

## Biterary.

What the Papers Revealed.

1. "Sir, the gentlemen are coming

down." "Indeed! I suppose then it's all over. Poor old Nancy! she will be a dreadful loss to me." And the speaker looked up with a sigh from a volume of Greek plays, which he had been read-ing with evident relish. The room in which this brief colloguy

took place was a handsome and lofty, but not very spacious apartment, pan-elled in oak and lined with book-cases; a massive oak table, quaintly carved, was drawn near the large old-fashioned grate, where a fire of mixed coal and wood burned brightly. Everything in the room bespoke comfort and luxury, but of the ornamental element there was not a single vestige. The original oak chair had been discarded to make way for deep-cushioned lounges, and in one of these sat the master of the house, Sir Edward Ashly, his book now closed, plunged in what is commonly called "a brown study.

The servant gifl, with the uncertainty that betrayed a novice to the ways of the house, moved and replaced a tray ontaining wine-glasses decanters and biscuits, that she, a minute before, de-posited on the centre-table; she then pusied herself in rearranging the folds of the window-curtains, glanced in-quisitively from one side of the room to the other, from the huge lamp burning on the centre-table, to the smaller pair on the chimney-piece, and apparently gaining no inspiration by the inspection, inquired hesitatingly,-

### Anything more, sir

"No," said the master, shortly; "you may go." As he spoke, the heavy curtains that hung before the door were raised, and two gentlemen entered the room. The foremost of them looked very grave; he was a tail man with silvery hair, and his white cravat pronounced him a

clergyman "I am glad you sent for me," he said; "the poor woman, so Dr. Nichol tells me, grew calm directly she heard I was coming, and although greatly agitated at first, her end was peace."

"She is dead, then ?" "Dead, and no mistake," observed the gentleman who had not yet spoken, rubbing his hands cheerfully, and ap-proaching the blaze. "I never allow the purson to be summoned till all hope is over; the sight of one is too sugges tive to a nervous patient. But," he added more seriously, "when I feel my efforts to be hopeless, I make way for the disciple of a botter Bureloin "for

efforts to be hopeless, I make way for the disciple of a better Physician." "Poor old Nancy!" said Sir Edward, regretfully. "Well, if skill could have saved her, I am stre yours would. And now draw nearer the fire; you will re-quire a glass of white before venturing into the frosty air." "You see I did not wait for an invi-tation in memoria the abarement who

tation," remarked the clergyman, who was already seated; "I consider myself one of the privileged few who may venture with impunity into the lion's den." "It would be strange if you could not, Nugent," answered Sir Edward; "for,

of course, by the lion you mean me. A chat over old college days sometimes does good even to a hermit."

does good even to a hermit." "And what a hermit you have be-come!" was Mr. Nugent's reply; "it seems impossible to understand why a man, who has lived all his life in conti-mental courts, should return home "Undoubtedly. Perhaps a date, or merely to shut himself up."

'For that very reason you ought to understand it. answered his friend. "When I first left England many years ago, I required the whirl of action and mind first, and then the body, gave way

asked me for an order in her life. She many parts of the country were almost unattainable; and my journey to Glen-twyr, a thinly populated district in the most distant section of Wales, was an did everything by intuition, and never left anything undone. Poor faithful old monster, I shall miss her steady, unobtrusive services, as I would the presence of an old friend." affair of no inconsiderable magnitude. Many days, in various coaches, brought me to within some fifty miles of my long was she ill ?" asked the "How destination where I found Sir Andrew

rector. "Two days," the doctor said, reply-ing for his host. "When I was first sent for, I saw there was no hope; the frame completely shattered and worn out; and I asked the poor woman if she would like to go home. She said she had no home." home

home." "Poor thing !" observed Sir Edward; "I did not know that; but in any case, I think it a cruelty to send a ser-vant away for getting sick, as if it were a crime. Yet this is often done. For my part, I gave orders that poor Nancy should receive as much care as myself, in proof of which she was attended by my favorite doctor." Glentwyr. All the stories of fairy pa aces I had loved to read as a boy rushe y favorite doctor." "You could not do less, even in a

human point of view," answered Mr. Nugent; "besides, this old woman always struck me as a perfect Cerberus of trustworthiness and vigilance; and, from what you say, she must have exdescribes happily as ceeded all I gave her credit for.'

"Four years of untiring service are a great test," Sir Edward said, with a groan. "I expect I shall soon learn, to my cost, how invaluable she has been to me.

to me." "By the by, what was her name?" asked the doctor; "we shall want it for the burial certificate." "I don't know," moodily replied the

host, whose thoughts were occupied with his difficulty in the matter of household reorganization; "I never with his difficulty in the matter of household reorganization; "I never heard, I always called her Nancy." "We can easily settle that question," said the rector, producing a roll of papers from his pocket; "the poor crea-ture's mind was sorely ill at ease, and one of her last efforts was expended in drawing this packet from under her pillow, saying it would tell all about her."

er.'' With these words Mr. Nugent handed the papers to Sir Edward, who began listlessly to unroll them; but no sooner had his eyes fallen on the first word, than, with a smothered sound, as if he had received a heavy blow, he clutched nervously at the table, and his face, from pale, became perfectly livid. With wild eagerness, he perused the docu-ments, and when the last had bechread, he raised his head, revealing to his astonished companions, a face so changed as to be almost unrecognizable, -ghastly, expressionless, and awful in its vacancy. Then, before either of his friends, paralyzed by the suddenness of the attack, could utter a word, his grasp

relaxed, the papers fluttered to the ground, and he fell back rigid and insensible. Both gentlemen flew to his assistance, afterwards. I must not weary you with minute details, though every hour spent under that roof is as vivid to me as if it had and endeavored to restore him, but un-successfully. The servant-girl nearly took leave of her senses, when summon-

ed by Dr. Nichol, at the sight of her master, motionless and apparently dead, and threatened to faint herself, when the doctor resorted to his lancet, all simple restoratives having failed. As the blood started, in obedience to the summons the baronet moaned, and

opened his eyes. "All right!" exclaimed the doctor, twisting a handkerchief round the incision; "in a very few moments 'Rich-ard will be himself again.""

