The Columbia Spy.

J. W. YOCUM, Editor. "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 XLII, NUMBER 19.] COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1870. [WHOLE NUMBER, 20 871.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

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.

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feb26-tf

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(Office with Hon. I. E. Hiester,)

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Professional Business carefully and promptly attended to. [oct30'69-tf

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Office, on Second St., adjoining Odd Fellows Hall, Columbia, Pa.

DENTAL SURGERY.

J. S. SMITH, DENTIST,

Graduate of Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery. Office No. 210 Locust Street

2nd door above Odd Fellows' Hall,

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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 care 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.

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SURGEON DENTIST,

Extracts Teeth without Pain. Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas, Ether and Chloroform administered.

OFFICE 248 LOCUST STREET.

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PIANO, ORGAN, MELODEON.

CULTIVATION of the VOICE and SINGING.

Special attention given Beginners and young pupils.

219 LOCUST STREET.

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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. sep1-70

TO BUILDERS AND OTHERS.

Building, paving and other brick always on hand. They are hand made and superior to any brick in this part of the country. They are offered at the very lowest price.

sep 4-69-tfw] MICHAEL LIPHART.

HOTELS.

"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,

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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,

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On the European Plan, opposite City Hall Park New York. R. FRENCH,

Sept. 19, 1868. Proprietor.

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 MARBLEMANTLES, 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.

sept4-69-tfw HEPTING & MEHL.

1870. 1871.

ATTENTION, LADIES.

MRS. E. SPERING,

Is the sole Agent in Columbia for

RAMSEY, SCOTT & CO'S

PAPER PATTERNS,

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN,

Call and see them at No. 37, N. Front Street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. B. KEVINSKI,

DEALER IN

PIANOS, ORGANS, MELODEONS, AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS GENERALLY.

A large assortment of Violins, Flutes, Guitars, Banjos, Tambourines, Accordeons, Fifes, Harmonicas, and musical merchandise always on hand.

SHEET MUSIC.

A large stock on hand, and constantly receiving all the latest publications as soon as issued.

Music and Musical Books will be sent by mail free of postage, when the market price is remitted.

DACALCOMANIA,

Or the Art of transferring Pictures. C n be transferred on any object.

I would call special attention of the Coachmakers to my stock of Dacalcomania.

AGENT FOR

STEINWAY & SON'S PIANOS, PRINCE & CO'S., & NEEDHAM & SON'S CELEBRATED ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

Sole Agent for Stoll's Unrivaled PIANO FORTE AND FURNITURE POLISH.

Call and examine my stock at

NO. 3 NORTH PRINCE STREET, LANCASTER, PA.

oct.16,'69-1y

JASPER GREEN,

Designer & Engraver on Wood.

COLUMBIA, PA.

Is prepared to execute Views of Buildings, Machinery, Bill Heads, Posters, Labels, &c., in the neatest and most expeditious manner, at reasonable rates.

BOOK AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS

Executed in the Highest Style of Art.

may28'70-tf

OPEN! OPENING! OPENED!

THIS DAY, THIS WEEK, AND UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS, AT

BRENEMAN'S

128 Locust Street,

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

HATS AND CAPS,

For Men, Youth and Children, ever before offered to the people of Columbia, comprising as it does, STYLE and QUALITY in soft and stiff brim, such as the Warwick, Ida Lewis, Sinbad, Prince Arthur, American Girl, Kate, Peerless, Lady Thorn, Rowing, Star, Cuban, Waverly, Gilmore, Rob Roy and the Fall style of Silk Hats, just out, together with a full stock of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Consisting of White and Colored Shirts, Flannel Shirts and Drawers, English, German and Domestic Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Ties, Linen and Paper Cuffs and Collars, &c. Also,

UMBRELLAS AND CANES.

Parties who favor us with their patronage are assured that it will be our constant aim to merit their confidence and support.

Call and examine our well selected stock at at low prices.

BRENEMAN'S

No. 128 Locust Street, Columbia, Pa.

oct9,'69-1y

THE

COLUMBIA DEPOSIT BANK,

No. 161 LOCUST STREET,

COLUMBIA, PA.

DIRECTORS:

EDWARD K. SMITH, DANIEL H. DETWILER,
ISAAC E. HIESTER, SOLOMON S. DETWILER,
HUGH M. NORTH, HENRY N. KEHLER.

Who are individually responsible for all the liabilities of this Bank.

The Columbia Deposit Bank

Pays interest on Deposits as follows:

For	1 & 2 Months,	4	Per cent.
"	3, 4 & 5 "	4½	Do.
"	6, 7 & 8 "	5	Do.
"	9, 10 & 11 "	5½	Do.
"	12 "	6	Do.

On money deposited subject to check, Interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum will be allowed on the balance remaining from time to time.

