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Of every description, neatly and promptly executed, at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.

Trains leave the Central Depot as follows:
EASTWARD. Erie Mail, 1:20 a. m.
Phila. Express, 1:40 "
Fast Line, 7:02 "
Lanc. Train, 9:08 "
Day Express, 1:45 p. m.
Harrisburg Ac. 5:51 "

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, NOV. 9, 1868, PASSENGER TRAINS WILL BE RUN ON THIS ROAD, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE. Reading, 7:00 a. m.
Columbia, 7:25 p. m.
RETURNING. Reading, 7:00 a. m.
Columbia, 7:25 p. m.

Trains leaving Lancaster and Columbia as above, make close connection at Reading with Trains North and South on Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and at Lebanon on Valley Road.

Tickets can be obtained at the Offices of the New Jersey Central Railroad, foot of Liberty street, New York; and Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, 13th and Callow hill streets, Phila.

Trains are run by Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, which is 10 minutes faster than Pennsylvania Railroad Time.

E. E. KRYER, Gen. Frt. and Ticket Agent.

READING RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1868.

Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Amity, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 5:50, 5:55, 8:10 a. m., 12:40 noon, 2:05 and 10:50 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad at New York.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Shamokin, Sunbury, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8:10 a. m., 2:05 and 4:10 p. m., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way Stations; the 4:10 p. m. train making connections for Philadelphia and Columbia only.

Return: Leave New York at 8:00 a. m., 12:00 noon, 5:10 and 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8:15 a. m. and 8:30 p. m., sleeping cars accompany the 8:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. trains from New York, without change.

Way Passenger Train Philadelphia at 7:30 a. m., connecting with starting at 7:30 a. m. for Reading, returning from Reading at 6:55 p. m., stopping at all stations; leave Pottsville at 7:30 a. m., and 12:30 p. m.; Tamaqua at 8:30 a. m., and 2:30 p. m., for Philadelphia.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad at 7:10 a. m. for Harrisburg, and 11:30 a. m. for Pine Grove and Tremont.

Reading Accommodation Train Leaves Philadelphia at 4:45 p. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:45 p. m.

Perkerson Railroad Trains leave Pottsville Junction at 8:15 a. m. and 8:30 p. m., returning leave Skipkapp at 8:10 a. m. and 12:45 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8:00 a. m. and 3:15 p. m., the 8:00 a. m. train running only on Reading at New York 8:00 a. m., Harrisburg at 5:50 a. m., 1:10 and 10:50 p. m., and Reading at 1:10, 7:00 and 7:15 p. m. For Harrisburg at 12:45 p. m. and 7:15 a. m. for New York and at 4:35 a. m. for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates. Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS, General Superintendent. Reading, Pa., Dec. 14, 1868.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Trains leave York for Wrightsville and Columbia, at 5:25 and 11:45 a. m., and 5:30 p. m. Leave Wrightsville for York, at 5:45 a. m., and 1:50 and 6:30 p. m.

Leave York for Baltimore, at 5:00 and 7:15 a. m., 1:05 p. m., and 12:15 p. m. Leave Baltimore for York, at 1:30, 6:25 and 11:25 a. m., and 1:25 and 10:15 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG. GEORGE WORTH. At 5:25 a. m., and 1:20 and 4:20 p. m. At 8:45 and 5:25 a. m., and 12:30 and 10:45 p. m. Dec 14-15

Photographs, &c.

GOLDEN GIFTS. Parents to Families, Father to Daughter, Mother to Son.

When the light has left the house, memories such as these compound their interest. GILL'S SUPERB PHOTO. Miniature or Oval Pictures, admitted to be the best in the city, and no superior in the State.

STEREOGRAPHS OF HOME VIEWS for the Centre Table. Also, prismatic instruments. Large Colored Work by some of the best Artists in Philadelphia and elsewhere, in the highest style of the art. India Ink, Pastels, Gray-tones and colors, at GILL'S CITY GALLERY, Jan 1-17-73 No. 30 East King-st.

Coal.

EULER, BRENEMAN & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN COAL, OF THE BEST QUALITY. YARD-COR. WATER ST. AND P. A. R. OFFICE-NO. 5 EAST ORANGE ST., LANCASTER PA. [Dec 18-19]

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.

Claim Agency.

