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

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, MARCH 19, 1869. No. 18.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

Ten lines of Nonpareil constitute a Square.

TIME.	1 Sq.	2 Sqs.	3 Sqs.	¼ Col.	½ Col.	1 Col.
1 week	$ 75	$ 1 40	$ 2 10	$ 3 50	$ 6 00	$ 11 50
2 weeks....	1 20	1 80	2 70	4 50	8 00	14 00
3 weeks....	1 50	2 20	3 30	6 00	10 00	17 00
1 month...	1 75	2 60	3 90	7 00	12 00	20 00
2 months..	2 75	4 00	6 00	10 00	20 00	33 50
3 months..	4 00	6 00	9 00	15 00	30 00	55 00
6 months..	7 00	11 00	18 50	25 00	40 00	70 00
1 year.....	12 00	20 00	30 00	40 00	60 00	120 00

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ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and despatch.

Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.

Trains leave the Central Depot as follows:

EASTWARD.		WESTWARD.	
Cincin. Ex....	12:17 a. m.	Erie Mail.....	1:50 a. m.
Phila. Express	5:12 "	Phila. Exp...	2:40 "
Fast Line.....	7:02 "	Mail.....	11:15 "
Lanc. Train..	9:05 "	Fast Line.....	2:35 p. m.
Day Express.	1:45 p. m.	Columbia Ac.	2:45 "
Harrisb'g Ac..	5:54 "	Harrisb'g Ac.	5:54 "
		Lanc. Train..	7:29 "
		Cincin. Ex....	10:43 "

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

ON AND AFTER
THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1868,
PASSENGER TRAINS WILL BE RUN ON THIS ROAD, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Lancaster.....	8:00 a. m.	Reading	10:20 a. m.
"	3:25 p. m.	"	5:40 p. m.
Columbia	8:00 a. m.	"	10:20 a. m.
"	3:20 p. m.	"	5:40 p. m.

RETURNING:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Reading	7:00 a. m.	Lancaster.....	9:15 a. m.
"	6:15 p. m.	"	8:25 p. m.
"	7:00 a. m.	Columbia	9:25 a. m.
"	6:15 p. m.	"	9:25 a. m.
		"	8:30 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 West on Lebanon Valley Road. Train leaving Lancaster and Columbia at 8 A. M. connects closely at Reading with Train for New York.

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 Callowhill streets, Phila.

Through tickets to New York and Philadelphia sold at all the Principal Stations, and Baggage Checked Through.

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

GEO. F. GAGE, Supt.
E. E. KEEVER, Gen. Frt. and Ticket Agent.
nov 20-tf]

READING RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT,

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1868.

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

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 3.50, 5.55, 8.10 a. m., 12.40 noon, 2.05 and 10.50 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad and arriving at New York at 11.00 a. m., 12.20 noon, 3.50, 7.00, 10.05 p. m., and 6.15 a. m. respectively. Sleeping Cars accompany the 3.50 a. m. and 10.50 p. m. trains without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, 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. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3.30 p. m.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.00 noon, 5.10 and 8.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.15 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.; sleeping cars accompany the 9.00 a. m., 5.10 and 8.00 p. m. trains from New York, without change.

Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia at 7.30 a. m., connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 6.35 p. m., stopping at all stations; leave Pottsville at 7.30, 8.45 a. m., and 2.45 p. m.; Shamokin at 5.25 a. m.; Ashland at 7.00 a. m., and 12.30 p. m.; Tamaqua at 8.30 a. m.; and 2.20 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 Reading at 7:30 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:45 p. m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.45 a. m.; returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4.00 p. m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7.00 a. m. and 6.15 p. m. for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Porkiomen Junction at 9.15 a. m. and 5.30 p. m.; returning, leave Skippack 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 to Reading; Pottsville 8.00 a. m.; Harrisburg 5.50 a. m., 4.10 and 10.50 p. m., and Reading at 1.05, 3.00 and 7.15 a. m. For Harrisburg, at 12.50, and 7.31 a. m. for New York; and at 4.25 p. 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. [dec18-1td&w

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Trains leave York for Wrightsville and Columbia, at 6:20 and 11:40 a. m., and 3:30 p. m.