The Business of the Bank is to BUY AND SELL BONDS, STOCKS, GOVERNMENT SECURITIES AND GOLD, AND DISCOUNT PROMISSORY NOTES AND BILLS, and transact a General Banking Business.

mar26 '70-1y C.E. GRAYBILL, Cashier.

NEW MILLINERY

—AND—

TRIMMING STORE.

Mrs. A. WISLER

Has removed from Walnut Street to her New Building on Second Street, adjoining the Vigilant Engine House and has extended her sphere by adding

LADIES' FANCY GOODS & TRIMMINGS

To her regular

MILLINERY TRADE.

She has a very fine assortment of Fancy Goods and Trimmings. Every thing needed to complete the Toilet can be found at her place. Her assortment of

BONNETS, HATS & RIBBONS

cannot be excelled. Call at the New Store. She respectfully solicits a share of the public favor.

MRS. A. WISLER

Second St, Columbia, Pa

MICHAEL LIPHART,

Contractor and Builder,

COLUMBIA, PA.

LIPHART'S PLANING MILL,

SECOND STREET, COLUMBIA,

Is constantly in operation, and the Proprietor is prepared to fill all orders in his line such as

FLOORING AND SIDING OF VARIOUS KINDS.

WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES.

DOORS AND SASH.

PIVOT & STATIONARY BLINDS.

WASH AND BASE BOARDS.

CORNICE STUFF, STAIR STEPS, HAND RAILS

Of the latest and best patterns.

ALL KINDS OF TURNING,

SUCH AS

NEWEL POSTS, STAIR BALLUSTERS, AND OTHER FANCY WORK.

SCROLL SAWING in all its different varieties such as Level and Rake Brackets.

ALL THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF MOULDINGS.

LIPHARTS BRICK YARD,

On Wisler's Farm, near Columbia.

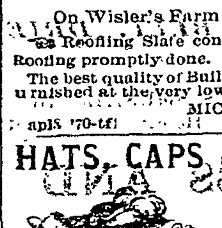
Roofing Slate constantly on hand and Roofing promptly done.

The best quality of Building and Paving Brick furnished at the very lowest rates.

MICHAEL LIPHART,

apl8 '70-tf Columbia, Pa.

HATS, CAPS & NOTIONS



The Subscriber having just returned from the city with a full line of

HATS & CAPS,

FOR FALL AND WINTER

respectfully asks his friends and the public generally to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

HATS neatly done up and made to order.

H. F. BROOKS,

No. 23 North Front Street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NO. 13. NO. 13.

SHREINER'S

IS THE PLACE

Where you can buy a first rate

AMERICAN, ENGLISH OR SWISS WATCH.

BEAUTIFUL SETS OF JEWELRY, HANDSOME BREAST PINS, EAR RINGS,

SLEEVE BUTTONS,

and almost everything in the jewelry line

AT THE LOWEST PRICE.

Or you can purchase

FINE SILVER AND SILVER PLATED SPOONS,

FORKS, KNIVES CASTORS, GOBLETS, ICE PITCHERS, BUTTER DISHES &c. &c.

Then if you are in

WANT OF TIME

you can buy any kind of

AMERICAN CLOCK,

warranted of the best quality, at a low figure.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

AT

CHAS. F. SHREINER'S

Sept4wtf] No. 13 Front St., Columbia, Pa.

DRUGS. CHEMICALS.

A FULL LINE

—OF—

NEW FALL GOODS

AT

WILLIAM G. PATTON'S,

No. 160 LOCUST STREET,

COLUMBIA, PA.

BEST BARGAINS

IN

FALL DRESS GOODS.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERS,

DOMESTIC GOODS,

TRIMMINGS,

GROCERIES,

NOTIONS, &c.

To be had in the County.

Our MERCHANT TAILORING Department is in full operation, and well stocked. We make up clothing to Order in

BETTER STYLE

And put in

BETTER MATERIAL

For the price to be had anywhere in State.

ALL THE MOST POPULAR SEWING MACHINES ON EASY TERMS.

Oct. 15, '70

MERCHANTS

Will find it to their Interest,

TO CALL UPON

JULIUS FLESCH,

Commission Merchant

—AND—

GENERAL AGENT,

No. 41 FRONT STREET,

And examine his samples of

QUEENSWARE,

GLASSWARE,

LAMPS, SOAPS

GROCERIES, TOBACCO,

&c., &c., &c.

Specialties in Holiday Goods, as CHEAP as Philadelphia Prices.

He is Agent for the Largest and Best Manufacturing and Jobbing Houses of Philadelphia and New York,

Having opened Sample Rooms at the above mentioned place, Merchants will find special Inducements to buy.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE,

No. 41 Front Street,

COLUMBIA, PA.

Julius Flesch.

dec-tf

HUNTER & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGISTS and APOTHECARIES,

No. 11 NORTH FRONT STREET,

Columbia, Pa.

