FATHER ABRAHAM.

[illegible]ch Deitsch.

BREEF FUM SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

SCHLIFFLETOWN, April 20, 1869.

MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

Ich geb de bitters notion uf. Ich will now nix mit tsu du hawa, for ich hob *mich ordlich goot g'satisfied* dos wann mer recht in so ebbas nei gea will, donn kushts aw geld for an awfong. Im arshta plotz mist ich a dahl uf's wennichsht an barrel whiskey kawfa. Uf course, de common un wohlfehl sort is was se usa, awer es deht doch anyhow amohl geld kushta. Donn mist ich mer a lot buttella kawfa, un so bobbeerlin druka lussa for ouswendich druf peasta, un sell kusht aw widder geld. Donn mist adferdeist wærra, un sell nemmt aw an howfa, awer der greasht difficulty wær for de certificates uf tsu kreya for de leit draw glawa macha. Selly grickt mer for common ols fun de Judga un Lawyers un Shoolmeashter un ebnohls aw fun so Porra de net orrick particular sin was se seina, awer ich het de geduld gor net for rum tsu gea un oll so kærls uf *sucha de willens wæra de certificates* tsu seina. Un noch eans, es dinkt mich de leit sin nimmy gons so dumm we se ols wahra, un dos mer ordlich feel shlonga-wartzel un onner kreiterly shtuft nei du mist for se glawa macha dos de bitters goot sin for kronkheita. Anyhow, ich gebs uf, un de Bevvy mehnt aw sell wæra besht dos ich du kent.

De Posht Office wærd awer besser awfongs, for ich hob de letshty finf odder sex dog selwer ordlich breefa un packages grickt, un wanns aw kea geld macht, so gookts doch ordlich feel we bisness, un der weg we a dehl fun denna kærls on mich shreiwa gebts aw gooty chances for geld tsu macha. Doh geshter hob ich ean grickt fun Nei Yorrick fun weaya so an *gift enterprise, un se wella hawa* dos ich ols agent acta set, for tickets ferkawfa, on a dohl[illegible] Der weg wes es explaina konn nemond nix ferleera draw, awer an yeaders dos an dahler nei betzahlt grickt an prize dos uf's wennichsht tswea dahler wært is, un wann se glicklich sin, a gold watch, a piano, a hunnert dahler greenback odder a dausand ocker land in Alaska dort uf der onner side de Allegheny barriya. Sell Alaska lond sawya se, wær ordlich feel wært, for es is wholesale ferkawft warra doh noch net orrig long tsurick for sivva milliona dahler, un sellam noch mus lond orrig goot sei. Anyhow, de chance tickets kushta yusht an dahler, un se beeta mer se aw um de helft wann ich ols agent act. Yusht ea ding macht mich suspishes, un sell is, ich konn net fershtea we se so grossy gifts gevva kenna for so kleany summa *geld*, un aw noch neava bei de helft gevva tsu agents. Es gookt mer sheer gorly dos doh ebbas letz sei mus, un de Bevvy mehnt aw so. Un noch eans, mer konn denna Nei Yorricker gor net trowa, for dort is der plotz wu se mer mei watch g'shtola hen der letsht summer we ich dort uf der demokratish Seimoyer's convention wær. Ich will anyhow noch a while drivver kunsidera eb dos ich mich nei luss in de chance ticket bisness.

Ich hob aw now about tswansich breefa grickt fun denna kondidawta wu runna wella for de emtlin, un a yeadas will obsolut mei influence hawa. Eans fun de Semly leit meant ich set for ean gea weil er so a wennich a namesake is tsu mer, for er heast Peter, awer ich weas now so g'wiss nimmy eb sell sei forenawma is odder tsu nawma. Anyhow, der weg we er shreibt, is ær an gooter Semly monn, un hut em shtate orrig feel geld g'seaft. Er hut gedu dos wann er aw ebbas du deat for mich wann ich for ean gea. Ich hob aw an breef grickt fun sellam duckter wu widder in de Semly will. Der weg we ær shreibt wær er willens mer an bully goot certificate shicka for my bitters wann ich eam my influence geb, awer sidder dos ich conclude hob nix mit seller bisness tsu du hawa mus er an onner sort bait usa for my vote tsu fonga. Ich hob aw breefa fun unnershiedliche kondidawta for onnery emter, awer for de tseit fershprech ich kens fun eana. In a paar mohnat is es tseit genunk. Ferleicht kumm ich selwer noch rouse for ebbas. Der Shtate Lawyer meant ich set runna for Shreef, awer mit eam geats mer aw so a wennich we mit denna kærls in Nei Yorrick wu hawa wella dos ich ols agent act for eara chance tickets ferkawfa um de helft—ich drau eam net recht.

