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VOL. II.

LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1869.

NO. 41.

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:

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

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

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: 11:25, 5:10 a. m., 12:25 noon, 2:10 and 10:55 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 8:45 a. m., 11:45 a. m., 2:50 p. m., and 6:00 p. m., respectively.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tanawaga, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8:10 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 Allentown only.

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 charge.

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 8:25 and 10:30 a. m., and 7:40 a. m., for Reading, Tanawaga 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., Harrisburg, and 12:30 p. m. for Pine Grove and Tremont.

Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves Reading at 7:30 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 5:15 p. m.

Pottsville Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottsville at 6:45 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:30 p. m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7:00 a. m., and 8:15 p. m. for Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 8:00 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 9:00 a. m., and 3:15 p. m., the 8:00 a. m. train running only to Reading; Pottsville 8:00 a. m.; Harrisburg 5:30 a. m., 4:10 and 8:15 p. m.; 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, at 8:40 a. m., and 4:25 p. m. for Philadelphia.

Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates. Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each Passenger.

General Superintendent. READ, P. O., April 26, 1869.

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R. ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, AUGUST 5th, 1869, PASSENGER TRAINS WILL RUN ON THIS ROAD, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE. ARRIVE. Lancaster... 8:15 a. m. Reading... 10:30 a. m. Columbia... 8:10 p. m. " 10:30 a. m. " 8:00 p. m. " 6:30 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 and Lebanon Valley Road. Train leaving Lancaster at 8:15 A. M. and Columbia at 8:10 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, 11th and Callen St. streets, Phila.

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NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILROAD. Trains leave York for Wrightsville and Lumbia, at 6:20 and 11:40 a. m., and 3:30 p. m. Leave Wrightsville for York, at 8:50 a. m., 1:00 and 6:50 p. m.

Leave York for Baltimore, at 5:00 and 7:15 p. m., and 1:15 a. m. Leave York for Harrisburg, at 1:30, 6:25 and 11:00 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG. GOING SOUTH. At 3:25 a. m., and 1:20 and 4:20 p. m. At 3:45 and 5:25 a. m., and 12:30 and 10:45 p. m.

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Dentistry. LANCASTER, June 25th, 1868. ENTIRELY EXPERT. 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.

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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 Mitts and Hoods.

PULSE WARMERS and EAR MITTS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. no20-1f

Poetry. HOW THEY HAD HIM.

When I was young and tender too, I had to mind and had to do, Whatever mother bade me; She used to have a walnut stick Which kept me on the double-quick And that was where she had me.

When older grown, and quite a beau Among the girls, I used to know A Miss Priscilla Cadmy; And with the help of smiles and nods I fell in love at fovy rods.

And there is where she had me. When I was older, say sixteen, I thought it time to have a queen, And asked her if she'd wed me; She said she didn't much object, Or words to something that effect, And there was where she had me.

But when to make the matter straight, I went up to negotiate Affairs with Colonel Cadmy, He said he "didn't care to sell, He told me I might go to—well, And that was where he had me.

I got my own way in the end, Until I got my dander up (I couldn't have been madder); When she proposed that we be one In spite of pa—the thing was done, And that was where I had her.

Two lovely urchins on my knee I'm proud to say belong to me (That is, to me and madam); For when we left our native sod, We spent a year or two abroad— And that was where we had 'em.

Miscellaneous. DORA'S TRIAL.

"I do wish," said Mrs. Prudence Hall, holding her darning-needle in mid-air for a moment over the coarse blue sock she was mending—"I do wish you could see your way clear to marrying Seth Hallett. He wants you the worst kind, and he'd be such a good provider."

"But I don't like him well enough, Prudy, and I want something besides meat and drink and two calico dresses a year."

Mrs. Prudence Hall had sprained her ankle, and was forced, solely against her will, to sit, day after day, in an upper chamber, with a terrible consciousness that everything about the farm was relapsing into "chaos and old night" for want of her oversight.

Her pretty sister Dora had come to stay with her, but she was "only a child, you know."

"There are two kinds of love in this world," said Mrs. Hall, after a pause, in which she had been taking council with herself whether Dora was old enough to be talked to on such matters at all, and it flashed upon her that "the child" was nearly twenty years old. "Perhaps you like Seth well enough to marry him, only you don't know it."

"Tell me about the 'two kinds,'" said Dora, innocently; "I thought love was love the world over."

"I have never known but one kind, I think, Dora. When I married David he was the most well-to-do young man in these parts, and we never had a quarrel while he lived. He was a good, practical sort of a man, and never asked me to do anything unreasonable."

"What if he had?" asked Dora. "Well, I guess I should have argued him out of it. But there is a kind of love that will draw women through fire and water. It makes them throw themselves away on poor, shiftless men who will never provide for them nor their children, and they know it as well as anybody else does. It is the greatest wonder to me why such a feeling should ever have been created."

