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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.

VOL. III. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1869. No. 1.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

Table with columns for TIME (1 week, 2 weeks, 3 weeks, 1 month, 2 months, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year) and columns for 1 Sq., 2 Sqs., 3 Sqs., 1 Col., 2 Cols., 3 Cols. Includes rates for Executives' Notice, Administrators' Notice, Assignees' Notice, Auditors' Notice, and SPECIAL NOTICES.

Railroads. PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R. On and after Monday, Nov. 15th, 1869, trains will leave the Penna. Railroad Depot at Lancaster, as follows:

READING RAILROAD. FALL ARRANGEMENT, MONDAY, SEPT. 13, 1869. Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Varnishes, &c. AUG. REINOEHL, JAC. REINOEHL, JR. A. & J. REINOEHL, MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN COPAL, WHITE, COFFIN, BLACK AND JAPAN VARNISHES, LINSEED OIL, TURPENTINE, &c., &c. NO. 109 NORTH QUEEN STREET, (In the Keystone Building), LANCASTER, PA.

Also, Mahogany Boards, Veneers and Mouldings of different sizes and patterns. All kinds of Turning, such as Bed Posts, Table Legs, Spokes, Hubs, Felloses, &c., &c., &c. Also, AXLES, SPRINGS, &c. [Jan 8-lyr]

Dentistry. LANCASTER, June 25th, 1868. EDITOR 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. Perry, 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 wishing 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 Fahnlocks's Dry Goods Store, LANCASTER, PENNA. Teeth Extracted without pain by the use of (Nitrous Oxide) Gas.

House Furnishing Goods. COPPER AND SHEET IRON WARE AND DEALERS IN HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS. STOVES, HOT AIR FURNACES, COOKING RANGES, PUMPS, PIPE, BRASS & STEAM FITTING. LANCASTER, PA.

Advertisement for safes, featuring an illustration of a safe and text: 'HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFES. THE BURNING OF EARLES' ART GALLERY. PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1, 1869. Messrs. FARREL, HERRING & CO., 629 Chestnut Street.

HERRING'S PATENT 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 1866, I unfortunately was in business in the Artisan Building, which was destroyed by fire on the 10th of April. I 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 day, five weeks afterwards, all of which were opened by me, and 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, 821 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 contain 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. 231 BROADWAY, COR. MURRAY ST., NEW YORK. HERRING & CO., CHICAGO. HERRING, FARREL & SHERMAN, oct8-ly] NEW ORLEANS.

Hats, Caps, Furs, &c. SMITH & AMER, PRACTICAL HATTERS, No. 25 EAST KING ST., LANCASTER, PA., Manufacturers and Dealers in ALL KINDS OF HATS AND CAPS. All orders promptly attended to. F. SMITH, CHAS. H. AMER. aug13-ly] 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, 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, FLESHER, KID, &c., &c. Ladies' Fine Fur Trimmed Gloves, Gauntlets Mitts and Hoods.

PULSE WARMERS AND EAR MITTS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Furnishing Goods, &c. BEST KID GLOVES. LECHLER & BRO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Fine White Shirts, BOSOMS, COLLARS, CUFFS, Patent Spring OVER GAITERS, NECK TIES, BOWS, REGALIA, &c. GENTS FURNISHING GOODS. SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. Formula of Management and list of prices sent on application. (A PERFECT FIT WARRANTED). (See assortment of UNDERCLOTHING, LADIES MERINO YEST, SUSPENDERS, HANDED GLOVES, GLOVES, HOSIERY, SLEEVE BUTTONS, PERFUMERY, POMADES, TOILET ARTICLES, WALKING CANES, UMBRELLAS, &c. NO. 25 EAST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA. 1st-CLASS GOODS ONLY. [sept-ly]

HEADQUARTERS FOR UNDERCLOTHING, STOCKINGS, GLOVES, COLLARS, CUFFS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, &c. GENT'S WARE GENERALLY, at ERISMAN'S, No. 41 1/2 NORTH QUEEN ST., Lancaster. And try our grosser shatook goods—suitable for Kiverdus, Nel-Yohrs un onery Presents—so we Hols-Dicher, Schnup-Dicher, Collars, Hommel-Knep, g'shtiocke Hemmer-fronts, Pocket Bioher, Perfumery, Hoher-Gehl, Cigar Case, un onery fancy articles ons. E. J. ERISMAN'S, 41 1/2 North Queen Street, Lancaster. (On sign fun gross Shtreafch Hem.) [no20-ly]

Banking. DAVID BAIR, R. W. SHENK, BAIK & SHENK, BANKERS, NORTHEAST ANGLE OF CENTER SQUARE, LANCASTER, PENNA. no20-ly]

Book and Job Printing. RAUCH & COCHRAN, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS. PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING OF ALL KINDS. From the largest POSTER to the smallest CARD or CIRCULAR, executed in the best style, and at reasonable prices. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. OFFICE—NO. 18, SOUTH QUEEN STREET LANCASTER, PENNA.

