I suppose there is no need of longer delay, and if you are all ready, let the young people stand before me and join hands."

"Come Charles, don't stand there dreaming," exclaimed Lady Berkeley, half angrily, "but lead forward your bride! Don't you see the clergyman is waiting?"

The Captain muttered something to himself, and sighing heavily he went up to May, gazing down as though he had not courage to act his part in this drama.

"Come May; take my hand, we are to be—be married you know; come dearest."

She shrunk from him, shuddering.

"*You* are not Arthur, my own Arthur," she cried, "and I cannot, will not be your bride, for I do not love you? Oh! you are all deceiving me, for you told me Arthur would be here, and he is not here! Go away from me! Leave me, in pity leave me, for I am a weak, friendless, helpless girl! I will never consent to become your bride, for I hate, I loathe, I despise you! I have looked on you with detestation and disgust since the day you turned Arthur and his mother from the cottage! Stand back, foul image of man! Stand back, for there is pollution in thy touch!"

She struggled to free her hand from his firm grasp, but in vain. He dragged her forward, assisted by Lady Berkeley, whose bony fingers were closed vice-like on her arm.

"*Help me, save me thou man of God!* Perform not this unholy ceremony, lest the memory of this hour haunt you like a fiend, and torture your conscience when thou art lying on the bed of death! Save me! spare me! God of the orphan hast thou farsaken me? Help! help!"

Was that wild despairing cry heard? Hark! Again the hoarse thunder rolls along the heavens, the luring lightning darts and hisses down the sides of the murky storm clouds, and the howling gale sweeps madly by, rattling the shutters clamorously. Could that cry be heard in such a fearful storm? *Hark! It has been* heard! The tramps of coming feet from without falls on the ears of those within like a death-kneel, and they stand as though paralyzed, gazing one at the other in silent awe and amaze. Pale are their cheeks and blanched their lips.

* * * * * * *

Voices are heard in the hall without—the hurried tread of feet—nearer—nearer still they come. The door is thrown violently open, and a dark figure stands in the entrance, the rain-drops dripping from his long black hair, and running in streams from his saturated garments.

* * * * * * *

The stranger glanced around the apartment a moment, brushed the dripping locks back from his swarthy cheeks, and then burst into a loud laugh. "Ha! ha! ha!"

Captain Berkeley trembled, for that laugh struck terror to his heart, curdling the blood in his veins. He had not courage enough to confront the strange intruder.

His father was firmer nerved, and more resolute than the cowardly captain.

The old man arose and walked up to the stranger, his cheeks flushed with passion, and his hands tightly clenched.

"Who are you, and how dare you enter a gentleman's house, unannounced?" he demanded in husky tones.

"I am called Caspar, the fortune teller of London. I heard that the brave youth, Captain Berkeley was to be married to night, and knowing that a wedding is an unpleasant affair where there is no guests present, I have taken the liberty, (an unpardonable liberty perhaps,) to come myself, and I have also brought a few friends with me who are anxious to see the marriage ceremony performed. Have I your permission to bring them in?"

"No!" thundered Charles Berkeley, now completely exasperated at Caspar's coolness and sarcasim. "Leave this house immediately, both you and your friends, for we want no rabble here! By Heaven! let any man dare to step across that threshold and I will shoot him like a dog!"

He thrust his hand into an inside pocket, and he had partly succeeded in drawing forth a pistol, when Caspar sprung forward and grasped him by the throat, bearing him heavily to the floor.

Almost at the same moment Arthur rushed into the apartment, followed by Mark Wallace and Pomp.

Poor May was standing beside Lady Berkeley, pale and terror stricken. When she beheld Arthur she uttered an exclamation of joy, and hastening forward, ere Lady Berkeley could prevent her, she clasped her arms about his neck, crying, "Oh Arthur! you have come at last, and I am rescued from a fate dreaded worse than death! God *did* hear my prayer—he has not forsaken me—I shall always trust in him hereafter—Arthur, my own dear Arthur, you will not leave me again, will you?"

"Never, dearest; until death part us, and after death you shall be mine in heaven."

* * * * * * *

"He'll nebber leab ye long as de worl stan's," shouted Pomp, who had been a silent spectator of the scene. "I spect's he lubs ye to *destruction*, an' you'll boff be married mity soon fur sartin!