Leave Wrightsville for York, at 8:00 a. m., and 1:00 and 6:50 p. m.

Leave York for Baltimore, at 5:00 and 7:15 a. m., 1:05 p. m.; and 12 midnight.

Leave York for Harrisburg, at 1:39, 6:25 and 11:35 a. m., and 2:39 and 10:15 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG.
GOING NORTH.
At 3:25 a. m., and 1:20 and 4:20 p. m.
GOING SOUTH.
At 8:45 and 5:25 a. m., and 12:30 and 10:45 p. m.
dec11-tfd

Photographs, &c.

GOLDEN GIFTS.

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

GENTLEMEN TO LADIES.

When the light has left the house, memories such as these compound their interest.

GILL'S SUPERB PHOTO.

Miniature or Opal Pictures, admitted to be the best in the city, and no superior in the State. Constantly increasing demand and great experience in this style of miniature give us greater facilities and better results than any establishment outside of large cities.

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, Pastille, Crayon and colors, at

GILL'S CITY GALLERY,
jan 1-1yr] No. 20 East King-st.

Coal.

EHLER, BRENEMAN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALERS IN
COAL, OF THE BEST QUALITY.
YARD—COR. WATER ST. AND PA. R. R.
OFFICE—NO. 2 EAST ORANGE ST.,
LANCASTER PA. [dec 18-1y

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 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.
PENSIONS and 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 25-1yr*

Insurance.

THE OLD PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL, $2,000,000.
After paying Losses to the amount of $1,120,000.

CHARTER PERPETUAL.
All the Surplus Dividend amongst the Policy Holders every year.
THE ONLY TRULY MUTUAL COMPANY IN THE CITY OR STATE.
For further information apply to
JOHN J. COCHRAN, Agent,
no20-tf] P. O., Lancaster, Pa.

THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
ORGANIZED IN 1846—CHARTER PERPETUAL.
THE LARGEST MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NUMBERING OVER 60,000 MEMBERS.
ASSETS—$23,000,000,
Acquired by prudent and economical management of twenty-two years, without the aid of a single dollar of original capital.
Its dividends have averaged over 50 per cent. annually.
The income from annual interest alone is more than sufficient to pay all its losses.
A. B. KAUFMAN, General Agent,
No. 1 Klamph's Row, East Orange st., Lancaster, Pa.
dec 18-tf]

WORLD MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.
OF
NEW YORK,
NO. 160 BROADWAY.
J. F. FRUEAUFF, General Agent for Penn'a.
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.
Send or call and get a Circular.
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 MACHINE.

Every Machine is warranted.

Every one may be the possessor of one of these unrivalled machines, as we endeavor 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.

C. FATE, Agent,
dec 18-tf] 25½ North Queen Street.

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 4-3m

Poetry.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

We may get through this world but 'twill be very slow,
If we listen to all that is said as we go:
We'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
For people will talk, you know.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed.
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool;
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk, you know.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean.
If upright or honest and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly sneaking way—
For people will talk, you know.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited or vain;
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,
For people will talk, you know.

If threadbare your coat or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one of course, will take notice of that;
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited whatever they say—
For people will talk, you know.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they'll criticise then, in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business, there's nought to be said—
For people will talk, you know.

If a fellow but chance to converse with a girl,
How the gossips will talk and their scandal unfurl;
They'll canvass your wants or talk of your means,
And declare you're engaged to a chit in her teens—
For people will talk, you know.

They'll talk before you, but then at your back
Of venom and slander there's never a lack—
How kind and polite in all that they say!
But bitter as gall when you're out of the way,
For people will talk, you know.

The best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course you'll meet with all kinds of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it isn't my use,
For people will talk, you know.

Miscellaneous.

WHY HE MARRIED.

