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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, JULY 2, 1869. No. 33.

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

Executors' Notice	$2 50
Administrators' Notice	2 50
Assignees' Notice	2 50
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REAL ESTATE advertisements, Ten cents a line for the first insertion, and Five cents a line for each additional insertion.

☞ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and despatch.

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:

EASTWARD.		WESTWARD.	
Cincin. Ex....	12:07 a. m.	Pittsburg Ex.	1:27 a. m.
Phila. Express	4:02 "	Phila. Exp...	2:39 "
Fast Line.....	6:35 "	Mail.....	11:15 "
Lanc. Train..	8:58 "	Fast Line.....	2:35 p. m.
Day Express.	1:40 p. m.	Columbia Ac.	2:45 "
Harrisb'g Ac.	5:54 "	Harrisb'g Ac.	5:54 "
Southern Ex.	4:00 "	Lanc. Train..	7:29 "
		Cincin. Ex....	10:38 "

READING RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,

MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1869.

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 2.35, 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 12.25 noon, 2.00 and 10.55 p. m., connecting with similar trains on 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 6.00 a. m. respectively. Sleeping Cars accompany the 2.35, 5.20 a. m. and 10.55 p. m. trains without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.30 a. m., 2.00 and 4.10 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.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.00 noon, 5.05 and 8.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.15 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.; sleeping cars accompany the 9.00 a. m., 5.05 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 6.30 p. m., stopping at all stations; leave Pottsville at 7.30, 8.45 a. m., and 2.45 p. m.; Shamokin at 5.25 and 10.35 a. m.; Ashland at 7.00 a. m., and 12.30 noon, Tamaqua at 8.30 a. m.; and 2.20 p. m., for Philadelphia and New York.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad at 7.00 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 5:15 p. m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.25 a. m.; returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4.30 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 Perkiomen Junction at 9.00 a. m. and 6.00 p. m.; returning, leave Skippack at 8.15 a. m. and 1.00 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 5.20 a. m., 4.10 and 10.55 p. m., and Reading at 12.55, midnight, 2.54 and 7.15 a. m. For Harrisburg, at 12.55 midnight, and 7.05 a. m. for New York; and at 9.40 a. m. and 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., April 26, 1868. [april 30-1td&w

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	10:20 a. m.
"	3:10 p. m.	"	5:30 p. m
Columbia	8:00 a. m.	"	10:20 a. m.
"	3:00 p. m.	"	5:30 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.	"	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 at 8:05 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; and Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, 18th and Callowhill streets, Phila.

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

☞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.

apl 10-69-tf] GEO. F. GAGE, Supt.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

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

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

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

Leave York for Harrisburg, at 1:30, 6:25 and a. m., and 2:30 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 3:45 and 5:25 a. m., and 12:30 and 10:45 p

dec11-tfd

Musical Instruments, &c.

J. B. KEVINSKI,

DEALER IN

SHEET MUSIC, PIANOS, ORGANS, MELODEONS,

And Musical Instruments Generally.

Sole Agent for

STEINWAY & SONS'

WORLD RENOWNED PIANOS.

Also, Agent for

PRINCE & CO.'S ORGANS and MELODEONS.

☞Music sent by Mail Free of Postage.
No. 3 NORTH PRINCE STREET,
Lancaster, Pa.

GOOK AMOHL DOH!

Rooft aw im

J. B. KEVINSKI SEIM MUSIC SHTORE.

KLOFFEERA, ORYELLA, MELODEONS, un alle sorta music Inshtrumenta!

Der Kevinski is agent for de bereemty Steinwehr Pianos—Kloffeera heast mer se uf deitsh.

Der platz is

No. 3 NORD PRINCE STREET, LANCASTER.

N. B. For a first raty gooty Geig, odder an Accordeon, odder a Tswœrrich-Peif, odder ennich onners musical Inshtrument, klea odder gross, shtept yusht ni ons Kevinski's, No. 3 Nord Prince Shtrose, Lancaster. [no20-1y

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,
From "Father Abraham" Office,
no20-tf] Lancaster, Pa.

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*

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. B. PARRY.

W. M. WHITESIDE,

DENTIST.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

EAST KING STREET,

Next door to the Court House, over Fahnestock's Dry Goods Store,

LANCASTER, PENNA.

Teeth Extracted without pain by the use of (Nitrous Oxide) Gas.

no20-tf]

Banking.

DAVID BAIR. E. W. SHENK.

BAIR & SHENK,

BANKERS,

NORTHEAST ANGLE OF CENTRE SQUARE,

LANCASTER, PENNA.

no20-1y]

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.

