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, OCTOBER 22, 1869. No. 49.

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Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.

On and after Monday, Sept. 6th, 1869, trains will leave the Penn'a Railroad Depot, at Lancaster, as follows:

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
Pittsburg Ex.	12:27 a. m.	Phila. Express	3:20 a. m.
Emigrant Tr.	2.18 "	Fast Line	6:35 "
Phila. Exp.	2:34 "	Lanc. Train	9:05 "
Mail	11:15 "	Day Express	10:51 "
Mail No. 2, via Columbia	11:15 "	Columbia Ac. (arrive)	2:45 p. m.
Fast Line	2:35 p. m.	Erie Express	3:00 "
Columbia Ac.	3:10 "	Pacific Ex.	5:45 "
Harrisb'g Ac.	5:54 "	Harrisb'g Ac.	5:51 "
Lanc. Train	7:29 "	Cincin. Ex.	11:46 "
Cincin. Ex.	10:48 "		

READING RAILROAD.

FALL ARRANGEMENT,

MONDAY, SEPT 13, 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 2.10, 5.20, 8.10, 9.40 a. m., 2 and 4.45 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 10.00 a. m., 11.45 a. m., 3.55, 9.25, 10.20 p. m. respectively. Sleeping Cars accompany the 2.10 [illegible] Leave [illegible] for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, 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 Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3.40 p. m.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.00 noon, 5.00 and 8.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.15 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.; sleeping cars accompany the 9.00 a. m., 5.00 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 5.40, 9.00 a. m., and 2.45 p. m.; Herndon at 9.30 a. m., Shamokin at 5.40 and 10.55 a.m.; Ashland at 7.05 a. m., and 12.30 noon, Tamaqua at 8.33 a. m.; and 2.20 p. m., for Philadelphia and New York.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad at 8.15 a. m. for Harrisburg, and 11.30 a. m. for Pine Grove and Tremont.

Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottsville at 5.40 a. m., passes Reading at 7:30 a. arriving at Philadelphia at 10.15 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 7.15 a. m. and 6.15 p. m. for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 9.00 a. m. 6.00 and 3.15 p. m.; returning, leave Schwenkville at 5.55, 8.12 a. m. and 12.55 noon, connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

Colebrookdale Railroad trains leave Pottstown at 9.40 a. m. and 6.50 p. m., returning, leave Boyerstown at 7.25 a. m., and 11.50 noon, connecting with similar trains on Reading R. R.

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Bridgeport at 8.45 a. m., and 2 20 and 5.35 p. m., returning, leave Downingtown at 6.10 a. m., 1.00 and 5.45 p. m., connecting with trains on Reading Railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 5.00 and 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,) leave Pottsville 8.00 a. m.; Harrisburg 5.20 a. m., 4.10 and 4.45 p. m., and Reading at 12.35, midnight, and 7.15 a. m. for Harrisburg, at 7.05 a. m. and 6.17 p. 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., Sept. 13th, 1869, [oct8-tf

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	10:20 a. m.
"	3:10 p. m.	"	5:20 p. m.
Columbia	8:10 a. m.	"	10:20 a. m.
"	3:00 p. m.	"	5:20 p. m.

RETURNING:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Reading	7:15 a. m.	Lancaster	9:25 a. m.
"	6:15 p. m.	"	8:25 p. m.
"	7:15 a. m.	Columbia	9:25 a. m.
"	6:15 p. m.	"	8:20 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 8:15 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, 13th 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.

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OFFICE—NO. 2 EAST ORANGE ST.,

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WEATHER BOARDS,
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mh12-ly] BOX BOARDS, &c., &c.

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Also, AXLES, SPRINGS, &c. [jan 8-lyr

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 [illegible] 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]

House Furnishing Goods.

Safes.

HERRING'S CHAMPION SAFES.

THE BURNING OF EARLES' ART GALLERY.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1, 1869.

MESSRS. FARREL, HERRING & CO., 629 Chestnut street.

GENTLEMEN: We have just examined, with the very greatest satisfaction, our Safe, purchased of you some years ago, and which passed through our destructive fire last night.

We find the contents, without exception, entirely unharmed, merely slightly damp, and we feel now in a condition to commence our business again, having every book perfectly safe.

We shall in a few days require a larger one, and will call upon you.

JAMES EARLE & SONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 27, 1869.

MESSRS. FARREL, HERRING & CO.