"And don't you know when you will pass through this part of the country again, Mr. Verley?"

"No, I don't," said the old bachelor, decidedly.

He was something of a bear to answer so crustily, when Barbara Smith stood in the doorway, with the shadowy lashes drooping over her soft brown eyes, and the roses melting into deep carmine on her rosy cheeks, until her muslin dress was pale in comparison. Such a pretty, big-eyed, loving little Barbara as she was, in all the blooming freshness of her eighteen summers, and the soft sigh that fluttered up from her lips as the one-horse carriage drove away, and was checked instantly. Barbara had no idea of becoming a victim to unrequited love, though she had rather fancied Mr. Verley during his brief sojourn at her father's house.

Mr. Verley drove away through the rustling green draperies of the summer lanes, whistling softly as he drove.

"I shall be in very good time for the 12:30 train," he meditated to himself. "Punctuality is the soul of business, and I never was one of the behind-hand tribe, thank Providence. Besides, I think it was becoming rather dangerous to remain at that place any longer. I'm thirty-nine to-morrow, and that's just twenty years too old for me to go making a fool of myself. Fancy me getting married! No you don't, Joseph Verley, my friend."

As he settled himself comfortably in the crowded railroad-car, and opened a letter, the subject again recurred to his mind with curious persistence.

"The letter of my poor brother's executor came just in time, or I should certainly have lounged away more time than would have been either sensible or profitable. Poor, dear Harold; I don't see what on earth possessed him to fall sick and die on his way home from Venice, and leave his daughter on my hands, too. Why couldn't he have left a son instead of a daughter! I never did understand a woman's ways, and, what's more, I don't want to. I am to meet her at Speedville, and take her home with me, oh!" groaned Mr. Verley, referring desparingly to his letter. "And what am I going to do with her when I get her there, I'd like to know! I suppose she's a great tall creature, with ringlets and ribbons, and just as likely as not, an Italian lover chatting sentiment to her—a creature that reads Byron, and keeps an album, and eats slate-pencils and chalk. I'll send her to a boarding-school—that's what I'll do with my niece—and perhaps, when she has graduated there, the schoolmaster can suggest some means of getting rid of her. Of course she'll have half a dozen huge trunks, and a bonnet-box and a parrot-cage—that's the way women generally travel, I believe. I am glad I am out of the way of Barbara's fascinations now. One woman is quite enough to keep me distracted with her freaks and her fancies—two of them would drive me to suicide."

Mr. Verley looked out of the car window in a sort of calm desperation at the prospect that lay before him.

"I suppose she'll want a piano, and may be a poodle dog—and there's no knowing what else. I don't see why Harold wanted to die and leave his daughter to my care just now. Speedville station—twenty-seven miles farther on. I wish it was twenty-seven hundred — that's what I wish."

And with this vindictive sentiment in his mind, our hero tied a red silk handkerchief over his head, and tried to lose himself in a series of brief troubled dreams, wherein the vision of a tall, nice young lady figured conspicuously.

"Are we here already?" he stammered, starting to his feet, as the conductor bawled out "Speedville station!" and seized umbrella, valise and traveling shawl, with the bustling bewilderment peculiar to people suddenly aroused from sleep.

Speedville was rather a large sized village, situated at the junction of several railways—a bustling, thriving little place, with an imposing American Gothic structure as a depot. Into this building Mr. Verley walked, looking right and left for the young lady whose guardianship he was to assume.

"Of course," he reasoned mentally, "she'll be on the lookout for me; women are proverbially curious."

But Harold Verley's daughter was not on the "lookout" for her unknown uncle. When the crowd incident to the evening train had subsided, and people had gone their several ways, the only remaining occupants of the depot were Mr. Verley, a lame old man who sold peanuts and oranges, and a decent looking colored woman, with a brilliant Madras turban on her head, who took care of the building.

Neither of these could be his niece, so Mr. Verley, after a little perplexed hesitation, addressed himself to the colored woman, who was busily polishing the window with a piece of crumpled newspaper.

