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FATHER ABRAHAM



"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nations wounds; to

care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—A. L.

VOL. II. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1869. No. 9.

Dry Goods.

FURS! FURS! FURS! HAGER & BROTHERS have just received a elegant assortment of FANCY FURS FOR LADIES AND MISSES.

Mink, Sable, Siberian Squirrel, Fox, Ermine, Water Mink, &c.

Muffs, Collars, Eugenias, Circulars, Skating Muffs and Boas, Swans' Down and Squirrel Ties, &c.

SHAWLS, in great variety at HAGER & BROTHERS. Open and Filled Centre Broche, Rastori Long Shawls, Fancy Woolen Long Shawls, Children's Shawls.

MOUBRING SHAWLS. BLACK THIBET LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS, At Lowest Prices.

FALL AND WINTER READY-MADE CLOTHING, FOR MEN AND BOYS. HAGER & BROTHERS offer for sale the largest stock, at lowest prices, all of their own manufacture.

Fine Dress Suits, Business Suits, Boys' Suits, Overcoats, From the FINEST ESQUIMAUX BEAVER to good ordinary grade.

OVERCOATINGS—Black and Colors all grades. FRENCH COATINGS—Black, Brown, Dublin. SILK MIXED COATINGS—Foreign and Domestic.

CASSIMERES—New Styles. BOYS' WEAR—In great variety. LANCASTER COUNTY SATTINETS—in all colors, and warranted strong. Just received and for sale, at lowest prices, at HAGER & BROTHERS, [Nov 27-17]

Clothing. JUST OPENED AT BEAU MONDE HALL! PORTICO ROW, 543 PENN SQUARE, 543 READING, PENNA., A LARGE LOT OF BEAVERS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., &c., FOR WINTER WEAR. ALSO, BOYS' CLOTHING, AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS! LEVI G. COLEMAN, Cutter. BUCH & BRO., PROPRIETORS. [no 20-17]

GEORGE B. COLEMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, Having leased Erben's old and well-known stand, NO. 42 NORTH QUEEN ST., Offers to the public an entire new and superior stock of GOODS of every description, which will be made up in the very best and most fashionable style. GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS Of every description, for sale cheaper than they can be had any where else in the city. [Nov 26-17]

Hats, Caps, Furs, &c. 1868. 1868. SHULTZ & BROTHER, HATTERS, No. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER, PENNA. Latest style Fall and Winter HATS and CAPS in all qualities and colors. LADIES' FANCY FURS, We are now opening the largest and most complete assortment of Ladies' and Children's FANCY FURS ever offered in this market, at very low prices. ROBES! ROBES!! ROBES!!! Buffalo Robes, lined and unlined; Hudson Bay, Wolf, Prairie Wolf, Fox, Coon, &c. BLANKETS AND LAP RUGS Of all qualities, to which we would particularly invite the attention of all persons in want of articles in that line. GLOVES, GAUNTLETS and MITTS, OTTER, BEAVER, NUTRIA, SEAL, BUCKSKIN, FLESHER, KID, &c., &c. Ladies' Fine Fur Trimmed Gloves, Gauntlets, Mitts and Hoops. PULSE WARMERS and EAR MITTS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. [no 20-17]

Fairy.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR. A good wife rises from her bed one morn, And thought with a nervous dread, Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more Than a dozen mouths to be fed; There's the meals to get for the men in the field, And the children to fix away To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned; And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood Was wet as it could be; There were puddings and pies to bake, besides A loaf of cake for tea. And the day was hot, and her aching head Throbb'd woefully as she said: "If maidens but knew what good wives know, They would be in no haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?" Called the farmer from the well; And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow, And his eyes half bashfully fell; "It was this," he said—and coming near, He smiled, and stooping down, Kissed her cheek—" 'Twas this: that you were the best And dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife, In a smiling and absent way, Sang snatches of tender little songs She'd not sung for many a day. And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes

Were white as the foam of the sea; Her bread was light and her butter sweet, And as golden as it could be. "Just think," the children all called in a breath, "Tom Wood has run off to sea! He wouldn't, I know, if he only had As happy a home as we."