"Undoubtedly. Perhaps a date, or even a stray word, may have brought too vividly before him some forgotten circumstance. Certain it is, that the book, or darkly hint a vague taunt about forced companionship. I was honestly mystified. I could not decide whether to attribute her varying, but always disdainful mood, to a naturally morbid character, self-cultured in soli

"A lovely land-locked vale."

necessary sacrifice of two or three lives is a blot upon the page of history, hith-erto quite unsullied by the myriads of deaths among the people, caused by ini-guitous and heartless misgovernment. quitous and heartless misgovernment. not follow the details of the struggle, If such narrow-minded egotism is edu-but every phase of it was reproduced in my betrothed's changing face. At college

Her extraordinary warmth on so com-Heath's carriage in waiting, with post horses, to carry me the rest of the way. The approach to Glentwyr was a scene pletely abstract a subject, quite bewill dered me; her philosophy, too, though perhaps well founded, sounded strange from the lips of a girl scarcely twenty years of age; and it seemed to me, as days wore on, that I knew her less and of barren picturesqueness almost savag in its desolation, but very beautiful, nevertheless. I did not remember having seen a single human habitation from the time I entered the carriage till

less. Beyond this one outbreak, however, I drove through the little village of Glentwyr. All the stories of fairy paland an occasional sarcasm when any question of social distinction was startto my memory when I first laid eyes on Sir Andrew Heath's grand old house, lying in a wide-spreading, sheltered valley, and encompassed round by the forest and holdest mountains in the ed. I never got any further clew to Miss Heath's real character, her unvarying placidity remained as unimpressionable as ever. At length, when days and finest and boldest mountains in the weeks brought me apparently no near-er the object of my mission than in the country. I have often been reminded er the object of my mission than in the her composure. "No, mamma," she first hour of my arrival, I resolved, in a said. "I am not ill—I cannot go—we of its situation by one of our most sympathetic modern poets, in a reference he makes to a similar scene, which he and propose to Gabriella. Her whole conduct was such an enigma, that I thought it might possibly conceal an

all hazards a declaration would lead me Sir Andrew received me at the door of his house,—an honest, open-hearted, country gentleman, somewhat boister-When I apprized Sir Andrew of niy intention, he implored me to delay un-til we knew more of each other. To this ous, I thought,—probably an active sportsman and farmer. Such was my first impression, and I had some preten-I replied that I had given up all hope of ever knowing more of Gabriella, and sions to unusual nowers of observation He led me at once to Lady Heath, and left us to make acquaintance. She struck me as a delicate woman, rather that I had certainly been at Glentwyr

long enough for her to know me fully. I did not tell him how much I was be-ginning to suffer from this protracted preoccupied with her health, but in a graceful, feminine way, not devoid of a certain charm; and before we had been suspense; how, with every succeeding day, my passionate admiration made many minutes together, I was wholly fascinated by that indescribable gentle-ness which, for want of a better word, the barrier between us an ever-increasing torture; yet, with the cowardly consciousness that a refusal might re-sult in bamshment from her presence, we call womanliness, and which she ossessed to a remarkable extent. It was during that interview that I I listened to Sir Andrew's warnings

"Wait, at lenst," he said, "till after the fair—a most important era in the lives of all Glentwyr people. Once a year this little village first looked on my long-dreamed-of be-trothed. Where was she? Had she heard of my arrival? How soon should I see her? Such were the questions I was asking myself,—a feeling of rest-less impatience stealing over me. When she entered the room, on perceiving me, awakes to life; buyers and sellers, ma-rion fettes and menageries flock in, for the day, from all parts of the country; and every one, from the highest to the she started, as if unprepared for my presence, but went through the cere-mony of introduction with haughty lowest, is expected to be in a state of excitement and exultation at the great ovent. Even Gábriella forgets her stateliness. To say she was handsome would be to use an expression con-temptibly weak,—there was something startling in her faultless loviness; highly-colored and ideal as all my pre-conceived portraits had beed, I had pooks, and seems as interested as the ousiest when the fairtime comes round. You will have an opportunity of seeing her as you have not seen her yet, and may then find the secret spring to her favor, which you do not seem sure of never pictured in my imagination a beauty so dazzling as hers. She held a book in her hand, and I heard from her having yet discovered. She is, perhaps, a little cold, and, like all women, camother that she was a great reader; from her I could not obtain a word. pricious; too much precipitation may This reticence continued throughout the whole of that first dap, and for long rouse her opposition, and I think you

now concurrenough in the family wishes to dread this. Therefore I say, wait a little. In my day young men were not in such a terrible hurry to give way to lespair.' And accordingly I waited.

that roof is as vivid to me as if it ind only occurred yesterday. Let it suffice to say, that as day after day passed by, uneventful and monotonous, I could not thaw the icy reserve Miss Heath had shown me from the first. Alone, comparatively speaking, in a country house it seemed almost impos-There certainly was achange in Miss Heath; her placid tranquility was re-placed by an unmistakable restlessness. She now often joined our general con-She how often joined our general coin-yet and the proposing to her father to throw open the park gates and give a banquet to all comers, or declaring her intention of passing the whole day in the village in the midst of the festi-val country house, it seemed almost impos-sible, that constant companionship should not inevitably render an increase of familiarity; yet, far from this, her manner, with time, only grew more distant and undemonstrative; and, if occasionally I sought to join her solitary

val My heart began to beat with a sensarambles in the park, she would either acquiesce silently, laying down with ostentatious resignation some favorite tion almost like hope as I noticed this change: there was something so natural and grilsh in her interest for the coming gala, and auxiety for the people's en-joyment of their holiday, that I argued well from the contrast to the indifference she had hitherto shown for everything.

Sir Andrew readily entered into all

point in the picture must be the almost superhuman beauty of Gabriella in her transformation, for such it was. superhuman beauty of Gabriella in her transformation, for such it was. As I have before mentioned, I did special woman as a recipient of his gratitude? With these feelings un-changed, he died about a year after the catastrophe that had broken up his one moment it lighted up with enthu-siasm, her cheeks burned, her lips parted, and her whole frame seemed home, his hopes, and happiness; and in his will Gabriella was formally disinherited.