Are now receiving and offer for sale wholesale and retail at very low prices for CASH, an entirely new stock of

PURE DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

PERFUMERY,

SOAPS,

CONCENTRATED LIE,

CAUSTIC SODA,

SODA ASH, &C.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER,

The swift and sure Dyspesia cure.

Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded by an experienced Pharmacist.

nov12-ly

GREAT EXCITEMENT AMONGST GROCERYMEN!

How can good GOODS be sold so cheap, is the question.

ATTENTION HOUSEKEEPERS.

SUGARS, TEAS, MEAT,
COFFEE, FRUITS, FISH,
SPICES, CHEESE, FLOUR.

SALT, &c., &c., &c.

Provisions of all kinds, together with Wood and Willow-ware and Glass and Queensware.

Switzer and Limberger Cheese, German Fruits, &c., &c.

SUGAR CURED HAMS & DRIED BEEF.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PICKLES.

Fresh Peaches, and all the Fancy Groceries pertaining to a well-regulated Grocery Store.

I am determined not to be surpassed in cheapness and in the excellent quality of my goods.

Call around and inspect our stock whether you buy or not. A share of public patronage is solicited.

MAX BUCHER,

sept-68tfw] No. 239 Locust Street.

Poetry.

THE APPIAN WAY.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The dust of glory all around me lies,
The ashes of dead nations and their kings;
I hear no voices save what from out the skies
The lark snakes down from his invisible wings.

A funeral aspect fills the whole campaign—
Their tomb-like flocks the distant moulds disclose;
Like scattered blocks of granite on the plain,
The dove-hued oxen virgil sang repose.

The cities seated on surrounding mounts,
Or what were cities, glimmer on the steeps
Like cemeteries, and the fancy counts
In vain their dead for whom no mortal weeps.

All Rome to-day sits on the buried past,
Her later walls with sculptured blocks are flecked
The spoilers toiled for ages fierce and fast,
Then left the rest to ruin and neglect.

And still beneath their tread what wonders lie!
Brave statues of the godlike and their gods,
And columns that might corridor the sky,
While scarce a spade upturns the shadow clods,

Unearth their marble wonders, with their high
Immortal lessons, to awaken men here,
And elsewhere to arrest, as they swept by,
Ambition's armies in their mad career.

Who to their chariots chain the fiery team
Of elements to gain the realms of gold,
Let them behold the more enduring dream
Of Amphion sculptors in the days of old.

Exhume these silent teachers from the dust,
And then— But hold! I see around me strewn
O'er miles and miles of ruins, a thick crust
Of shattered remnants in dark ages hewn.

For wanton pastime, or for kilns of lime!
The very mortar in St. Peter's wall
Hath had its votaries in that grand old time
When Poesy and Art o'erlorded all.

But that is past. What sound is this I hear
More than the lark's? As from a mournful lyre
A wierd, complaining murmur fills my ear:
I look above, and lo! the æolian wire.

Sings in the wind. It is the lightning's track
Stretching o'er sepulchres, which serve for posts,
And yonder the swift train weaves forth and back,
Thou highway of the dead! where are thy ghosts?

The electric fire that reaches Rome to-day
May give at best a poor galvanic thrill—
The train that streams along the iron way
May bring but mourners to the seven-fold hill.

All this may be, but still within me burns
The prayerful dream and hope that even I
May see her rise above her funeral urns,
And throw her long-worn sackcloth bravely by

Miscellaneous Reading.

TRESSILIAN COURT,

OR

The Baronet's Son.

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE LIFE," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE SUNDERED HEARTH," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "A LIFE AT STAKE," "THE HOUSE OF SECRETS," ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A FATAL CATASTROPHE.

A wild storm was raging upon the Mediterranean sea, near the close of a November day, and sky and waters were black with the gloom of the sudden furious tempest, before which a small sailing vessel was scudding under bare poles. Her build and rigging proclaimed her Sardinian. She was the "Gull," Captain Varino, master, on her way from Cagliari to Palermo.

She had on board two seamen, and two passengers.

These passengers were Englishmen, who had procured passage on the "Gull" to Palermo, whence they intended to embark by steamer to Marseilles the following day.

While the captain and his assistants were attending to their duties, and expressing apprehensions as to their safety, the two Englishmen stood apart, leaning against the low bulwarks, and surveying the wild scene around them.

These men were both young, apparently of the same age, about three and twenty, but evidently they were not of the same station in life.

One, the more striking of the two, was aristocratic in his bearing, tall, slender and handsome, with a frank, smiling mouth, a pair of fearless blue eyes, set under a wide and massive forehead, and tawny hair blowing back from his face. Noble, generous and kind-hearted, he had an adventurous disposition and a dauntless courage.

He was Guy Tressilian, the only son and heir of Sir Arthur Tressilian, Baronet, of Tressilian Court, England.