I golly! I'se jest as any free nigga could posserbly be on de yearth, for I knows, you'll go home with us, I knows you'll jump fur joy w'en you find out dat mar'sr Rich'ud's ye'r own fader, an'—w'en ye'r boff married Berkeley Hall will be 'luminated from de cella' to de garret! Jericho an' Jersalem! won't we hab a jubilee? I 'magines ebry ting afore it happens, an' I s'pect as how I'll shout glory! Halleluyah! an' dance myself to death! golly, I can't *distrain* my oberflowin' feelin's! Olo Kentuck, dis chile am so happy! I'se salubrious with joyful 'motions dat can't be kep's down nohow?"

Pomp endeavered to cut a pigon wing, and doubtless he would have performed his terpsichorean feat skillfully, had the coast been clear. Unfortunately he ran against Lady Berkeley, nearly upsetting her, and trod heavily on the gaping parson's toes. Lady Berkeley frowned, while the enraged clergyman limped off into the corner, muttering to himself.

Caspar, with the assistance of Mark Wallace, had succeeded in disarming Captain Berkeley, and he now stood before them abashed and crestfallen. He knew that resistance was useless, had it not been, he would never have submitted to his captors without a desperate struggle. He quailed before the piercing glance that Mark Wallace fixed upon him, and well he might hide his head for shame, for he lured the gipsy to Oakdale Grange under the guise of friendship; betrayed him treacherously, and imprisoned him without cause, that he might carry out his vile schemes without opposition. And now he was in the power of the man he had wronged, and conscience made him a coward.

"What are you going to do with me?" he faltered. "Mark Wallace, don't have me arrested for God's sake, will you?"

"I have not decided yet," replied the gipsy; "you certainly deserve punishment, and I don't know why I should show any mercy to a man who witheld it from me, when I deserved it not."

"I know that I deserve it; but it is not the punishment I dread, (however hard it *might be,*) it is the damning disgrace, the stain it would leave on my character—my name—my family! It would kill my poor mother, sir, and my father would sink beneath the blow; while I would be turned out of the "guards" and likewise be refused *entree* into respectable society. In fact it would crush me, and I should be pointed out as a man devoid of all honor; a villain, a knave!

Men would shun me, and women despise; I would not dare to look up in the streets of London if this affair becomes publicly known—and besides it would wound uncle Dick to the heart, for he loved *meonce*, and I am a Berkeley to him still, although we have long been estrayed. You have it in your power to ruin me, you have it in your power to forgive—and now let me know the worst, and I will meet my fate like a man."

The gipsy mused a moment, and gazed about the room. Lady Berkeley and her husband were conversing with the parson, each of the trio looking from time to time towards him, anxiously.

Arthur had led May to a seat, and he was sitting by her side, speaking in low musical tones that reached no ear save her own. How beautiful the young author thought May looked, and how manily *he* appeared to her, for he was now her rescuer, her protector, her champion.

Arthur was explaining to her what Pomp, in the delirium of joy, had unconsciously spoken—telling her she was Sir Richard's child; and heiress to all his wealth; telling her how the babes were changed, and how Sir Richard had been deceived, while she was taught to believe herself the gipsy daughter.

When all had been made clear, when all perplexing doubts was removed, the fair girl was so everjoyed that her emotion choked her utterance.

* * * * * * *

She sat with bowed head, her hand *clasped in his, and tears of joy trickling* down her cheeks.

* * * * * * *

"We are welcome guests at Oakdale Grange," exclaimed Mark, who was the leader of the little band of brave hearts that had been guided by him in all their movements.

"We are unwelcome guests, and as the storm is dying away, I propose we return to Berkeley Hall, where we shall meet a good old man, and receive from him a hearty welcome.

"Henry Berkeley, a word with you; for you are as much to blame in this affair as your son." The old villain winced, and the gipsy continued: "I have been foully wronged by you and yours! Your son lured me to this place one year ago, while I was on my way to Berkeley Hall, under the guise of friendship, and here I was knocked down by a ruffian, and while senseless cast into prison, where I was kept until an angel in woman's form came one night and set the captive free. There is my fair deliverer, and I believe I have repaid her this night for her kindness unto me."

"Oh, I am more than repaid," exclaimed May; "for you have rescued me from a fate I dreaded worse than death, and for the happiness of this hour I shall ever remain your debtor."