My friends, in all this I have not spoken to you of myself. How could any words give an idea of the bitterness thrilling with excitement, and uncon-sciously she half rose from her seat; at another moment I saw her turn so deadly pale, I thought she would have fainted, and, seriously àlarmed, I whis-pered to Lady Heath, who, looking around, was frightened at her daugh-ter's pallor. "Come away at once, dearest," she said, holding out her arm to support the trambling girl." this of a trial such as mine? I can relate naked facts, the desolation of a hearth, the degradation of a name, the deaths of a stricken woman and broken-hearted man, my own voluntary exile for long and weary years, the ruin of my hopes, the blasting of the youngest and what should have been the brightest to support the trembling girl; "this has been too much for you." But with a strong effort, that showed how comportion of my life; but to describe or detail the sufferings that such things bring with them is not in the power of plete was her mastery over herself, Ga-briella, on being remarked, recovered her composure. "No, mamma," she

mere language. When I left England as *attachc* to a foreigh emtassy, it was partly to shun the land of such cruel experiences, and said, "I am not III-I cannot go-we must stay to the end. And without giving her mother time to answer, she appealed to Sir Andrew, who, intent on the wrestling, had observed nothing. and of course consented. Following the direction of his mere Lewight the output partly because my father feared that, if at home, a morbid desire to find out what had become of Gabriella Heath might prompt me to seek her out. Cer-tain it is that I listened eagerly to all news from England, in a stupid, unof Gabriella's emotion, and saw one of the hitherto most successful wrestlers reasoning way, as though it were possi-ble that any despatches could contain intelligence of an obscure cottage in some remote part of Wales. The feelprostrate and wounded on the ground. It was evident that such a display was not fit for a girl unused to the slightest excitement; while at the same time it showed how rich in human sympathies ing may have been presentiment,—a foreshadowing of the future that some was her apparently cold nature, how delicate her sensibilities, how much too people possess, for there was yet another link to be added to that hapless chain of events.

With the simplicity of a child, she suf-fered with the fallen, and trampled with the victorious; and when at last the conqueror was brought to her feet to be One morning, whilescanning as usual the English newspapers, my heart gave a sudden bound as the familiar name, crowned, she performed the ceremony Gabriella Heath, caught my eye. Once with a pride and solemnity too full of grace to be ridiculous. I scarcely re-marked the recipient of this honor, who more that fatal name was destined to be associated with calamity, and this time with guilt. The paper stated briefly that a young woman known as Gabby Wynn, daughter of the late Sir Andrew and Lady Gabriella Heath, of Glentwyr appeared to be a strongly built, handsome young fellow, with a rather sheep-ish expression of face. On our return to the castle, Gabriel-Castle and Rocklands, &c., &c., was an Caste and rocklands, &c., &c., was ar-raigned for the wilful nurder of her husband, James Wynn. My first in-stinct was a wild desire to start for England, which I should certainly have yielded to but I was most unexla's vivacity deserted her; exhausted probably by the fatiguing events of the day, she sank into her usual listless silence, and retired early to her own apartment. Gentlemen, I have reached a point in my story that it is agony even to recall; every hour of that futal pectedly chained. I could not get leave evening lives again as I rake up the burning lives again as I rake up the burning memory : nearly forty f absence. I did not then know that my father had sent word to detain me ong-buried memory; nearly forty years—a lifetime—lie between me and but if I could have thrown up my apbut if a collid have thrown up my ap-pointment with honor, I should cer-tainly have done so. I lived in a kind of dream during the progress of that terrible trial. With feverish anxiety I watched for the arrival of the malls; and then, with a copy of the public pa-pers, hurried off to battle alone with the barrow of the aveful details. t, yet even now, I dare not dwell Briefly, then, our usual evening's amusement, chess-between Lady Heath and me, while Sir Andrew invariably dozed in an easy-chair—was on this oc-casion interrupted more than once by noisy cries from the village, which in-creased steadily, and, to judge by the horror of the awful details. The ac counts were pitiless and precise. The case for the prosecution was short, and y all doubt on this score was confirmed, the shouts grew louder and louder, and to this effect: That Gabriella Heath had fallen violently in love with and married the man Wynn,—and here some painful references to the disparity of their social positions, and her brokenwe could almost distinguish voices. "Strange that this noise has not dis-turbed Gabriella," muttered Sir An-drew,—"hers is the only room from hearted parents, were given,—that he had brought her home to his father's which anything could be seen; go, my dear, and find out what it is." farm, and had been a good husband to her, in spite of the objections of his family to seeing a fine lady among To of Sadsbury township, deceased. Letters restamentary on said estate h ving been granted to the undersigned, all persons in-detted thereto, are requested to make imme-date settlement, and those having claims or Lady Heath was pale, and evidently alarmed. "Come with me," she said. And Sir Andrew siezed one of the branch candlesticks from the table, and them; that she was proud and violent unwilling to conciliate her new rela done settlement, and those mixing chains to domain against the same, will present them without doiny for settlement to the under-signed, residing in said township. Li, NTON, aug 21 6tw\*33 Executrix. tions, and accustomed to exasperate her husband by incessant scenes of scornful I waited anxiously-not long, how-ever. A minute had barely elapsed, Executrix. ESTATE OF HUGH DONLEY, LATE OF Eden township document reproach and vituperation; that on one of these occasions, returning home, tired out from aday's labor, she met him with such a volley of unprovoked and bitter taunts, that, in a fit of indignation, he raised his hand and struck her. That night he was found murdered in his bed. Such was the substance of the accusation, without the comments and remarks with which it was interspersed. of these occasions, returning home, tired out from a day's labor, she met him with before a wild shrick rang through the house—a shriek so piercing, so full of terror, that, reckless of consequences, 1 rushed to the spot, following in the wake of Sir Andrew, who was just then entering his daughter's inner chamber. What this chamber was like I never remarks with which it was interspersed. The prisoner—my soul revolted at the expression—pleaded guilty, and sullenby refused to say a word in extenuation of her crime. But the unhappy woman was not wholly forsaken. Some dis-tant connections of the Heath family, anxious, if possible, to lessen the addi-tional disgrace which threatened their doomed house had engaged for the defence one of the ablest lawyers of the day; and he certainly made as much out of his miserable materials às was possible. Ingeniously avoiding any attempt at refutation of the crime, or any direct reference to the crushing facts of the accusation, he slid, with apparent unconsciousness, into the strain, always so powerful with English juries, of an appeal to their sympathies. The woman before them was still young and very beautiful; and, in words of glowing eloquence, he wove, from the stores of his imagination, a **R** of the following persons are filed in the Register's Office of Lancaster county for control of the held in the Court House, in the city of Lancaster, on the THRD MONDAY IN SEP-TEMBER (16th), 1857, at 10 o'clock, A. M.: Sarah R. Davis, Executiva of Maria S. Kuhn, William Diem, Administrator of Lackey Murray. pathetic tale of her life and uffering First representing the young girl in her aristocratic home, surrounded by all conceivable luxuries; then painting her romantic devotion, her sacrifice of all for love : and crowning the elaborate imaginary picture by a vivid descrip-tion of what the gradual disenchantment, the daily and hourly loss of cherished illusions, the terrible waking from the ideal to the real, the discovery, too late, that the idol of gold was an idol of clay,—what these must have been to a highly-wrought and sensitive