GENTLEMEN: In the year 1856, I unfortunately was in business in the Artisan Building, which was destroyed by fire on the 10th of April. I had then in use what I supposed was a Fire-proof Safe, but upon opening it I found everything was destroyed, and fire burning therein. You will recollect, gentlemen, there were several of your Safes in that fire, also several in the fire at Sixth and Commerce streets, the next May, five weeks afterwards, all of which upon being opened proved they were fire-proof indeed, for I witnessed the opening of the most of them, and in every case the contents were preserved, while Safes of other makers were partially or entirely destroyed. I at once concluded to have something that I could depend upon, and purchased one of your Safes.

The Safe I purchased of you at that time was subjected to a white heat (which was witnessed by several gentlemen that reside in the neighborhood) at the destruction of my Marble Paper Factory, 231 Wallace street, on the afternoon and evening of the 24th inst. After digging the Safe from the ruins, and opening it this morning, I was much pleased to find everything, consisting of books, papers, money and silverware all right. I shall want another of your Safes as soon as I can get a place to continue my business in. I could not rest contented with any other make of Safes.

CHARLES WILLIAMS,
Marble Paper Manufacturer.

HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFES, the most reliable protection from fire now known. HERRING'S NEW PATENT BANKERS' SAFES, combining hardened steel and iron, with the Patent Franklinite, or SPIEGEL EISEN, furnish a resistant against boring and cutting tools to an extent heretofore unknown.

FARREL, HERRING & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

HERRING, FARREL & SHERMAN, NO. 251 BROADWAY, COR. MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

HERRING & CO., CHICAGO.

HERRING, FARREL & SHERMAN, NEW ORLEANS.

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PRACTICAL HATTERS,

No. 25

EAST KING ST., LANCASTER, PA.,

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ALL KINDS OF

HATS AND CAPS.

☞ All orders promptly attended to.

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1868. 1868.

SHULTZ & BROTHER,

HATTERS,

NO. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET

LANCASTER, PENNA.

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

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

PULSE WARMERS and EAR MITTS.

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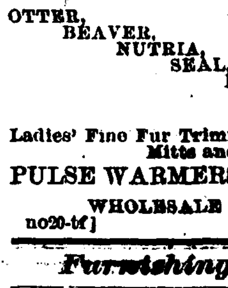

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LADIES MERINO VEST,
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GLOVES, HOSIERY,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
PERFUMERY,
POMADES,
TOILET ARTICLES,
WALKING CANES,
UMBRELLAS, &c.

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LANCASTER, PA.

FIRST-CLASS GOODS ONLY.

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and Gent's ware generally, at

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Ani vver ous grosser antook goods—suitable for Krishdogs, Nei-Yohrs un onnery Presents—so we

Hols-Dicher, Schnup-Dicher, Collars, Hemmermel K'nep, g'shtickte Hemmer-frunts, Pocket Bicher, Perfumery, Hohr-Oehl, Cigar Case, un onnery fancy articles ons

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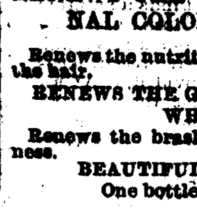
41½ North Queen Street, Lancaster,
(Om sign fum grose Shtrumpf [illegible].) [noc8-ly



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RENEWS THE HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR WHEN GRAY.

Renews the nutritive matter which nourishes the hair.

RENEWS THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR WHEN BALD.

Renews the brash, wiry hair to silken softness.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR DRESSING.

One bottle shows its effects.

R. P. HALL & CO.,
Nashua, N. H., Proprietors.

For sale by all druggists. [sept8-1m

CONESTOGA

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,

A FIRST CLASS

SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL SESSION BEGINS

SEPTEMBER 6th, 1869.

For TERMS, &c., see CIRCULARS, to be had at the Rooms, No. 23 NORTH PRINCE Street, Lancaster, Pa.

REV. M. H. BRUNING,
aug13-tf] Principal.

Poetry.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

USELESSLY, aimlessly drifting through life,
What was I born for? "For somebody's wife,"
I am told by my mother. Well, that being true
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;
And if naught but marriage will settle my fate
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?—
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manner, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse,"
To take the first booby who graciously came
And offer those treasures, his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances for marriage are small;
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
[illegible] in the world, [illegible] not let me try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept.
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "somebody's wife!"