JOHN M. STEHMAN, SAMUEL SLOKOM,
JOSEPH CLARKSON.

Bankers as

STEHMAN, CLARKSON & CO.

mh26-6m

House Furnishing Goods.

Poetry.

FARMER JOHN.

Should you meet Farmer John in the city,
You'd call him a country greenhorn;
You might look upon him with pity,
Or perhaps with a feeling of scorn.

His great heavy boots, minus blacking,
His straw hat, with wide ample brim,
With gloves and with necktie both lacking,
And his bronzed face puzzled and grim.

The fops step aside as he passes,
And glance at their dainty pinched feet,
And lisp their disgust to the lasses
They happen to meet in the street.

O! come from the dust of the city,
Leave palace, and steeple, and dome,
Put by both your scorn and your pity
'Till you see good Farmer John's home.

Far back from the town's noise and bustle,
Where meadows and pastures are wide,
Where leaves on the apple boughs rustle,
And comfort and pleasure abide.

Where acres with beauty lie teeming,
And promise large produce to bring,
A pleasant white farm-house is gleaming,
And Farmer John reigns as its king.

How changed is his face as he nears it,
From that which he wore in the town;
A broad smile breaks over and clears it
From puzzled expression and frown.

His good wife stands ready to greet him
With a smile that thrills through his heart,
And all are so happy to meet him,
Though only a bright day apart.

His deep voice grows sweeter and lower,
As baby-lips press his brown cheek;
He is happy, he asks for no more;
He is loved, what more need he seek?

His boys and his girls are so merry,
The table so full and so white,
And all is so happy and cheery,
He envies no ruler his might.

O! ye with your city notions,
There's something more precious and sweet
Than graceful and elegant motions
In walking the close, dusty street.

And Farmer John, green as you call him,
So awkward and so coarsely clad,
Has had this great fortune befall him,
And his whole life is joyful and glad.

Miscellaneous.

[From Ballou's Magazine.]

MY RAILWAY COMPANION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

A year ago I was a confirmed old bachelor. I scoffed at the women—God bless them!—and in the club-room, on the street, at the evening party, and everywhere else where I could get an audience, I always took the opportunity of discoursing at large on the faults and failings of the gentle sex.

And I am going to tell you what made me thus misanthropic. If it had not been for Fanny Gray, it would never have happened.

Naturally, I am happy to say, I am one of the best tempered, most generous-hearted fellows in the world, but early in life I had a disappointment in love; and you know a disappointment of that kind is sufficient to change the whole course of an individual's life. I could instance a great many distinguished men as cases in point, if I was so disposed.

My disappointment occurred, as I said, early in life; very early, in fact. I was but seventeen, and she was fourteen. We went to school together, and I used to help her over the bad places in the road, and in vulgar fractions; and from helping her in difficulty, I got to loving her. And here let me throw out a hint to mankind at large. Never get to assisting a woman in trouble, unless you are willing she should win your heart; for she'll be sure to do it, whether she wants to or not. Man is an animal that enjoys being asked advice of; and if a woman once defers to him, and gets him to decide things for her, he'll just as surely fall in love with her as he's living.

Fanny was a pretty girl. Every body said so, and it was an undeniable fact. She had yellow hair, all crinkles and curls; and brown eyes, and such a white skin, and the prettiest little feet and hands in the world. Why, my hand isn't a large one, but I could hold both of hers in one of mine and not half try.

How well I remember the night I told her that I loved her. It was in October—most cross grained things happen in October, I believe; we had gone together over into the lake pasture after the cows; and I had got down on my knees right in the wettest, spongiest part of the path—nearly ruined the knees of my new gray pantaloons, I recollect—and poured out my passion at her feet.

She laughed in my face. Perhaps you have noticed that girls in general have a habit of giggling. Yes, she laughed in my face, and told me to go home, and eat my bread and butter like a good boy, and not be troubling her with talk like that. She said she was a great deal to young to think of marriage; and that when she *was* old enough, it was her intention to marry a duke at least; and live in a palace, and go to the queen's drawing-rooms, and be called "my lady," etc. And then she laughed again.

I rose from my knees very hot, and angry, and told her she was a heartless flirt, and mentioned to her that my heart was broken; but she only laughed the more. And in the midst of it, along came Harry Smith, whistling "Hail Columbia," and she let Harry take down the bars for her, and lift her over the brook, and I was jubilant when, in the middle of the stream, Harry's legs failed under him—for he was a small fellow, and she was as plump as a partridge—and he slipped down with her, and both got as wet as minks.

