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 XL, NUMBER 46.] COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1869. [WHOLE NUMBER, 2,075.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,
DAILY AND WEEKLY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
WEEKLY,
$2.00 per year, if paid in advance; six months, $1. If not paid until the expiration of the year, $2.50 will be charged.
SINGLE COPIES.....FIVE CENTS.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
EIGHT LINES SPACE MAKE A SQUARE.

	1 w	2 w	1 m	2 m	3 m	6 m	1 yr.
1 Sqr.	$1.00	$1.50	$2.50	$4.00	$5.00	$8.00	$12.00
2 Sqrs.	2.00	3.00	5.00	6.00	8.00	12.00	18.00
3 Sqrs.	2.50	4.00	6.00	9.00	12.00	18.00	25.00
¼ Col.	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	30.00
½ Col.	8.00	15.00	18.00	21.00	30.00	40.00	70.00
1 Col.	13.00	15.00	23.00	30.00	40.00	65.00	125.00

Double the above rates will be charged for display or blank advertisements.
Advertisements not under contract, must be marked the length of time desired, or they will be continued and charged for until ordered out.
Special Notices 25 per cent. more.
All Notices or Advertisments in reading matter, under ten lines, $1.00; over ten lines, 10 cts. per line, minion type.
Yearly Advertisers discontinuing their advertisements before the expiration of the year, will be charged at full rates as above, or according to contract.
Transient rates will be charged for all matters *not relating strictly to their business.*
All advertising will be considered CASH, after first insertion.

PROFESSIONAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

DENTAL SURGERY.
J. S. SMITH, DENTIST,
Graduate of Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery. Office in Wagner's Building, over Haldeman's dry goods store. Entrance, 270 Locust Street, Columbia, Penn'a.
Dr. J. S. Smith thanks his friends and the public in general for their liberal patronage in the past, and assuring them that they can rely upon having every attention given to them in the future. In every branch of his profession he has always given entire satisfaction. He calls attention to the unsurpassed style and finish of artificial teeth inserted by him. He treats diseases common to the mouth and teeth of children and adults. Teeth filled with the greatest skill and in the most approved manner. Aching teeth treated and filled to last for years. The best of dentrifices and mouth washes constantly on hand.
N. B.—All work warranted.
ap24-lyw J. S. SMITH, D. D. S.

HOTELS.

WESTERN HOTEL,
Nos. 9, 11, 13 & 15 CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK.
THOS. D. WINCHESTER, PROPRIETOR.
This Hotel is central and convenient for Pennsylvanians.
ABLE MISTLER, of Reading, Pa., is an assistant at this Hotel, and will be glad to see his friends at all times. oct10-tfw

"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,
Sept. 19, 1868. Proprietor.

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

MARBLE WORKS.

COLUMBIA MARBLE WORKS.
The Subscribers would respectfully inform the citizens of Columbia, and surrounding country, that they have opened
A NEW MARBLE YARD IN COLUMBIA,
On 5th Street, between Locust and Walnut Sts., and ask the patronage of the public.
They have had great experience on fine work, both in Philadelphia and New York. They will furnish in the highest style of the art, handsome
GRAVE STONES, MONUMENTS, STATUARY, ORNAMENTS, &c.
also MARBLE MANTLES, BUILDING WORK, &c. Orders promptly attended and executed at cheaper rates than elsewhere. Call and see us. Designs of new styles of Fine work, such as monumental, fine arts, &c., will be furnished parties upon application to the proprietors.
May 1-w.] HEPTING & MEHL.

LANCASTER MARBLE WORKS,
LEWIS HALDY, Proprietor.
All persons in want of anything in the Marble line, will be furnished at the very lowest prices. Only the best workmen are employed, consequently we are enable to turn out in a superior manner
MONUMENTS, STATUARY, TOMBSTONES, ORNAMENTS, MARBLE MANTLES, BUILDING FRONTS, SILLS,
And Marble Work of every description.
☞Orders promptly attended to
LEWIS HALDY,
May 4,'67] Lancaster City, Pa.

