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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. III. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1869. No. 5.

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 | 16 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
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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.

On and after Monday, Nov. 15th, 1869, trains will leave the Penn'a Railroad Depot, at Lancaster, as follows:

| WESTWARD. | | EASTWARD. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburg Ex. | 12:51 a.m. | Cincin. Ex. | 12:15 a.m. |
| Pacific | 2:40 " | Phila. Express | 3:40 " |
| Emigrant Tr. | 4.28 " | Fast Line | 6:42 " |
| Mail | 11:15 " | Lanc. Train | 9:30 " |
| Mail No. 2, via Columbia | 11:15 " | Columbia Ac. (arrive) | 1:25 p.m. |
| Fast Line | 2:35 p.m. | Pacific Express (leave) | 1:35 " |
| Columbia Ac. | 2:45 " | Southern Ex (leave) | 4:10 " |
| Harrisb'g Ac. | 5:54 " | Harrisb'g Ac (leave) | 5:54 " |
| Lanc. Train | 7:34 " | | |
| Cincin. Ex. | 10:50 " | | |

READING RAILROAD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT,
MONDAY, NOV. 22, 1869.

*Great Trunk Line from the North and North-west 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 2.30, 5.35, and 8.10 a. m., and 12.20 noon, and 2.55 and 11.00 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 10.15 a. m., 12.05 noon, 3.35, 6.35 and 10.00 p. m., and 6.00 a. m. respectively. Sleeping Cars accompany the 2.30 and 5.35 a. m., and 12.20 noon trains without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10 a. m., 2.55 and 4.10 p. m., the 2.55 train stopping at Lebanon only; the 4.10 p. m. train stopping at all Stations, and making connections for Philadelphia, Pottsville, Columbia, and all immediate stations between said points 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 6.35 p. m., stopping at all stations; leave Pottsville at 5.40, 9 00 a. m., and 3.05 p. m.; Herndon at 9.30 a. m., Shamokin at 5.40 and 10.40 a.m.; Ashland at 7.05a. 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. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 10.20 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:45 p. m., passing Reading at 7.40 p. m., arriving at Pottsville at 9.30 p. m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.45 a. m.; returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4.00 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. 3.10 and 5.30 p. m.; returning, leave Schwenkville at 6.10, 8.12 a. m. and 12.45 noon, connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

Colebrookdale Railroad trains leave Pottstown at 9.00 a. m., and 6.20 p. m. for Mt. Pleasant, arriving there at 10.20 a. m. and 7.20 p. m., returning, leave Mt. Pleasant at 7.00 and 11.00 a. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading R. R.

Chester Valley Railroad trains leave Bridgeport at 8.30 a. m., and 2.05 and 5.02 p. m., returning, leave Downingtown at 6.30 a. m., 12.45 noon, and 5.15 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 5.35 a. m., 4.10 and 11.00 p. m., and Reading at 12.43, midnight, and 7.15 a. m. for Harrisburg, at 7.20 a. m., and 12.55 midnight, 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., NOV. 22, 1869, [dec3-tf

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
ON AND AFTER
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22d, 1869,

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL RUN ON THIS ROAD, AS FOLLOWS:

| LEAVE. | | ARRIVE. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lancaster | 8:15 a.m. | Reading | 10:30 a.m. |
| " | 3:10 p.m. | " | 5:30 p.m. |
| Columbia | 8:10 a.m. | " | 10:30 a.m. |
| " | 3:00 p.m. | " | 5:30 p.m. |

RETURNING:

| LEAVE. | | ARRIVE. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Reading | 7:15 a.m. | Lancaster | 9:25 a.m. |
| " | 6:15 p.m. | " | 5:25 p.m. |
| " | 7:15 a.m. | Columbia | 9:35 a.m. |
| " | 6:15 p.m. | " | 5:30 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 8:15 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.
nov28-69-tf] GEO. F. GAGE, Sup't.

*Coal, Lumber, &c.*

EHLER, BRENEMAN & 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 18-1y

B. B. MARTIN, HERBERT THOMAS, JOHN S. MASON.

5,000,000
FEET OF DRY LUMBER.

