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PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.
The time of the arrival and departure of the trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Lancaster, has been changed, as follows:

READING RAILROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,
MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1869.

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

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 2.35, 5.30, 8.10 a. m., 12.35 p. m., 2.00 and 5.05 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 9.45 a. m., 11.45 a. m., 5.50 p. m., 8.30 p. m., and 6.00 a. m., respectively.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown, and Philadelphia, at 5.10 a. m., 8.00 and 1.10 p. m., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way Stations; the 4.10 p. m. train making connections for Philadelphia, Pottsville and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3.30 p. m.

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.
ON AND AFTER
THURSDAY, APRIL 15th, 1869,
PASSENGER TRAINS WILL BE RUN ON THIS LINE, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE ARRIVE
Lancaster... 8.50 a. m. Reading... 10.30 a. m.
Reading... 3.10 p. m. Lancaster... 5.30 p. m.
Columbia... 8.00 a. m. Reading... 10.30 a. m.
Reading... 3.10 p. m. Columbia... 5.30 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 at 8.50 a. m., and Columbia at 8 a. m., connects closely at Reading with Train for New York.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.
Train leave New York for Wrightsville and Columbia, at 6.20 and 11.40 a. m., and 8.30 p. m., and leave Wrightsville for York, at 8.50 a. m., and 1.00 and 6.50 p. m.

Photographs, &c.
GOLDEN GIFTS.
Parents to Families,
Father to Daughter,
Mother to Son.

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 high, costly style of the art. India Ink, Pastels, Crayons and colors, at
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U. S. HOTEL,
Opposite Parka. R. R. Depot,
HARRISBURG, PA.
W. H. EMMINGER & CO.,
[Jan 1-1yr] Proprietors.

FATHER ABRAHAM

VOL. II. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1869. No. 27.

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.
COUNTY (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-lyr]

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THE OLD PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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After paying Losses to the amount of \$1,100,000.
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WORLD MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.
OF
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TRAVELING AGENTS.
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HATTERS,
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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 and Mitts and Hoods.
PULSE WARMERS and EAR MITTS.
[no 25-lyr] WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CAUTION.
Whereas my wife CATHARINE M. has left my home without any just cause or provocation, all persons are hereby cautioned not to trust her on my account, as I will pay no debts which she may contract. DAVID H. HENRY,
Marble township, April 9th, 1869-69

FANCY AND FACT.
Queer fellows are the sons of song!
Not always literal truth they write;
Often they catch a strange, wild thought,
And chain it down in "black and white."
To range at will o'er hill and dale,
Unbacked must the poet be;
Stern logic would confine his limbs:
He must have elbow room, you see.
Fancy and Fact, we've heard of both,
Not quite alike, as all may know:
Fancy mounts high on eagles' wings;
Fact plods along, quite sure—but slow!
And though so much unlike, yet still
They're linked by a mysterious chain:
Each is one form of mighty truth,
To gifted eyes, so bright and plain.
Shall Matter say to godlike Mind
"I am the truth, and thou a lie!"
The beauties of the arch of Heaven
How can the slightest oyster spy?
And yet, the lark, on soaring wing,
With joyous heart, and flashing eye,
Her plumage bathed in morning light,
Flits meteor-like along the sky!
Let sober Matter hold his place!
Grave and "conservative" is he:
But Mind may range through boundless space,
On Fancy's pinion, bold and free!