The night came down, and the good wife smiled To herself, as she softly said, " 'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love, It's not strange that maids will wed!"

Miscellaneous. THE RENEGADE'S DREAM. A Story of Life on the Frontier. A storm had raged all day; the bellowing blast carrying with it dirt and fine particles of sand, until the cloud was not only blinding, but till it was next to impossible for a human being to venture from under cover without having the very flesh lacerated or peeled from his bones. Tents lay scattered and rent in every direction, and even some of the "dobie" quarters had been levelled with their mother earth. Indeed, Fort Sedgwick presented much such an appearance as might have been expected had a band of Sioux Indians made a successful assault upon the place.

As the darkness came on, the wind ceased to some extent, and then a steady storm set in, almost as terrible as was the sand tempest of the day. It was densely dark, and this darkness was favorable to the movements of a savage band, who had lurked in a shallow ravine behind the bluffs, back about two miles from the Platte river.

The bugles at the fort had just sounded the tattoo and taps, when one of the band referred to arose from his prostrate position; and as he did so, gave vent to a coarse and mocking laugh. Immediately after, a small light shot up. He had ignited a match for the purpose of lighting his pipe; and the brief flame, as he protected it from the wind with his fur cap, revealed his features. He was hideous in the extreme; and although painted like a savage, it was easy for an experienced eye to detect the fact that he was not so. Then his voice and words were another proof, for turning around he spoke thus: "Men, you must understand that our work must be quickly performed. At the first alarm those I have designated will dash into the quartermaster's; the sutler's and the commissary's. I have business at the commandant's quarters; and this I shall perform alone. I shall be successful; and if you are not equally so, the fault will be your own—not mine. In all cases of this kind you must resolve that you will succeed or die, and then you will never know the meaning of failure. Come, and be cautious!"

Some twenty or thirty dark forms were seen to arise as if out of the ground, and then they silently took their way down the bluffs towards the fort. Soon, however, the band separated, and every one of the number proceeded onward singly. Those who had received their instructions from the master-spirit simply contented themselves with gaining certain positions, and avoided every sentinel. Not so with the leader.

When this person had arrived within a hundred yards of the hospital, he paused and stood silently surveying the camp. Here and there were dim lights, but barracks and tents generally were wrapped in gloom. After while the man muttered: "Everything favors me to-night, and I feel like a tiger. Oh, shall I succeed? If I do not, death will be the only thing which will prevent me. Do I love that girl? I scarcely know. I have strange feelings when in her presence. Something of the past comes up before me, but the recollection is like a dream. I am puzzled. Many is the time I have felt an inclination to spring upon her, even as the tiger would upon the young fawn, and rend her to pieces; and then I have felt again as though I must fold her to my breast and weep. Curses upon it—what is this? Hang it if I don't think that a tear drop has already started from my eyes and dampened my cheek. Pah! Mad Leon, the renegade, weep! Preposterous. It is only a melted ice-drip—melted by its con-

tact with my warm cheek. But never shall my heart be melted."

Slowly did the Renegade now advance, and as he approached the hospital, he crouched lower and lower, until he actually crawled upon his belly like a serpent. Now he reached the building, and then he clung closely to the walls, still retaining his prostrate position.

It was but a moment after that a foot-fall was heard, and a guard passed the villian, who was not discovered. The soldier was closely wrapped in his great coat, while he carried his carbine in such a manner as to protect it from the damp. He did not dream that even death was hovering so near him. A moment after he turned, and then paused exactly at the place where the renegade was lying. But quick as the lightning's flash he was hurled to the earth and the dark monster was upon his breast. A sharp cry arose, and then it became a death-wail merging into a moan and silence, for a huge knife was plunged into the quivering breast of the guard, and his life gushed forth with his crimson gore.

The murderer had clutched the throat of his victim in order to prevent any outcry from the dying man, and had only partially succeeded. He now raised his head and listened attentively, but no sound gave indication that the voice of the soldier had attracted attention. Raising the corpse in his arms, the renegade bore it some distance to the rear, and deposited it in the dead weeds. Doing so, he exclaimed: "A good general always leaves an opening for retreat in case of defeat, and I will do so by disposing of every guard in this direction. There is but one more to deal with, I think, and he is behind the quarters of the general commanding."