"My God!" exclaimed Dr. Nichol, "it cannot be possible! That strange, wizened creature,—that mass of scarred

the new system of Advertising adopted by "Was once the peerless Gabriella Heath !" said Sir Edward, concluding Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York, is attracting a good deal of attention

the doctor's sentence in the absent tones of a man whose thoughts are far The following extract from a speech delivered before the N. Y. State Editorial Convenaway from the subject on which he is tion, (lately holden at Penn Yan,) by a promi-

"Truly she was, as she herself said, a deeply guilty sinner," mused Mr. Nu-gent, as he renewed in thought the death-bed scene he now so fully com-prehended; "but the mercy of God is infinite."" nent Advertising Agent of N. Y. City, goes to show that he at least acknowledges its advantages. From Jamestown, N. Y. Journal of Aug. 2nd. Edited by C. E. BISHOP, Chairman of Committee

And then silence fell on the little party. But that night, for the first time on ADVERTISING AGENCIES. "Mr. Pettingill spoke in opposition to that since its reoccupation, Ashly Hall har-bored guests, for the clergyman and doctor refused to leave their friend alone plan from the publisher's stand point alone. He showed the publishers that by this system of contracting they were giving lower rates than they gave their own home customers or others equally as prompt and good customers of

with that strange revelation, while the dead was yet in the house. A few days later, when a mourning train issued from the gates of the Hall, that they were selling one portion of their paper to be used to compete with and under-bld the other columns; that the owner of the space thus sold could come right in and beat the publisher's prices and take his business the lord of the manor attended as chief mourner, and truly— "the little port Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

But in this extraordinary deference to the memory of an old servant, the people of Ashley only saw a confirma-tion of their opinions respecting the "eccentric Sir Edward," who, being the understanding this, still wished to continue so irregular and unbusiness-like a system, he (Pettingill & Co.) should of course cease tryng to get advertising for the papers at their egular rates, and go into the other system of contracting-which he could stand, if the greatest aristocrat and landed proprietor rinters could." in the neighborhood, had given too deep offence to the county by his unex-The anxiety on the account of newspapers is pected seclusion and unaccountable incalled for. There is not one in twenty inhospitality to be worthy a renewal of surprise. Others, whose greater curiosity which would not prefer to receive all their fortook them to the churchyard to inspect the last testimonial to the object of this eign patronage on this plan, when it is fully inderstood. 1: is too generally recognized as homage, found only a simple marble slab, crected near the family vault of the theroughly beneficial to all parties concorned

to be injured in the least by any thing which Ashlys, and inscribed with the simple nay be said against it by interested parties letter G. Advertisers should send for a circular giving full explanations. Begal yotices.

DOLLOCK INSTITUTE, A FIRST CLASS EXECUTOR'S NOTICE....ALL PERSONS Bourding School for Boys, at Pittsfield, lass. Fall Term of 20 weeks begins Oct. 4, 1807. E: knowing theimselves to be indebted to the solute of Catherine Clark, late of the township of Bart, in the county of Laneaster, Pa., will make inmediate payment to the undersigned Executor, and all having any claims against the said estate will present them duly authen-leated to W. OLAPH. Manuar

Have you seen the "PENN LETTER BOOK," for copying letters without the use of either press o, water "It saves time, infor and the crame of a copying press. For sale by all first class stationers, and at the office of the "Penn Manufacturing Works," 702 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. w. CLARK, Executor, aug 28 6tw\* 31 Columbia, Pa. W. CLARK, Molumbia, Pa. Bug 28 6tw 31 Columbia, Pa. EMATE OF DAVID MAY, LATE OF Immentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted there-to are requested to make immediate settle-ment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned, ro siding in said borough. FANNY MAY, CATHARINE MAY, aug 7 6tw 31 Executrices

A few moregood Agents Wanted for General L. C. Baker's "HISTORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE." Increased commission allowed, and greater inducements offered. Address, P. GARRETT & CO., Box 217, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. W. C. RICHARDS, Principal.

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# infinite!

and continual change of scene; but was ambassador to Spain long enough to wish heartily I had never accepted the post, independent of my earlier diplomatic experiences in Turkey and Russia. Such responsibilities give a surfet of society, I assure you, and ren-der repose inexpressibly desirable and grateful." "Well," here interposed the doctor,

"I candidly confess that your perfect seclusion is a mystery to me: no dervish could worship solitude with more pertinacity. Of course, personally, it m the exception in my favor more flatter-ing; but can you wonder at the indig-nation of the county when a man in your position, Sir Edward Ashly, of Ashly Hall, indulges in such unortho-

dox tastes." "That indignation has long ago died out," answered Sir Edward, good-hu-moredly; "the world is, fortunately, very willing to forget those who forget it; my return and retirement were the conventional nine-days' wonder, noth-ing more. Besides, I am not without companions," he added, pointing to the book cases round the room.

'And these have been your only companions ever since you came back to England<sup>91</sup> the doctor said, interrogatively, his eyes following the direc-tion indicated; "why, that must be "Just four years." "Just four years." "And during all that time you have

had no other servant to wait upon you but the poor old woman lying above?" "No other."

"No other." "More of your eccentricity, cried Mr. Nugent. "Not only you restrict your household to one sole attendant, but you choose for the post the ugliest and most repulsive sample of womanhood I ever beheld. I am now merely speaking of appearances, for I remember how well and faithfully she served you, and have often remarked with astonishment her wonderful quietness and rapidity while waiting on us at table; but how could you have ever brought yourself to look at her ?!?