CHARLES M. HOWELL,
MARBLE MASON,
NO. 66 NORTH QUEEN STREET, EAST SIDE.
The Oldest Marble Works in Lancaster County.
Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. He has on hand the largest, most varied and complete stock of finished
MONUMENTS, MANTLES, GRAVE STONES, &c., &c.,
to be found in the city, and which will be sold at the lowest prices. Building work and Jobbing of every description punctually attended to.
Persons in want of Monuments, Mantles, or Grave Stones, are invited to call and examine the stock on hand, also the portfolios of designs.
june 23-tf]

HAIR PREPARATIONS.

HALL'S
VEGETABLE HAIR RENEWER
AND
RING'S AMBROSIA.
These popular Hair Restorers and Tonics on hand, at
R. WILLIAMS' DRUG STORE,
Columbia, Pa.

DRY GOODS, &c.

SPRING OPENING.
GREAT DECLINE IN PRICES!
Goods bought at the right time, and not incumbered with an old stock of goods and heavy expenses—consequently
FONDERSMITH,
At his Store,
NOS. 127 AND 129 LOCUST STREET,
COLUMBIA,
Is now selling many goods
FULLY 15 PER CT. BELOW HIS NEIGHBORS.

Call and see the late novelties in
DRESS GOODS!
RICH CORDED SILK POPLINS
AND POPLINETTES,
STRIPED & PLAIN JAPANESE
POPLINS,
WASH POPLINS,
Rich Black and Corded
SILKS FOR DRESSES & SACQUES.
Popular makes of
WHITE, BLACK & COLORED
ALPACAS.
REAL ORGANDIE LAWNS,
AMERICAN LAWNS,
PLAIN & FIGURED PIQUES,
White Goods, &c. &c.
New Styles and Shapes in
PARASOLS & SUN UMBRELLAS.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,
At half their cost to manufacture, which we make up to order in approved style, AT GREAT BARGAINS.
DOMESTIC GOODS, DOWN!
The best Yard-wide Muslins in the County, at 12½ cents per yard.
The Choicest Designs and
BEST CALICOES AT 12½ cts.—DOWN TO 7 cts.

A General Stock of
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS!
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,
WINDOW SHADES, LOOKING GLASSES,
&c., &c., &c.,
At Prices *Not to be undersold.*

GLASS & QUEENSWARE
In Tea, Dining and Toilet Sets.

OUR WALL-PAPER ROOM
Was never better stocked than at present, with the Choicest Designs of WALL PAPERS, which we are selling below Philadelphia prices.
WOOL, COTTON & LINEN CARPET CHAIN,
The best makes only—at the Lowest Prices!
For good goods, obliging salesmen and Low Prices—go to
FONDERSMITH'S STORE,
my8tfw] Columbia.

REMOVAL!
WILLIAM G. PATTON
Having removed his Store to the well-known, large and commodious room
No. 160 LOCUST ST., COLUMBIA, PA.,
Lately occupied by W. G. Case & Son, and added to his former stock a large assortment of
NEW GOODS,
Would respectfully invite his friends and customers, and all in want of CHEAP GOODS, to EXAMINE HIS STOCK.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES, GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES.
A full line of
SILKS, POPLINS, MOHAIRS, ALPACAS, DELAINES, and other
DRESS GOODS,
In all Grades, Styles and Colors, at
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!
WHITE GOODS, HOSIERY, GLOVES,
NOTIONS, LADIES' AND GENT'S
FURNISHING GOODS.
LADIES', MISSES, & CHILDREN'S SHOES.

MERCHANT TAILORING
In all its branches, executed in the best style and most workman-like manner. Warranted to give satisfaction.
W. HITESHUE, Cutter.

A LARGE AND FULL ASSORTMENT OF
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS,
Of all grades, constantly on hand.
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES!

SEWING MACHINES!
WHEELER & WILSON, WILCOX & GIBBS, SINGER, HOWE, ELIPTIC, GROVER & BAKER, AMERICAN BUTTON HOLE,
And all other leading Machines, AT PHILADELPHIA PRICES.
Machines to Rent.

By pursuing an undeviating course of FAIR and HONORABLE DEALING, strict attention to the wants of Customers, and PURCHASING FOR CASH, he hopes to convince all that *his* is the place to get the
BEST GOODS AT
The Lowest Prices!
ap17-lyw WILLIAM G. PATTON.

Poetry.

Your House.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man,
Be true to yourself and God;
Ere you build your house mark well the spot,
Test well the ground, and build you not
On the sand or the sinking sod.

Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,
Plant firmly the outer wall;
Let the props be strong and the roof be high,
Like an open turret toward the sky,
Through which heavenly dews may fall.

Let this be the room of the soul, young man—
When shadows shall herald care—
A chamber with never a roof or thatch
To hinder the light, or door or latch
To shut in the spirit's prayer!

Build slow and sure, 'tis for life, young man,
A life that outlives the breath;
For who shall gainsay the Holy Word!
"Their works do follow them," said the Lord,
"Therein there is no death."

Build deep, and high, and broad, young man,
As the needful case demands;
Let your title deeds be clear and bright
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light,
For the "House not made with hands."

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE HOLLOW-EVE MYSTERY.

A Legend of the Black Hall.

CHAPTER I.

THE BERNERS OF THE BURNING HEARTS.

"Their love was like the lava flood
That burns in Etna's breast of flame."

Near the end of a dark autumn-day, not many years ago, a young couple, returning from their bridal tour, arrived by steamer at the old City of Norfolk; and, taking a hack, drove directly to the best inn.

The gentleman registered himself and his party as Mr. and Mrs. Lyon Berners, of Black Hall, Virginia, and two servants.

"We shall need a private parlor and chamber communicating for our own use, and a couple of bedrooms for our servants," said Mr. Berners, as he handed his hat and cane to the bowing waiter.

"Certainly, sir. What would you like for tea?" asked the landlord.

"Oh, anything you please, so that it is nice and neatly served," said Mr. Berners, with a slightly impatient wave of his hand as if he would have been rid of his obsequious host.

"Ah-ha! anything I please! It is easy to see what ails him. He lives on love just now; but he'll care more about his bill of fare a few weeks hence," chuckled the landlord, as he left the public parlor to execute his guests orders.

The bridegroom was no sooner left alone with his bride than he seated her in the easiest arm-chair, and began with affectionate zeal to untie her bonnet strings and unclasp her mantle.

"You make my maid a useless appendage, dear Lyon," said the little lady, smiling up in his eyes. "You love me so much, dear Lyon! You love me so much! Yet not too much either! for oh! if you should ever cease to love me, or even if you were ever to love me less, I—I—dare not think what I should do!" she muttered in a long, deep, shuddering tone.

"Why, Sybil, my wife—my wife—you beautiful creature! You are a true daughter of your house! A Berners of the burning heart! A Berners of the boiling blood! A Berners of whom it has been said, that it is almost as fatal to be loved as to be hated by—"

Suddenly in the midst of their converse they heard the sound of weeping—low, deep, heart-broken weeping.

Both paused, looked at each other, and listened.

The sound seemed to come from a room on the opposite side of the passage to their own apartment.

"What is that?" inquired Sybil, looking up to her husband's face.

"It seems to be some woman in distress," answered Lyon.

"Oh! see what it is, dear, will you?" entreated Sybil.

She was herself so happy, that it was really dreadful to be reminded just then that sorrow should exist in this world at all.

But if she could have forseeen the woe that was to come to herself, to her husband, and to the object of her sympathy, she would have held Lyon back, with the grip of fate, from the mission on which she now sent him.

For the weeper was a beautiful woman—a deserted wife—named Rosa Blondelle, who, although but a few days landed from the vessel which had brought her from Europe, had been robbed of her jewels and money by her husband, and then left to her fate in that Norfolk hotel.

Sybil was deeply moved by this lady's story, and insisted on taking Mrs. Blondelle home with her to Black Hall, and Mr. Berners gave his assent to her wishes.

But before they got ready to set out on the journey, Sybil bitterly repented of the the arrangement. Mrs. Blondelle was so enchantingly lovely, that Mr. Berners at once began to yield to her charms; and Sybil, for the first time, saw him pay the homage of admiration to other beauty than her own.

This kindled the fires of jealousy in her heart, and by the time they reached Black Hall, those fires had become fanned into an inextinguishable flame.

And no Berners had ever been known to forgive an object of jealousy.

Black Hall, the abode of Mr. and Mrs. Berners, was a palatial old Virginia mansion, situated in the heart of the Black Valley, a few miles from Blackville, the county town. It had been in Mrs. Berners' family for generations, and was renowned for the scenes of gayety and hospitality which had transpired beneath its roof.