Mad Leon crept forward as before, and soon the soldier referred to shared the same fate as the first; but his cry was louder, and was not entirely unheeded, for a window, where a light had been burning, was thrown up, and a voice asked: "What is the matter down there?"

The dying man struggled to speak; but the renegade prevented, while he answered himself: "Nothing that I am aware of."

"But I heard a cry."

"So did I; it was one of the prowling coyotes."

No further question was asked, and the villian saw that the light which he had before observed had disappeared. He knew that the strong wind had extinguished it as the window was raised, and he muttered: "May the devil favor me, and leave that opening before he gets another light, for I can then enter." But the devil did not so favor him. The sash came down with a crash, and the jingle of glass told that some of the panes had been broken by the fall. This was of some importance and the villian knew it.

The guard once quiet, Leon cautiously mounted a shed and crept to the window where he had heard the voices, for there were two persons in conversation. Applying his ear to one of the broken lights, he listened. He could hear every word distinctly, and the blood ran like lightning through his veins, as the sentences were understood by him.

The voice of a woman exclaimed through her sobs: "O, Harry Graham, is it possible that you tell me this? I shall die. O, I cannot live, for you no longer love me."

"I only love you too deeply, Marianna," was the reply.

"Then why do you tell me that I can never be your wife?"

"I cannot explain—I dare not."

"You must, if you would not see me fall dead at your feet or live to become a maniac."

"Marianna, I feel that you have a right to demand an explanation, and this much I will tell you. Something which occurred years ago renders it necessary that, as a just avenger, I should kill your father. Can I do this and then wed his child?"

"Why then did you ever win my love?"

"I was only informed of the facts with regard to you this day, and I hasten at once to tell you as much as I dare."

"Harry, you must tell me all. I have never known my father; and if his crimes have been so great that he deserves death, I cannot blame the hand that strikes. For the love of Heaven, tell me all."

"I will. Your father's name—so old Brant, who has had you in his keeping from infancy, tells me—was Paul Blackburn. He became the most deadly enemy of my own parents, and for no other reason than that he was rejected by my mother. He swore the most deadly vengeance, but those who knew him did not believe there was any danger. I can well remember the night of that revenge, however. The glare of the flames which consumed my home is before me still; and the yells of the red demons, led by Paul Blackburn, are yet ringing in my ears. The ghastly and bloody forms of my parents are before me; and even the exultant words of the murderer are not forgotten."

"Oh, horrible! And my father was this monster?"

"He was. And this is not all."

"Let me know the worst."

"After my father's marriage your own also took a wife, but his constant brutal treatment of her proclaimed his hatred. She interfered to save his victims, and with a single blow he struck her lifeless to the earth."

"He murdered his own wife—my mother?"

"He did."

"But how were you saved—how was I saved?"

"Here is the strange part of my story. I was a boy of seven years, and you an infant of six months. I remember seeing

you fall from your mother's arms as she was stricken down. I remember seizing you in my own and crawling into a place of concealment by the river's side. You were taken from me sometime after by old Brant, and although I had forgotten him and yourself, I could not forget those events. Only to-day, as I before informed you, the old man gave these particulars."

"Is that cruel father—that blood-stained man yet alive?"

"Yes, and I have just learned that, too. I must seek him out, for I shall never seek rest until I have met him face to face, and met him as the avenger of my slaughtered parents and desolate home."

The candle had been re-lighted, but it only cast a feeble ray around the apartment. Still it shone full upon the faces of the speakers, one of whom was a young officer, and the other a lovely girl of some eighteen years of age. The villian outside the window had gradually become more and more excited, and finally extended his hand through the opening; he pushed back the spring and raised the sash. So cautiously had this been done that the lovers did not observe the intruder until he leaped to their sides, his eyes blazing with an unnatural light and his already bloody knife firmly clutched to strike.

