

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

copy, one year, \$1.50
copies, (each name addressed), 7.00
10 copies, " " 13.00
15 copies, " " 18.00
20 copies, " " 22.00
And \$1.10 for each additional subscriber.

FOR CLUBS, IN PACKAGES.

5 copies, (to one address), \$6.50
10 copies, " " 12.50
15 copies, " " 18.50
20 copies, " " 24.50
And \$1.00 for each additional subscriber.
All subscriptions must invariably be paid in advance.

JOB PRINTING

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

Railroads.

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:

ESTABLISHED.
CINCINNATI, EX. 12:00 a. m.
PHILADELPHIA, EX. 12:30 a. m.
PHILADELPHIA, EXP. 12:30 a. m.
Fast Line, 6:35 a. m.
LANCASTER, EX. 6:55 a. m.
Fast Line, 7:00 a. m.
Day Express, 7:40 a. m.
COLUMBIA, AC. 7:45 a. m.
HARRISBURG, AC. 8:54 a. m.
SOUTHERN, EX. 4:00 p. m.
LANCASTER, EX. 4:10 p. m.
CINCINNATI, EX. 10:38 p. m.

READING RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,

MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1869.

Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamagoua, 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., 12:30 noon, 3:00 and 10:45 p. m., connecting with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 9:45 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 3:50, 6:45, 9:30 p. m., and 6:50 a. m., respectively. Sleeping cars accompany the 2:35, 5:30 a. m. and 10:45 p. m. trains without charge.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamagoua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 2:10 a. m., 5:00 and 4:10 p. m., stopping at Lebanon and Pottsville. Sleeping cars accompany the 2:10 a. m. and 4:10 p. m. trains without charge.

Leave Pottsville for Reading, Pottsville, Tamagoua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 2:10 a. m., 5:00 and 4:10 p. m., stopping at Lebanon and Pottsville. Sleeping cars accompany the 2:10 a. m. and 4:10 p. m. trains without charge.

Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia at 7:30 a. m., connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 9:30 p. m., stopping at all stations; leave Pottsville at 7:30, 8:45 a. m., and 2:45 p. m.; Shamokin at 8:25 and 10:30 a. m.; Ashland at 7:00 a. m., and 12:30 noon, Tamagoua at 7:30 a. m., and 2:20 p. m., for Philadelphia and New York.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, for Reading, Pottsville, and 11:30 a. m. for Pine Grove and Tremont.

Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves Reading at 7:30 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:10 p. m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6:25 a. m.; returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4:10 p. m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7:00 a. m., and 6:15 p. m. for Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia and West of Lebanon Valley Road. Train leaving Lancaster at 8:35 A. M. 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; Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, 12th and Calverly streets, Philadelphia. Through tickets to New York and Philadelphia sold at all the Principal Stations, and Baggage Checked Through to either city.

5-Mileage Ticket, Books for 500 or 1000 miles, Season and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.

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

APRIL 26, 1869. G. A. NICOLLS, General Superintendent.

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, APRIL 15th, 1869, PASSENGER TRAINS WILL BE RUN ON THIS ROAD, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE. ARRIVE.
Lancaster, 8:05 a. m. Reading, 10:30 a. m.
Columbia, 8:30 p. m. Reading, 6:30 p. m.

RETURNING:
Reading, 6:15 p. m. Lancaster, 3:15 p. m.
Reading, 7:30 a. m. Columbia, 5:25 a. 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 of Lebanon Valley Road. Train leaving Lancaster at 8:35 A. M. 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; Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, 12th and Calverly streets, Philadelphia. Through tickets to New York and Philadelphia sold at all the Principal Stations, and Baggage Checked Through to either city.

5-Mileage Ticket, Books for 500 or 1000 miles, Season and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.

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

APRIL 26, 1869. G. B. GAGE, Supt.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

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 8:30 a. m., 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 1:30, 6:25 a. m., and 2:30 and 10:15 p. m.

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

Photographs, &c.

GOLDEN GIFTS. Parents to Families, Father to Daughter, Mother to Son, GENTLEMEN TO LADIES.