"Nay, fair maiden, in seeing you happy I am amply rewarded, and had it not have been for me you would never have known sorrow."

"Speak not of the past," said May, "but let all its misdeeds be buried in oblivion; let every painful scene be forgotten, and every wrong forgiven. Let us look forward to a bright and happy future."

"Can you, will you forgive your erring and repentant cousin Charlie?" cried the captain, suddenly kneeling at her feet. "Oh! May—*dear* May—I love you, wildly, passionately, madly, and without you life will have no joy for me; but I know that I must lose you. I must tear from my heart thy worshipped image, and then it will be the ruined sepulchre in which I shall bury my withered joys and blighted hopes. You will never *know* how I loved you, never! I did not wish to compel, to force you to become my wife, but my lady mother urged me and goaded me on until I yielded to her wishes, and then you hated me. May, say that I am forgiven! Let me hear the words from your own lips, and then I will bid thee farewell, for I dare not linger near thee! Say that I am forgiven; though I may never hear thy sweet voice on earth again!"

He bowed his head until his dark locks rested on the satin robe that shrouded her fair form, and his strong frame quivered with inward agony—and thus he remained, waiting, listening for the words that she should speak!

Every eye was fixed upon *her*—each heart was touched with sympathy, for *him*—and a death-like silence reigned, broken only by the wild wailing of the wind as it swept in fitful gusts around the house.

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"Charlie, look up," and her trembling fingers nestled amid his hair, brushing it back softly from his burning, throbbing brow; "Charlie, look up, for you are forgiven!" It was all she could say, for sobs struggled up from her heart where the springs of pity had been touched by the sight of so much misery.

He raised his head. His features were colorless as marble, save, where the blood had settled beneath the scar that marred the beauty of his brow.

"God bless you! you are so good, so generous, so noble, too good to become *my* wife—may you be happy with him who sits beside you. Don't brush the hair over that scar, for it is all I have to be proud of now, and there is a wound in my heart that will never heal." How sad he looked when he spoke those last words—how tremulous the tones of his voice. He rose from his knees, and stood there silent and motionless before her. "The hour has come, and our last farewell must be spoken; we must part, never to meet again. Our paths in life lead in different directions; yours to happiness, mine to misery.

Think of me kindly when I am am gone, and pray for me, pray that I may become a wiser and better man! And now—farewell! Let me press upon thy pure brow one last kiss, and then I hall leave thee."

Tender was the embrace, tearful were the "farewells" whispered, and then Charles Berkeley rushed from the presence of those from whom he would hide his anguish.

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In a few moments they heard the furious clattering of a horse's steel clad hoofs on the pebbly road beneath the windows, and they knew that Captain Berkeley had ridden forth in the storm and darkness.

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Lady Berkeley was overwhelmed with mortification and shame, and her husband sat with gloomy brow and downcast gaze, wishing this unpleasant interview was ended, and his unwelcome guests gone.

Arthur left May's side and crossed the apartment, seating himself between Lady Berkeley and her frowning spouse.

"I have a few words to say," he began, "and a proposition to make, which I trust your good judgment will allow you both to regard as beneficial to all parties concerned, and connected with this exceedingly unpleasant affair.

You are both in Sir Richard's power, and he can ruin your reputation if he choose to do so. You have been accessories to a vile plot, which, if you had succeeded in carrying out, would have ruined the happiness of a young and innocent girl, your own niece, and Sir Richard's daughter. Furthermore, you have seized an old man, confined him as a prisoner without cause or reason, for which act the law would punish you if he should enter a complaint against you before a magistrate.