Mrs. Berners, the last of her race, to give vent to the emotions of her restless, jealous heart, resolved to reinaugurate the festivites of the olden time, and for that purpose announced a mask ball for the ensuing All-Hallow Eve, and at once set about getting all things in readiness.

One day while she was absent at Blackville, making purchases, Lyon and Rosa became so absorbed in one another, as to become oblivious of the entry of Mrs. Winterose, the old house-keeper, who found them sitting closely side by side, her hand clasping in his. On Sybil's return, the old housekeeper described this scene to her, with many exaggerations. The revelation seemed to freeze Sybil into ice.

"*Oh, my heart! my heart!*" she moaned, turning deadly pale. And then, after a long silence, she bitterly added, "Deceived! Betrayed! Scorned! Laughed at! Well, well!" she continued, nodding grimly; "well, well, since deceit is the fashion of the day, I too will be in fashion; I too will wear a mask of smiles! But behind that mask, I will watch!—Oh, how I will watch! Not at my fancy-ball alone will I play a part, but before it, and perhaps, *after it!* None shall ever know how I watch, what I see, until I descend with the fell swoop of the eagle. And henceforth let me remember that I am a daughter of the house of Berners, who never failed a friend or spared a foe. And oh, let the spirit of my fathers support me, for I must ENDURE until I can AVENGE!"

And oh! could those triflers with sacred love—those wanderers on the brink of a fearful abyss—have seen the look of her face then, they would have fled from each other for ever, rather than to have dared the desperation of her roused soul.

But they saw nothing, knew nothing, suspected nothing!

And thus all the three drifted towards the awful brink of ruin.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST FATAL HALLOW EVE.

It was All-Hallow Eve, a night long anticipated with delight by the whole neighborhood, and much longer still remembered with horror by the whole country.

It was the occasion of Sybil Berners' mask ball; and Black Hall, the Black Valley, and the town of Blackville were all in a state of unprecedented excitement; for this was the first entertainment of the kind that had ever been given in the locality, and the gentry of three contiguous counties had been invited to assist at it.

The throng at Black Hall was great, and the characters assumed by the maskers were various and well sustained.

But far the most beautiful, far the most terrible figure in the pageantry of the evening, was that of Sybil Berners! She had chosen for her character the unprecedented part of the impersonation of the Spirit of Fire. It suited well with her whole nature. Her costume was but the outward sign of the inward fervor.

Sybil had confided the secret of her costume to no one but her husband, who was himself attired as "Harold of Saxon," while Mrs. Blondelle assumed the character of "Edith the Fair."

Sybil had not been long in the room before the coquetting of her husband and Mrs. Blondelle drove her nearly to distraction. Observing that whenever she came near them, they were on their guard, Sybil exchanged disguises with one of her guests and intimate friends, Beatrix Pendleton, and was thus enabled to watch her husband and his companion without the least restraint.

Sybil observed that a masker, representing Death, which nobody seemed to know, watched Mrs. Blondelle as closely as she did herself; and she subsequently had occasion to remember and shudder at that fact.

Seeing the watched couple seat themselves on a small sofa in one corner of the room, she glided to an ottoman near them, in time to hear Mrs. Blondelle say:

"No, Lyon, your wife is not my friend—she is my deadly enemy. She is fiercely jealous of your affection for me, though it is the only happiness of my unhappy life. And she will make you throw me off yet"

"Never! no one, not even my wife, shall ever do that. I swear it by all my hopes of—"

Sybil glided away. She could bear no more.

Supper-time drawing near, when all the guests would have to unmask, Sybil and Beatrix re-exchanged costumes, and went down to the drawing-room together just as the last quadrille was completed, and the company began to march to the supper-room.

As each couple passed into the supper-room, they took off their masks, and handed them to attendants, placed for that purpose to the right and left of the door. Thus, when the company filled the room, every face was shown, but "Death" was nowhere to be seen.

At last the party broke up. Only a few of the guests remained all night. These were shown to their rooms, and the others having gone, as fate would have it, Mrs. Blondelle went into the little reception parlor to meet Mr. Berners, who assured her that thenceforth he could never extend more than a brother's affection.

"Then give me a brother's kiss," she sighed. "That is not much to ask, and I have no one to kiss me now. So give me a brother's kiss, and let me go," she pleaded, plaintively.