Upon beholding him the young officer leaped to his feet and asked: "Who are you?"

"I am known as Mad Leon, the Renegade—was the firm response."

"And what do you want here?"

"I came for a single purpose, but find that I have a double one."

"Then explain, and quickly too, or I will call the guard."

"I will explain. Not, however, because I fear your guard. I came for the single purpose of carrying away this girl to my mountain home. But I find that I must kill you."

"The game of death is one that two can play at, you shall find."

And Graham leaped toward the table upon which were lying his two revolvers. But a single shot was fired by the ruffian and the officer fell. As he did so, the Renegade seized the girl and cried: "Go to those whom I sent to their graves years ago, and tell them that Paul Blackburn has sent you there, for I am he."

He had sprung through the window with Marianna in his arms.

Here, however, he met his mortal foe, old Brant. The fainting maiden was torn from his grasp, and a single blow with a huge knife sent the polluted soul of the Renegade before his Maker. As the blood gushed forth, the monster uttered a few bitter curses, and then fell from the roof by the side of the murdered guard.

This was not the only work performed by Brant. He had discovered the savages, and a single volley which blazed out on the night air sent a portion of the number to the "happy hunting ground," and others, yelping like wolves, for the fort.

Young Graham was only wounded, and he recovered to make the orphan his wife.

Father Abraham's Chips.

A TIGRESS bit off a showman's hand at Dayton, Ohio, recently.

TWENTY-THREE thousand persons were arrested in Chicago last year.

FLORIDA has elected a Republican Governor by a majority of 2,000.

A VIRGINIA apple tree has borne six hundred bushels in seven years.

It takes thirty thousand men to run the Sunday railroad trains in this country.

THE Democracy of Alabama are murdering Union men who voted for Grant.

STRAWBERRIES were in the New Orleans market on the 21st ult. at \$3 a basket.

THERE were 96,333 arrests made by the police of Philadelphia during the year 1868.

JOHN HARRIS, who died recently in Perry county, Ill., had 367 direct descendants.

ONE letter out of twenty put in the Post Office is misdirected or not directed at all.

DIVORCE granting is said to have been the chief business of the late Alabama Legislature.

SENATOR CHANDLER, (Republican) of Michigan, has been re-elected to the United States Senate.

DURING the year 1868 there were dedicated in the United States 474 churches, and organized, 235.

GOV. CLAFIN, of Massachusetts, was inaugurated on Saturday, and delivered his message to the Legislature.

COWAN—the renegade—has been heard from. He was in Washington last week, and called on A. J. Poor devils, both.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON is still nominating Democrats to office—but the Senate can't see it—and gives them the go-by. Right.

THE Chicago common council have resolved to sue Hon. J. Y. Scammon for \$30,000 alleged to be due the school fund from him.

A WEST VIRGINIAN whipped his wife, the other day, for unexampled extravagance, in eating both butter and molasses on her bread.

TWO Montreal ladies rescued a skater by tying their cloaks together and hauling him out, while his male companions were running for help.

LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas, has elected a Republican Mayor by a majority of 780 in a poll of 1416 votes. Wilmington, North Carolina did likewise.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

Ten lines of Nonpareil constitute a Square.

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| 3 weeks | 1 50 | 2 20 | 3 30 | 5 00 | 10 00 | 17 00 |
| 1 month | 1 75 | 3 00 | 4 50 | 7 00 | 14 00 | 25 00 |
| 3 months | 4 00 | 6 00 | 9 00 | 15 00 | 30 00 | 55 00 |
| 6 months | 7 00 | 11 00 | 16 00 | 28 00 | 40 00 | 70 00 |
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REAL ESTATE ADVERTISEMENTS, Ten cents a line for the first insertion, and five cents a line for each additional insertion.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and dispatch.

NEARLY 5,000 buildings were erected in Philadelphia last year.

THE Governor of little Delaware is on the rampage. He is afraid that the general government will interfere with her rights. Poor little thing!

ACCORDING to the Tribune, New York city consumes between three and four tons of hair, at a cost of \$2,000,000 per annum, for its wigs and chignons.