His companion presented a remarkable resemblance to him; being also tall and slender and fair, with tawny hair and moustache; but he had not the frank smile the bright, fearless look, or the joyous spirit that characterized young Tressilian. Young as he was, he had seen much of the dark side of life, and his experiences had been such as to develop in him some of the worst qualities of his nature.

He was Jasper Lowder, Guy Tressilian's hired traveling companion and bosom-friend.

The meeting and connection of the two had a touch of romance. Young Tressilian had spent four years in a German university, whence he had been graduated with honor. On leaving the university, in obedience to his father's written command, he had undertaken a tour of the countries inclosing the Mediterranean sea, in company with one of his late tutors. This gentleman being unexpectedly promoted to a professorship, abandoned Tressilian at Baden, leaving him to find another traveling companion.

On the evening of the very day after this desertion, as Guy Tressilian was sauntering through the streets of Baden, he had been insulted by a trio of his own countrymen, all more or less intoxicated. It was apparent that they took him for another, and intended to wreath vengeance upon him. Without allowing him to speak, they forced him to defend himself. Guy was getting the worst of the conflict, when a stranger came running to his assistance, and in a few moments the two had put the ruffians to flight.

This stranger who had come so opportunely to Guy's assistance was Jasper Lowder. His resemblance to young Tressilian awakened in the latter a romantic interest. He questioned Lowder, learned that he was poor and alone in the world, and took him with him to his hotel. Believing that the similarity of the features indicated a similarity of taste and nature, he engaged Lowder as his traveling companion, and the past year they had spent together more like brothers than like employer and employed.

"This storm is a regular levanter," said Lowder, clinging with both hands to the bulwarks. "Do you think the craft will stand it, Tressilian?"

"Oh, yes," answered young Tressilian, wiping the salt spray from his face. "The captain knows the Sicilian coast perfectly. In two hours, or less, we shall be in the bay of Palermo. In three hours we shall be domiciled in the best rooms of the hotel Trinacria, with the best supper which Meser Ragusa can furnish. And to-morrow, at noon," he added, "we shall embark for Marseilles in a Messageries steamer."

"And from Marseilles you will proceed to England to Tressilian Court," said Lowder, with some bitterness. "And I—what is to become of me? I have had a year of unalloyed happiness, and now comes back the drudgery, the hopeless toil, the anxieties of the wretched old life. You picked me up at Baden, a poor adventurer seeking to gain a living by teaching English and the same destiny is open to me now."

Tressilian turned his handsome face upon his companion in surprise and affectionate reproach.

"Jasper!" he exclaimed. "You talk strangely. Do you suppose I have called you friend and brother so long, and loved you so well, to lose you now? I meant to have written to my father concerning you and your future, Jasper, but his sudden recall, received yesterday, causes me to return home without writing. I shall telegraph from Marseilles that you will come home with me. And you will, will you not? You will not abandon me, my friend? I will charge myself with your future. I will see that you obtain the position to which your talents entitle you. You have no ties to keep you on the continent?"

A strange expression passed over Jasper Lowder's face.

"No, I have no ties," he said huskily.

"And you will go home with me?"

"What will your father say at my coming?" demanded Lowder. "He will think your generosity Quixotic. He will dismiss from his house the hired companion who dares to resemble his son."

A sudden lurch of the little vessel, a wave sweeping over the deck, interrupted the sentence.

"You wrong my father," said Tressilian, his blue eyes kindling, when the vessel had righted. "He is the noblest man in the world. He will welcome my friends as his own. You will love him, Jasper, as I do, when you know him."

"He doesn't seem very affectionate," remarked Lowder. "You have been away from your home for five years, and he had but just recalled you!"

Young Tressilian's cheeks flushed, as Lowder saw in the lurid glow that momentarily lighted up the tempestuous scene.

"You know, or can guess, the reason, Jasper, he said, with something of an effort. "My father has a ward, the daughter of an old friend.—Ah! hear that wind shriek! the gale is increasing!"

"Yes," assented Lowder. "and the ward is Miss Irby—the golden-haired Blanche of whom you have talked so much, and with whom you have exchanged letters?"

"Yes. My father formed a project to have me marry Blanche. He did not wish us to grow up together, lest we should learn to regard each other as brother and sister. When Blanche came to live at the court my father sent me to Germany. The night before I left home, he called me into his library and told me all his hopes and plans for my future, and entreated me to continue worthy of his innocent ward, and to keep my heart pure for her. I have done so, Jasper. I have never yet loved any woman. And yesterday I received my father's summons to come home. He has recalled me after five years of absence. I know the wish that lies nearest his heart. He wants me to return and marry Blanche. I shrink from the proposed marriage. I dread going home. And I dread offending my dear father, whom I love better than any woman. It is hard, Jasper, to revolt again t the hopes and plans of a kind and generous father, whose very love for me causes him to urge on this marriage!"

"Is it?" said Lowder dryly, and with a strange smile full of sneering bitterness. "My experience has been widely different from yours Tressilian. Did I ever tell you of *my* father?"