And Mrs. Prudence gave herself up to one rare moment of abstraction. Dora had bent low over her work to hide her roguish smiles at her sister's discourse; but she fixed her deep grey eyes on Prudence at this point, not smiling, but simply earnest.

"Such love brings happiness sometimes, I suppose," said Dora. "Next to never," said Prudence, recovering her wonted decision with a jerk. We ain't born to be happy, and anything that's too good always leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Comfort is a bird in the hand, and you don't gain anything by letting it fly on the chance of happiness."

"Did you ever know any one about here, Prudence, who threw herself away for love? It seems to me they won't look at a man unless he has a house and farm ready for them."

"That's where they're right," said Prudence. "You are rather given to high flyin' notions, and it's time you found out that bread don't grow ready buttered. Yes, I do know one girl about my age, who was pretty and smart, and had no end of chances of getting married (I think my David courted her some, but he never would own to it), and she would have that shiftless creature, Joe Raymond, who never would make one hand wash the other. Even when she was a dying she pretended that she had been happy, and wouldn't have done any other way if she had to do it over again."

"Was she our Joe's mother?" said Dora, quickly. "Yes, to be sure; and when she died we took him to bring up, and work upon the farm. He's more than paid his way, but he's a rolling stone like his father, and won't never come to anything. I forgot to tell you—he's going to-morrow."

"Going to-morrow!" said Dora, with a great start; "I thought his time wasn't out for another month?"

"Well, it ain't out rigidly till the day he's twenty-one, but he was in such a hurry to be off that I gave him the last month."

Then silence fell upon them. These two women had the same father and mother, though a score of years lay between them. Prudence had been born in the early married life of her parents, when they were struggling with a hard New England farm, and there was work for even baby hands.

The lines of duty and patience were deep graven in her rugged face, which yet beamed with a kindly-common-sense. But Dora had come late to her mother in life, as an old tree sometimes blossoms into loveliness after every one has forgotten it. Her little feet had walked in easy paths, and Prudence yearned over her like a mother.

She sat now by the open fire, bending her graceful head over some delicate work that Prudence would never have found time for; her red dress and the flickering fire-light made her a picture too lovely for that dull room.

"Prudence," she said, suddenly, "as this is Joe's last night, I think I'll go down and say good-by to him."

"You might call him up here."

"No, I think I will go myself."

"I believe I haven't ever told you, Dora, how much you pleased me by giving up that childish way of going on with him that you used to have. It did very well for you to be fond of each other when you were children, but of course it is out of the question now."

It might have been the red dress and the fire-light that brought a vivid flash to Dora's cheek as she listened and turned away.

She ran lightly down stairs and opened the door of the great farm kitchen.

A young man sat by the dull fire, looking into it as one looks into the eyes of an enemy before the fight; an over-grown farmer boy in home-made clothes, with nothing about him to fall in love with, least of all for the brilliant little figure that waited for him to look up; but he was too intent on his own thoughts. She went swiftly across the room, and taking his head between her soft hands, turned his face to hers.

"Joe, had boy, were you going away without letting me know?"

The hard lines of his face softened and brightened under her gaze till one would not have known him for the same man.

"I thought I should not see you to-night," he said.

"You know better; you know I would have crept through the keyhole for one last little minute with you."

He set her quietly on his knee, as if it were her usual place.

"How long will you wait for me, Dora?"

"Till you come back."

"If it were seven years, think how long it would be."

"If you loved as you make believe," said Dora, "you would not go away at all, but work here till you could build a little house, and then we would rough it together."

"No, little Dora, that isn't my kind of love; my mother tried that, and she lived a slave's life. I will go away somewhere—I don't care where—and when I can give you as good a home as you have always had—"

"Dora! Dora!" called Prudence from up stairs; "what on earth are you doing down there?"

"I must go now, I must truly," said Dora, as she found herself locked in an embrace that would not let her go. "If I live without you for seven years I shall be a homely old maid, and you will not thank me for waiting for you."

He put her away then, and looked at her curiously, as if he had never thought of her looks before.

"Do you know what your name means?" he said earnestly. "I saw it in the paper that Theodora means 'Gift of God,' and you have been that to me. If I had never seen you I should never have had a notion above a day's work and a night's sleep. It isn't your looks I love, but you do look very pretty. Perhaps it is the red dress."

"Thank you," said Dora, with a smile trembling through tears.

"I will write when I have any luck," said Joe; "and come home on New Year's eve, when I do come; and if you wear this red dress I shall know you have waited for me."

"I think I shall live to wear it whenever you come home, if it be seven times seven years, Joe, for women are very hard to kill."

With another long embrace they parted, and Dora went up to her sister's room.

"What have you been doing all this time?" said Prudence, severely.

"I was only giving Joe some good advice."

"Well, I hop he'll profit by it."

"So do I," said Dora, heartily. 'Tis as easy to say seven years as one; and we read of Jacob's seven years' service for Rachel, which seemed as one day for the love he bore her.