"Habit, I suppose. There were two other servants in the house besides old Nancy, but you never saw them, for she constituted herself my special attendant, gliding about noiselessly, and keeping the others, with their creaking shoes, always in the lower regions. It was been managed by Invisible fairies, so punctually and silently everything was

"How much you will miss her!"

said Mr. Nugent. "More than I can tell you. When first returned from abroad, my present head groom, who was then my valet, chose her for me from among the few prospect of company or variety. He chose her for the qualities which would have deterred you, and which made her so inestimable to use, her excessive ugliness, her insurmountable taciturn-ity, and her activity, remarkable for so a woman: and he certainly chose well. The poor creature fell into my ways silently and at once; her seamed and scarred face was an ever-present assurance of the impossibility of lovers and interlopers; her grim determination and surliness, a guarantee of her mpire below stairs; and, to give you an idea of the really unprecedented value of old Nancy, I do not remember having once exchanged as many as six words with her during the four years that she was my exclusive and constant

nttendant.' Sir Edward Ashly concluded his sentence in the slow and impressive tone always adopted when the culminating

point of a eulogy is reached. Dr. Nichol smiled. "Words are as Why hurst should be a sold," he quoted. "I always thought, for my part, that your old servant was a mute, until called in to attend her, and I am ashuned to say, although not a timid man, that her ghastly, fossilized face used to frighten me. It is painful to think how much we are influenced by think how much we are influenced by looks," the doctor said; "and in cases like the present, how unjustly so. My dear Ashly, you will find it difficult to replace this poor woman. Such quali-ities as those you esteen most are rare." ' don't expect I shall ever replace her. Already that girl who emerged from the back premises when poor Nancy gave up work (which she did not till the last moment) has driven me to the verge of insanity; rushing about, bustling, fues-ing, and actually tormenting me for

ler a mental shock. "The body—yes; but the mind?" said the rector, in a horror-struck voice. "You don't mean to say—" "O! only for the moment, of course,"

answered the doctor. "Look at him now! in five minutes he will be as well as if nothing had happened." "Thank God!" ejaculated Mr. Nu-

gent, greatly relieved. By degrees Sir Edward's color re-turned. "Those papers?" were his first words. "O, never mind the papers, Ashly,"

said the rector; "leave them to me, and I will see about everything. The fire was too hot for you, and you fainted." rom an only child. "No, Nugent. You know, as well as Dr. Nichol, that it was not the fire. 1 saw in those papers a name that I never

expected to see again, and learned from them a strange and wonderful fact,—so wonderful that it is impossible to realize it. The unexpected resurrection of that name prostrated me; but now the shock is over, I feel I shall derive comfort from what I have discovered." "Good!" said the doctor, as if dis-missing the subject. "'All's well that

ends well. "But," Sir Edward continued. " you ask me no questions, and I appreciate your delicacy, for you must have been startled and mystified; but there is now no reason why I should not enlighten you. The one great episode of my life has been revived to-night; the episode which made mea wanderer from youth to age from my native land. The long-

buried memories have been suddenly recalled to life; you shall hear them, if you like.' The faces of both gentlemen betrayed the inces of both gentlemen betrayed enger curiosity, but Mr. Nugenthesitat-ed. "If the mere recollection has been too much for you, a long recital will surely do you harm," he said. "No," answered Sir Edward,—"it

was the surprise that upset me; and

was the surprise that upset me; and, moreover, brooding upon such a past would be worse than relating it." "True," said the doctor, nodding assent; "brooding would be worse." And his sanction settled the question. "I really owe you an explanation of my strange emotion," their host then said, heaping additional logs on the fire from a handsome carved wood-case that 'iew of the case." from a handsome carved wood-case that stood beside his chair, a relic of conti nental habits. "Draw near; and while we share the house between us and the dead up stairs, I will tell you what those papers recalled, and what they revealed."

п.

When I bade farewell to a college life -leaving you, Nugent, winning the praises of all and the envy of some-I started at once for Wales, on a visit to head groom, who was then my valet, chose her for me from among the few who presented themselves; for the in a great, lonely country house, de-serted except in the wing, without any prospect of company or variety. He been the confidant of the lover, ultimatchy became the husband; but, con-trary to the usual rule in such cases, no quarrel ensued. Sir Andrew, shortly afterwards, married an heiress, who, fortunately for him, shared his love for the country, and they lived quite out of the world, on their estates in Wales. My father, Sir Edward Ashly, had only one child, a son; Sir Andrew Heath had only one child, a daughter. The result is obvious; to cement the two friendships, to join the two fortunes, to connect the two families—such was the dream of our respective parents from our earliest years. As a child, I had been accustomed to

speak of my little wife, but I had never seen her; my father had a theory on the subject, and did not believe in years

ourse.

of childish familiarity being favorable to the development of the tender pas sion; so it was arranged that not until I had come to man's estate, and had left college, was I to see the young lady and judge for myself whether the wishes so long entertained by the houses of Ashly and Heath were likely to be realized. My father's system was certainly a goodoue; no constraint was laid upon me; I was merely made ac-quainted with the facts of the case, and left to decide for myself. In conseally unknown to me, the charms of expectation and conjecture were added expectation and conjecture were added to the greater interests involved, and I started on my journey to Wales in a state of excitement and suspense that would have delighted my father and Sir Andrew, could they but have known it.