JAMES BLACK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND MILITARY AND NAVAL CLAIM AGENT, No. 56 East King-st., Lancaster, Pa. Being duly licensed as a Claim Agent, and having a large experience, prompt attention will be given to the following classes of claims: BOUNTY and PAY due discharged Soldiers and Sailors. BOUNTY (additional) to Soldiers who enlisted for not less than 2 or 3 years, or were honorably discharged for wounds received. BOUNTY (additional) to Widows, Children, or Parents of Soldiers who died from wounds received, or of disease contracted in said service. PENSIONS for Invalid Soldiers and Sailors, or to their widows or children. PENSIONS for fathers and mothers, brothers or sisters of deceased soldiers, upon whom they were dependent. GRATUITIES for Soldiers or their Widows from Pennsylvania, in the War of 1812. PAY due Teamsters, Artificers and Civil employees of the Government. PAY due for horses lost in the United States service. CHARGES-Fees fair and moderate, and in no case will charges be made until the money is collected. [Dec 23-19]

Insurance.

THE OLD PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. ACCUMULATED CAPITAL, \$2,000,000. After paying Losses to the amount of \$1,130,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL. All the Surplus Dividend amongst the Policy Holders every year. THE ONLY TRULY MUTUAL COMPANY IN THIS CITY. For further information apply to JOHN J. COCHRAN, Agent, No. 20-21 F. O., Lancaster, Pa.

THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT. ORGANIZED IN 1846-CHARTER PERPETUAL. THE LARGEST MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. ASSETS-\$23,000,000. NUMBERING OVER 90,000 MEMBERS. Acquired by prudent and economical management of twenty-two years, without the aid of a single dollar of original capital. The income from annual interest alone is more than sufficient to pay all its losses. [Dec 18-19]

World Mutual Life Ins. Co.

NEW YORK, NO. 160 BROADWAY. J. F. FRUEAUF, General Agent for Penna. NORTH QUEEN STREET, (Above J. F. Long & Son's Drug Store.) This Company offers more SOLID and REAL inducements than any other Life Insurance Company in the country. Active solicitors, male or female, wanted in every township in the State. [Jan 1-6m]

Sewing Machines.

THE HOWE SEWING MACHINE, FOR EVERYBODY! As a Holiday Gift to a Sister, Wife or Friend, they are unsurpassed. The Farmer wants it for his Family. The Dress and Cloak Maker prefers it. The Seamstress wants it, because its work is sure to give satisfaction. The Tailor has long ago decided it to be the best for his business. The Carriage Trimmer cannot do without it, and the shoe Fitter finds that, after all, the HOWE is the machine for him. Sooner or later, everybody will have the HOWE. Every Machine is warranted. Every one may be the possessor of one of these unrivalled machines, at a moderate price, or to make the terms of sale suit all our customers. We earnestly invite all, whether they purpose purchasing or not, to call and get specimens of the work executed by us on the HOWE MACHINE, and compare it with the work done by other machines. We are willing to abide by the result. G. FATE, Agent, No. 25 1/2 North Queen Street. [Dec 18-19]

Book Binding.

GEORGE WIANT, BOOK-BINDER AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER, NORTH QUEEN ST., LANCASTER, PA. BLANK BOOKS, For Banks, Merchants, County Offices, &c., made to order. BOOK BINDING, in all its branches, promptly attended to. [Dec 4-2m]

Poetry.

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE." Up this world, and down this world, And over this world, and through, Though drifted about, And tossed without, Why, "paddle your own canoe." What though the sky is heavy with clouds, Or shining a field of blue, If the bleak wind blows, Or the sunning gloves, Still, "paddle your own canoe." What if breakers rise up ahead, With dark waves rushing through, Move steadily try, With steadfast eye, To "paddle your own canoe." If a hurricane rise in the midnight skies, And the stars are lost to view, Guide safely along, With smile and song, And "paddle your own canoe." Up this world, and down this world, Over this world, and through, Though weary and worn, Bereft, forlorn, Still "paddle your own canoe." Never give up when trials come- Never sit down and blue, Never sit down With a tear or frown, But "paddle your own canoe." There are daisies springing along the shores, Blooming and sweet for you; There are rose-hued dyes In the autumn skies- Then "paddle your own canoe."

Miscellaneous.

THE SILVER TOKEN.