When the light of the house, memorials such as these compound the interest. GILL'S SUPERB PHOTO. Miniature or Opal Pictures, admitted to be the best in the city, and no superior in the State.

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,

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 3 or 5 years, or were honorably discharged for such service.

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.

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, From "Father Abraham," Office, No. 20-21st.

WORLD MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.

NEW YORK, NO. 160 BROADWAY.

J. F. FRUEAUFF, General Agent for Penna., NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER, PENNA.

(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 16m-2

Hats, Caps, Furs, &c.

1868. SHULTZ & BROTHER, HATTERS, NORTH QUEEN STREET, LANCASTER, PENNA.

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, FLESH, &c., &c. Ladies' Fine Fur Trimmed Gloves, Gauntlets, Mitts and Hoods.

PULSE WARMERS and EAR MITTS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. No. 20-21st.

Banking.

DAVID BAIR, B. W. SHENK, B. A. & S. HENK, BANKERS, NORTHEAST ANGLE OF CENTRE SQUARE, LANCASTER, PENNA. No. 20-21st.

MECHANICS' BANK, NO. 36 NORTH QUEEN STREET, (INQUIRER BUILDING.) Deals in UNITED STATES BONDS, STOCKS, GOLD, SILVER, AND COUPONS. Drafts given on all the principal Cities. Collections made promptly. Interest paid on Deposits. JOSEPH CLARKSON, Bankers as STEHMAN, CLARKSON & CO. mh26-3m

Poetry.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few, Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'er me and you;

And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too— Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life, When, I like to God! your low sweet "Yes," made you my loving wife;

Your heart will say the same, I know, that day's as dear to you, That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet face that day; How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could hardly say!

Nor how I doted on you; ah, how proud I was of you; But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No, no! no fairer were you then than at this hour to me; And dear as life to me this day, how could you have been so here?

As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true, But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there, For me you would not bravely face—with me you would not share?

O what a weary want had every day, if wanting you; Wanting the love that God made mine, when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—small faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear.

Small, loving hearts your care each day makes yet more like to you, More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And, blessed be God, all he has given are with us yet, around; Our table, every little life lent to us still is found;

Though each care's well known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through; Bless'd'd be his name for all his love since this old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories treasure yet; The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget;

Whatever, what the future brings, here we're still true; We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our own and daughters to grow old, We know his goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;

Your aged eyes shall see in mine all they've still shined to you, And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And O! when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest; May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;

O may my parting gaze be bless'd with the dear sight of you! Of those fond eyes—fond as they were, when this old ring was new.

Miscellaneous.

ADOPTED. "It's very strange," mused Blanche Penroy, slowly weaving together the wreath of scarlet autumn leaves, with which she was decorating her broad-brimmed straw hat.

"I know so little about him; I have only known him ten days, and yet, when he spoke of leaving Elm Point, last night, it seemed as if all the sunshine had gone out of the world.

Oh, Blanche, you naughty little Blanche!" she added, leaning forward, and apostrophizing the fair face mirrored in the glass-stream at her feet. "Is it possible that you have allowed yourself to fall in love with that tall, dark-eyed fellow?"

"The roses mounted up in her cheeks as she wondered within herself whether Gilbert Evering cared for her.

"I wish I knew," she uttered aloud. "Knew what?" demanded a calm voice, and Mr. Evering seated himself on the log beside her—a straight, handsome man, with brilliant black eyes, regular features, and a deep color glowing through his olive skin.

Blanche demurely looked up at him. She was not to be taken by storm thus easily. "I wish I knew whether it will rain to-morrow, for I want to wear my white India muslin at our picnic."

"Oh, the picnic! I had forgotten that when I spoke of leaving to-morrow. Of course, though, my presence or absence would make no very great difference."

Somehow that scarlet and brown spotted maple leaf required a great deal of adjusting just then. "Blanche, shall I go or stay?" "Just as you please."

"No. Just as somebody else please. Yes or no? And I forewarn you that yes means a great deal."