[At the request of a correspondent we print the above, hoping it may do that "somebody" or somebody else "good."—ED.]

Miscellaneous.

THE BEST WIFE IN THE WORLD.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"The best little wife in the world!" said Herbert Ainscourt.

"Of course—I dare say," responded Mr. Portcross. "But what's your exact idea of the best wife in the world! Jones says he's got the best wife in the world, because she keeps his stockings darned, takes him to church three times of a Sunday, and never lets him have an idea of his own. Jenkins says he's got the same identical article, but Jenkins' wife keeps all the money, draws his salary for him, and makes him live in the back kitchen because the parlor is too good for the family to use."

"Oh!" but Daisy isn't a bit ogreish—a little submissive, soft-voiced thing that hasn't an idea except what is reflected from me. I tell you what, old fellow, I'm the master of my own house; I come when I please. Daisy never ventures on a word of reproach."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, larking around at the clubs as you do, dissipated bachelor fashion."

"Ashamed! what of?"

"Why, I suppose you owe some duties to your wife!"

"Where's the harm? My wife doesn't care."

"Probably you think so because she is quiet and submissive, but if she were to object—"

"Object! I'd like to hear her try it."

"Now, look here, Ainscourt, your wife may be a model wife, but you certainly are not a model husband. People are beginning to talk about the way you neglect that pretty little blue-eyed girl."

"I'd thank people to mind their own business. Neglect her, indeed! Why, man, I love her as I love my own soul."

"Then, why don't you treat her as if you did?"

"Oh, come, Portcross, that question just shows what a regular old bachelor you are. It won't do to make too much of your wife, unless you want to spoil her."

Mr. Portcross shook his head.

"That sounds selfish. I don't like the ring of that metal."

And he went away, leaving Mr. Ainscourt to finish his game of billiards at leisure.

"What a regular old fuss-budget Portcross is!" laughed the latter. "Always poking his nose into somebody else's business. There's one comfort—I never pay any attention to what he says."

Meanwhile Mrs. Ainscourt was sitting alone in her dressing room, her two little white hands tightly locked in one another, and her fair head slightly drooping—a delicate little apple blossom of a woman, with blue eyes and curly flaxen hair, looking more like a grown up child than a wife of twenty-one summers.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Daisy. "It is so dull here. I wish Herbert would come home. He never spends any time with me now-a-days, and I practice all his favorite songs, and read the newspapers, so I can talk about the things he's interested in, and try so hard to be entertaining. It's very strange."

And then her oval face brightened into sudden brilliance, and sparkles stole into her eyes; for the quick ear had detected her husband's footsteps on the stairs. The next moment he came in.

"Well, pet, how are you?" with a playful pinch of her cheek. "There are some [illegible] for you. Where are my light gloves?"

"Oh, Herbert! you are not going away again?"

"I must, Daisy. There are a lot of fellows going to High Bridge, and I'm one of the party. You can go over to my mother's for dinner, or send for one of your friends or something. There, good bye, puss, I'm in a deuce of a hurry."

And with one careless kiss pressed on the quivering damask rose of a mouth that was lifted up to him, he was gone.

Daisy Ainscourt neither went to her mother-in-law, nor sent for one of her girl friends. She spent the evening all alone, pondering on the shadow that was fast overgrowing her life.

"What shall I do?" thought the little, timid, shrinking wife. "Oh, what shall I do?"

But, child as she was, Daisy had a strong, resolute woman's heart within her, nor was she long in coming to a decision.

"Daisy," said her husband to her the next day, "you havn't any objections to my attending the Orion Bal Masque?"

"Are masked balls nice places, Herbert?"

"Oh, yes, everybody goes; *only* I thought I'd pay you the compliment of asking you whether you disapproved or not."

"Can I go with you?"

"Well—ahem—not very well this time, Daisy.—You see Mrs. Fenchurch really hinted so strongly for me to take her that I couldn't help it."

"Very well," assented Daisy, meekly, and Herbert repeated within himself the pæan of praises he had chanted in Mr. Portcross' ears—"The best little wife in the world."

But, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Ainscourt was not very well pleased, when, at the self same Bal Masque, during the gay period of unmasking, he saw his wife's innocent face crowning the picturesque costume of a Bavarian peasant.

"Hallo!" he ejaculated, rather ungraciously, "you here?"