"No. I took it for granted that he is dead."

"Perhaps he is. I don't know," said Lowder, with a reckless laugh. "But if he is living, he is a scoundrel. Don't start, Tressilian, at my unfilial speech.—Wait till you hear my story. I am in a desperate mood to-night. This storm stirs up all the bad within me. As nearly as I can discover, my father was the younger son of a proud old county family—"

"You do not know, then?" asked Tressilian, pressing his companion's hand.

"I have no proofs of it. All I positively know is this. My mother was of humble station, pretty, with blue eyes and an apple-blossom face, and tender, appealing ways. She was the daughter of a widow residing at Brighton. The widow, my grandmother, kept a lodging-house, and my father, a gay, dashing young fellow, came to lodge with her. As might have been expected, he fell in love with his landlady's daughter. He offered the young girl marriage, on condition that the union should be kept a secret until his affairs brightened and he chose to divulge it.—The young girl loved him. Her mother was ambitious and penurious. The result was the lover had his way, and married the daughter of his landlady quietly, almost secretly. Then he took his bride to London, to cheap and obscure lodgings, where, a year later, I was born."

The wind for a moment drowned his voice. As it presently lulled, he resumed recklessly, and with passionate bitterness:

"For years my mother and I lived in those stuffy, obscure lodgings until her bloom had faded, and she had grown thin and wan and nervous. My father visited us at stated seasons, once or twice a week, but he never brought any of his family to call upon us. I doubt if his aristocratic relatives even suspected the existence of the faded wife and son of whom he was secretly ashamed. I have good reason to believe that he had fine lodgings at the West End, where he was supposed to be a bachelor, and that he went into fashionable society, while my poor mother and I lived obscurely. He was a profligate and a rogue, but he had an air of fashion that awakened my boyish admiration, and aroused my mother's affectionate pride in him. She was always pleading to be introduced to his relatives, and to have her son publicly acknowledged. But my father always put her off, saying that he was not yet ready. Worn out and despairing, my mother died when I was ten years old."

Again the wind shrieked past. again the little vessel lurched; the sea sweeping her deck.

The captain screamed his orders to his men, and for a few minutes disorder reigned.

"A nasty bit of weather!" said Lowder. "And a bad sky!"

"Yes, but I've seen as bad," returned Tressilian. "We shall make port all right, never fear. We must be well on toward the Cape di Gallo. And it's only seven miles from the Cape to Palermo."

"But seven miles in this storm are worse than seventy in good weather.—These coasts are dangerous, Tressilian." Lowder shuddered as he surveyed the sea and sky.

"But about your father, Jasper?" said Tressilian, who had become deeply interested in his companion's story. "What did he do after your mother's death?"

"I remained at the old lodgings with our single old servant a month or more, my father visiting me several times, and expressing anxiety as to what he should do with me. A week after my mother's death, he told me that his brother was dead. A month later his father was killed by being thrown from his horse. My father came into riches and honors by these deaths. At last, deciding to rid himself of me, he took me down to Brighton, to my old grandmother. Her sons were dead; she had given up keeping lodgers, and was grown miserly. He promised her five hundred pounds a year to keep me, and to keep also the secret of my paternity, solemnly promising to acknowledge me some day as his son and heir. The old woman agreed to carry out wishes. She would have done anything for money. I never saw my father again. I went to school, grew up, and at the age of twenty-one came into my grandmother's money, the fruits of years of saving, she dying at that time. My father had deliberately abandoned me. I did not know where to seek him, if I had wished to. I took my money and came abroad. I had been two years on the Continent, and had spent my little fortune when I met you. The rest you know."

"An odd, romantic story! But why did your father abandon you?"

"That he might be freed of incumbrance to make a grand marriage. From what my grandmother said at different times, I conclude that my father was in love with a titled lady before my mother's death. No doubt he married this lady.—If he lives, this lady's son may be his acknowledged heir. My father has utterly disowned the son of his first hasty, ill-starred marriage. I have a fancy that I shall meet him some day," and Jasper's brow darkened to deeper blackness. "However, I stand no chance of ever receiving justice at his hands."

"What is your father's name, Jasper?" asked Tressilian.

Lowder's face darkened. He bit his lip savagely.

"What I have told you about myself, I learned from my own observation, or from chance words of my parents and grandmother. My mother's maiden name was Jeanette Lowder. At our London lodgings, my father bore the name of Lowder. I don't know his real name, but I should know his face anywhere, although I have not seen him for thirteen years. My mother was actually married Tressilian, but I never heard my father's name. The clergyman who married my mother was dead; the witnesses also. When my grandmother was dying she tried to tell me the story. She had put it off too long. All that I could understand of her mumblings was the name of Deveraux. I shall never forget that name—'DEVERAUX!' Probably that was my father's name—my own rightful name. But as I should never find him if I sought him, and as he would repulse me if I did find him, I stand no chance of inheriting his property. He may be dead. He may have other sons who have succeeded him. It is a mystery, but the prominent truth is that I am an outcast, poor, disowned and friendless."