"How much does it mean, now?" questioned Blanche, half archly, half timidly. "Everything."

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few, Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'er me and you;

And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too— Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life, When, I like to God! your low sweet "Yes," made you my loving wife;

Your heart will say the same, I know, that day's as dear to you, That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet face that day; How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could hardly say!

Nor how I doted on you; ah, how proud I was of you; But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No, no! no fairer were you then than at this hour to me; And dear as life to me this day, how could you have been so here?

As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true, But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there, For me you would not bravely face—with me you would not share?

O what a weary want had every day, if wanting you; Wanting the love that God made mine, when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—small faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear.

Small, loving hearts your care each day makes yet more like to you, More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And, blessed be God, all he has given are with us yet, around; Our table, every little life lent to us still is found;

Though each care's well known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through; Bless'd'd be his name for all his love since this old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories treasure yet; The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget;

Whatever, what the future brings, here we're still true; We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our own and daughters to grow old, We know his goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;

Your aged eyes shall see in mine all they've still shined to you, And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And O! when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest; May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;

O may my parting gaze be bless'd with the dear sight of you! Of those fond eyes—fond as they were, when this old ring was new.

Blanche Penroy went from the gay summer-longing place a sadder and wiser woman, and the November mists dropping over the brick and mortar wilderness of her New York home, had never seemed half so dreary to her before as they seemed now.

"I shall be an old maid," thought Blanche, as she walked up and down in the freight darkness of her quiet drawing room, with her dimpled hands clasped behind her waist.

"I never cared for any one as I cared for Gilbert; and I dare say I shall keep an eat, and grow fond of green tea, and scandal, and the sewing circles. Ah! well a day! this kind of life cannot last forever."

She rang the bell with a very impatient jerk. "Are there any letters, Sanderson?" "One, ma'am; it came by the evening post, only a few minutes since."

Blanche sat down by the fire, opened the letter, and commenced to read. "Black-edged and black-sealed. So poor Mrs. Marchmont is gone at last."

It was from the executors of Miss Penroy's distant cousin, formally and briefly announcing her death, which had taken place, in one of the West India islands, some months since, but the melancholy news of which, so the letter ran, had been only just received. It was not entirely unexpected, as Mrs. Marchmont had, for some years, been slowly falling out of the world, a victim of hereditary consumption.

Leaving one child, a son, slowly re-peated Blanche, leaning her cheek on her hand and looking down into the quiver of the white, hot coals. "Poor little fellow, he feels nearly as disconsolate and alone as I do; only I have one advantage.

"I have a sufficiency of this world's goods, and this orphaned child must not be thrown penniless and alone on his own resources, for, if I remember aright, Mrs. Marchmont forfeited all the wealth of her first marriage by her second alliance with that poverty-stricken lawyer, whose death plunged her into such bitter mourning. That was a genuine love match, yet how much trouble and grief it brought with it, leaving one child, a son! Why should I not adopt the wife, and make it a business of life to cherish and comfort him? I have no object in existence; there is one that

should always follow sunshine in this world of ours.

"I am not disposed to be unreasonable, Blanche," said Gilbert, in a whisper, as he arranged her white lace shawl for her amid the merry tumult of the picnic ground, "but I think you have waltzed quite often enough with that puppy Birmingham."

"Jealous already, Gilbert?" taunted the girl, flushed and rosy with the triumphs of her beauty and the irresistible instincts of coquetry. She colored crimson.

"Of course you will do as you please; only I warn you, Blanche, it is a choice between Birmingham and me. You dance with him at your own risk."

At that instant Walter Birmingham came up, and respectfully asked, "If he could have the pleasure of a polka with Miss Penroy?"

And Blanche, defiant and willful, and a little piqued, answered: "Yes."

And she glided away with her plump hand on Birmingham's shoulder. Gilbert had no right to be so unreasonable.

His grave, stern face rather startled her as she came back to the rustic seat of twisted boughs, when the dance was finished and Birmingham had gone to bring her an iced lemonade.