"There, Tina!" Mr. Bruce Medway triumphantly held up two semi-circles of silver in the air, so that they might be sure to make sufficient impression on Ernestine Cady's blue eyes, and smiled with the exultant satisfaction one who feels that he has accomplished his mission! He was a bright, earnest-looking young fellow, with gray-brown eyes and asquare firm mouth - not handsome, but very manly; and as he sat there on the green wood land bank, with the hair thrown back from his broad forehead, and the sunshine mirrored in his eyes, you felt instinctively that he was one who would make his way in the world, no matter what obstacles might intervene. Ernestine Cady stood leaning against the guarded, mossy trunk of an immense chestnut-tree with her little feet buried in plumes of nodding, fragrant ferns - rural picture in blue muslin and fluttering azure ribbons. She was very pretty, with the delicate bloom and freshness of a flower - a flower that winds and frosts have never touched. "Ernestine I tell you I should do it, Tina?" "I thought it an impossible task with such an implement as that!" "Nothing is impossible," returned Bruce, sententiously, as he passed a bit of narrow blue ribbon through a hole in the broken piece of silver. "Will you let me tie it round your neck, Tina?" "What for?" But she stooped her pretty head as she spoke, and let him tie the knot beneath a cataract of pale gold curls. "And I shall wear the other next to my heart. They are amulets. Tina - charms, if you choose so to phrase it! That silver piece carries my allegiance with it. Tina, if over any cloud come between us - if ever we are separated -" "Bruce!" "Such things have happened, dearest; but, nevertheless, in any event, this broken coin shall be a token and a summons to me, wherever I may be - whatever Fate may have in store. Don't look so grave, my little bird. Is it so very wrong to mingle a bit of romance in our every-day life? Where are your flowers? It is time we were returning!" Through the green shifting shadows of the woods, with blood-red streams of sunset light rippling along at their feet, and delicious odors of moss and fern and hidden flowers rising up around, the two lovers walked homeward. Bruce Medway never forgot the brightness of that drowsy August afternoon. "She will come - I am sure she will come!" The dew lay like a rain of diamonds on grass and shrubs, as Bruce walked up and down the little pathway by the hidden spring, watching the round red shield of the rising sun hanging above the eastern horizon. And then he looked at his watch. "The train will be due in five minutes. Surely Tina will not let me leave her without one reconciling word! Hush! that must be her footprint on the moss." He stepped forward, with a glad, flushed face, and then the chill whiteness of despair blanched every feature, as the bright-eyed little squirrel, whose tiny tread over leaves and acorn-cups had deceived him, glided swiftly across the belt of sunshine into emerald shadow. Bruce Medway stood an instant with his brow contracted, and his arms folded on his breast. Was he bidding farewell to the summer that was past? And the shriek of the coming train sounded through the blue purple of the air, and the last, little faint sparkle of hope in the lover's breast died out. Tina had not come - Tina had forgotten him. Well, so let it be! And what was Tina Cady doing in the fresh morning brightness? She was very rosy and pretty in her trim calico dress, with pink ribbons at

her throat, and a pink verberna hanging low in her golden coils of hair - very picturesque as she reached up her hand to break off a spray of spicy honey-suckle. "I wonder if Mr. Bruce Medway has come to his senses yet," thought Tina, with a toss of her head. "I shan't measure my actions by the rule and plummet of his lordly will, I can assure him. If I want to flirt with Pierce Marbury I shall do it!" "So you're up, eh, Tina? And as fresh as a rose, I declare!" Tina put her red lips up to kiss her bluff old father in an abstracted sort of way. She hardly saw him as he stood there. "Oh, by the way, Tina, I forgot to give you this note last night - it was left by the hotel porter. Really, I believe my memory isn't quite as good as it was." Tina caught the note from her father's hand, and broke it open in feverish haste. "The train leaves at seven?" She saw the words as vividly as if they had been written in characters of jagged fire, and as she read them the old clock half-way up the wide, old fashioned staircase struck eight. "It was too late - too late! The sharp thrill of agony at her heart was succeeded by a passionate feeling of resentment. "Let him go!" she said to herself, while the red pennons fluttered on her cheek. "I would not lift a finger to keep him here!" So, when Bruce Medway's earnest appealing letter came a day or two afterward Ernestine folded it quietly within a blank envelope, without breaking the seal, and sent it back. Verily women are strange enigmas, even to themselves! Ernestine herself could scarcely have told why she kept the broken silver coin - but she kept it.