He leaned over the bulwark, the spray dashing over his face violently.

Tressilian's heart warmed to him.

"My poor friend!" he said. "Must I say again you are not friendless while I live. My father has influence enough to obtain for you a government appointment. This tangle may straighten itself out some day. But if it don't you are resolute enough to make your own happiness."

He grasped Lowder's hand, and looked with warm bright eyes, full of sympathy, into Lowder's lowering face.

There had been a temporary lull in the storm. But as the two stood there, the tempest revived and swept over the wild sea in maddened rage.

There was no time for talking now.—The wind rose so high that words would scarcely have been distinguished. The storm that had gone before had been but play to this awful outburst. The vessel drove on creaking and groaning, a mere cockle shell on the billows.

"Mother of Mercies!" wailed the captain. "It's all up with us, signores. I can't make out the Cape in this darkness. We shall go on the rocks. St. Anthony save us!"

The seamen echoed his cries.

The two young Englishmen, comprehending their peril, clasped hands in silence.

For the next few minutes it seemed that a Pandemonium reigned.

Then a noise like the report of a cannon suddenly boomed through the storm and the darkness. The little vessel shivered, staggered and careened upon her side.

She had struck upon a rock.

A moment later crew and passengers were struggling in the waters.

A few moments of buffetings and tossings, of vain struggles and agonized, involuntary prayer, and then Jasper Lowder felt his senses slip from him and become unconscious.

When he came to himself, he was lying upon a rocky beach of the Sicilian shore, sore, bruised, and as weak as a child.

He opened his eyes. The wind had spent its fury and now moaned along the coast with a desperate wail. The waves beat against the rocks.

Lowder struggled to his elbow.

"Wrecked!" he muttered. "I am cast ashore, while the others are drowned! Oh, this is terrible! I have lost my best friend to-night!"

He moaned and wrung his hands.

"He is dead, who would have done so much for me, and I so worthless am saved! All my hopes of an easy and luxurious life must be resigned now!"

At that moment he beheld a dark object at a little distance in the water. The waves hurled this object against the projecting head of a sunken rock. At the same instant Lowder recognized it as the body of a man.

He crept toward it, and the waters dashed the body on the shore at his feet. How cold and wet it was! It felt like the face of a dead man. Lowder's fingers came in contact with the soft, silken mustache, and he knew that the body was that of Guy Tressilian!

Of the five who had stood on the sloop's deck a half-hour earlier, these two alone were left. The captain and crew had found their deaths among the cruel, yawning waters.

Lowder thrust his hand under the waistcoat of his friend, but he could not perceive the beating of his heart. Despair took possession of him.

"Dead!" he said shrilly. "Dead! And he would have done so much for me if he had lived! And his father and the young girl he was to have married will wait in vain for his coming! His pla e at Tressilian Court is empty. Who can fill it?"

It seemed to him that some demon at his side echoed the question: "Who could fill the place left vacant by noble Guy Tressilian?"

A thought came to him—a thought so strange and sinister that he shivered involuntarily. Again he felt of Tressilian's head and discovered a gaping wound in the skull. The hair was clotted with blood.

Putting his hand into his breast pocket, Lowder drew out his little water-proof match-safe. He opened it with trembling fingers and struck a light. The red flicker danced on young Tressilian's face.

How ghastly and terrible it looked! The eyes were closed, the smile was gone. The seal of death seemed set on the noble features.

Lowder examined the wound. It had been made by contact with the sharp rock, and even Lowder preceived its terrible character.

"If he is not dead, he soon wil be," he muttered. "His brain has received an awful injury. He will never know who he is again. He won't live till morning, and he is perhaps dead already. He must be dead!"

Again it seemed to him as though some demond echoed his words.

The match dropped from his fingers into the water. For a little while he crouched on the wet stones in silence, battling it may be with the better and nobler instincts of his nature.

At last, with sudden and abrupt stealthiness, his hands stole into the breast pocket of Tressilian and drew out his private note-book, a packet of letters, and a few trinkets. He secured these among his own wet garments. Their possession seemed to give him courage, and his face hardened, and he knelt beside the body of his friend and rifled his garments of all that they contained, bestowing his plunder on his own person.

Then he took his own purse, his note-book, a few receipts and trifles from his own pockets, and put them in the pockets of Tressilian.

"It is done!" he whispered to himself, looking with wild defiant eyes through the darkness. "No one is harmed. He is dead. If he had lived, he would have provided for me. As he is dying or dead I must provide for myself. This likeness between us will make my fortune. His friends will be spared a terrible grief, and I—I shall live at last! Fortune gives me a chance to gain name and wealth at one lucky stroke!"