"Ahem—I was to meet my niece here to-day, and—I don't see her."

"Your niece, sir?" what is her name?"

"Verley."

"Oh, yes, sir; she has been here these two hours, bless her dear heart; she's asleep now."

"Asleep!" gasped Mr. Verley; but the stewardess only answered him by bustling into the inner apartment and bringing out what appeared to be a compact bundle, with a pink face at one end of it, and a mass of long, trailing embroideries at the other.

Joseph Verley recoiled as far as the angle of the wall would permit him to.

"Why—it's a baby!"

"To be sure it is, sir," said the woman, "and as fine a little girl as I ever saw; bless her sweet blue eyes."

"But isn't there a nurse or some such person here who could take charge of her?"

"There was a nurse brought her on, sir; a queer, foreign looking thing, with a yellow skin and hair as black as night, and big gold hoops in her ears; but she talked something about the next steamer — I couldn't understand her lingo, sir—and went right back to New York on the two o'clock train."

Joseph Verley stood aghast, staring at the rosy baby, as it lay crowing in the woman's arms, and wondering which of his lucky stars he should call on to aid him in this unlooked for emergency. A full-grown young lady niece would have been bad enough—but a baby!

"So this is my neice," he muttered. "And what the d—l am I going to do with her?"

He turned suddenly to the colored woman.

"What time does the next train for Winfield leave?"

"In an hour, sir."

"Would you be kind eaough to take care of the child until then? I suppose I must take it home with me; for I can't very well drown it, or throw it under the car-wheels."

"Sir!" ejaculated the astonished stewardess.

But Mr. Verley turned on his heel and strode out of the depot, scarcely able at first to comprehend the fullness of the disaster that had befallen him.

The train was at the depot when he returned; and the woman awaited him with the sleeping infant in her arms.

"Asleep, eh!" commented Mr. Verley, "Well, that's lucky."

"Where's the nurse, sir," inquired the woman.

"Nurse! What nurse?"

"Why, I supposed you went to get a nurse."

"Never once thought of it!" ejaculated Joseph, madly smiting his forehead. "Here—give the thing to me quick, the train is moving."

He had hardly time to spring on board as the locomotive gave an unearthly shriek, while the baby followed suit in both respects.

He staggered to a seat, holding the umbrella and child in one hand; while in the other his valise swung backward and forward.

"There! there! bless its little heart!" he coaxed, imitating as nearly as possible the colored woman's formula. "We won't cry—no we won't."

But the baby evidently had an opinion of its own on the subject, and would cry in spite of the various blandishments practised by the bewildered uncle—such as shaking the umbrella handle, swinging his watch, and trotting both knees. People began to look around reproachfully; young men shrugged their shoulders, and young ladies smiled.

"Hush! hush! there's a darling!" whispered Mr. Verley. "What does it want to settle down into such a heap for? a body cannot tell its spine from its leg. There! there! it shall look out of the window. If I could only remember a nursery rhyme or so. Bless my heart! what lungs it has! You little beast, will you keep still?"

But still the baby wept, and wailed, and gnashed its gums, for of teeth it had but two. Mr. Verley began to look round in the car in search of some matronly dame, of whom he could seek counsel, but in vain. There were only three ladies in the car, and they were young, with round hats and dimpled cheeks.

"They wont know anything about it," groaned Mr. Verley, in anguish of spirit. "Oh, why didn't I have common sense enough to go and get a nurse. I suppose there is no danger of a baby bursting its lungs; but I should think, if there was such a contingency, this baby was in a fair way of meeting it. Well, roar away my young friend; I can stand it as long as you can."

Vain boast, and futile as vain, as Mr. Verley very soon discovered. The baby not only cried, but it screamed, it kicked, it doubled itself over in more ways than a contortionist's wildest dreams could imagine, and became apparently frantic with passion. The perspiration broke out in huge beeds on Joseph's brow; his face flushed, and still the cars thundered on.