orders. Orders! Why, Nancy never

sympathy for the villagers, and promised that the presence of the party from the castle should not be wanted to crown the tude, or to a studied motive for which was imposible to conjecture a cause. That I was personally distasteful to her, as my fears sometimes suggest ed, seemed contradicted by the fact occasion as a complete success. To me the projected fair was a species of revelathe projected fail was appeters of revent tion; it seemed to explain away my principal doubts, and account for Ga-briella's outward apathy by her life of unnatural stagnation. Lady Heath had said, that her daughter was a girl of that in the very first hour we met, before she could have formed any opinion adverse or favorable to me, her opinion adverse or favorable to me, her manner had been equally repelling. Besides, if such a feeling existed, why not express it? Her marriage was not compulsory, and I felt sure that what-ever might be my sufferings, and their disappointment, her parents would never force a sacrifice to their wishes, strong mind; she had been brought up in an atmosphere so dull and eventless as to be absolute petrifaction, and had probably ended in creating a fictitious existence for herself, through her books, in which, as far as thought and feeling went, she absolutely lived. From this from an only child. With Sir Andrew and Lady Heath, I was soon on the friendliest terms, and their open-hearted kindness formed a imaginary region, pleasure, excitement, variety alone could wean her, permaannetly, perhaps; temporarily, certainly, as her activity for the coming festival abundantly testified. There was still one drawback to my growing confidence. strong contrast to their daughter's un-athomable nature. To them, therefore, I confided all my doubts, and certainly und consolution Sir Andrew attribut Willing, as Gabriella was, to converse on the subject of the coming festivity ted his daughter's reserve to the natura shyness of a young girl, brought up in an almost uninhabited part of the country, isolated from all society, having never met a young man before; and, morewith me, especially when alone, she was as silent and reserved as ever: not even on the all-absorbing topic could I get her to utter an opinion; she froze at over, aware of the object of my visit to Glentwyr,—an additional reason for conscious bashfulness. He argued that once, whenever I attempted to address

her. When, at last, the long-expected when at last and I threw open my the reserve which alarmed me ought. rather to be a source of satisfaction, as showing the delicate and sensitive namorning dawned, and I threw open my window to let in the glorious sunshine, distant noises from the village, princiture of the girl I hoped to make my wife. Lady Heath, with truer instinct, de pally the discordant noies of primitive nusical instruments, came wafted in on the air. I fancied, as I listened, that plored her daughter's manner, but i Gabriella must have been disturbed by these sounds many hours before, for appeared to occasion her no surprise. Miss Heath, she told me, was reticent here were the only rooms that looked out towards the village, and were much rooms that looked and undemonstrative, even with her parents; she had lived on books ever ice she had been able to read, and better situated for seeing and hearing than any others in the castle. Indeed, with a good glass, she could probably distinguish the movements of the busy multitude, and count the number of booths and tents erected during the ad resisted every effort of her mother's to stop her constant supplies of indis-criminate literature. "I feared," con-cluded Lady Heath, "that so much reading, in a life of inaction, might night. She certainly never looked more end to a morbid state of mind: but cautiful than when we met that morn-Gabriella is of a strong nature, and I am of a weak one; and though she never ing at the breakfast table: her grand openly disobeyed me, I foresaw great difficulties in depriving her of her only pleasure; especially as I could not hope to make Sir Andrew understand my eves sparkling somewhat restlessly, and ier cheeks flushed with a color almost everish in its intensity.

Sir Andrew also seemed impressed with the importance of the occasion. An annual *fclc*, that his mere presence There was something so reassuring and so plausible in all this reasoning that i gladly allowed myself to be con-vinced by it; resolved that, if patience sanctioned, was an institution far more to his taste than the gayeties of society, that he had tired of at a very early age. only was required. I would endeavor to emulate that of Jacob for his beloved Lady Heath looked at father and daughter with an amused smile. She had lived in the fashionable world for many Rachel; for the beauty of this strange girl had enslaved me. I could not call girl had enslaved me. I could not cal the feeling love,—however strong the years, an acknowledged belle and a courted heiress. Fortunately for the blunt country gentleman she chose, a passionate element in love, there still belief in her own extreme delicacy and failing health led her to prefer a life of nust be a large share of personal identity, a real or supposed sympathy with individual character; something be-yond the mere outward impression on perfect retirement to any other; but the importance allowed to this little rustic the senses, to compass the full meaning ing of the word; whereas Gabriella Heath's mind was a sealed book to me, festivity by Sir Andrew and Gabriella, recalled, no doubt, in startling contrast, some memories of the busy life beyond Heath's mind was a sealed book to me, her character as inscrutable, her feel-ings, if she had any, as impenetra-ble as those of the splinix. But an ad-miration stronger than reason, and overwhelming in intensity, grew upon me in spite of myself. It may be that the little world of Glentwyr. Never-theless, in her quiet way, she shared her husband's and child's wishes for the successful issue of the holiday, and con-sented for once to forget her allments, and accompany us to the scene o the mystery of her unalterable reserve gave additional fascination to her alaction. The great event of the day was to be a wrestling-match between the chosen champions of the surrounding eady irresistible loveliness; for he cold, proud face was full of power, and the character of her beauty the complete reverse of what would be generally atvillages; so, after wandering a short time among the temporary booths, lavishing small coins on everyside, and tributed to a passionless nature. But, whatever the cause, the result was that my whole life and thoughts became patronizing for a few moments each eparate show, we were led to the seat of honor reserved for us on the field, where the modern tournament was to incentrated into a desire to lead her to a betrayal of her real nature; and many were the traps I laid to find the bent o take place. I say "tournament" ad-visedly, for, however unromantic and degenerate this display of brute force might be, compared with the knightly her mind, and on that clew to shape my

feats of tilting, an old flavor of chivalry was cast upon the scene, in the custom, There were times when a gleam of There were times when a gleam of animation rewarded my perseverance. I remember especially one occasion that, seeing her with a history of the first French revolution in her hand, I madesome trivial remark on the pathetic incidents of the time, the sufferings of the weak, well-meaning king, the de-gradation of the beautiful, proud queen, and the unhappy heart-readestructory revived by Miss Heath, of crowning the victor. Had the exhibition been twice as interesting as it possibly was I should not have noticed a single detail. My not have noticed a single detail. My whole attention was riveted on my be-trothed. She followed the varying scene with breathless interest, and seemed transfigured suddenly from an insensate statue into a passionate, pal-pitating woman. Even Sir Andrew gradation of the beautiful, proud queen, and the unhappy, heart-renderingstory of the poor child, Louis XVII. She turned on me with unexampled scorn : "Of course," she sneered, "what is remarked the change, for he looked at me triumphantly, and at his daughter, as if struck with an unusual sense of "Of course," she sheered, "what is it if people groan for generations under the pressure of tyranny and wrong? What if they toil, and faint, and perher exceeding loveliness. You will think I am infringing on my