"Yes," lisped Daisy, with a girlish smile. "You said everybody went. And, oh, Herbert, isn't it nice?"

Mr. Ainscourt said nothing more, but Mrs. Fenchurch found him a very stupid companion for the remainder of the evening.

He was late at dinner the next day; but, late as he was, he found himself more punctual than his wife, and the solitary meal was half over before Mrs. Daisy tripped in, her cashmere shawl trailing over her shoulders, and her dimple cheeks all pink with the fresh wind.

"Am I behind time? Really I'm so sorry. But we have been driving in the park, and—"

"We! Who are WE?" growled her husband.

Why, Colonel Adair and I—the Colonel Adair that you go out with so much."

"Now, look here, Daisy," ejaculated Mr. Ainscourt, rising from the table and pushing back his chair—"Adair isn't exactly the man I want you to drive with!"

"But you go everywhere with him."

"I dare say—but you and I are two different persons."

"Now, dear Herbert," interposed Daisy, wilfully misunderstanding him, "you know I never was a bit proud, and the associates that are good enough for my husband are good enough for me. Let me give you a few more oysters."

Ainscourt looked sharply at his wife. Was she really in earnest, or was there a mocking undercurrent of satire in her? But he could not decide, so artless was her countenance.

"I'll talk to her about it sometime," was his internal decision.

"Daisy," he said, carelessly, when dinner was over, "I've asked old Mrs. Barberry to come and spend the day with you to-morrow."

"Oh, have you? I'm sorry, for I'm engaged out to-morrow."

"You! Where?"

"Oh, at Delmonico's. I've joined a Woman's Rights Club, and we meet there to organize."

"The deuce take 'woman's rights!'" ejaculated the irate husband.

"Of course I don't believe in them, but it's the fashion to belong to a club, and its such a nice place to go to evenings. I am dull here evenings, Herbert."

Herbert's heart smote him, but he answered resolutely, "I beg you will give up this ridiculous idea. What do women want of clubs?"

"What men do, I suppose."

"But I don't approve of it at all."

"You belong to three clubs, Herbert."

"That's altogether a different matter."

"But why is it different?"

"Hem—why? because—of course, anybody can see why—it's self-evident."

"I must be very blind," said Mrs Ainscourt, demurely, "but I confess I can't discriminate the essential difference."

Herbert Ainscourt said no more, but he did not at all relish the change that had lately come over the spirit of Daisy's dream. She did change, somehow. She went out driving, here, there and everywhere. He never knew when he was certain of a quiet evening with her; she joined not only the club, but innumerable societies for a thousand and one purposes, which took her away from home almost continually. Mr. Ainscourt chafed against the bit, but it was useless. Daisy always had an excuse to plead.

Presently her mother-in-law bore down upon her, an austere old lady in black satin and a chestnut-brown wig.

Daisy, you are making my son wretched.

"Am I?" cried Daisy. "Dear me, I hadn't an idea of it! What's the trouble?"

"You must ask himself," said the mother-in-law, who believed—sensible old lady—in young married people settling their own difficulties. "All I know is the bare fact."

So Daisy went home to the drawing-room where Herbert lay on the sofa pretending to read, but in reality brooding over his troubles.

"What's the matter, Herbert?" said Daisy, kneeling on the floor beside him, and putting her soft, cool hands on his fevered brow.

"The matter? Nothing much, only I am miserable," he sullenly answered.

"But why?" she persisted.

"Because you are so changed, Daisy."

"How am I changed?"

"You are never at home; you have lost the domesticity which was, in my eyes, your greatest charm. I never have you to mysel any more. Daisy, don't you see how this is embittering my life?"

"Does it make you unhappy?" she asked, softly.

"You know that it does, Daisy."

"And do you suppose I like it, Herbert?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that I passed the first year of my married life in just such a lonesome way. You had no 'domesticity.' Clubs, drives, billiard-playing and champagne suppers engrossed your whole time; I, your wife, pined at home."

"Why did you not tell me so?"

"Because you would have laughed at the idea and called it a woman's whim. I resolved when we were first married, to fritter away neither time nor breath in idle complaints. I have not complained; I have simply followed your example. If it was not a good one, whose fault was that? Not mine, surely.

"No, Daisy, not yours."

"I don't like this kind of life," went on Daisy. "It is a false excitement, a hollow diversion; but I persist in it for the same reason, I suppose, that you did—because it was the fashion. Now tell me, Herbert, whether you prefer a 'fashionable' wife, or Daisy?"