Well, that was years ago, but I never fully recovered from the sting her unkind refusal gave me. If I have said anything about the female sex of which I ought to be ashamed, anything which was wrong, Fanny Gray ought to be held accountable, not I.

I went home feeling as if I did not care a straw for life. I did not eat my supper, and Aunt Peggy made me drink some appetite bitters, in the virtues of which she had great faith. I went up to my room early, packed a few things in a valise, and the next day ran away to New York.

I intended to ship on a whaler, but there was no chance at that time, and I got on a coaster instead. The Polly Jane only ran with freights to Philadelphia, but that voyage was enough. I wanted no more of the sea. I thought I should never live to reach land; and the sailors, unfeeling wretches, did little else but laugh at me.

Once back in New York, no money could tempt me to try my luck again on the briny deep. I got a chance as errand-boy in the mercantile establishment of Storey, Johnstone & Co. It was a good place, and my employers did the liberal thing by me.

I wrote home, and informed my anxious parents where I was; and I made up my mind to make trade my life business. Step by step I advanced, for I was faithful and I am happy to say possessed considerable business talent.

I arrived at the dignity of clerk in due time; then I was book keeper, and three years ago, when Mr. Storey retired from the firm, I became the junior partner. Eighteen months afterward Johnstone died, and I bought out his heirs, so I am now head of the establishment.

People call me a good looking fellow, and I don't pretend to dispute with them. It is extremely impolite to contradict folks, you know. I think myself that I am passable, though I have always wished my hair had been black, instead of reddish-brown. But I won't color it; I have got a little too much pride for that.

Well, about a year ago, I found that business required my presence in Chicago. An hour or two before I was ready to start, my particular friend, Tom Jasher, came rushing into my counting-room.

"Stanford," cried he. "I've got a great favor to ask of you."

"Any thing, my dear fellow," said I. "Any thing I could do for you will be a great pleasure."

"I told Nettie you would," said he; "but she insisted you wouldn't! She——"

"Humph!" said I. "Women are selfish creatures, and judge everybody by themselves. I am sure, Tom, I should be delighted to oblige you!"

"Thank you. It will be such a relief to me. You see I was going to Chicago myself, to hunt up some claims the first of the week——"

"Give them into my hands, Tom," said I; "I'll attend to them."

"Oh!" said Tom, coolly, "John Nason went last night, and he's going to see after that business. I should have gone myself, but you see the baby was taken sick, and Nettie will not consent that I should leave it. And, indeed, I do not wish to."

"Confound the babies!" said I mentally, but not audibly; for Tom Jasher, good fellow as he is, is a perfect spooney on babies. So I said, aloud:

"Well, trust your business to me, old friend."

"I shall always remember it in you, Fred," said he, speaking a little hesitatingly, as if he feared, after all, that Nettie might have judged me more correctly than himself. "I want to get you to take charge of a woman—a lady—as far as Chicago."

"Goodness gracious, Tom Jasher!" exclaimed I, "you know I detest——"

"Oh! now don't be foolish, Stanford," replied he. "This is none of your giggling young girls. She is my wife's earliest friend—they love each other like sisters; and she is a very nice, sober-minded, cultivated lady. She never faints away, nor carries band-boxes; and she will give you no trouble at all. She is going to her family in Chicago. I should have gone with her, but as I was saying, the baby took cold, and he's croupy, and there are symptoms of pneumonia; and all the relief he gets is in onion poultices and yellow snuff."

"Babies are a nuisance," said I gruffly.

"Oh! no indeed!" ejaculated Tom. "Why my dear fellow, we can't think of living without our little Freddy! Named him after you, my boy. Named him last night. Nettie decided on it. She said there was no one in the world, after me of course, that she thought so highly of as Frederick Stanford; and she thought Frederice was such a pretty name!"

"Indeed!" said I, a great deal molified, and not a little pleased at having a child named after me—we all have our weaknesses, you know—"indeed, Jasher, this is unexpected, decidedly so."

"It is nothing more than you deserve, Stanford," said Tom, enthusiastically, grasping my hand; and I thought there were tears in his eyes, but it might have been the effect of my cigar smoke, for the room was full of it. "You are a good fellow, Stanford—a deuced good fellow? Your principal failing is your dislike of women and babies; but I live in the hope that you will get over it in time. If you could only see Freddy, now! The darling! it would do you good to hear him try to say Papa. It is perfectly charming!" And Tom rubbed his hands, and got very red in the face, and looked as happy as if he had just heard that his grandfather was dead, and had willed him half a million.

After a moment he partially subsided, and went back to the old subject.

"What do you say to taking charge of the lady?"