Miscellaneous.
FLORENCE'S BET.
"And so you have really and truly enjoyed this month in the country, cousin Clive?"
"I have indeed, Florence; and the only thing that takes the sting from regret at leaving the dear old place, is the thought that you are to return with me, and that I may try utmost to make you enjoy the next month as I have done this."
"To introduce me into society, to bring me out, I suppose?" said Florence.
"But don't you think I am rather old for that sort of thing? I have seen twenty, cousin Clive."
"Without one season in London, said he; without one admirer save the clownish young men of the neighborhood, without a single offer of marriage, if I mistake not, Floy. It is really shocking to bury your beauty for so long in such a remote place as this."
"As to offers of marriage, you are wrong," replied the young lady laughingly.
"I have been honored by two; one from Mr. Sam Gregory, who with a great deal of bashfulness and fidgeting about, asked my consent to be Mrs. Sam, and the other from the Reverend Westport Deans, a poor curate, who couldn't sound his h's. I don't accept either."
"Mr. Clive Hardinge lifted his hand with a gesture of disgust, and shaking his head replied dolefully. "Which it will eventually come to, perhaps, if you are not quickly out of this mediocre class into that higher grade of society to which you are entitled by birth and position. I am very glad you are going to my mother for a little time; for although there is not, my dear cousin, a more perfect lady in all London than you, yet the constant companionship of this so-called upper class village might in time cause you to forget that your superior birth precluded the possibility of your ever choosing a husband from among the young men of the families you are in the habit of visiting; for it would ill become the blood of a Hardinge to mate with one beneath her."
The hot blood flew up in a torrent to the girl's face as her cousin uttered these words, for she knew that her mother had when, two and twenty years before, she disobeyed the commands of a stern parent, and sterner brother, and proudly placing her hand in the strong, warm grasp of a man who had no sin against him but his poverty, his ambitious day dreams, and his love for her. She remembered how in his obscure spot, they had eked out his meager pittance; how the glorious productions of art, that his imagination had vivified into almost living creatures, had passed away, and left the noble face drawn and sad, the large, eloquent eyes that had fought so bravely for them, a closed volume of blindness and death. Then the struggle for life, for existence, the long years of suffering and sorrow of early life, and subsequently the two hundred pounds a year that some unknown relative dying, left them.
She had never seen a single member of her mother's family, until a month before, when Clive Hardinge, son of that brother who had sealed up his father's heart against his sister all the years of his life came suddenly upon them in their quiet country home, was struck with the refinement that pervaded the atmosphere in which his aunt and cousin lived, and was charmed with the rare grace and fresh beauty of the young girl. He hastened to create an amiable understanding between his mother and Mrs. Lysle, which being easily effected, as Mrs. Hardinge entertained no feeling of resentment against a woman she had never seen, he suddenly fancied that the cool breeze of Hillsdale might have a beneficial influence upon his town bred constitution; and therefore, without much circumlocution, he gave a broad hint to that effect. His aunt took the hint and invited him. During his stay he and Florence had been a great deal thrown together, and with a constant interchange of thought and opinions passing between them, grew in a month pretty well to know and appreciate each other.
Clive Hardinge was neither handsome nor young; but he possessed that which English people, and English women especially, value more in men than correct-

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.

"Handsome, Floy? You must have put on love's spectacles, surely; friend as he is, I could never call him handsome yet."
"Don't talk nonsense, Willie," said Florence, pettishly. "I repeat, Clive Hardinge is handsome; he has more strength, might and majesty in his countenance than a dozen ordinary men. Here he comes, now judge for yourself."
If a weary look and pale face denoted a handsome physique, Clive Hardinge certainly possessed it at that moment. He came forward to Florence.
"Would you like to go now?" he said, kindly; "my mother is already cloaked, and waiting for the carriage."
She quietly took his proffered arm, and extending her hand to Clive's friend bade him good night.

Miss Lysle sat at her work in her aunt's morning room, the day before her departure home. The blue cashmere robe she wore suited well the purity of her complexion, and the rich curls of glittering hair. She looked marvelously pretty, and so thought Clive Hardinge, as he made it his special business to visit the room that morning. But her eyelashes were wet; she looked as if she had been shedding a tear or two, silently to herself; and perhaps the softness and tenderness in her face made her appear more beautiful still. Clive carried a long narrow box in his hand, of blue enamel and gilt, and placed it under her eyes.
"The bet, Florence," said he. "Have you forgotten it? You have won it quite fairly—or will have done so to-morrow, for there remains yet one more day before the month is completed. Now will you tell me why you have so coldly declined the two offers of marriage you have been honored with since your stay with us?"
"I did not feel myself honored," she replied. "One was from a spendthrift and debauchee; the other from a brainless fop, who possessed but one idea in the world—that of admiring his own figure."
"But you have repelled admiration so persistently," said Clive. "Others, who certainly admired you, would—"
"Thank you, cousin Clive, for the bet."
"May I look?" interrupted Florence, as she put out her hand for the box.
"Certainly not, until to-morrow, then you may wear the prettiest pair of gloves the box contains, if you like; and when you are gone perhaps I shall be able to peek back my rest again, and my appetite. You have robbed me of both since you have been here."
"Cousin Clive!"
"I say you have robbed me of both," repeated Clive. "Before I saw you I was able to eat like any other ordinary mortal; but now the dazzling things at the table are not the plate and crystal, but a pair of snowy hands that keep moving up and down and mesmerize my eyes to look at them. Before you came I could sleep soundly enough at night, and wake refreshed in the morning; but now my dreams are wild and feverish, of bewildering eyes and glittering golden hair, and one ethereal form that comes between me and slumber."
"Please don't cousin Clive," said Florence.
"But I will," said he. "Oh, you shall fairly win your bet, my little Floy. I am a cross old bachelor cousin; but for all that I mean to tell you that I love you with all my heart and soul."
"Her head dropped down suddenly, and the long hair fell over her hot cheeks, and her hands trembled and clasped themselves together on her lap.
There was a painful pause, and when Florence dared to lift her eyes she saw Clive Hardinge's face buried in his folded arms, quiet and still. She rose hesitatingly, and then went up to him, placing one soft hand on his hair, while with the other she extended the unopened box.
"I don't want your gloves, cousin Clive," she said.
"Why not?" he asked with white lips.
"Because I have lost my bet," she replied, turning away her shy face.
"Florence—my darling Floy, have I won it?" rapturously starting up and catching her hand.
"Yes, and me too," she murmured, as she lifted her blushing face to his, and his arms closed around her in a tight embrace.