He hesitated for a moment, and then bending over her, said:

"It is the *first*, and for your own sake it must be the *last*, Rosa!" and he pressed his lips to hers.

It *was* the last as well as the first; for at the meeting of their lips they were stricken asunder as by the fall of a thunderbolt!

And Sybil, blazing with wrath, like a spirit from the Lake of Fire, stood between them!

She looked not human—with her whole face and form heaving, palpitating, flashing forth the lightnings of anger!

"SYBIL!!" exclaimed her husband, thunder-struck, appalled.

She waved her hand towards him, as if to implore or command silence.

"I have nothing to say to you," she muttered, in low and husky tones, as if ashes were in her throat. "But to you!" she said, and her voice rose clear and strong as she turned and stretched out her arm towards Rosa, who was leaning in affright against the wall—"to you, traitress, who has come between the true husband and his wife—in the morning you must leave the house you have desecrated! for if you do not, or if ever I find your false face here again, I will tread down and crush out your life with less remorse than ever I set heel upon a spider! I will, as I am a Berners! And now, begone, and never let me see your form again.

Rosa Blondelle, who had stood spell-bound by the terrible gaze and overwhelming words of Sybil, the wronged wife, now suddenly threw up her hands, and with a low cry fled from the room.

And Sybil dropped her arm and her voice at the same instant, and stood dumb and motionless.

And now at length, Lyon Berners spoke again.

"Sybil!" he said, "this house is yours! You must do as you please. But this I tell you: that in the same hour which sees that poor and friendless young creature driven from the shelter of this roof, I leave it too, and leave it for ever!"

If Lyon Berners really meant this, or thought to bring his fiery-hearted wife to terms by the threat, he was mistaken in her character.

"Oh, go!" she answered, bitterly—"go as soon as you like, Lyon Berners. Good-night, and—good-bye," she said, and with a wave of her hand she passed from the room.

He was mad to have spoken as he did; madder still to let her leave him so! how mad, he was soon to learn.

Lyon Berners remained walking up and down the room some time longer. The lights were all out, and the servants gone to bed. Yet still he continued to pace up and down the parlor floor, until suddenly piercing shrieks smote his ear.

In great terror he started forward and instinctively rushed towards Rosa's room, when the door was suddenly thrown open by Rosa herself, pale, bleeding from a wound in her breast.

"Great Heaven! What is this?" he cried, as, aghast with amazement and sorrow, he supported the ghastly and dying form, and laid it on the sofa, and then sunk on his knees beside it.

"Who, who has done this?" he wildly demanded, as, almost paralyzed with horror, he knelt beside her, and tried to stanch the gushing wound from which her life-blood was fast welling.

She opened her bloodless lips, now paling in death, and gasped forth the words:

"She—Sybil—your wife. I told you she would do it, and she has done it. Sybil Berners has murdered me," she whispered. Then raising herself with a last dying effort, she cried aloud, "Hear, all! Sybil Berners has murdered me." And with this charge upon her lips, she fell back DEAD.

Even in that supreme moment Lyon Berners' first thought, almost his only thought, was for his wife. He looked up to see who was there—who had heard this awful, this fatal charge.

All were there! guests and servants, men and women, drawn there by the dreadful shrieks. All had heard the horrible accusation.

And all stood panic-stricken, as they shrank away from one who stood in their midst.

It was she, Sybil, the accused, whose very aspect accused her more loudly than the dying woman had done; for she stood there, still in her fiery masquerade dress, her face pallid, her eyes blazing, her wild black hair loose and streaming, her crimsoned hand raised and grasping a blood-stained dagger.

"O, wretched woman! most wretched woman! What is this that you have done?" groaned Lyon Berners in unutterable agony—agony not for the dead beauty before him, but for the living wife, whom he felt that he had driven to this deed of desperation.

"Lyon Berners, do you believe me guilty?" she asked.

He looked up, and their eyes met. If he had really believed her guilty, he did not now. He answered briefly and firmly:

"No, Sybil! Heaven knows that I do not; but explain this horrible business—if you can!"