As if to give himself no chance for repentance, he arose to his feet and turned his searching glances in an inland direction. A light, as from a cottage window, glimmering faintly through the thick haze, caught his gaze.

Raising his voice, he called loudly:

"Help! Ho, there, help!"

The wind had abated, and his cries rang out through the night with startling distinctness. The light he had seen moved and disappeared. A minute later, answering cries reached Lowder's ears, and he heard hasty steps, and saw the approaching light of a lantern, borne aloft by a man's upraised arm.

"This way!" shouted Lowder. "We are wrecked on the rocks! For the love of Heavens, hasten!"

The bearer of the lantern, attended by a male companion, came running to him, and was soon at his side. The lantern bearer was a rough Sicilian fisherman, a grade above his class. His companion was also a Sicilian, but evidently of somewhat a higher degree. Both were all excitement, astonishment and sympathy.

In a few words as possible Lowder told the story of the shipwreck, and called attention to the condition of his noble employer.

"I think he is dead!" he said, in a choking voice. "Carry him up to your cabin. Let everyth ng be done that can be done to save him. I will pay you well for any kindness to him. Poor fellow! He was my traveling companion. I loved him as if had been my own brother, instead of only my hired attendant! Poor Jasper!"

The two Sicilians lifted the helpless form of poor young Tressilian, and carried it between them toward their cottage. Jasper Lowder followed them, bewailing his loss. The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated January 7th, which can be had at any news office or book store. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 180 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very, very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Everybody who takes it is happier for having it.

BEHAVIOR IN CHURCH.

We may classify the petty incivilities of church like this:

1. *Smells.*—Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are disagreeable to most persons, and to some positively distressing. There is no smell so universally pleasing as *no smell*. Never scent yourself when going into a crowded assembly. The same is true of the residuary smell of tobacco which hangs about the garments and affects the breath of those who habitually smoke. But tobacco almost invariably makes men self-indulgent and regardless of other's convenience. More brutal yet are those who go to church reeking, like a Dutchman's soup, with the smell of onions. There are scores of people who have lost all profit of a Sunday service by the sickening smells which have surrounded them.

2. *Sounds.*—Whispering in church during service is an affront to politeness. Much of the coughing which goes on in church arises from the poisonous gases and personal effluvia which exist in unventilated churches. But the power of the will over the muscles which do the coughing is very great. A heedless person will cough twice as much as is needful—will cough at the worst time possible, will cough plump upon the necks of those before him, instead of embalming the sound in his handkerchief as, with a little skill and politeness, he might eailsy do. We would not forbid men who cannot sing to "make a joyful noise"—but it should be a softly noise. In all cases when it is a man's duty to sleep in church, it is his duty to snore with the soft pedal down.

3. *Sight.*—Every one likes to see the minister. It cannot be done through your body. True, you cannot help being before somebody, unless you are on the back seat. But, with a little thought, you may very much help those behind you. Any conduct which shall divert the attention of others from the service, such as ostentatious playing with a watch or opening and shutting it, reading books or papers, looking about inquisitively, is impolite.

Many churches have the Ten Commandments set up upon the wall, in sight of the whole congregation, although not one of the sins reprobated is likely to be committed in church time. Would it not be well to have another tablet enumerating the sins which men are prone to commit in church?

A CROSS HUSBAND CONQUERED.

He came into the breakfast room one morning, and in a moment it was seen that a cloud was on his brow. There sat the lady-like wife, waiting for him; the table fairly groaned, not with plated silver, but the solid material. The cloth was white as snow; the family were seated around in pleasant expectancy; everything was smoking hot, and not an article there but a pampered appetite could revel on. But the man's favorite dish was not there. Closer he came to the table, and with the inquiry "Did you not know that I wanted a shad for breakfast?" he raised his foot and overturned the whole table on the floor.

"It was at the fire, being kept warm for you," replied the wife, in her quiet, lady-like conquering way.

In an instant the haughty husband comprehended the situation; the next he went on his knees, exclaiming: "Dear wife, you are nothing less than angel born-"

Not a great while after that he died.—His will was opened; his wife was executor; he left her all he had—$2,000,000. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Now isn't that nice? Wives, when your husbands are cross, reply to them pleasantly, and maybe, in a short time they will die and leave you $2,000,000!—Try it.

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—The Cartersville (Ga.) Standard t us details an elopement from that classic burg:

And behold! as the grand luminary of day rose in the east and threw its rays of splendor over the works of nature, and sprinkled in his dazzling beauty as he glided upward, the cherished pet of the household had vanished—whither no one knew. But mere conjecture was enough to solve the matter. Her flight was beyond the limits of the State, and once beyond the State's jurisdiction, she became the bride of one to whom she had plighted her vows without the knowlege of her papa.

AN AMUSING DOMESTIC EPISODE.