"Do try some of these little cranberry pates, Mr. Medway; I have just received a barrel of the most delightful cranberries from my dear old Uncle Signet, in Iowa." Bruce was idly striking his fork into the little crimson cirets, quite unconscious of what he was eating. "Yes, they are very nice," he said mechanically. And then he bent down to see what bit of extraneous white element was glimmering through the ruby translucency. "Only a broken silver coin." He took it out and looked at it, the familiar date and die, all unconscious of the buzz of voices and ring of idle laughter all around him - looked at it with a vague superstitious thrill stealing all over his nature - and he could almost hear his pulses beat under the soft pressure of the other half of this silver piece, for he still wore it next his heart. "From Iowa, did you say, Mrs. Lyman?" "From my uncle, Squire Signet, who lives in the Far West." "What part of Iowa is it that - that produces such a harvest of cranberries?" "Datersville, I believe, near the Owassa river." And then the conversation branched off into some different channel. Bruce Medway had found out all that he wished to ascertain on that one occasion. "A token and a summons to him, wherever he might be!" Bruce remembered the words he had spoken two years ago, and his loyal heart gave a great leap as the memory flooded it with warmth and brightness. "Cranberries? - yes - I remember 'em," said old Squire Signet, biting the end of his cedar pencil. "Crop was uncommon good this fall; old Cady's daughter brought them here to sell by the peck." To tell Bruce began for the first time to appreciate the tides trouble that ebb'd of round the serene little islet of Ernestine's heart. "Where do they live - Mr. Cady's family, I mean?" "See that ar' old blasted pine down in the hollow? Well, just beyond there a road leads down past Cady's. Won't stop a little longer? Well, good evenin', Squire." And Bruce Medway walked down through the orange twilight to where the skeleton arm of the blasted pine seemed to point to the light in a far-off window - walked to meet the dearest treasure of his heart! Through the uncurtained panes he could see the tiny room all bright and ruddy with cheery fire-light; the slender drooping figure sitting alone on the hearthstone with its golden shine of hair and the thoughtful bend of its neck. And he opened the door softly and went in. "Tina!" She put back her hair with both hands, and looked at him as if she fancied herself under the delusion of some spell. "You summoned me, and I have come. Tina, my love, shall the old times return to us once more? Shall we be all the world to each other once again?" It was full nine o'clock by the silver-studded time-piece of the stars before Bruce Medway rose to take his departure. "But let me one thing, Bruce," said Ernestine, laying her hand lightly on his, as they stood protrating their lover-like adieux on the door-stone in the frigid moonlight, "what did you mean when you said I had summoned you?" He drew a little box from his breast-pocket, and smilingly held up a bit of silver. "And I wear its mate close to my heart, Tina!" "Bruce - surely that is not my half of the coin?" "It was your half, Tina." "And where did you find it?" "One of these days I will tell you, dear - not in a very romantic juxtaposition, however. You remember what I said to you when we divided the silver piece between us?" As if Tina had forgotten one word or syllable of those old days. "The iron hand of time had swept away all those tokens of lang syne now. Mr. Medway is a middle-aged, bald-headed member of society, and Mrs. Medway has white hairs mixed with the golden brightness of her braids; but she keeps the worn bit of silver and its sweet associations still, and believes most firmly in true-love and romance.

Father Abraham's Chips.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE arrived in Baltimore on Saturday week. THE latest report about Jeff. Davis is that he has the heart disease. A LADY was robbed of \$10,000 in the passenger cars of Baltimore on Saturday. (GEN. HANCOCK will not be a candidate for any civil office while he remains in the army. AN Illinois county, with a voting population of 10,000, has produced 96 divorcees within a month. MATT. H. CARPENTER, the new Senator from Wisconsin, always temperate, has become a teetotaler. MR. CRITTENDEN, of Brooklyn, built a house in which to receive General Grant last Monday night. THE greatest orator in the present House of Representatives is said to be Mr. Mallin, of Tennessee. THE political campaign of 1869 will open with the following State elections: New Hampshire, March 9; Connecticut, April 4; Rhode Island, April 7. A Governor is to be chosen in each.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING

IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

Ten lines of Nonpareil constitute a Square.

Table with columns: TIME, 1 Col., 2 Cols., 3 Cols., 4 Cols., 5 Cols., 6 Cols. Rows: 1 week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 1 month, 2 months, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year.

Executors' Notice, Administrators' Notice, Assignees' Notice, Auditors' Notice.

SPECIAL NOTICES - Ten cents a line for the first insertion, and seven cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

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 despatch.