"Gilbert, why do you look so cross?" "Because I have a reason. I am sorry that you pay so little attention to my wishes, Miss Penroy."

She drew herself up haughtily. "You are beginning to dictate rather too early, sir."

"Have I not the right?" "Nothing of the sort, Mr. Evering."

"Be it so, Blanche," he said, in a voice that betrayed how deep the arrow rankled in his bosom; "I give up the right, now and forever."

Blanche was startled. She would have said more, but Birmingham was advancing toward her, and when she next had leisure to look around her, Gilbert was gone from her side.

"What have I done?" she thought in dismay. "I'll see him this evening, and coax him into a good humor once more. He surely can't be vexed at me for an idle word like that."

Ah, little Blanche, it is not the well-considered sentence that does all the harm in the world; it is the idle word.

"Such a charming day as we have had, Mrs. Traine," said Blanche, as she came up the steps of the piazza, as smiling and radiant as if the worm of remorse were not gnawing at her heart.

"That, of course," said the blooming matron, who was reading in an easy chair, under the shadow of the vines. "But who sent Mr. Evering away in such a hurry?"

"Sent him away?" "Yes, by the evening train. He came home, packed up his things, and drove away as if there was not a moment to lose. I am very sorry. We shall miss him so much."

Blanche went slowly up stairs and sat down by her window, looking at the purple glow of the evening landscape as if it were a featureless blank. So he had gone away, and by her own folly she had lost the priceless treasure of Gilbert Evering's love.

"I cannot write to him, for I do not know his address," she said, with clasped hands. "Well, it is my own fault, and I must abide the consequences as best I may."

Blanche Penroy went from the gay summer-longing place a sadder and wiser woman, and the November mists dropping over the brick and mortar wilderness of her New York home, had never seemed half so dreary to her before as they seemed now.

"I shall be an old maid," thought Blanche, as she walked up and down in the freight darkness of her quiet drawing room, with her dimpled hands clasped behind her waist.

"I never cared for any one as I cared for Gilbert; and I dare say I shall keep an eat, and grow fond of green tea, and scandal, and the sewing circles. Ah! well a day! this kind of life cannot last forever."

She rang the bell with a very impatient jerk. "Are there any letters, Sanderson?" "One, ma'am; it came by the evening post, only a few minutes since."

Blanche sat down by the fire, opened the letter, and commenced to read. "Black-edged and black-sealed. So poor Mrs. Marchmont is gone at last."

It was from the executors of Miss Penroy's distant cousin, formally and briefly announcing her death, which had taken place, in one of the West India islands, some months since, but the melancholy news of which, so the letter ran, had been only just received. It was not entirely unexpected, as Mrs. Marchmont had, for some years, been slowly falling out of the world, a victim of hereditary consumption.

Leaving one child, a son, slowly re-peated Blanche, leaning her cheek on her hand and looking down into the quiver of the white, hot coals. "Poor little fellow, he feels nearly as disconsolate and alone as I do; only I have one advantage.

"I have a sufficiency of this world's goods, and this orphaned child must not be thrown penniless and alone on his own resources, for, if I remember aright, Mrs. Marchmont forfeited all the wealth of her first marriage by her second alliance with that poverty-stricken lawyer, whose death plunged her into such bitter mourning. That was a genuine love match, yet how much trouble and grief it brought with it, leaving one child, a son! Why should I not adopt the wife, and make it a business of life to cherish and comfort him? I have no object in existence; there is one that

Providence seems to have pointed out to me."

Once more she rang the bell, with a fresh color glowing in her cheeks, and a new light in her eyes.

"Bring me my writing desk immediately, Sanderson, and get ready to take a letter to the post-office."

The old servant obeyed, wondering at his mistress' unwonted energy, and yet well pleased to see some of her old animating returning.

It was a very simple and unobscured letter that Blanche Penroy wrote to her "far away" cousin's executor from the fullness of her heart.

"I shall never marry now," she wrote, "and it seems to be my plainly indicated duty to undertake the care of the orphan child of my cousin, Mrs. March