The following is from the Elmira (New York) Gazette, of November 22:

In a certain city, not so far away from this as to make it less of local interest, a few evenings since a party of friends met at a social gathering at a fashionable restaurant. Some were bachelors, and some were in the enjoyment of "Heaven's best gift to men!" The evening was cold, and most of them wore overcoats. Two of them were nearly alike, and were owned respectively by Charley G—— and Charley S——; one of them was married and the other single, and a wild fellow, who as fast he was, out of one scrape was into another. His friend Charley G—— is a sober man, cherishing a bright-eyed, but jealous hearted little wife who loves him tenderly. He found it difficult to obtain permission to attend the supper at all.

It was given at last, with the understanding that he would come home early. He did not, however, but sat late; so very late, indeed, that he slept soundly the next morning. He had met with a misfortune, too, having stumbled on his way home and rolled over in the street. His wife, however, set about repairing the mishap the next morning by cleansing the muddy overcoat. While engaged in this occupation her hand by the merest chance in the world strayed into the side pockets of his coat, and encountered a neatly folded *billet doux*, subscribed simply to Charley, which read:

"Do not go to that horrid supper. love, but come to me instead. I am so lonely. Your devoted KATE."

Oh my! but the little blue eyes flashed—the color came and went upon her cheek and forhead—when she read the few lines. There was a moment's, pause as if to still the intensity of passion, and the Mr. G—— was rudely shaken from his bed. "What's the meaning of this, sir?" and the little hands trembled with passion, as the offending paper was held up before the culprit. "I don't know. Who brought it?"

"Who brought it sir? I found it in your coat pocket. Mr. G.——. I want an explanation. I will have one. I want a divorce, too!" Mr. G—— was fully aroused by this time. He protested he knew nothing of the note; he did not know how the treacherous little thing got into his pocket. He appealed to his wife's sense. She would hear no denial, but instead, made another dive into the coat pocket.

Another little missive rewarded her search. It was brimful of the tenderest endearments, and dated only two days back, but was in another handwriting, very beautiful, and signed "Jennie." "Oh! you Turk—just look at that!" and while Charley's bewildered eyes were perusing the letter another visit was paid to the receptacle of love—another letter came out. It called Charley cruel, false, deceitful; said that Fanny's broken heart would be laid at his door, and that his "once loved darling would die early."

The lips were white now with rage, the blue eyes all aflame, the little form drawn up to the fullest height. Charley never saw her looking so indignant.

"You monster! Why Brigham Young would be ashamed to do as you have done!"

Another dive was made to the pocket, and letter after letter was drawn out, until a dozen strewed the floor, all evincing the tenderest love for Charley. Unable to cope with the storm of indignation, he made a hasty exit from the room, and, leaving the house, he left his wife to meditate upon divorce or suicide at leisure. A few minutes after, however, the servant of Charley S—— appeared with Mr. G——'s overcoat, and respectfully solicited the return of his master's.

ABOUT BILIOUSNESS.

A clergyman comes in to see me about a dozen times a year about his biliousness. Biliousness is a common malady. I know a great many people who are bilious. They have no dyspepsia, they never had symptoms of dyspepsia in their lives; they are only "bilious."

Now this word biliousness is a sort of respectable cover for piggishness. People are not bilious who eat what they should.

Reader, are you bilious? (Rather a hard question after the above hard word.) Let me prescribe for you. If you follow my prescription, and don't get well, write me, and in the next edition I will announce my error.

First, on getting up and going to bed drink plenty of cold water.

Eat for breakfast, until the bilious attack passes, a little stale bread, say one slice. and a piece as large as your hand of boiled lean beef or mutton. If the weather is warm, take instead a little cracked wheat or oatmeal porridge.

For dinner take about the same thing. Go without your supper.

Exercise freely in the open air, producing perspiration, once or twice a day. In a few days your biliousness is all gone. This result will come, even though the biliousness is one of the spring sort, and one with which you have, from year to year, been much afflicted.

Herb drinks, bitter drinks, lager beer, ale, whiskey and a dozen other spring medicines, are simply barbarous.—*Dio Lewis—Talks about People's Stomachs.*

A FAMILY ICE-HOUSE.—A practical ice man says:

If I were to build an ice-house for six or eight persons, I would build it ten feet long, eight feet wide, five feet high in the clear—put some loose boards on the ground—have the studding ten inches—double board and fill with sawdust, no matter how close the ice comes to the boarding; have the roof shingled—with a ventilator therein to let off bad air: have a ditch all around the house, say three feet off; bank up all around the house, for a current of air underneath will waste almost as fast as you can put it in. After the ice is all in, cover the top with sawdust six inches deep and it will keep for years. I helped to ship ice last June, seven years old, solid and blue as when first put in—and of two of the buildings the roofs blew off over a year ago, and the ice under the covering of sawdust showed no waste; cakes that would weigh from six to ten hundred pounds were so clear that a newspaper was read through the block, the paper on one side and the person standing on the other.