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

Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.

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

Express, Ex. 12:40 a. m. Harrisburg Ex. 12:40 a. m.
Phila. Express, Ex. 12:40 a. m. Harrisburg Ex. 12:40 a. m.
Fast Line, Ex. 6:35 a. m. Harrisburg Ex. 6:35 a. m.

READING RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,

MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1869.

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

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 2:35, 5:20, 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.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamagua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8:10 a. m., 3:00 and 4:10 p. m., stopping at Lebanon and Pottsville, and connecting with the Philadelphia and Columbia only.

Leave Pottsville for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Ashland, and Harrisburg, at 8:10 a. m., 3:00 and 4:10 p. m., stopping at Lebanon and Pottsville, and connecting with the Philadelphia and Columbia only.

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FATHER ABRAHAM



"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nations wounds; to

care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—A. L.

Claim Agency.

JAMES BLACK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND MILITARY AND NAVAL CLAIM AGENT, No. 56 East King-st., Lancaster, Pa.

Insurance.

THE OLD PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. ACCUMULATED CAPITAL, \$2,000,000.

WORLD MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.

NEW YORK, NO. 160 BROADWAY. J. F. FRUEAUFF, General Agent for Penna.

Hats, Caps, Furs, &c.

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

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 Hoops.

PULSE WARMERS and EAR MITTS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. DAVID BAIR, N. W. SHENK.

BAIR & SHENK, BANKERS,

NORTHEAST ANGLE OF CENTRE SQUARE, LANCASTER, PENNA. NO. 36 NORTH QUEEN STREET, (INQUIRER BUILDING.)

MECHANICS' BANK,

NO. 36 NORTH QUEEN STREET, (INQUIRER BUILDING.) Deals in UNITED STATES BONDS, STOCKS, GOLD, SILVER, and COUPONS.

Photographs, &c.

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

GENTLEMEN TO LADIES. When the light of the house, memoria such as these compound the interest.

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.

Hotels. U. S. HOTEL, OPPOSITE PENNA. R. R. DEPOT, HARRISBURG, PA.

W. H. EMMINGER & CO., Proprietors.

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 passed o'er me and you;

Insurance.

THE OLD PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. ACCUMULATED CAPITAL, \$2,000,000.

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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 animosity returning.

It was a very simple and unobtrusive 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. Marchmont. With your approval, therefore, I mean to adopt him, and endeavor, as far as in my power, to supply the place of his lost mother. You may at first deem me too young to undertake so grave and serious a responsibility; but I was nineteen last month, and am very, very much older in feeling and thought than in years. Of course, at my death, the child will inherit the property which was left by my dear deceased parents."

"I hope my cousin's executors are like the nice white-headed old lawyers one reads about in novels," said Blanche to herself, as she folded the little perfumed sheet of pink paper, "and not cross old fogies, talking of expediency and appropriateness, for I do so much want somebody to love and care for; somehow, I've a sort of premonition that this little fellow will be nice, rosy and loveable. I think I'll teach him to call me aunty."

Just a week subsequently, a prim legal note was received from Messrs. Allas & Corp., the deceased lady's executors, stating that they saw no "valid objection to Miss Penroy's very laudable object, and that, in accordance thereto, the child of the late Mrs. Marchmont would arrive at Miss Penroy's residence on the following Saturday."

"Saturday—and this is Friday," said Blanche, with a new brightness dancing in the hazel eye. "Oh, how glad I shall be! Sanderson, tell Mrs. Brown to have the blue room fitted up immediately for Master Marchmont, and you had better go yourself to the depot with the carriage at 5 o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Sanderson, somewhat stolidly. The apparition of a green, unruly boy, tramping with muddy boots on the velvet carpets, and haunting the house with ball and marbles, and lung-splitting halloos, did not possess the charm to Sanderson's eyes that it seemed to his mistress'. And even the patient Mrs. Brown remarked, with a species of exasperation, that—

"She didn't see what put that freak into Miss Blanche's head."

Saturday was a day of hail and tempest, and by 5 o'clock the drawing rooms were lighted, and the crimson silk curtains closely drawn to exclude the stormy darkness without. Six times within the last fifteen minutes had Blanche looked at her watch, as she stood by the fire waiting to hear the approach of the carriage. She was dressed in a rich blue China silk dress, with pearl pin and ear drops, and a little point lace at her throat, and the clear rosy tint on her cheek. She was, unconsciously, very beautiful.

"Here's the little gentleman, Miss," said Sanderson, with a half-suppressed sound between a laugh and a snort.

But instead of a child seven or eight years old, a tall, handsome young gentleman, something over six feet, with a black moustache, and merry hazel eyes, brimming over with mirth. For an instant Blanche stared at him, as if she could hardly credit the evidence of her own senses.

"Excellent!" "Exactly! You wanted to adopt me, and here I am!" "No, but Gilbert—" "Yes, but Blanche!" "You are not Mrs. Marchmont's son!" "I am—by her first marriage. Although I am by no means the penniless infant you seemed to suppose, as all my father's wealth comes to me. I am quite willing to be adopted—particularly as you are not married to Mr. Birmingham."

Blanche struggled between tears and laughter, uncertain which would best express her feelings, but Gilbert Evering drew her tenderly toward him.