What it they ton, and faint, and per-ish to supply a proper succession of pleasures to their superiors? What if they die by thousands of starva-tion and penury? It is their business-the purpose for which they are created; but if, by some mistake, a latent spark of manhood struggles to the surface and they rise upon their oppressors or the privileges as ~ narrator, in dwelling so often on the wondrous attractions of

what this chamber was like 1 level knew. I felt that the window was open, for the night air blew upon my face; but my eyes were fastened upon the scene within. Lady Heath lay on the ground in a fainting fit, mercifully unconscious for some moments of what ensued. Sir Andrew, totally oblivious of bia course like wife whose most fun. of his corpse-like wife, whose most fan-ciful complaint had always filled him with concern-was looking steadily, and with grim determination into the room, at the other actors in this horri-ble drama. For there were two-Ga-briella, her long hair falling loose upon her shoulders, stood boldly forward, with her arms spread out, as if to form a barrier, and behind her—a man. In a barrier, and benind her—a main. In this man I recognized the hero of the wrestling-match, the successful champ-ion of the morning's sports. His courage was certainly not of the moral order, for he shuffled uneasily, and at sight of Sir Andrew'sset face sheltered himself more convolctor behind the dumthese girl completely behind the dauntless girl. who stood before him like some hunted animal at bay. It was she who first broke the awful

followed her out of the room.

ipon it.

It was she who first broke the awful silence: "He is my husban 1," she said, tearing some papers from her bosom, and offering them to us; "he is my husband, and I love him." No one responded to the gesture; but Sir Andrew in a voice so changed, that

I started at hearing it, merely asked the man,—" Is this true "" The creature muttered an affirmative and some words in extenuation about her having made him marry her. But Sir Andrew interrupted. Stern, col-Sir Andrew interrupted. Stern, col-lected, and therefore merciless, I recoglected, and therefore merciless, I recog-nized what these easy-going, indolent natures can sometimes hide of intense power and self-control. His voice alone betrayed the effort: "That will do," he said. "I want no explanation. I have seen. That is enough. You are free to go. Take that woman with you; she is no child of mine, and she has killed her mother." He pointed to the inani-mate form of Lady Heath, and turned, mate form of Lady Heath, and turned, with pitiless calmness, to speak to his laughter. "You have chosen dishonor daughter. "You have chosen dishonor deliberately; ablde by it; you are no longer anything to me that I should seek to rescue you. From this hour remove your accursed presence, your tainted person, from the roof to which

tained person, from the roof to which your shame has brought undying dis-honor and disgrace. Go!" he added, more bitterly, "join the witnesses you have summoned to your triumph." "Then, for the first time, I looked round, and perceived through the window, at some little distance, the group of peasants whose clamor had originally disturbed us. They had missed the hero of the day from their revels, and suspecting him of having abandoned them for the company of the castle ser-vants, had followed him in a state of noisy intoxication. But now, awe-struck into silence, they stood huddled together, gazing up through the dim night into the brilliantly-lighted room where so strange a scene was being en noted. For one moment Gabriella quailed under father's words; then raising her

head defiant as before.--"You will regret this harshness when you know all," she said; and, without even a glance at her mother, she seized you know all." the crestfallen champion by the hand, and almost dragged him from the room... Then followed a scene that I cannot attempt to describe. The unhappy girl gone, Sir Andrew was himself again, hanging over his still unconscious wife in an agony of tenderness; while the

scared servants bustled about the house. getting restoratives for their mistress. But from the shock of that night Lady Heath never fully recovered. Although the very next day she left Glentwyr forever with Sir Andrew, time brought her but little consolation. She died shortly afterwards at Pau, in the Pyrenees, having never seen or heard of her daughter since that fatal night. Poor Sir Andrew did not long survive his

wife. After her death, I persuaded him to join me in Italy. Glentwyr Castle had been sold; and not only had he forbid-den Gabriella's name to be mentioned before him, but he refused to be made acquainted with her whereabouts, he

prospects, or her position. From this resolution he never swerved. In small things tolerant beyond most people, once his sense of honor wastouched, his whole nature became metamorphosed.

whole nature became metamorphoseu. In the same degree that he had been a credulous and adoring father, so was he afterwards a relentless and unforgiving judge; and on the few occasions on which I ventured to sound him on the this young girl. Forgive me; I cannot help it, and I shall not tax your pa-tience much longer. In a few minutes I am telling you a story of many years ago, before railways were everywhere, and isolation an impossibility. Such is truly the case now, but in those days

nature. "God forbid! gentlemen of the jury," he said, "that I should attempt to palli-ate this crime; but in shrinking from the act. I cannot forget the provocation. penter. William Kline, Guardian of William Hack-man. Sanders McCullough, Guardian of Sanders Me-Sparran. Henry Bauwan, Executor of Susan Killheffer, Andrew Zercher, Executor of Trustee of Ben-jamin Johnson. Peter Oberhoftzer, Guardian of Elizabeth Po-ters (now Hoffman). Jacob Oberhoftzer, Guardian of all the minor children of Christian Oberholtzer, Mary Ann Deutsel, Administratrix with the will annexed of Narah Droisbach. Peter McGonoiny, Guardian of Jogoph Lo Bre-ton. Samuel Hoss, jr., and Frederick Hess, Execu-tors of Samuei Hess, sr. John S, Gabie and Hugh S, Gara, Administra-tors with the will annexed of David Gockley. Barnherd Mann, (Guardian of Catha-rine Kauffman. Trampled on and insulted by the man through whom she had lost all,-name and fame, home and friends,-reviled and dame, nome and friends, --revited and disowned *for* him, deceived and degraded by him, this woman explated in years of bitterness—who can estimate their bitterness".-the crime of having loved too faithfully. But even the production for the state of the state of the state in the state of the state of the state of the state of the state in the state of the state of the state of the state of the state in the state of the state of the state of the state of the state in the state of the state o loved too faithfully. But even the veriest worm will turn at length. There came a Valy when the one drop that filled it to overflowing was poured into this woman's cup. Encouraged by the applauding jeers of every member of his family, the brutal coward struck her as she stood alone among them in her fatal defoncedees superiority. Was it fatal defenceless superiority. Was it the blood of a thousand ancestors that rushed with tumultuous rebell-ion to her brain? Was it the last agonized three of a yet unbroken spirit? I date not conjecture. I only know that, goaded to madness, in a frenzy of wild unconsciousness, the unhappy woman rushed to avenge her wrongs; to cancel her misery in the crime for which she now stands charged before