MARTIN, THOMAS & CO.,
COLUMBIA, LANCASTER CO., PA.,
Manufacturers
At LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON COUNTY, PA.,
AND WHOLESALE
LUMBER DEALERS.

WHITE PINE, HEMLOCK,
POPLAR, WALNUT, ASH,
FLOORING, SIDING,
WEATHER BOARDS,
PICKETS, LATH,
BOX BOARDS, &c. &c.
mh12-1y]

*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.
aug13-1y] F. SMITH,
CHAS. H. AMER.

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

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-tf]

*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, 921 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,
oct8-1y*] NEW ORLEANS.

*Varnishes, &c.*

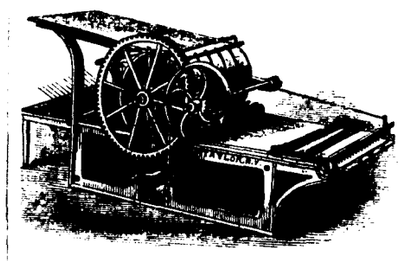
AUG. REINOEHL. JAC. REINOEHL, JR.
A. & J. REINOEHL,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
COPAL, WHITE, COFFIN, BLACK AND JAPAN
*VARNISHES,*
LINSEED OIL, TURPENTINE, &c., &c.
NO. 109 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
(In the Keystone Building,)
LANCASTER, PA.

Also, Mahogany Boards, Veneers and Mouldings of different sizes and patterns. All kinds of Turning, such as Bed Posts, Table Legs, Spokes, Hubs, Felloes, &c., &c., &c.

Also, AXLES, SPRINGS, &c. [jan 8-1yr

*Printing.*

JOB PRINTING.



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To get all kinds of

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FATHER ABRAHAM OFFICE,

No. 13

SOUTH QUEEN STREET,

Two Doors North of Express Office.

ALL IN WANT OF

POSTERS,
PROGRAMMES,
HAND-BILLS,
CARDS,
BILL-HEADS,
LETTER-HEADS,
BLANK CHECKS,
PAMPHLETS,
NOTES, &C.

Will find it to their interest to give us a call.

RAUCH & COCHRAN,
NEWSPAPER, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
LANCASTER, PA.
jy23-tf

*Furnishing Goods, &c.*

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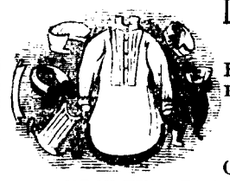

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Manufacturers and Dealers in
Fine White Shirts,
BOSOMS,
COLLARS,
CUFFS,
Patent Spring
OVER GAITERS,
NECK TIES, BOWS, REGALIA,
—AND—
GENTS FURNISHING GOODS.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. Formula of Management and list of prices sent on application.
(A PERFECT FIT WARRANTED.)

A fine assortment of
UNDERCLOTHING,
LADIES MERINO VEST,
SUSPENDERS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
GLOVES, HOSIERY,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
PERFUMERY,
POMADES,
TOILET ARTICLES,
WALKING CANES,
UMBRELLAS, &c.

NO. 35 EAST KING STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

FIRST-CLASS GOODS ONLY.

[sep27-1y]

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FOR
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COLLARS, CUFFS, SLEEVE BUTTONS,
All Gent's ware generally, at
ERISMAN'S,
No. 41½ NORTH QUEEN ST., Lancaster.

Ani vver eus grosser shtock goode—suitable for Krishdogs, Nei-Yohrs un onnery Presents—so we
Hols-Dicher, Schnup-Dicher, Collars, Hemmermel K'nep, g'shtickte Hemmer-fronts, Pocket Bicher, Perfumery, Hohr-Ohl, Cigar Casa, un onnery fancy articles ons
E. J. ERISMAN'S,
41½ North Queen Street, Lancaster.
(Om sign fum gross Shtreafich Hem.) [no20-1y

*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. 13, SOUTH QUEEN STREET
LANCASTER, PENNA.

## Poetry.

### MEMORIES OF THE OLD KITCHEN.

Far back in my musings my thoughts have been cast,
To the cot, where the hours of my childhood were passed;
I loved all its rooms, to the pantry and hall,
But that blessed old kitchen was dearer than all;
Its chairs and its table, none brighter could be
For all its surroundings were sacred to me,
To the nail in the ceiling, the latch on the door,
And I loved every crack of that old kitchen floor.