Coal, Lumber, &c. EHLEB, BRENNEMAN & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN COAL, OF THE BEST QUALITY. YARD—COR. WATER ST. AND PA. R. R. OFFICE—NO. 2 EAST ORANGE ST., LANCASTER PA. (dec 18-ly) H. B. MARTIN, HERBERT THOMAS, JOHN S. MASON. 5,000,000 FEET OF DRY LUMBER. MARTIN, THOMAS & CO., COLUMBIA, LANCASTER CO., PA., Manufacturers. LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON COUNTY, PA., AND WHOLESALE LUMBER DEALERS. WHITE PINE, HEMLOCK, POPLAR, WALNUT, ASH, PLYMOUTH SIDING, WEATHER BOARDS, PICKETS, LATH, BOX BOARDS, &c. &c.

Poetry. NOVEMBER THE TENTH. An annual circle of days is complete, And the tenth of November again we may greet. The sun is still shining in heaven above, Uplifted by His merciful wisdom and love. And whence comes this shadow—this yearning today? These tears while we sing—this grief while we pray? What means the sad wail—that our words cannot tell, And Aquinn's bright sunshine still fails to dissipate? When this day to us came—only one year ago—The floor, with its Shepherd, assembled below; In social reunion we sang and we prayed, And we clasped a dear hand that in death now is cold. In death said we so! Ah, forgive us the word, For that glorified hand will ever return; Benediction and succor on earth it bestowed, And now it is reaping the sheaves that it sowed. Dear Pastor, tried friend and brother beloved, From our weak mortal vision thy spirit's remembrance ascend, And yet thou art with us—we feel it to-day, As in thought and affection thy life we portray. We miss thee as Pastor—we miss thee as friend, For thy brotherly nearness our yearnings ascend, And we pray that our Father in mercy and love, Will grant us reunion in Heaven above. November the Tenth, in the years still to come, With memories tender, will ever return; For it gave to the world, and to us it has given, A model, a leader, a helper toward Heaven. And though by thy "resting place," lone on the hill, We linger—"remember"—and weep for thee still: We know you "art risen," and happy in Him—Resurrection's "first fruits," and our Saviour from sin. Looking up through our tears to that home of the blest, To the glorified ones that have rest, Thy form we distinguish, thy face as of old—Only glorified now with radiance untold. When/As we can think of thee—then we can raise Our voice in thanksgiving, and honor, and praise; To our God who has taken thee safe from all harm, And shelters thee tenderly with His own arm—Where the Saints of all ages in harmony meet, Thy Servant and brethren transported to greet: While the anthems of rapture unceasingly swell, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul. M. A. B.

Miscellaneous. FARMER GRIMES' SECOND WIFE. "Poor Mrs. Grimes! she can't live out the day." The words were sadly spoken by more than one neighbor, casting mournful glances toward that upper window where the blinds were shut. "Poor Mrs. Grimes! just as she had got settled so comfortable in her new house, too." Yes, it was poor Mrs. Grimes everywhere: a withered woman, old at forty. She was dying in the pretty room where she had hoped to enjoy so much. Her husband sat near her, silently battling with his grief, for he had loved that patient wife for twenty years. The sharp, pinched features, now gray with the shadow of death, had been beautiful once—the dull eyes had sparkled with the fire of joy and health. Children had been carried in those wasted arms, and from thence taken all too soon to the grave. Two sons stood in the chamber with solemn faces, unwilling to let "mother" go. Old and faded, wrinkled and suffering though she was, they held her heart by the strong cords of love. Twenty years before, Mrs. Grimes was installed by a happy husband, mistress of his house. It was not his own farm whose broad acres he cultivated, consequently he determined to work hard, to be diligent, frugal and saving, so that in the time to come he might have some place to call his own. In this pleasant scheme the young wife entered with all her heart. She was healthy and strong, knew how to work and was not afraid of her labor. She put forth all her strength, and her thrift and toil told. Every year the farmer laid by money to ward his purchase. People wondered why the Grimeses would go to meeting in that rickety old wagon, and why Mrs. Grimes wore the same faded muslin that she had worn at least ten years. But she knew why, and though her form began to bend, though her hands had grown coarse and misshapen, and she had suffered pains and ills she never felt before, it did not once occur to her that these were the effects of hard and wearing labor. Time to read why, the good woman would almost have laughed in the face of one who asked the question. Look at her work and then imagine, if you could, that she had any time. She had not even leisure to eat her meals properly; what with cooking huge messes of pork and beef, cabbage and potatoes, filling tub after tub with apple sauce, making all the cheese and bread and butter for the household, and the hired men, how could she eat her meals as she should? Strange to say, she never regretted all this outlay of strength—all this waste of human life. Ever before her was the prospect of that pleasant farm, cleared, planted, and paid for. She wanted no help, except when her children were born, and even then she gave the wearied frame no time for repose, but stitched and mended, propped up by pillows, before nerve or muscle were able to perform their proper functions. Thus it was that she grew shrunken and old before her time—grew into a machine of flesh and blood that never slackened in the huge toil it had taken upon itself to bear. The husband became accustomed to the pale face and so