Geshter hob ich an bichly g'shickt grick dorrich de Posht Office fun weaya was se Frennollogy heasa, mit a mensha kup ob gepicktert for explaina was de leit olles in eara kep hen. Ich hobs net recht fershtonna, un awer de Bevvy huts explained, un ich hob im sin des ding tsu shtudya, for dort kent mer ferleicht geld macha draw, for es is kea humbug. An yeader monn hut an kup, un wann emich ebbas in kup is donn kom mer aw onsinna was es is mit ieda. Des Frennollogy explaint dos es. For instance, wann eans an ordlich dicker bump uf der hinnersht side fun kup hut, donn kennsht dich druf ferlussa dos er an mann is fun filoprogenitiliness, un eans dos dickey bumps hut limich de ohra, so a wennich nuf tsus, seller hut was se kombattiliness heasa, un sell meant eaner der olsfort ready is for an rough un tumble fight. Now des Frennollogy, sawya se, is an ivver eas gooty bisness, un ich hob a notion nei tsu gea derfore. De Bevvy meant sell wær's besht dos ich du kennt. For an holwer dahler kennt ich ordlich goot afforda an kup tsu examina, un ich hob kea tsweifel dos wann ich des ding bekomt mach dos ich aw plenty customers kreeya komm. For instance, des yohr gebts about tswea hunnert kondidawta for de emtlin, un a yeadas will my influence hawa, un seily, uf course, de ata mich oll patroneisa un sell wær olleanich a hunnert dahler wært. We meaner dos ich ivver des Frennollogy kunsidder we meaner kummts mer fore dos es an bully gooty bisness wær. *Besides, sell deat mer aw* noch an hocher tittle gevva—Professor—un sell wær aw on sich selwer ebbas wært.

Der klea Abey, is hearty, un de Bevvy aw. We is es bei eich—sin der aw all g'sund? Mer hoffa anyhow so. No more at present.

PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER, Esq.

"MEET LIZZIE AT SIX."

A TOUCHING STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

"Meet Lizzie at six." That was all the despatch contained. Four little words! yet what an excitement they caused in the household of Maple cottage, the quiet, sober household, whose members at the moment of its reception were on the point of going to rest *for the night*.

"Meet Lizzie at six!" Was our darling indeed so near us? Two years and three months had passed since our eyes had been gladdened by her girlish beauty, since her voice had mingled with the bird-music that floated all the long summer days among the maples. Two years and three months she had been buried among books, in a far distant city, bowing her sunny curls over algebra and geometry, grammar and philosophy, astronomy and botany, French and Latin; patiently at first, because her parents desired it; afterwards cheerfully to please the teachers she had learned to love; and at last for what those studies unlocked to her. But it was over now, those toilsome years, and she was on her way to us once more—our Lizzie, our pet and pride—we should meet her at six.

She left B—— in the morning; had journeyed without stopping all day; this we guessed at once; and at eight in the evening, finding a hasty opportunity, she had telegraphed to us the above.

At six the eastern train arrived at our station. Lizzie was to ride all night, for the sake of reaching home thus early. It was like her, impulsive, warm-hearted child that she was.

How little we slept that night! What slight sounds aroused us; how early we were all astir—even the baby and the white-haired grandfather. "Meet Lizzie!" he said: "aye, indeed, we will!"—and the old man's voice caught a youthful tone, and his crutches an elastic movement, as he hobbled about the house giving orders as if the responsibility rested upon him, to be sure.

There was Hannah, too, bewildering the mother about the breakfast. "Did Lizzie like coffee or cocoa best? And would she make biscuits or waffles?" And the mother smiling all the time, nodded her head to everything, and went hurrying about, *with the gridiron in one* hand and the egg-boiler in the other, coaxing Fanny, with mysterious apronfulls of something, was flitting up stairs and down, leaving a book here, a flower there, a daguerreotype on the table, a rosy cheeked fall apple in the window—something for Lizzie to see and smile at. Only the father seemed undisturbed. We noticed to be sure, that the dimples in his cheeks, which Lizzie always said she made with her fingers when she was a babe, looked deeper when he smiled and that his voice was a trifle less steady when he told Thomas to bring the horses; but he did not like to be considered a demonstrative man, so we only looked significantly at each other and said nothing. Still waters are sometimes very deep.

At last the carriage came round and we got in; two of us besides the father who was to drive. There was room for more, but it was quite out of her line, the mother said, to go on a dashing drive before breakfast; so we left her on the piazza, with the pickle-dish in her hand, and wiping her eyes with her apron.