ectors of Mury Elizabela Groiner. Marin Christian M. Martin, Executor of Catharine Christian M. Martin, Executor of Catharine Christian M. Martin, Executor of Catharine P. Pickel and Léonard Pickel, Administrators of Beigamin W. Harnish, Administrator of Jacob Barthel, Guardian of minor children of Jacob Barthel, Guardian of minor children of Jacob Haufer, Marks G. Wenger, Administrator of Adam Arine. Carpenter M'Cleery, Guardian of George S. Danner. D. Ebersolo, Guardian of minor children of Christian B. Ebersolo, deceased. Amos Brue, Euser, Guardian of Moler, Wm. H. Hershey, Administrator of John Hershey. Munter, Buerge Moler, Wm. H. Hershey, Administrator of John Runner, Guardian of Wm. R. Runner, Bohr Runner, Guardian of Wm. R. Runner, George N. Hunner, Kebecae E. Runner, Rachel A. Runner, Guardian of Maria E. Heft and John G. Mohler and Solomon Mohler, Administrator of Megdalene Catter.
Somuel Eby, Guardian of Maria E. Heft and John Heft.
George Duchman, Trustee of George W. Engle, -Turatee under the will of George W. Engle, -Turatee under the will of George W. Engle, -Turatee under bewill of George W. Engle, -Turatee under the will of George W. Engle, -Turatee under the Burd.
Shendel Bard. It was a well-imagined defence, and, I always thought, prompted the recom-mendation to mercy which accompan-ied the verdict of guilty. In consideration of that recommendation, the sentence of death was commuted into one of transportation for life; and the subject dropped from the record of human events. These occurrences took place iour years after the death of Sir Andrew Heath. In all the lacerating pain they brought, it was yet a comfort to remember that he had not lived to know them. From that time my native land became more than ever distasteful to me. My father died, and I suc-ceeded to the title and estates, an alien and a foreigner. Love, marriage, and all the dear domestic ties realized in the one word "home" were not for me; a blight was upon my life; a ghastly memory was attached to all such associations; and not until thirtyman Mary Weit and Evan-Flory, Administrators of Percentility five years of exile had blanched my Peter Weit, F. Hoover, Administrator of George Rettew, acob Kemper, Administrator of Martin S hair, and warned me of coming old age, did I venture back to the cold hearth Heiser, Januar Maradian of James R. Wertz, Scorge S. Mann, Guardian of James R. Wertz, Samuel Hatz, H. D. Musselman and W. G. Bender, Executors of John Hatz, James A. Patterson and D. W. Patterson, Ex-coutors of James Patterson, James A. Patterson, Guardian of Mary A. Skauffer,

I had left a buoyant joyous youth. Here, comparatively happy in the ge-nial society of my books, I have lived for five solitary years, with the ashes of nearly forty winters to cover the story of my early life—a story so old as al-most to belong to the records of a former generation; yet this very night my friends, I have learned that until within a few years ago it had a sequel

111. As Sir Edward Ashly pronounced the last words, he placed before the doctor and clergyman the papers confided to the latter by the dying servant. They were three in number.

were three in number. The first was a baptismal registry of Gabriella Heath, daughter of Sir An-drew and Lady Gabriella Heath, with date and names of witnesses. The second, a certificate of marriage between James Wynn and Gabrielia

Mary E. Conyngham by her next friend, Philip Miller, November Term, Ve, John R. Conyngham, John R. Conyngham, JOY THE DEFES DANT ABOVE NAMED.

B EGISTER'S NOTICE.-THE ACCOUNTS

winiam Diem, Administrator of Lackey Mur-ray. Samuel H. Scott and Elizabeth McHaines, Ex-ecutors of Alexander Sott. Joseph Kirk, Guardian of Alvin Brown. Hunnuk Nobisson, Administratrix of George

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ESTATE OF ANN KLINE (WIDOW) Late of the borough of Washington, Manor twp., Lancaster County, decid.—The under-signed Auditor, appointed to audit, adjust the account and distribute the balance remaining in the hands of Barnherd Mann, (Farmer,) Ad-ministrator, to and among those legally enti-led to the same, will attend for that parpose on TUESDAY, the 24th day of SEPTEMBER, 1867, at locelock, A. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, where all persons interested in said distribu-tion may attend. A. J. SANDERSON, sep 43tw Auditor. YOU'RE WANTED! LOOK HERE! YOU'RE WANTED! LOOK HERE! Agents, both made and female, wanted every-where to sell the PATENT IMPROVED INK RES-ERVOIR, (by which from one to two pages con-be written without repienishing with ink, and our Fancy and Dry Goods, etc. Can clear from 3: to 50 a day. No cupital required, Price 10 cents, with an advortisement descri-bing an article for sale in our Dollar Par-chasing Agency. Circulars SENTFREE, EANTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover Nt., Boston, Mass.

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EAST KING STREET.

Felix.

Hummer, deceased. G. Hess, Guardian of Ella Felix. G. Hess, Guardian of Theophilus.

aug 21

CAPITAL AND ASSETS, \$532,210 49 CAPITAL AND ASSETS, \$532,210 49 

|   | Jan. 1st, 1865                               | 26,000,68 |            |  |
|---|--|-----------|------------|--|
|   | nired in 1865                                | 16,073.55 | 410,017,21 |  |
|   | Ain't of premium notes<br>received in1865    |           | 115,584.13 |  |
|   | Balance of premiums,<br>Jan. 1st, 1865       |           | 3,8%0.14   |  |
| i | Cash receipts, less com-<br>missions in 1865 |           | 40,760.89  |  |
| 1 |  |           |            |  |

Lip1

#### \$570,198,37 CONTRA. Losses and expenses paid

A. S. GREEN, President, GEORGE TOURG, Jr., Secretary. MIGHARL S. BHUMAN, Treasurer, DIRECTORS, William Patton, T. R. Yon, John W. Steacy! in Fendrich, Geo, Young, Jr., G. Minich, Michael S. Shuman, nos S. Green, Edmund C. tobert Grane, R. T. Ryon, John Fendrich, H. G. Minich, Sami F. Eborioin, Amos S. Green, Ethnund Spering, THEO, W. HERR, Agent, THEO, W. HERR, Agent, CASTER, PENN

Three doors below Lane's Store, Lancaster. Pal ke street, opposite the Court House lawl LANCASTER, FENN'A, ment are baked fresh overy day.