Rachel's feelings are not thought worthy to mention in the Holy Writ; but if her love was like Dora's, every day seemed seven years. And here, in a nutshell, lies the difference between man's love and woman's."

Jacob had the sheep to mind, and he did mind them uncommonly well; Joe went to seek his fortune in new scenes, and only thought of Dora when he had nothing else to do. The poet thought he had set a hard task to men when he said: "Learn to labor and to wait;" but it is immeasurably harder to be idle and wait.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] JUDGE THOMPSON don't like the Registry law. We didn't think he would. "No rogue ever set the halter draw," &c.

Father Abraham's Chips. CARPET-BAGGERS are just now in favor among the Democracy. Packer is from Connecticut, and Rosecrans, it is discovered, is a citizen of California.

H. JONES BROOKE has been nominated for State Senator by the Delaware county Republicans, and Thomas V. Cooper, Jr., for the Assembly. Both are good men.

THERE were seventy-one Commonwealth cases up for trial in the court of little Northumberland county, last week. Such is "Democracy."

THE "National Capital Convention" will meet in St. Louis on October 20th. Its object will be to adopt measures looking to the removal of the national capital West.

POTATOES are lower in price to-day than they have been for a number of years. So with everything else, except coal; which is kept up in the main by Democratic monopolists. What party makes hard times?

An editor has been fined for lying about Andy Johnson. Too bad; the more lies told about him, the better his political character will appear. The truth is what sets him back in the estimation of honest folks.

PERSHING is but a fourth rate lawyer and his only merit even in copperhead eyes is his bitter partisanship. A bitter partisan and devoid of the legal attainments required for the office, his election would be a lasting disgrace to the State.

THE RAIN OF SNAKES in Tennessee must have been a shower of copperheads, judging from the election returns. One of the serpents bit a darkey and killed him. Had a copperhead been bitten, the snake would have died, instead of the man.

A GEORGIA correspondent of the Selma-grove Times has determined to leave Augusta and remove to Baltimore. Too many radicals and negroes in Georgia to suit him, and he therefore intends moving further North, where rebels do much more about.

A Columbus (Ohio) dispatch says: "General Rosecrans' dispatch declining the Democratic nomination for Governor fell like a wet blanket on the Democracy. It has terribly demoralized them. Defeat stares them in the face, and they freely acknowledge it."

SINCE the inauguration of General Grant the national debt has been reduced over forty millions of dollars; or about eight millions of dollars per month. Under Johnson it was increasing at about the same rate. The reason is that Grant is collecting the revenue and executing the law, while Johnson did neither.

IT'S a curious fact that in a Democratic Convention the votes of the candidates varied in proportion to their "pile." Packer, worth twenty millions, was nominated; Cass, worth two millions, had forty-eight votes; Hancock's military record gave him twenty-one, and Gen. McCandless, with his creditable military record, because he was poor, could only get five votes.

THE Beaver Radical having erroneously, or playfully, stated that the name of Colonel Mutchler, the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee was wrongly printed—that it should be Misher, and that he was proprietor of "Misher's Stomach Bitters," the Clearfield Journal says: "It may possibly prove a healthier tonic for Democrats, than the rot-gut they generally use. They need something to strengthen them badly."

GOVERNOR GEARY is the standard bearer of the party that has stricken the shackles from the slave, delivered the country from the tyranny of a purse-proud aristocracy and placed her first among the nations of the earth. No true patriot hesitates as to his duty. The destinies of our State cannot be handed over to the fustils of a past age. Geary, the gallant soldier, the upright statesman and faithful Governor, must and will be re-elected.

IS THERE one member of the Democratic Convention which nominated him who doubts that Packer bought his way through that convention? Cass had 81 delegates on Tuesday afternoon, and on Wednesday morning Sam Josephs, Bill McGrath, Billy McMullin, and more of that set had induced a sufficient number of votes to change their minds to nominate Packer by a vote of just sixty-seven. No waste of the raw material there! Not one vote too many was secured. Sixty-seven were needed, and just sixty-seven were bagged.

THE Democratic party presents a beggarly dish of Virginia abstractions, blood-stained and spotted with the leprosy of treason and political death—a record of negotiations, dissatisfactions, imbecility—in which you discover no one thing that gratifies the eye, warms the heart, or meets the approval of the judgment. For a number of years it has been stricken with poverty of resources, fobbleness of purpose, submission to had principles, and has been incapable of producing or proposing any great or good thing.

GEN GEARY has been a soldier in two wars—in the war with Mexico and in the war with rebellion. An officer in both wars, noted for skill and bravery in every command he held, in every action he fought. As Governor of Kansas, as Governor of Pennsylvania, and, we may add, as military Governor of Savannah, he has exhibited administrative talent of the highest order, and never failed in fidelity to duty. Such is the record of the Republican candidate—one which his friends are proud of, and which his enemies cannot successfully assail.