"If you adopt me, dearest, it must be for life. Nay, do not hesitate. Our happiness has already been too much at the mercy of trifles. You will not retract your offer?"

"Well, after all," said Blanche, rather demurely, "you will be a good little boy, and mind all your Aunty tells you. All I wanted was some one to love and care for."

"And I shall do very well in that capacity, eh?" "Yes."

Sanderson, who had been listening diligently at the door, crept down stairs to inform Mrs. Brown that they were going to have a new master.

OPPOSITION.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching, lies down by the wayside, to be overlooked or forgotten.

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."

"Then you may stay."

"My Blanche, my little white daisy!" he whispered, bending his stately head over the slender hand that lay on the autumn leaves. And Blanche felt that in the golden stillness of that October dell she had turned over a new page in her life.

She was very happy, and all that day she seemed to be groping through the mysteries of a dream. But with the morning came other feelings. Alas! that shadow

TWO GRAVES.

The following touching story is taken from the Boston Traveller: At one end of a row of graves in the Newbern (N. C.) Cemetery are two graves, of which uncommon care has been taken, and to which our attention was called by the keeper. They bear the following touching inscriptions:

"No. 1744. Twenty-first Massachusetts Detached to C. E. C."

(The name is not given on the board, but we learned that it was a member of Company E. of this regiment.) The other read as follows:

"Miss Carrie E. Cutler, Retired to No. 1744. Buried at his side at her own request."

Probably many in the old twenty-first will know the circumstances and tell the story of these two lovers; but the inscription on their head-boards is all we know of their life of love or devotion at death. But other incidents we do know that are full of interest to us, and we doubt not to your readers, which are recalled as we stand by the flagstaff and read over the familiar names on the white board before us: "Polliambo, Tenth Connecticut."

"Ah, yes! that is the very grave they told us about, and this is the sad story of love they told us."

"The soldier lying in that grave was reared by kind parents, in Hartford, and at the age of 20—an honest, intelligent young man—he went to New Haven. There he became acquainted with a young lady by the name of Fenin, who came to visit her brother, then in college. They became engaged to be married, and all was sunshine in the path of life. But the rebellion came, and she returned to her home in Harlem, to wait for his return from the war, to which he was determined to go. Two years of correspondence and two-four-loughs cemented their affections, until they felt that no earthly obstacle could come between them and the sweet joys of life in store for them."

"But to the loving heart in Harlem there one day came a report that her betrothed was killed. In wild suspense she waited for his letters, but none came. Her father wrote to the Colonel and to the Chaplain. They could only say that he was 'missing.' With no thought of money, or trouble, or care, the old gray-headed father, whose daughter, since the death of his son, was his all, searched unconsciously for some clue to the missing one; even ventured into the lines of the enemy. She, with that sublime fortitude which only a woman can command when trouble comes, and with that devotion which makes a woman's love so pure and sacred, shared the dangers and fatigues of a two years' search, knowing nothing, caring for nothing, unless it concerned her lover. Finally his grave was found in the woods near where the Tenth once formed a skirmish line, and a little head-board bearing his name carved in crooked lines with a pen-knife, marked his resting place."

"Word was sent to the mourners, and the next conveyance brought them to the spot. For a while the daughter sat in the carriage, and would not get out, not daring to trust herself within view of the spot where lay the dearest form she ever knew. 'Come Nelly,' said the old man, and with a forced calmness he assisted his daughter from the carriage. Going to the grave, she walked around it, read slowly the inscription, and then folding her arms across her breast, she exclaimed 'Oh, Charley!' and fell upon the grave a corpse. The old man, alone in this world of grief, was led away by the driver a maniac. Today, at the asylum in New York, he is constantly inquiring in his delirium, why his daughter is not married."

"Happy Boy: 'I say, boy, why do you whistle so gaily?'" "Cause I'm happy, mister."

"What makes you so happy?" "Cause I got a new shirt; look-a-her; ain't it nice?"

"It don't look very new, what is it made of?" "Why 'tis new, 'cause mam made it yesterday out of dad's old 'un!"

"And what was 'dad's old 'un' made of?" "Why, one of granny's old sheets, what her mam gave her."

ABOUT HORSES: Horses as a general thing get too much licking and too little feed. If a man loses his hat while driving his horse, he licks his horse to pay for it. If he runs into another wagon through his own carelessness, he licks his horse to make it all right. If his horse slips or stumbles, he gets licked for it—if he does anything, he gets licked for it—if he doesn't do anything he gets the same. A great many horses know "a sight" more than their drivers, and if they could change places with them, society at large would be gainers, and so would horses.

THE comments of a colored preacher on the text "It is more blessed to give than to receive," are inimitable for point as well as eloquence. "I've known many a church to die 'cause it didn't give enough; but I never known a church to die 'cause it gave too much. Dey don't die dat way. Brederin, has any of you knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much? If you do, just let me know; and I'll climb by de soft light of de moon to its moss-covered roof, and I'll stand dar and lift my hands to heaven and say, 'Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

THE richest bridal dress ever seen in New York was worn by a Cuban belle worth \$20,000,000.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

Table with columns: TIME, 1 Sq., 2 Sq., 3 Sq., 4 Col., 5 Col., 1 Col. Rates range from 10¢ to 120¢.

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