I swallowed down the lump in my throat, and answered bravely:

"I'll do it, Jasher. I suppose, if she's the responsible person you represent her to be, that she'll not be expecting me to do the agreeable to her? All I shall have to see after will be her luggage, and getting her something to eat?"

"Yes," said Jasher, in such a peculiar tone that I could not tell whether the fellow was ridiculing me or not. "All a woman wants is to have her baggage seen after, and some victuals to eat now and then."

Jasher took his leave, promising to be at the station in good season, with my traveling companion.

I need not tell the reader how blue I felt over the arrangement to which I had consented. I wanted to oblige my friend but I had much rather he had asked me to endorse his note for ten thousand.

I was at the depot early. If there is anything I hate, it is being hurried on my way to a depot. Hurrying destroys a man's dignity, and it wilts his collar, especially if he wears paper; and it generally makes him sweat, and then his hat produces a red streak on his forehead; and he is apt to get out of breath, and out of temper, also. I bought my tickets, and paced the platform impatiently. I wished Jasher would come. I felt some curiosity to see the lady who was to be my traveling companion. Nothing more than a natural feeling, you know.

Time wore on—the first bell struck, and still he did not arrive. I was nearly determined to go on board the cars; for I am one of those men who have an aversion to the rush for seats at the last minute. I have no special ambition to get my name into the newspapers, by falling between the cars some day in getting into them and having my legs cut off, or my head crushed. Not at all!

Just as I was going on board, Jasher came, hot and flurried, and breathless. He had a lady on his arm whom he presented to me, I understood the name, Mrs. Graves, or Gaines, I could not tell which, Jasher was so out of breath that he could not articulate very plainly. She was rather a small woman, for which I was thankful; for if their is anything I deprecate it is a woman of the Amazonian mould. It is too much of a good thing.

I saw in the newspaper the other day that the most disagreeable way women have with them is to *weigh* two hundred! And the genius who wrote that paragraph is wise. It is the truth, double distilled and boiled down.

Mrs. Graves wore a gray traveling suit, just short enough to show her charming little foot; and a small foot was always my admiration, notwithstanding I was a woman-hater! Her dress was trimmed in black, and she had on a brown hat with a scarlet rose in front, and a blue veil over her head and face.

"Homely as sin," said I to myself; "pretty women never wear veils—that is thick ones."

Jasher got the baggage checked and the tickets bought. These were transferred to me, together with the neatly-gloved hand of Mrs. Graves, and I escorted her into a car. It was not very crowded, and I gave her a seat just in front of mine, for I had decided that I would not sit on the same sofa with her. I did not care to be quite so near a woman as that; for if I did she would expect me to talk to her, and tell her the names of the stations, and buy her lady's-books, and oranges, and photographs, and peanuts, when the venders went through the cars. Not that I grudged the money, but you see I did not want to be agreeable to any woman.

I had just got myself comfortably fixed, with my overcoat on the seat beside me, and my newspaper spread out, when in sailed a woman six feet high, and stout in proportion, with her arms full of a poodle, a band box, a big paper parcel, a satchel, and a pot of verbenas. And before I could lift hand or voice to prevent her she had dumped herself down beside me, bundles and all, spread her stiff-hooped petticoat over my kness, and set her band box and parcel into my lap with the remark:

"Here, mister, just you hold them things. I've got the verbenas and pet to take care of, and that's enough for me. Dear me! can't you set over a little? I'm awfully crowded!"

I was on the point of dropping her luggage, stepping unceremoniously over her, and taking a seat with Mrs. Graves, but just as I was rising for that purpose, a nice looking young gentleman, with curly black hair, entered the car, laid his daintily gloved hand on the back of her seat, and asked the question:

"Is this seat engaged, madam?"

"No sir," replied the sweetest voice I had ever heard; and I have a fine ear for music.

"May I sit here?" as deferentially as if he was asking a sovereign to spare his life.

"If you please," said she. And I could have throttled him as he sat down beside her, his arm touching her shoulder, and his handsome face bent down to talk to her. I could not help feeling angry with him; but then, of course, it was not of any special interest in her, but because he had so much better seat than I had. For my partner smelled of musk and onions; and one of these odors alone is bad enough, but combine them, and it is dreadful!

The curly headed fellow made himself intensely agreeable to her. He bought a comic paper, and they laughed over it together, and by and by he bought some popped corn, and they ate that together. I was fairly boiling with rage, when Mrs. Poodle addressed me a question, I answered her so sharply that the poodle barked and snapped at my elbow. Sagacious little cuss! he must have known that I had murder in my heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PLANCHETTE RETIRES.