It was half a mile to the depot, and the sun had not quite risen when we started. How balmy the pure air was that soft September morning! We thought, egotistic as we were in our happiness, that nature sympathized with us. It seemed as if there never had been so fair a sunrise before, and half the glory of the morning would have been wasted had Lizzie not been coming home.

The cars had not arrived when we stopped at the station, but we heard the whistle of the locomotive not very far distant, and those few sweet waiting moments—what a world of blessed anticipations they held! The sun is rising—ah! Lizzie, Lizzie!

At last the train came up—stopped. We looked at the windows; only a row of sad faces! Lizzie must have sat on the other side. A few passengers came out, solemn-faced and silent. We pressed forward—so did those who were going out on the train. The conductor appeared and waved everybody back, then motioned to some one in the car. Two men came out and slowly descended the steps, bearing the lifeless body—a woman; her features covered by a veil. They bore it into a saloon and laid it reverently upon a sofa. Still the conductor waved the crowd—except our party! He knew us and turned away his face as we approached.

Then we knew how it was, all except the father—he could not believe it; finally he raised the veil from the dead face. Oh, God! All Merciful! Is it thus we meet thee, Lizzie, darling? our best beloved, idol of our heart!

In a brief time we learned the story—learned how the Angel of the Lord had "met Lizzie" before us, in the still, twilight, Autumn morning, and, after one pang terrible we know, but brief, had wafted the gentle spirit to those who waited for her in the home of angels!

At the very last stopping place, Lizzie had left the car to procure some food for a little child who had fretted all night in the arms of a wearied mother. The train stopped but a moment; it was dusk and none of the officials had seen her leave. She returned hastily to find it moving, made a misstep, fell forward—and the rest—it is a common tale, such as newspapers chronicle every week. The beautiful head with its sunny curls, was what *we saw at the station house.*

We shed no tears at first; though it seemed as if one drop could save our hearts *from bursting: it would not come!* not even when one who, we afterwards learned was on his way to a wedding party, and who journeying a few hours with Lizzie, had learned to know her good as beautiful, came up and laid, in tearful silence, a bouquet of pure white rose buds upon that bosom. We buried them with her—the stranger's kindly offering of sympathy and regret.

Bless God for tears! They came at last; came when they saw the *mother.*

That scene is too sacred for detail. But the old grandfather's mind wandered when he heard the tidings, and all day long he sat in his arm-chair on the porch listening for the whistle of the train, and saying as his dull ear faintly distinguished it:

"I reckon Lizzie's aboard that. Has anybody gone to meet the gal?"

When told again, he would seem to comprehend for a few moments; and once he called the creeping baby to him, and patting its white shoulders, said:

"Grandsire's old and lame, and blind; he can't go to the station, but grandsire's going to see Lizzie first after all. Yes, yes—grandsire's not so far from his little gal as the rest of them, but we're all following fast!"

THE DROVER'S STORY.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever you saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all a doll for our youngest, Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy Dolly a doll. I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped in paper and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico, and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to have stayed until morning, but I was anxious to get back and hear Dolly's prattle about her toy.

I was mounted on a steady going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the midst of the wildest bit of road I know of.

I rode on as fast as I could, but of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice! I stopped short and listened; I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass, called again and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might *be a trap to catch me unawares and rob* and murder me.

I'm not superstitious—not very. But how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human.

The bit of coward that hides itself in most men showed itself in me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more heard that cry, and said I:

"If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groping that way, sure enough I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms; I couldn't see it, but I thanked heaven. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had left them for my sake, but when I got into the door yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dead fear at my heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors and my wife amidst them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face. "Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

And one said, "nothing now, I hope; what's that in your arms?"

"A poor, lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you, I've turned faint; and I lifted up the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my little dolly.

It was my darling, and none other that I had picked up upon the rain-drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and the doll while her mothe[illegible] at work, and whom they were lamenting as dead. I thanked heaven, on my [illegible] knees, before them all. It [illegible] a story, my friends, but I thin[illegible] in my nights, and wonder how I [illegible] to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

That's Dolly yonder with her mother in the meadow—a girl worth saving. I think (but then I am her father and may be partial) the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.

Our Little Jokes.

—A net to catch a woman—A bonnet.

—Nice way to stop a woman's mouth—Kiss it.

—Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they want carrying out.

—Safest way to turn people's heads—Go late to church.

—How to punish a hungry man—drive a stake into him.

—Why is X like a pig's tail? It is the end of pe—.

—Love, the toothache, a cough and tight boots are things which cannot be long kept secret.

—"What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?" "Oh, any paradox church where the Gospel is dispensed with."

—The first question that disturbed man was the woman question, and it bids fair to be the last.