"RECONSTRUCTED."
The Hon. Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, recently made a speech to his neighbors at Oxford, in that State, on his return from Europe. He took rather a hopeful and cheerful view of the situation. The people of the South had attempted by force of arms to set up and maintain a separate Government and had failed. It was now their duty to accept the result of that failure in good faith; to struggle with a hearty good will to build up the waste places, and thus secure prosperity and plenty to the people. Mr. Thompson said:
In all ages the God of battles has made some curious and inexplicable decisions. But it is not for us to find out the reasons which controlled Him. It is ours only to obey the decision, because from it there is no appeal. In the late war the power of arms decided that we should remain one people, now and forever. The God of battles decided the case in favor of Union. Now the true Christian must justify the ways of God to man, and therefore he must say it was wisest and best that the case should be so decided. From this position a duty is devolved upon every man. Each individual is bound to contribute his mite to make this people a great people, strong, happy, prosperous and glorious.

THE OFFICE-SEEKER.
The following is from an old story by J. M. Paulding, the novelist, and first went the rounds of the press many years ago. It represents a conversation between a member of the Cabinet and a hanger-on for office, and is suitable for the present time:
The Secretary was called from his bed one cold winter's morning, to attend to business of the "utmost consequence." He found a queer, long-sided man, about six feet high, with a little apple head, a long queue, and a face critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry, and the following conversation ensued:
"Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?"
"Why, I'm not very particular, but, somehow or other, I think I should like to be a Minister. I don't mean of the gospel, but one of them ministers to foreign parts."
"I'm very sorry, very sorry, indeed, there is no vacancy just now. Would not some other place suit you?"
"Why-yy," answered the apple-headed man, "I wouldn't care much if I took a situation in one of the departments. I wouldn't much mind being a Comptroller, Auditor, or something."
"My dear sir, I'm very sorry, very sorry, indeed, but it happens, unfortunately, that all these situations are at present filled. Would you not take something else?"
"My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to keep down the roarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At length he answered—
"Why-yy yes; don't care if I get a good Collectorship, or Inspectorship, or Navy Agency, or anything of that sort."
"Really, my good sir," said the Secretary, "I regret exceedingly that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the Government, is at present occupied. Pray, sir, think of something else."
He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger of one of the public offices. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all around the room, fixing his eyes at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. At last, putting on one of the drollest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said:
"Mister, you and I seem to be built pretty much alike; haven't you got some old clothes you could spare?"

RUNNING OUT OF MEETING.
Lorenzo Dow is reported to have stopped persons from leaving his meeting by requesting "all who had holes in the heels of their stockings to go then or stay through." A similar instance, though more truthful, and in better taste, is given in the history of Phineas Rice, a Methodist itinerant. While he was stationed in one of the New York churches, he found that many of the young people, of both sexes, were accustomed to leave church before the close of the evening service. It annoyed him, and he determined to stop it. The next Sabbath evening before he commenced his sermon, he said: "Some of my brethren have been greatly afflicted that so many young women leave church before the service is through. But I tell them they ought not to feel so, for doubtless most of those that go out are young women who live at service, and their mistresses require them to be at home at nine o'clock, and the young men have to go out to wait upon them home; so hereafter when these young women leave church before the service is over you will understand who they are, and not feel badly about it." The brother who gave me this fact said: "We were no more annoyed after this; they either staid away, or staid till the meeting was closed."

JOKE ON WELLES.
We hear a good story about Grandfather Welles, late of the Navy Department. When he retired from office, he was a good deal bothered about the expense of moving his furniture and baggage back to Hartford. The franking privilege not being quite elastic enough to cover his case, he was permitted to take one of the Government vessels. Who permitted him we are not informed; but the vessel was loaded, and off the gallant old salt sailed for the Connecticut river. When he got there he found that vessels drawing more than six feet of water could not get into the Connecticut river, whereas his drew eleven! Mr. Welles had never been so much astonished in his life. The result of it all was that Mr. Welles had to go beating along the coast until he found water enough at New London to float his goods, and thence he sent them home by rail, at just double the cost of shipping them from Washington in the regular way. Mr. Welles always was a remarkable man.

WOMAN'S DRESS.
Mrs. Stanton goes it in this style upon woman's dress, in the last Revolution: "As to woman's dress, we think it superlatively ridiculous, from her heels to her head, a sheer invention of the devil to befool and belittle her, and just as fast as she seeks active work and amusement she will lay it aside. Already, at the gymnasium and skating pond, girls have donned a dress that leaves their lungs and legs free. The idea that a woman is made like a churn on castors is fast passing away, and it will not be long ere she will honor the bifurcated garments and find new health and vigor in deep breathing and freedom of locomotion."

IN FATHER ABRAHAM.
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