"Daisy—a thousand times Daisy."

"But Daisy can't go along with a theatre-going, club-loving husband."

"Then she shall have a husband who finds the greatest happiness at his own hearth-stone—whose wife is his dearest treasure—who has tried the experience of surface, and finds its unsatisfactory. Daisy, shall we begin our matrimonial career anew?"

And Daisy's answer was "Yes."

"But what must you have thought of me all this time!" she asked him, after a little while.

"I know what I think now."

"I think," said Mr. Ainscourt, with emphasis, "that you are the best wife in the world."

THE NEW BABY.

Yes, there's another of 'em up stairs. I know'd, cause Pa told me I must be quiet and sit down in the corner with my book, and musn't play ball, nor ask Will Smart to come in and help me put my new puzzle together. Then, there's a cross nurse, who's always scolding me for getting in her way, no matter where I get. Besides Miss Gadall was here to-day, and she took me on her knee, and patted me on the back just like cook does when I'm choking, and she said my nose was another degree out of joint; but I knew better, for this is the third time she has told me so, and it is no more out of joint than hers is. She's a hateful, goggle-eyed old maid—that's what she is.

I saw it, too. It's got a little, round, red head, without any hair, with great wrinkles instead of eyes, and when it cries it opens its mouth as wide as a robin's, as though it was going to swallow itself. Pa helped me up on the side of the bed and told me to kiss my dear pretty little sister; and when I wouldn't, and called it a horrid, ugly little thing, he said I was a naughty boy, and the nurse said I ought to be ashamed. I didn't get a chance to kiss my ma at all; I knew better than to try it, for once when another baby came, I climbed up on the bed, and went to hugging and kissing her, and all the time I had my knee right on the baby's head; so I was whipped and put in my crib without my supper, because I didn't know it was there.

Little Annie thinks it nice to have a new sister, but she was the baby before, and I don't know anything about it. I can remember a long time ago, ma used to call me sweet little darling, and pa dandled me on his foot, and said I was a fine little fellow, and my Aunt Julia declared that I was a perfect little angel; but then, Tom came, and all of my pretty toys were given to him, 'cause he was a baby, and I was cuffed and scolded by everybody, 'cept grandma, and she's good to me, yet though there's been two new babies since.

I wonder where all the babies come from? Ma says the Lord sends 'em. I wish he wouldn't send any more to our house; we've got more'n enough now. It might do if they would always stay little, but they have to grow big after a while, and then they ain't no better than the rest of folks. I rather think if I was a baby I'd ask the Lord to send me where I wouldn't grow any bigger, and then I'd have nothing to do but to lie on my back and chew my toes, and have folks say I was the darlingest, cunningest little creature they ever laid eyes on.

AMUSING SCENE IN COURT.

Last week in one of the New Orleans Courts a negro was called as a witness. The Judge, who is known for his austerity, held out the book and the witness was sworn, and was, of course, expected to kiss the book. But the witness was unused to criminal proceedings, and entertained curious ideas of the manner and propriety of swearing, and stood erect.

"Why don't you kiss?" demanded the magistrate.

"Sar!"

"Ain't you going to kiss?" was again inquired.

"Sar!" repeated the astonished darkey, evidently mistaking the meaning of the Court, and surprised beyond measure at such an invitation.

"Kiss, I tell you!" thundered the hasty Judge.

"Yes, sar! yes, sar!" exclaimed the frightened and trembling darkey, nerving himself for the contemplated embrace. Without more ado the long arms of the son of Ham were thrown around the judicial neck, and before he could be prevented, a stentorian smack resounded through the court room.

"Take him off! take him off!" cried the Court, while the loud shouts of the spectators testified their appreciation of the fun. At last, however, the officers of the Court interfered, and the half-strangled Judge was rescued from the clasp of the literal witness.

—An afflicted mother says: "A few days ago my little boy, five years old, was confined to the house in consequence of bad weather. As is usual in such cases, he was extremely troublesome and fidgety, and in consequence, received a number of scoldings in the course of the morning. At last he looked up at me, with a face full of indignation, and exclaimed, 'Mother, if all the bears in the world were one bear, and that bear had a sore head, it wouldn't be any crosser than you are.'"

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3 months	4 00	6 00	9 00	1[illegible] 00	[illegible] 00	55 00
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