Your family and Sir Richard's have long been estrayed and no very pleasant feelings exist for each other at the present time. Sir Richard is old and passionate—sorrow and sickness have soured his temper, and I fear if some suitable apology is not made to him, without delay, he will punish you for the wrong that your house has done him. I fear the gipsy will demand redress for his grievances, and you'll be both ruined and disgraced. I have stated the matter plainly, and now for my proposition. I propose to act as mediator between ye, and I ask *you*, Henry Berkeley, to write an apology to your brother, asking his pardon, and I will be the bearer of your letter, pledging you my word ere I leave you, his pardon will be granted. The quarrel that first severed the link of brotherly affection between you, was a foolish one—growling over a few old portraits—*that* breach can be easily repaired, but it remains with you to appease his wrath and win back his affection. The act is not humiliating, it is praise-worthy, noble, manly! Think how much happier ye would both be as friends, what a grand thing to have the broken bond of friendship re-united, the old house one again! Henry Berkeley, banish from thy heart the false pride that has been the bane, the curse of thy existence! Trample it beneath thy feet, and stand forth, a man! yield to my entreaties, and thou wilt live and die a happy man! Shut thy ears against my words, and mark me—thou wilt never know happiness again—thy death bed will be haunted with bitter regrets, and undying remorse! *Will* you write to your brother, asking his forgiveness, ere it be too late?"

He had listened attentively to the young author's words, duty and pride struggling for the victory, and he hesitated still, when Arthur ceased speaking.

"Don't hesitate a moment, *uncle Henry,*" whispered a gentle voice in his ear; "write *to my father* and I shall always love you."

He looked up at the beautiful face that was so close to his own rough bearded cheek, and his heart could not resist the pleading eloquence of those soul-bit orbs tearfully gazing in his own.

"Uncle Henry!" he never had listened to words so sweet and musical before, and his heart gave one great throb as the false pride departed, leaving heaven-born emotions triumphant in its holiest cell.

"I *will* write to my brother! I will write to Dick and ask him to forgive me," suddenly exclaimed Henry Berkeley, starting to his feet.

"You shall not write one word to *him*," hissed Lady Berkeley in his ear, and she laid her hand on her husband's arm, as though she would detain him.

"Unhand me, woman! my resolution is taken, and nothing shall alter it! I have been your slave long enough, but now I am going to be my own master! This trouble was brought upon me through your plotting, and I have been a tool in your hands; but henceforth seek not to meddle with my affairs, for I shall hold the reins of our matrimonial chargers with a firm grasp and I will not upset the family chariot nor tumble us all, in the mire of disgrace! I am going to write a long letter to poor Dick, and I must do it while I'm in the right mood."

"You shall not!" cried Lady Berkeley, clinging with *both* hands to his arm.

"D——n it, I will!" He shook off her grasp, tearing a great rent in the sleeve of his coat, and then he walked resolutely toward the door, his brow darkened by a frown.

"Florine, bring wine for my guests, and let them enjoy themselves until I return." The door closed behind him heavily, jarring the portraits on the walls, and the shock told Lady Berkeley plainer than words could have done, her despotic reign in Oakdale Halls was ended.

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Florine went out, but soon returned again, followed by a servant bringing in wine. Lady Berkeley watched every movement of her guests, and when they sat down around the table, when the glasses were filled with the sparkling beverage, and Arthur proposed they should drink to the speedy reconciliation between Sir Richard and his brother, she left her seat and swept haughtily past the little group, leaving the apartment, without a word.

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Half an hour elapsed before Henry Berkeley returned. He came in with the letter in his hand, and as he gave it to Arthur, he said: "I have written to Dick what I could never have spoken in his presence, and if he forgives me not, he is a hard-hearted man. Hand this to him without a word in my behalf, and let him act as he thinks best; but remember—I want no pleading with him. If he forgives and forgets the *past, let him do it of his own* accord, without urging. I can *ask* for renewal of his brotherly love, but I cannot degrade myself by *begging* for his friendship, for I, (as well as himself,) am a Berkeley."

"I shall do as you wish," replied Arthur, "and I have no fear but what this affair will end well. And now sir, as it is near midnight, and the storm has died away, we will trespass no longer on your hospitality. Let us drink to a brighter and happier future ere we part."

"Surely you will not leave Oakdale this night! Ye are all welcome to a shelter beneath my roof."

"Many thanks for your kindness," said Mark Wallace; "but we *must* go, for safe and comfortable conveyance for Sir Richard is waiting anxiously our return. We have a safe and comfortable conveyance for Miss Berkeley, and saddle-horses for ourselves. I took the liberty of putting the horses in your stables before we came in."

"Well, if you must go I will not urge you to stay, although I would be pleased to have you with me."