THE trial of Mrs. Twitchell, wife of the condemned of the same name, for the murder of her mother, will commence on Monday next in Philadelphia.

GEN. ROUSSEAU, died at New Orleans on Thursday night, 7th inst., of inflammation of the bowels and was buried the following Saturday at 3 o'clock p. m.

THE news boys of Houston, Texas, refuse to sell copies of the Union, a Republican paper published in that city, and the editors sell it on the street themselves.

It is said that the lobbyists at Albany, out-number the members of the New York legislature two to one. We suppose the same state of things exists in Harrisburg.

THE total number of alien passengers arived at the port of New York during the past year (to December 30th) was 212,959, against 242,731 the previous year.

SIXTY-SEVEN female teachers in Cincinnati have petitioned for the same salary as males, on the ground that they find no reduction in board bill on account of sex.

AN exchange says Jubal Early will take advantage of President Johnson's amnesty proclamation and return home, singing "The year of Jubal E. has come, return ye wandering sinner home."

A NATIONAL Woman Suffrage convention will be held in Washington next week. Several distinguished Senators and Representatives will take part in the proceedings. We "go for" the women—we do!

HON. JOHN MINOR BOTT died at his residence, in Culpepper, Va., on Friday last. He was one of the statesmen of the days of 1840-44, and many will remember his controversy with the recreant John Tyler.

ACCOUNTS from all parts of Maine indicate that there will be an unusual quantity of lumber cut this winter. It is estimated that upon the Penobscot river there will be three times as much cut this season as last.

THE Gettysburg National Soldiers' Monument, which is to be consecrated next July, will be of marble, 65 feet in height. The crowning statue represents the Goddess of Liberty, and is 19 feet 6 inches high; it was cut in Italy.

THE place of meeting of the convention to organize a society of the Army of the Potomac has been changed to New York. The time still remains the 22d of February. A large attendance of Eastern officers is expected.

W. W. HAYS, Esq., the first Republican Mayor of Harrisburg, entered upon the duties of his office on Monday last. He is a young man of fine legal attainments, and withal a thorough gentleman. He will doubtless make an efficient officer.

It is stated that the Republican Senators have determined not to confirm any of Johnson's nominations. The Senate has always, heretofore, refused to confirm nominations of an out-going administration, and none insisted more strongly on this course than the late Senator Benton.

ALL the Democratic members of the U. S. Senate and House have signed a petition for the pardon of Dr. Mudd, and the document has been presented to the President. Dr. Paul Bigby, who obtained the signatures to it, will soon circulate another for the pardon of the rest of the conspirators.

GEN. HORACE PORTER, a member of Gen. Grant's staff, who was sent to Arkansas to see about the trouble there, fully sustains Governor Clayton's efforts to put down the Klu-Kluxers of that State. Arkansas rebels and rebels everywhere will soon know that the "reign of terror" is about played out.

THE effort tending to the building of several new railroads to radiate from the city of Washington is likely to prove successful. Senators and members of Congress from the Eastern, Middle and Western States nearly all appear to favor the plan of a more general fee system of railroad building from the national capital.

THE messages of the Republican Governors to their legislatures are really refreshing. In every State, from Maine to Minnesota, finances are in a good condition, debts are being reduced, taxes are being lessened, schools and school systems are thriving, and there is a good time generally. Progressive people are the best rulers.

SEVERAL witnesses were arrested under the very nose of the committee of Congress, now in session in New York investigating the frauds at the election, by Sheriff O'Brien, at the instigation of the Copperheads of that deleterious city. These fellows are becoming alarmed at the testimony that the committee has secured. A Copperhead hates investigation.

A CITIZEN of Portland, Maine, thinks the world is to be visited by a second deluge. He is accordingly converting his entire property—\$6,000—into an ark. The boat will be fifty feet long, fifteen feet wide, flat bottomed, square sterned, round bows, with a house just all of midships. The proprietor is planning and bulking the affair himself. He does not intend to launch it, but will simply store it with provisions and proceed to keep house in it—prepared, at any time for the rising of the waters.