"The explanation is this," she said, emphatically. And then her voice arose clear, firm, and distinct, as she continued:

"'Twas in my chamber, which is immediately above that occupied by Mrs. Blondelle. My chamber is approached by two ways, first by the front passage and stairs, and secondly by a narrow staircase running up from Mrs. Blondelle's room. I do not know how long I sat there, when I heard a piercing shriek from some one in the room below. Instinctively I rushed down the communicating stairs and into Mrs. Blondelle's room, and up to her bed, where I saw by the light of the taper she was lying. Her eyes were closed, and I thought at first that she had fainted from some fright until, almost at the same instant, I saw the dagger—" here Sybil stooped and picked up the dagger that she had dropped a few minutes before—"driven to its haft in her chest. I drew it out. Instantly the blood from the wound spirted up, covering my hand and sleeve with the accusing stains you see! With the flowing of the blood her eyes flew widely open! She gazed affrightedly at me for an instant, and then with the last effort of her life, for which terror lent her strength, she started up and fled shrieking to this room. I, still holding the dagger that I had drawn from her breast, followed hither. The rest you know as the rest," said Sybil; and overcome with excitement, she sank upon the nearest chair to rest.

Her story had evidently made a very great impression upon the company present. But Lyon Berners suddenly exclaimed:

"Good Heavens!" that lady's mistaken charge has put us all off the scent, and allowed the murderer to escape. But it may not yet be too late! Some clue may be left in her room by which we may trace the criminal! Come, neighbors, and let us search the premises."

And Lyon Berners, leaving the shuddering women of the party in the room with Sybil and the dead, and followed by all the men, went to search the house and grounds for the traces of the assassin.

But the search proved fruitless. No trace of an intruder could be found, nor was there any evidence of robbery. Furthermore, all the windows were found fastened *on the inside. There had been no way of entering the murdered woman's room except by the stairway leading from Sybil's chamber.*

Captain Pendleton, an old lover of Sybil's, and a brother of Beatrix, saw that there was no safety except in instant flight. He whispered Lyon to take Sybil to her room, and then to meet him on the back piazza. This was done, and then the captain unfolded his already matured plans. Lyon adopted them at once; and under the skillful management of Captain Pendleton and Beatrix, they got out of the house unseen, and were soon on their way towards a place of concealment, known as the Haunted Chapel, where new and unexpected horrors awaited them.

CHAPTER III.

THE HAUNTED CHAPEL.

The Haunted Chapel to which Mr. and Mrs. Berners were going was in a dark and lonely gorge on the other side of the mountain.

They arrived safely at the old ruin, where in the course of the day they were joined by Mrs. Berners' faithful servant Joe, whose affection for his mistress had led him to play the spy, and find out where she was going, and secretly follow her with provisions and means for making her somewhat comfortable.

The fugitives felt so depressed, that even the cheerful supper supplied by Joe could not relieve them of the overshadowing gloom which had settled on their hearts. A strange drowsiness soon oppressed them, and they sunk into a deep sleep, as though they had been drugged with some powerful narcotic. Mr. Berners was aroused before daylight by Joe, who instantly drew him outside the chapel in alarm.

Sybil, left alone in the Haunted Chapel, continued to sleep soundly. How long she had slept she never could tell, when she was suddenly and fearfully aroused.

She felt hands at work about her person. They were creeping under her shoulders and under her limbs; they were lifting her from her mattress. Her eyes flared open in mad affright, and she saw two black shrouded forms, the one at her head and the other at her feet.

She tried to cry out in her agony of terror; but her voice died away in her bosom, and all her powers seemed palsied. They raised her up, and bore her on—great heaven! whither?

To the open door of the vault under the chapel, from whose haunted depths a spectral light gleamed!

They bore her down the dreadful steps, and laid her on the deadly floor!

The iron door clanged loudly to, resounding through the dismal arches.

"We have her now!" muttered a hoarse voice. A hollow laugh responded.

And Sybil swooned with horror!

When Sybil recovered from her death-like swoon, she found herself in a spacious cavern of such exceeding beauty and splendor, that for an instant she lost sight of her terrors in her astonishment and admiration, and then her eyes settled upon a figure who seemed the sole occupant of the place.

This was a young girl, who, with her red cloak thrown mat-like on the moss, was seated upon it cross-legged in the Turkish fashion. Her elfin face, her malign eyes, her wild, black hair and picturesque costume, were also in keeping with the aspect of the place, that one might have deemed her the spirit of the cavern.

The two women looked at each other in silence for perhaps half a minute; and then Sybil spoke:

"What place is this? Who are you? Why am I brought hither?"