"Pomp, go and bring the horses round to the door, and you Miss Berkeley will please prepare yourself for the ride. Madamoiselle Florine, see that you wrap the young lady up well, so that she will not take cold." Having given these orders, the gipsy walked to the window, where he stood gazing out in the darkness. "There is happiness in store for all save me and mine," he murmured sadly. "I must live to behold my daughter's misery, and weep, should she die broken-hearted, o'er her early grave."

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Pomp soon entered with the announcement that everything was ready for departure. Henry Berkeley accompanied the little band to the door, bidding them "good night," and wishing them a safe journey home. Pomp mounted the box of the coach, while Arthur and May seated themselves within.

Mark and Casper leaped lightly into their saddles, and away they rode, leaving Henry Berkeley standing on the steps gazing after them, while Lady Berkeley's pale face was pressed against the glass of the chamber window above.

The dark, dark storm clouds were rolling rapidly away, and patches of blue sky were appearing, gemmed with glittering stars.

Henry Berkeley sighed as he entered the mansion, for he dreaded the storm that was soon to burst forth within. He dreaded to meet Lady Berkley face to face—he shuddered as he thought of the torrent of abuse that would flow from her thongue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Talk with Mr. Stevens.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who had a talk with the late Hon. Thaddeus Stevens a short time before his death, gives the following as a portion of his conversation: "The greatest gratification of my life resulted from my ability to give my mother a farm of two hundred and fifty acres, and a dairy of fourteen cows, and an occasional bright gold piece, which she loved to deposit in the contribution box of the Baptist Church which she attended. My mother was a very extraordinary woman, and I have met very few women like her. My father was not a well-to-do man, and the support and education of my family depended on my mother. She worked night and day to educate me. I was feeble and lame in my youth, and as I couldn't work on the farm she concluded to give me an education. I tried to repay her afterward, but the debt of a child to his mother, you know, is one of the debts we can never pay. Poor woman, the very thing I did to gratify her most hastened her death. She was very fond of her dairy and proud of her cows, and one night going out to look after them she fell and injured herself so that she died soon after." I had heard the fact mentioned that Mr. Stevens had on one occasion given $100,000 to the poor of Lancaster county. "It is not true" he said, "I have never been able to do any such thing. I have failed financially three times. The first was through going bail and security, and it broke up a very fine practice I had in Adams county. The second was through the carelessness of a partner in some iron mills. Notes were presented to me for payment which I had never executed or known of. I went to my partner and asked how it was. He explained that he had been losing money for some time, but as he had induced me to embark in the enterprise, he had not the courage to tell me of the losses, and had signed the firm name to notes without consulting me?' He began to make a piteous mouth, but I cut him short. 'I don't come to upbraid you,' I said; 'I come to get at the facts.' I looked over the books and saw that we were deeply involved. Then I said to him, 'you take the works and pay all claims, releasing me entirely.' He declined, and I at once said, 'then I will,' and it was thus the iron works came into my possession. The third time I failed was when the rebels burned these works. My friends in Lancaster and elsewhere raised about $100,000, which they tendered to me, but I declined it, and it went to the poor fund, but I did not give it. I managed to get through my trouble, and have never taken advantage of a bankrupt law yet."

YOUNG men who wear their beavers brushed the wrong way are "snobs."

Farm and Household Column.

AGRICULTURE is the most useful and most noble employment of man.—WASHINGTON.

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.

The Cattle Disease.

A *statement of facts concerning the Texas* cattle disease, made by J. R. Dodge, Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, as the result of extended investigation, makes the *following* points:

1. That the disease is communicated by *cattle from Texas,* Florida and other portions of the Gulf coast.

2. That such disease is itself unknown in *Texas or the Gulf coast.*

3. That the cattle communicating it are not only apparently healthy but are generally improving in condition.

4. That while local herds receiving the infection nearly all die they never communicate the disease to others.

5. That either a considerable increase in elevation or a distance of two or three degrees of latitude from the starting point is necessary to develop the virus into activity and virulency, and a further progress of two degrees of latitude and a few weeks in time is sufficient to eliminate the poison from the system.

6. That Texas cattle removed to other miasmatic sections, as the Mississippi bottoms up to the 36th parallel, communicate to infection to local herds.

7. Medication has thus far been of no avail.

It concludes that the disease cannot become general, and that it cannot exist only within the movements of Texas cattle, which could be regulated or suppressed, and that it does not result from travel, but from climate disease.

Shying Horses.