often had he listened to her oft-repeated declaration that she would not have held, that at last he gave up all thought of it. She never took rides in the sweet country roads—she had no time to tend and love flowers—she never visited—she had always "something to do." One day the farmer came in early in the afternoon. It was an unusual hour for him, and his wife said so, looking up from a huge pile of mending. "Well," and he flushed and smiled, and he seated himself in one of the uncomfortable kitchen chairs, "I've bought 'Jerry's place,' at last, and paid for it—every cent." The faded eye kindled—the lips parted with a smile—but suddenly the woman bowed her face and burst into tears. "Why, Sallie—why, wife—I—thought you'd be mighty pleased!" cried the farmer, startled at this exhibition of feeling. "I am, dear," and Sallie struggled to overcome her grief, "but such a lonesome, dreary-some feeling came over me then. I only thought of the dead babies in their graves." "You're tired and sick, Sallie; fact is you're killin' yourself with work, and I've been a fool not to see it." "I ain't killin' myself, John, and I'd rather go on just the same. The boys are grown, and there are no little ones to take care of; besides I'm used to my own ways, and shouldn't like one to break into 'em. Jerry's place is so convenient, too—I know it well; it won't be hard to work there." "Still work, work; it had grown to be a habit, and there was no charm that could win her from it. They were settled in the house—their own house, and much of the old furniture was replaced by new; yet so fearful was the good wife that things would not be kept just up to the point where she found them, that it was scrub and delve, delve and scrub, from morning till night—just the old way, only a little worse. At last nature would hold out no longer. After enjoying the new farm for six months, Sallie complained one evening that she felt strangely, fell down in a fainting-fit, and was taken to her bed, never to leave it again. "Poor John Grimes! he bore a hopeless, melancholy face at the funeral, and his new, smart house felt like a new, smart tomb, where the bricks, the paint, and the varnish are all fresh. It took him two years to get accustomed to his loneliness, and he might have lived on, single, forever, if some presumptuous friends had not undertaken to find him a wife, and then almost do his wooing for him. Dolly Duncan was the party fixed upon to fill the place of the late Mrs. Grimes. She was an active, enterprising woman whom no one thought of miscalling old maid, though she had turned the corner of thirty. She was a merry, almost jolly person, who knew how to take care of herself, and had always declared that she never wanted a husband on her hands. She had a little homestead, full of sunshine, and she "wouldn't think the best man that ever trod in two shoes to ask her to change her condition." But someone Dolly did come to have the prefix of "Mrs." before her new name. She went into the house of farmer Grimes, and gloom took itself off at the sound of her merry laugh—at the sight of her sunny face. She must have help, she said, the first thing; smart, capable help. John rather opened his eyes at this, for it seemed a new doctrine transfused into the old life, but he was able to bear it, and forthwith a strong girl was installed in the kitchen. Still John Grimes, having acquired the habit, stooped as he walked, and looked as if strange perplexities had got hold of him. It quite startled him, one fine spring morning, when his wife asked him to spade up a bit of land in a favorite spot, where she could plant flowers, and stranger still, commissioned him to go to the city and procure some seeds and slips. "Why, Sallie, you never have thought of asking him—she would have done both, or gone without them;" this she did not say, but he kept up a hard thinking, and Dolly, with a woman's quickness, read his thoughts. In its due season harvesting came on. Dolly saw what was expected of her, and concluded that she wouldn't do it. In her half serious, half sportive way, she protested that she could not do the work for the farm-laborers who were expected; that she did not like the smell of the stable, nor the manners of the men he had hired. "Why, Sallie!"—stammered he. "I know," was the rapid rejoinder, "poor Mrs. Grimes always did these things, but you know, and everybody knows, that she died of hard work. I don't want to die. I want to run my three-score and ten, and I mean to, Providence permitting." "I don't know but you're right, Dolly," said the farmer, nervously fingering his hair—"but what shall I do? There ain't no more help to be had." Dolly pointed from the door. "See here, John," she said quietly, "there's a little house on your farm, doing nobody good, and being ruined by dry rot. Fix it up and let Harry Lee take it. Give him ground for a good garden, a privilege in the wood lot and a small sum, yearly. He will bring his wife here, she will help me; then let the men eat at their table, you paying the difference of expense, and you will save money and health, besides having a good, reliable man always within call." John Grimes looked at his wife little while uneasily. It is just possible he drew a comparison, mentally, between the ever-saving Sallie and this more expensive help meet. Afterwards they had talks together, and he felt and saw that Dolly had a mind of