"One question at a time," answered the girl. "'What place this is' concerns you little; I am a gipsy, and my name is Gentilliska; 'why you are brought here,' ah! that concerns you very much! It concerns your liberty, and perhaps your life."

"I do not believe it! You have had me torn away from my husband! Where is he now?" haughtily demanded Mrs. Berners.

"He is likely in the hands of the constables, who are by this time in possession of the Haunted Chapel. But fear nothing! Him they will release again, for they have no right to detain him; but you they would have kept, if they had caught you. The constables were coming there for *us*, but they would have found *you* had we not brought you away with us. That was my doing. I made your removal the condition of my silence."

"But when will you communicate with my husband, to relieve his dreadful suspense?"

"As soon as it shall be safe to do so. Our first care must be our own safety, but our second will be yours."

Sybil said no more at the moment; but sat looking at the speaker, and thinking of all that had befallen her in the Haunted Chapel.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROBBER CHIEFTAIN.

He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat.

Sybil had passed the day in the robbers' den with her strange companion, who astonished her by stating that the captain of the band had been present at her masquerade. Late in the afternoon, dinner was announced, at which several of the robbers appeared, with Moloch, a gigantic ruffian, at their head. Moloch was the lieutenant of the band, and in the absence of the captain, ruled with brutal sway. Becoming inflamed with wine, he took a seat by the side of Sybil, threw his arm about her, and attempted to imprint a kiss upon her lips.

Sybil struggled in terror, and the gipsy girl cried out:

"Men! why don't you interfere? He is rude to the lady!"

"We never meddle between other men and their sweethearts. Do we, mates?" called out one.

"No, no, no!" answered the others.

"Oh, if Satan were here!" cried the girl, in despair.

"SATAN IS HERE!" responded a voice close by.

And the robber captain stood among them as if he had risen from the earth.

Moloch dropped Sybil, and cowered in the most abject manner.

Sybil looked up, and turned cold from head to foot; for in the handsome, stately, graceful form of the brigand chief, she recognized the finished gentlemen who, in the character of "Death," had danced with her at her own mask ball, and the probable murderer of Rosa Blondelle.

While the walls of the cavern seemed whirling around Sybil, the robber captain calmly came up to her, lifted his hat, and said:

"Spirit of fire, I am happy to welcome you to your own appropriate dwelling place;" and then without expecting an answer, he turned to Moloch, and said in the smoothest tones:

"Be so good as to give me this seat, sir."

But Sybil saw that the giant turned pale and trembled like the fabled mountain in labor, as he left the seat by her side, and slunk into another at some distance.

The wine passed freely at the robbers' table, and the men grew merrier, wilder, more uproarious. Sybil became very much alarmed; and not so much by the noisy orgies of these rude revellers, as by the dreadful gaze of Moloch fixed upon her from the opposite end of the table where he sat, and the offensive language of Satan's eyes whenever they turned towards her.

At length, unable to bear the trial longer, she arose from her seat, and courtesying to these brigands as she would have done to any set of gentlemen of whom she was taking leave, Sybil left the cavern, followed by Gentilliska, the gipsy girl.

"I must take you to another Grotto. You cannot occupy mine to-night," said the girl, with evident reluctance.

"But, oh! why, why may I not stay with you? I am afraid to sleep alone in this terrible place!" pleaded Sybil.

"I have a reason, but I cannot tell it to you now. Yes, I will, too. I will tell you at all risks! Then it is this: My chamber is not safe for you! I, myself, am not strong enough to protect you! You might be carried off forcibly from my side! I must hide you where no devil may find you to-night!" whispered the girl.

"Oh, do not leave me here alone!" pleaded Sybil. "If I must stay, stay with me! I do not fear death; but oh! I fear these men! Do not leave me!"

"I must, for your own safety. They must not miss me, or their suspicion will be roused."

Then pointing to a bed of moss, and recommending her guest to lie down and seek repose, the gipsy girl glided away through the labyrinth of caves and was lost to sight and hearing.

Sybil's first impulse was to start up and run after her hostess, but she restrained herself, and sank half fainting upon the heap of moss.

There was but a faint sparkling of light in the cave, coming from a crevice in the roof through which the moonlight entered.

"Seek repose," had been the advice of Gentilliska.