—Sidney Smith compares the whistle of a locomotive to the squeal of an attorney, when Satan first gets hold of him.

—"What would you be, dearest," said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I was to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?"—"I would be stationery."

—A Boston paper records five elopements in one day. It adds, "go it, girls—you'll have something to keep you at home by-and-by."

—What's the difference between the entrance to a stable and an over-talkative person? One is a barn door and the other a darn bore.

—Some ungenerous biped has a patent medicine to make a fellow rise early in the morning. A correspondent says a six-months-old baby can beat it to death.

—An admirer of dogs, having a new litter of a fine breed, was requested by a friend to put him down for a puppy. "Sir," he said, "I set you down for one a good while ago."

—"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane of her brother Charles. "On the looking-glass," was her brother's reply.

—Doctor—"Well, madam, how is your husband to-day?" Wife—"Why doctor, he is no better." Doctor—"Did you get the leaches?" Wife—"Yes; but he only took three of them raw—I had to fry the rest!"

—There is a man in the West who has moved so often that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house his chickens all fall on their backs and cross their legs ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping place.

—A greenhorn standing behind a sewing-machine at which a young lady was at work, looking alternately at the machine and its fair operative, at length gave vent to his admiration with, "By golly, its purty, 'specially the part covered with calico."

—The following is taken from an advertisement of Dr. X——'s liver-encouraging, silent perambulator family pills: "This pill is as mild as a pet lamb, and it don't [illegible] about. It attends strictly to business, and is as certain as an alarm-clock."

—Mr. Tweedledum is of the opinion that women should vote when they are twenty-one; and he wonders in case they get the right whether they will reach that interesting age any sooner than hitherto. He knows scores of the dears who were eighteen ten years ago, and who don't yet confess to have arrived at the twenty-one period.

—Two widowers were once condoling together on the recent bereavement of their wives. One of them exclaimed, with a sigh: "Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with the dear deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first." "There I surpass you," said his friend; "for the last day of mine was happier."

—An Irishman, being asked by his angry master what he did to the dog every day to make him cry out as if cruelly treated, replied: "Cruelly trait him, yer honor, not I! I never could hurt a poor dumb cratur in my life; but yer honor bade me cut his tail, and so I cut only a little bit off every day, to make it more aisy for him."

—An irrepressible boy of five years, who was always compelled to keep quiet on Sunday, having grown weary toward the close of a Sabbath day, frankly and honestly approached his excellent but rather strict father, and gravely said: "Pa, let's have a little spiritual fun." This was too much, not only for the gravity but for the strictness of the father, and for once he "let natur caper" until bed-time.

WHO THREW THAT BRICK.

Yesterday afternoon a two cent dog sprang from an alley on High street, closely followed by a five cent brick. Rounding the corner at right angles he came in contact with the feet a of Dutch woman who was carrying a jug of molasses in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. The sudden collision of the dog with her lower extremeties threw her from her feet, and she sat down upon the basket of eggs, at the same time breaking the jug of molasses upon the sidewalk. A young gentleman, carpet bag in hand, anxious to catch the train, was running close behind and stepping upon the jug and its contents, sat down upon the chest of the Dutch woman, who said "Mine Got." The young man said something about mad dog, but in the excitement of the moment said it backwards. In the meantime the dog had run against the feet of a team of horses, attached to a lead of potatoes, and they taking fright, started for home. The end board being out, they unloaded the potatoes along the road as they went. Crossing the railroad track about a mile from this place, the wagon caught in the rails and tore one of them from its place. A freight train coming along a few moments later, was thrown from the track, smashing up a dozen cars, and killing thirty or forty hogs. The horses on reaching home ran through the barn yard and overturned a milk pail, the contents of which another two cent dog licked up. One of the horses having broken his leg was killed this morning, and the other is crippled for life. It is now a mooted question whether the man who threw the brick at the two cent dog, or the man who owns it, is responsible for the chapter of accidents which followed. Some think they do.—*Exchange.*

Dentistry.

LANCASTER, June 25th, 1868.

EDITORS EXPRESS: Dr. Wm. M. Whiteside, the enterprising Dentist, has purchased from me a large stock of teeth and all the fixtures, the instruments formerly belonging to me, and also those used by my father, Dr. Parry, in his practice. In the purchase, the doctor has provided himself with some of the most valuable and expensive instruments used in dental practice, and has beyond doubt one of the best and largest collections of teeth and instruments in the state. Persons visiting the commodious offices of Dr. Whiteside, cannot fail to be fully accommodated. The Doctor loses no opportunity of furnishing himself with every late scientific improvement in his line of business.

H. E. PARRY.

W. M. WHITESIDE,

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Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. HENRY F. ANDREWS,

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