My brief career is over, and now I will take my last race over my old carpet, a blank sheet of paper, scribble a few "last words," as all great celebrities do, and then throw myself over on my broad back, turn up my stubby legs in the air, like a dead beetle, and give up the—witch.

Many a belle of a season will sympathize with me, and own it is hard to retire and give place to a rival, particularly to such an ill conditioned, long-shanked, wabbling uneasy thing as I must yield to, the two-wheeled velocipede!

One short year ago I was the pet of society, caressed by young and old; but, alas! success made me saucy, and I told some unpalatable truths. When not in use I was carefully placed in a neat little box, and carried up to my lady's chamber, where I was supposed to sleep until called for. But I was slyly peeping out and listening to family secrets.

The girls called me a "little beauty," a "heart shaped darling," a "sweet heart." Belles asked me which beaux would propose. Young matrons consulted me, even misses in their teens asked sly questions, and blushed at my answers.

Every evening I was brought into the parlor for the amusement of company; if I told fibs I was believed and praised; but if I ventured on telling the truth I was called the D——l, or made to write myself so.

Now what a change! I am neglected, or given to the baby to bang around. My downfall is so sudden and complete that I am benumbed, my poor little wheels are already rusted, and I give in.

My old mistress who petted me so much one year ago, said the other day that I looked like a bed-bug! And her daughter said, "Yes, she believed I was the mother of all bed-bugs!" The lazy thing! she has been wasting her time of late trying to learn to ride on a velocipede, and has neglected her own bed-room, and so learned what bed-bugs were!

"Bed-bug" indeed! I never wrote so mean a name before, and never shall again; but to compare me, "the heart shaped darling," to such a monster. Oh, don't I hope they may bite her!

Johnny had me out on the side-walk yesterday, and I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Angelina's pet bear go flying past on his velocipede; and as he raised his hat to his lady love at the window, he lost his balance and away went his unsteady steed and my gentleman lay sprawling in the gutter. How I longed for a piece of paper on which to scribble my delight. I did write "humbug" all over the dusty door-step, but who noticed it?

Well, *other* wheels may be rusting before the year is over, and then what next?

GENERAL NEWS.

THE Republicans of Maine have nominated Governor Chamberlain for re-election, and the Republicans of Ohio have re-nominated Governor Hayes.

MRS. ANN BARLOW, of Philadelphia, aged seventy-nine, has just finished a quilt containing five thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven pieces. During the last seven years this industrious old lady has made twenty-nine quilts, containing in the aggregate sixty-two thousand nine hundred and ninety-two thousand pieces.

THE nomination of Henry W. Williams is as deserving as it is popular. A conscientious jurist, a gentleman of great legal experience and conceded ability, his nomination for the responsible position of Judge of the highest Court in the Commonwealth, will meet with an earnest response from all men interested in a pure judiciary and an honest interpretation of the laws.

A VERY destructive fire, involving the destruction of an entire square and a loss of over $400,000, took place in Philadelphia on last Friday afternoon. The scene of the conflagration was in the vicinity of Sixth street and Columbia avenue. Among the property destroyed were several factories, and a number of persons are reported injured.

JUDGE SHARSWOOD'S *nisi prius* decision declaring the Registry Law unconstitutional is just what was to be expected from him. He owes his place on the bench to fraudulent votes, and false naturalization papers. The case will come before the full bench for final adjudication in July. When the question is fairly argued and considered, Judge Sharswood may find himself over-ruled.

THE New York *Star* has these personals as the New York press gang: Mr. Bennett is the tallest editor, Mr. Dana the fattest, Mr. Greeley the slouchiest, Mr. Nordhoof the Quillpest? Mr. Erastus Brooks the solemnest, Mr. Tilton the shanks marest, Mr. De Nyse the shortest, Mr. Van Buren the reddest, Mr. Rosevelt the politest, Mr. Oakey Hall the wittiest, Mr. Winters the tousleist, Mrs. Stanton the prettiest, Mrs. Anthony the prettiest, Mrs. Sheppard the prettiest, Eleanor Kirke the prettiest, Nellie Hutchinson the prettiest.

THE Ocean Bank, corner of Fulton and Greenwich streets, New York, was robbed between Saturday evening and Monday morning last of an amount variously estimated by some as high as $2,000,000 in securities, currency and gold. The President of the bank, however, puts the loss as low as $20,000. The robbery was committed in a very cool and premeditated manner. The thieves, three in number, rented an office in the basement of the basement of the bank three weeks ago, under pretense of opening a branch office of the Chicago Insurance Company, and have ever since been perfecting their arrangements for this grand stroke. The bank proceeds with business as usual.