WHEN a man takes more pleasure in earning money than in spending it, he has taken the first step toward wealth.

ANDREW JOHNSON has either bought himself, or some of his friends for him, a very large estate in Eastern Tennessee.

ANDREW JOHNSON is passing the few days he has yet left of his Presidential term, in pardoning counterfeiters, mail robbers and revenue swindlers.

ANDREW JOHNSON leaves the White House on the 4th of March next. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

The State Temperance Convention at Harrisburg on the 23d of this month, will, it is anticipated, be a grand affair. Extensive arrangements have been made to accommodate delegates from all the societies.

D. R. LOCKE, (Nasby) at the close of his present lecture tour, will have delivered two hundred and thirty lectures, yielding him the handsome sum of \$48,000 gross receipts, or say \$40,000 with all expenses paid.

THE paid fire department question is the absorbing topic of conversation among the freemen and citizens generally, of Philadelphia and Pittsburg. Rivalry and animosity are the causes of the talked of change.

EX-GOV. WISE, who hung John Brown and thanked God there were no free schools in his vicinity, is becoming penitent. He now thanks God for the late war, because it has freed him and his heirs forever from the curse of slavery.

A DARKY gives the following reason why the colored race is superior to the white race. He reasons thusly: "All men are made of clay, and like the weerscham pipe, are more valuable when highly colored."

WISCONSIN has certainly a "carpet-bag" Legislature. Of the twenty-two Senators, not one was born within the limits of the State, and of the one hundred members comprising the House of Delegates, but two were "to the manor born."

ADVERTISING is merely making an extension of your shop front in the newspapers. You display your articles in the window where a few hundred see them, and in a newspaper you enumerate what you have for sale and thousands are thereby attracted to your store.

AN insane man, named Hooper, of Hannibal, Mo., murdered his daughter on the 6th inst. He strangled her with a strap, then cut her body in two, and otherwise mutilated the corpse. He was arrested. When asked why he committed the deed, he replied that he offered her as a sacrifice to Christ. The girl was ten years of age.

THE lumber regions in the northern part of Wisconsin are infested by mice as if a plague of Egypt had come upon the country. They have overrun the lumber camp, and even drive the horses and cattle from their feed boxes, eat clothing, boots, socks and caps, nest in the beds, etc. Every supply team now going into the "pineries" has a box of cats upon it.

THEY evidently "live" in Chicago. The following are the headings of a single paper on one day: "More Bloody Affairs," "Deadly Weapons," "The Axe, the Revolver, and Beer Mugs," "The Head of a Detective Laid Open by Blows from a Hatchet," "Shooting of a White Boy by a Negro in Clark street," "A Bartender Badly Pounded with Beer Glasses."

THE Executive Council of the Philadelphia Board of Trade estimate the product in money, of the coal, iron and oil of this State, for the last year, at \$1,055,000,000. This is a greater sum than is produced by all the gold bearing States and Territories, and yet it is the yield of only the mineral product of the State, leaving the vast agricultural and other sources of her wealth out of view.

IT is now absolutely certain that the new Congress will meet on the 4th of March. Very many important measures cannot be acted on during this session, and it is requisite that they should be passed upon. In the next House there will be more democrats than in the present House, but the new Senate will have fifty-five Republicans to eleven Democrats.

GEORGE S. TWITCHELL, JR., the Philadelphia murderer, seems to realize his situation, and spends much time in reading religious works and listening to his minister, Dr. Bringham. He is quiet and docile, his manner being described as amiable and winning. He still protests, however, that he knows nothing of the crime for which he is to be hanged. A movement has been made by citizens of Philadelphia to secure his pardon by Gov. Geary.

A RECENT statistical publication says that in the United States there are 543 daily papers, 4,425 weekly, and 277 monthly - total 5,244. The number of printing offices exceeds 6,000. In addition there are 56 tri-weekly papers, 63 semi-weekly, 46 semi-monthly publications, 267 monthly, and 24 quarterly, making the total number of all American publications 5,734, or of newspapers proper, a total of 5,353.

GEN. Sheridan has lately had a "big talk" with a number of Indian Chiefs on our Western frontier. They came to him and told him they were going to behave themselves for the future, and they wanted to be friends again with the white men. Sheridan listened to them very patiently, and then made his speech, as follows: "Let us have peace. The Government will treat you fairly, and if you don't behave yourselves you will get cleaned out. Go!"