"What's to become of me?" he pondered, holding desperately on to the struggling infant by the sash that encircled its little waist, and watching its purple face with a species of detestation. "I don't wonder that Harold died! I shall die in a week, if this thing goes on. And it seems so easy for Barbara Smith to take care of her little brothers and sisters. If Barbara was only here!"

And Mr. Verley jerked the baby up into a sitting posture with a sudden jerk.

"I'll do it," quoth Mr. Verley. "I'll take the back express at four in the morning and go straight there. Ah, you may stop crying, you little hypocrite, but it won't do any good; I'm not to be caught twice in the same trap."

Barbara Smith was watering her tube roses, in the bright morning sunshine, as Mr. Verley drove up to the gate, with the valise and baby in the carriage.

"Dear me, Mr. Verley!" she ejaculated, blushing 'celestial rosy red.' "Why, what a sweet little baby."

"Yes; very sweet," he responded, drily. "It is my niece that I was to meet at Speedville."

"Why, I thought she was a young lady."

"So did I; but it seems she's not. Barbara, what do you suppose brought me back," he added, speaking very fast for fear the baby would cry.

"I don't know," faltered Barbara, crimsoning still more. "Perhaps you forgot something."

"Yes, I did."

"What was it," said Barbara, a little disappointed.

"I forgot to ask you if you would marry me."

"Dear me! was that all?" said the young lady, demurely.

"Isn't that enough?" Say, Barbara, will you?"

"I'll think of it," answered Barbara, evasively.

"No; but tell me now. Quick! the baby's waking up."

"Well, then—yes."

Barbara had taken the little thing in her arms, and disappeared before it had time to utter its waking wail.

A week afterwards Mr. Joseph Verley took the 12:30 return, with his wife and niece, the happiest of reclaimed old bachelors, and it was all the unconscious baby's work.

A DOMESTIC FARCE—IN ONE SCENE.

"Why is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it is always on the buttered side?"

"I don't know. It hadn't orter, had it? The strongest side ought to be up, and this is the strongest butter I have ever seen."

"Hush up. It's some of your aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it, the great lazy thing?"

"What, your aunt?"

"No, this here butter. To make the poor old woman churn it, when it is strong enough to churn itself."

"Hush Zeb; I've eat a great deal worse in the most aristocratic houses."

"Well, people of rank ought to eat it."

"Why people of rank?"

"'Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint, you! what makes you talk so smart?"

"'Cause the butter has taken the skin off my tongue."

"Zeb, don't lie! I can't throw away the butter."

"I tell you what I would do with it; keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over as soon as they touch it."

THE yield per acre and average price per bushel of crops raised in this State last year are contained in a table prepared by the Agricultural Department at Washington. From this it appears that the yield per acre was as follows:—Wheat, 12 bushels; rye, 13 bushels; barley, 21 bushels; oats, 27 bushels; corn, 35 bushels; buckwheat, 16 bushels; white potatoes, 88 bushels; sweet potatoes, 90 bushels, and hay, 1¼ tons. The average price per bushel on 1st January, 1869, was Wheat, $1.89; rye, $1.32; barley, $1.64; oats, 94 cents; corn $1.00; buckwheat, $1.09; white potatoes, 93 cents; sweet potatoes, $1.66, and hay, $16 per ton. The several crops of Pennsylvania therefore yield the following money value per acre: Wheat, $25.34; rye, $17.43; barley, $35.09; oats, $17.79; corn, $35; buckwheat, $17.99; white potatoes, $81.84; sweet potatoes, $149.40, and hay, $21.60.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

To remove freckles, cut them out with a razor and throw them away. They will never return.

To bring out a mustache, tie it to a strong cord, twenty feet long, to the other end of which attach a heavy smoothing-iron, and throw the latter from a fourth story window.

To produce a fair complexion, go to sea in a crazy old boat, and the first gale you get into, your face will become white.

To get rid of red hair, hold your head for a few minutes in a strong blaze of gas.

To preserve your eyes, put them into a bottle filled with alcohol.