Sybil dared not seek it if she could, and could not have found it if she had. Hour after hour passed in trance-like stillness and silence, when at length she fancied she heard a creeping, stealthy step approaching. Nearly frozen with terror, she listened and watched more intently than ever. Alone, helpless, in darkness and solitude, what horrid fate must she meet? The creeping cautious footstep drew nearer, nearer!

Oh, Heaven! it was no fancy! The entrance of the cavern was more deeply darkened for one moment, and then the huge form of Moloch stood within the cavern and nearly filled it up.

Paralyzed with horror, Sybil could neither move nor cry out—not even when the monster approached her, and put his profane hand upon her face. The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, which is for sale at all the bookstores and news depots. Ask for the number dated June 26, and in it you will find the continuation of this beautiful tale. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world; and Henry Ward Beecher, Jas. Parton and Fanny Fern, have articles in every number.

Position in Sleeping.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position.

If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food resting on the great vein of the body, near the backbone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty, the arrest is decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending dangers, and the desperate efforts to get rid of it, arouse us, and send on the stagnant blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or in a perspiration, or feeling exhausted, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger.

But when we are unable to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us—what then? That is death? That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning, that "they were as well as ever they were the day before;" and often, it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhœa, or cholera, or billious cholic ending in death in a very short time, is probably traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Jay Cooke's Last Conception.

Scarcely had we predicted that the completion of the Central Pacific Railway would be speedily followed by other transcontinental lines, ere the note of preparation for a North Pacific Railway reached our ears. This time it is our distinguished townsman Jay Cooke, and not Mr. Thomas J. Durant, who is to achieve railway immortality. We gave some details of his new colossal enterprise yesterday. The North Pacific route has many advantages over the Central. It passes through a more promising region of country. On the line of the Central road there is but little land which can be made available for agriculture, from the North Platte to California, and much of it is barren waste. But the North Pacific road through its entire length, we are reliably told, would pass over a fertile, well-watered, and reasonably well-wooded country, fit for settlements, and destined to become in the future, the great source of supplies to the Eastern States. And strange as it may seem, the winters are not nearly so severe, nor the dangers of snow-blockade so imminent, as on the present route. Again, Mr. Jay Cooke's route is said to be eight hundred miles shorter than Mr. Durant's—which is a very material "short cut." These are a few of the important advantages. Others have been pointed out in our exchanges, which we quoted yesterday. We hope Mr. Cooke, who is now on a surveying pic-nic to Columbia river, will push the enterprise ahead, vigorously, as soon as he returns to his base of operations in Third street.—*Philadelphia Star.*

The Sensation of Drowning.

A sailor named George Forbes, who was lost overboard from a scow on Lake Michigan and nearly drowned before he was rescued, thus describes the feelings he experienced on the occasion. We quote from the Detroit *Free Press:* "I was feeling more courage and striking out with a will when a sudden cramp catched me all over, and I could not do another stroke. I felt like a lump of lead. My head began to spin around, a great lump rose in my throat and choaked me, and my eyes closed as if a weight had been hung on the lids. I began to drown—I felt it; then came a feeling something like a red-hot rod being drawn through my brain. My head felt like fire. A humming, roaring noise went through my ears, and my body felt as light as a feather. The waves carried me about without an effort on my part, and I laughed—didn't care for Lizzie—only wanted to float and drift forever on the rollers. The water came into my face and mouth, but I never tried to keep my head up. I wouldn't have moved my finger to have been aboard the scow. It grew darker and darker; the old fire feeling came through my head again. Something clutched me by the leg and drew me down. I rocked to and fro, felt a noise like the discharge of cannon, and then I dropped to sleep."

A Mouse in a Childs Stomach.

A very interesting and singular case of a live mouse having obtained lodgment in the stomach of a little child, from which it was thrown up alive, was brought to light yesterday morning, in the Third district. The facts of the case, which are fully substantiated in every particular, are these:

A little girl, about three years old, named Emily Walnauer, whose parents reside at the corner of Spain and Greatmen streets, Third District, had been complaing for about a week of trouble and pain in the region of the stomach, at times being quite sick and nauseated, and at others exhibiting a most uncontrollable appetite.

The parents becoming alarmed at the unaccountable indisposition of the child, and the singular way in which it was affected, began to give medicine such as is usually given when worms are suspected.

This morning, while suffering from excessive nausea, the child began vom