her own, and she had made it up. With her merry brown eyes upon his face, what could he do but submit? So the plan was put in execution. The next move of this adroit little woman was to induce her husband to procure a neat new carriage, and after that, as she couldn't drive very well, John must go out every day, and drive her. John did not like this at first. It broke in upon his habit of taking a 'snooze' as he called it, but the break up put a new life into him. It was a great point gained to get him into a clean suit of clothes for supper, and the John Grimes sitting at the table, with freshly combed hair, and clean collar, was a far handsomer man than the John of old, and Dolly took pains to tell him she thought so. Now for a paper—was Dolly's next move, and she did pull the wires admirably. John thought it was extravagance. New-fangled notions were not to his liking, and it took a long time for the cunning Dolly to gain her point. Not but what she might have done it herself, but she was reforming the man—don't you see? Like a true woman, she never gave up, but after every failure, changed her tactics, and came off conqueror at last. A splendid paper, that treated largely of farming, soon lay upon his table, and John acknowledged a year after, to Dolly, that it was queer, but he had really learned some things that he didn't know before. He had actually saved twenty dollars by a judicious outlay or two. The result of these little plans is (for Dolly is a blooming fact to-day, in spite of her forty-nine years,) that if the reader had happened to know John Grimes twenty years ago, and should see him to-day, he would not recognize him for the same man. Dolly knew what she was about when she took upon herself the matronly office. Three loving children are growing up under that happy roof, and the farmer sees that with judicious management and a little more outlay he might have bought his farm, and kept wife and bairns—for, however pretty we may talk of the 'little angels in heaven,' it is certain that the human race was not destined to die off like sheep in the first and tenderest years of existence. But it was reserved for Dolly to teach him that great truth, and she is a very happy wife and mother.

DON'T GET DISCOURAGED. Don't get discouraged. Who ever gained anything by drawing down the corners of his mouth when a cloud came over the sun, or letting his heart drop like a lead weight into his shoes when misfortune came upon him? Why man, if the world knocks you down and jostles past you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows, and begin again. There are some people whom even to look at is worse than a dose of chamomile tea. What if you do happen to get a little puzzled on the dollar and cent question? Others beside you have stood in exactly the same spot, and struggled bravely out of it, and you are neither half, lame nor blind, that you cannot do likewise. The weather may be dark and rainy; very well, laugh beneath the drops, and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow. Business may be dull; make the best of what you have, and look forward to something more hopeful. If you catch a fall, don't lament over your bruises, but be thankful that no bones are broken. If you can't afford roast beef and plum pudding, eat your codfish joyfully, and bless your stars for the indigestion and dyspepsia you thereby escape. But the moment you begin to groan over your troubles and count up your calamities, you may as well throw yourself over the docks and be done with it. The luckiest fellow that ever lived might have woe enough if he set himself seriously to work hunting them up. They are like invisible specks of dust—you don't see them until you put on your spectacles. But then it is not worth while to put on your spectacles to discover what is a great deal better left alone. "Don't get discouraged, little wife! Life is not long enough to spend in inflaming your eyes or in reddening your nose because the pudding won't bake, and your husband says the new shirts you worked over so long 'set like meal bags.'" Make another pudding—begin the shirts anew. Don't fall "down in the mouth" because dust will settle and clothes will wear out, and crockery will get broken. Being a woman don't procure you an exception from trouble and care; fight the battle of life as well as your husband, for it will never do to give up without a bold struggle. Take things as they come, good and bad together, and whenever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh. Keep the horrors at arm's length; never turn a blessing round to see if it has got a dark side to it, and always take it for granted that things are blessings until they prove to be something else. Never allow yourself to get discouraged, and you'll find the world a pretty comfortable sort of a place after all.

THREE hundred and sixty-eight imported fowls were sold in New York recently, for \$3,070, averaging \$8.25 each. The highest price paid was for a trio of partridge cochin, \$80. Three Houdans brought \$55, and three dark Brahmas \$52. The highest price paid for Cochins was \$46. A trio of gray Dorkings brought \$38. The lowest price paid was for a pair of white bantams, \$3. A fine pair of Toulouse geese sold for \$26. A fine pair of Embpen geese for \$17.50—being less than the amount of freight and duties would have been if imported alone.