To avoid corpulence, quit eating.

To conceal bad teeth, keep your mouth shut.

To keep out of debt, acquire the reputation of a rascal, and no one will trust you.

To become a complete book-keeper, borrow all the books you can and never return them.

To keep your doors from being broken open by burglars, don't close them.

To keep out of a fight, stay by yourself.

To gain time, steal a watch.

To keep from stuttering, don't talk.

Garlands of natural flowers are now used in Paris to adorn the hair of ladies in the ball room. These are kept fresh all the evening by quills being filled with fresh water and sealed at both ends. In these the flower stocks bathe their tips. Plaits of hair hide the mechanism, and sometimes false hair is rolled round the quill, which is secured by hair pins afterward.

Father Abraham's Chips.

IT now appears that it is about as difficult for a rich man to enter the Cabinet as it is to enter the kingdom of Heaven. If you don't believe it, ask Mr. Stewart.

OHIO contemplates having the Declaration of Independence and Constitution introduced into all the reading books in her schools.

A CITIZEN of Monterey, Cal., refused to receive into his hands a telegraph dispatch from a neighboring town, because the small-pox was raging at the place where the telegram came from. Cautious chap.

A WESTERN paper states that a young lady was lately buried wearing a large amount of jewelry, *including a gold watch*. It was found next day that the coffin had been despoiled of its silver screws, and the corpse of all its adornments.

HON. CHATLES R. COBURN, Deputy State Superintendent of Common Schools, died at his residence, in Bradford County, on Tuesday last, after a lingering illness. He was the predecessor of Col. Wickersham as State Superintendent.

THE *Nation* makes rather a good point, when it says that "the reason why the whisky ring is so powerful among us is, that they have applied brains to the business of stealing and swindling, and good people have opposed to them nothing but rhetoric."

SINGAPORE has a boa constrictor that has swallowed a young lady, who wore at the time a $15,000 diamond necklace. The young lady is of no value now, but the necklace is—so about thirty thousand natives are diligently searching for the snake.

A MAN in Newport, N. H., has a good collection of hens. They laid 1,685 dozen of eggs during 1868, of which 1,612 dozen were sold for $355.26. Value of the fowls sold, $10; expense of keeping, $125; clear profit, $240.26. The fowls are of the white Leghorn breed, some mixed with Bolton greys and bantams, and number about one hundred and fifty.

THE death warrants of George S. Twitchell for the murder of Mrs. Hill, and Gerald Eaton for the murder of Timothy Heenan, in Philada., were read to the condemned on Wednesday last. They are to be executed between the hours of 10 and 2, April 8th. Twitchell remarked to the Sheriff—"The day will come when everybody that had anything to do with my conviction will be very sorry for it."

SENATOR MORTON, of Indiana, has accepted the invitation of the board of Commissioners of the Gettysburg National Cemetery to deliver the address, on the 1st of July next, on the occasion of the dedication of the monument, which will be completed by that time. An original poem will be delivered by Bayard Taylor, and Henry Ward Beecher will perform the the duties of chaplain.

ON Friday last, as some men were cutting a road through the snow drift near Peacham Corners, Vermont, they came upon the frozen bodies of Mrs. Emmons, aged sixty years, her daughter, and her grandson. The old lady had fallen, overcome by the cold and snow, half a mile from a farmer's house, through the window of which a light was shining all night, while the daughter approached a little nearer, and the boy was within two rods of the window. He had evidently dragged himself some distance on his hands and knees.

AN old darkey at Charleston, who was imported from Africa some sixty years ago, says that he remembers being brought over in a slave vessel. "I was born in Africa," he says. "I doesn't know jest how old I is, but me must be right smart on for a hundred. I'se old and lame, and gets a livin on what good people gives me. I loves de Lord, and will soon go to de heb'nly home. Den poor Cesar has no more hard times, de Sun of Righteousness shines all de time, and we sing to glory of de Lamb. Yes, massa, I berry soon goes home."