L. A. D., in the *Scientific American*, says that a horseman should never "shy" himself, when the horse shies, or show the least nervousness, nor notice it in their horses, and far less to punish them for it, and adds:

"Allow me, having had a great deal of experience in managing horses, to add another bit of advice to nervous horsemen. Whenever they notice their horse directing his ears to any point, whatever, or indicating the slightest disposition to become afraid, let them, instead of pulling the rein to bring the horse towards the object causing its nervousness, pull it on the other side. This will instantly divert the attention to the object from which is exciting his suspicion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse will pay no more attention to the object from which he will fly away if forcibly driven to it by pulling the wrong rein.

IMPROVEMENTS WHICH DO NOT PAY.—A writer says: "I call instances where farmers went ahead with improvements without counting the cost till it took the farms to pay for them. Improvements are a nice thing, if one has the ready to make them; if not, beware of the temptation. Only those should be made at first that will return the outlay again. Farming should be conducted on business principles. If a merchant is not able to own a store, he rents one. If a farmer has no money to erect new buildings, he had better get along with his old ones. If a merchant invests money, he expects to get it all back again, and more too. If a *farmer* buys manure or Merino sheep, he should see that they are so used that they return the original cost and profit. If a farmer lays out money in ditching, he should do it where two or three crops will pay it back with interest."

LAMB AND RICE.—Half roast a neck of lamb, *take it up, and* cut it into steaks; take half a pound of rice boiled ten minutes in a quart of water, put it into a quart of gravy, with two or three blades of mace, and a little nutmeg; *do it over* a stove or slow fire till the rice begins to be thick; then take it off and stir in a half pound of butter, and when that is quite melted stir *in it the yolks of six eggs well beaten,* then take a dish and butter it all *over*; take the steaks and put a little pepper and salt all over them, dip them in a little melted butter, lay them into the dish, pour the gravy that *comes out of them over them,* and then the rice; beat the yolks of three eggs and pour all over, send it to the oven, and bake it better than half an hour.

NAIL IN THE FOOT.—To relieve from the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of man or horse, take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, confine with bandage, and the cure is if by magic. Renew the application twice a day, if necessary, but one application usually does the work. I have cured both man and horse in a few hours, when they were apparently on the point of having the lock-jaw. These receipts remember and practice, will save many valuable lives.

CREAM PUDDING.—One quart of milk, five eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt; boil the milk; moisten the flour with cold milk; add to the hot milk, and boil three minutes; add the eggs, and boil up half a cup of sugar; flavor, turn into a dish for the table, and just before sending to the table strew half a cup of sugar over the top.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Pare, core, and quarter *the quinces; boil them gently,* uncovered, in water until they begin to soften; then *strain* them through a hair sieve, and beat in a mortar or wooden bowl to a pulp; add *to each pound of fruit three-quarters of* a pound of sugar; boil it until it becomes stiff, and pour into small moulds.

TO WHIP CREAM.—Sweeten a bowl of cream with loaf sugar and flavor with any extract or flavoring that suits you best. Whip the cream with a wisk, and as it rises in a froth take off with a skimmer, and place upon a sieve to drain.

POTATOES.—Prof. Blot, in his lectures on the potato, says the skinning process is all wrong, as the strength of the vegetable lies near the surface—the starch growing less abundant as the centre is approximated.

MACARONI PUDDING.—Take three-quarters of a pound of macaroni, boil it till quite soft, add a half pound of sugar, a a quarter of a pound of currants and juice of one lemon; bake till browned.

SNOW-FLAKE CAKE.—One and-a-half tumblers of powdered white sugar, one of flour, one teaspoon of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda and the whites of eight eggs. When cool, frost it.

A Wholesale Execution.

At the execution of the Servian conspirators at Belgrade, an extraordinary accident occurred. The condemned, fourteen in number, were blindfolded and fastened to posts by ropes passed round their necks. Four gendarmes then advanced with breech-loaders and blew out the brains of each prisoner in succession. At the execution of the last of the fourteen, one of the bullets aimed at him struck the post to which he was atached, and, glancing off, entered the eye of Lieut. Basil Miatovitch, who was in command of the firing party, killing him on the spot. The conspirators all met their fate with fortitude, smoking cigars until called upon to be pinioned and fastened to the death posts.