I remember the fireplace with mouth high and wide,
The old-fashioned oven that stood by its side,
Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies,
That fairly bewildered and dazzled our eyes;
And then, too, Saint Nicholas, slyly and still,
Came down every Christmas our stockings to fill;
But the dearest memories I'd laid up in store,
Are of the mother that trod that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, from morning till night,
Her footsteps were busy, her heart always light,
For it seemed to me then that she knew not a care,
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear;
I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes,
When she told us the stories that children so prize:
They were new every night, though we'd heard them before,
From her lips, at the wheel, on the old kitchen floor.

I remember the window, where mornings I'd run,
As soon as the daybreak to watch for the sun,
And I thought, when my head scarcely reached to the sill,
That it slept through the night in the trees on the hill,
And the small track of ground, that my eyes there could view,
Was all of the world that my infancy knew;
Indeed, I cared not to know of it more,
For a world in itself was that old kitchen floor.

To-night those old visions come back to their will,
But the wheel and its music forever are still,
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie mould'ring in clay;
The hearthstone, so sacred, is just as 'twas then,
And the voices of children ring out there again,
The sun through the window looks in as of yore,
But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor.

I ask not for honor; but this I would crave,
That when the lips speaking are closed in the grave,
My children will gather theirs round at their side,
And tell of the mother that long ago died;
'Twould be more enduring, far dearer to me,
Than inscription on marble and granite could be,
To have them tell often, as I did of yore,
Of the mother that trod the old kitchen floor.

## Miscellaneous.

### ZENAS CAREY'S REWARD.

A SOLDIER'S THANKSGIVING STORY.

Red and sullen, like the eyes of some baneful demon, the low sun glowed through the tangled depths of the November woods, casting bloody lines of light across the fallen trees, whose mossy trunks were half hidden in drifts of faded yellow leaves, and evoking faint, sweet scents, like orient sandal wood and teak, from a thousand forest censors, hidden away, who knows how or where. And through that line of dull flaming fire the sky frowned—a leaden-gray concave, freighted, as the weatherwise could tell you, with snow-flakes sufficient to turn that broken forest into a fairy grove of pearl and ermine. So the daylight was ebbing away from this Thanksgiving eve.

"Now I wonder where I am," said John Siddons, pausing abruptly in the scarce visible path that wound among the trees. "As completely 'turned round' as though I stood in the deserts of Egypt! I wish I had been sensible enough to keep the high road; these short cuts generally turn out very long ones. However, if I keep straight ahead, I must inevitably emerge from these woods somewhere!"

He sat down upon a mossy stump, leaning his head carelessly on one hand, while with the other he played unconsciously with the worn rim of his blue soldier's cap—a slender, pleasant-faced young man, with gray-blue eyes, and dark hair thrown back from a bronzed forehead, which had been touched by the fiery arrows of many a Southern sun in lonely swamps, and along the fever-reeking shores of sullen rivers.

"Houseless, homeless!" he murmured to himself. "I wonder how many others are saying the same thing this Thanksgiving eve? To think that I should fight through the campaign unhurt, and return with an honorable discharge in my pocket to a place where no one cares whether I'm alive or dead, while so many brave fellows were shot down by my side with bullets that tore through a score of hearts at home, carrying sharper pangs than death has to give! It's a queer thing to have only one relative in the world, and he a total stranger. If I find this second cousin of my father, he'll probably kick me out of door for a shiftless, soldierly vagabond. But hang it, a man can't live alone like a tortoise in the shell. I remember wondering, when I was a boy, why the Madeira vines over the porch stretched out their green tendrills, and seemed to grope through the sunshine for something to cling to, I think I understand it now."

He rose up and walked on through the trusset leaves that rustled ankle-deep beneath his tread, still musing—musing; trying to study out the unknown quantities in life's great equation, while the sun went down behind a link of lurid clouds, and the chill night wind began to sigh sorrowfully in the tree-tops. And suddenly the sturdy woods tapered off into a silver-stemmed thicket of white birches, and the white birches fringed a lonely country road with a little red house beyond, whose windows were aglow with fire-light, and whose door-yard was full of the peculiar perfume of white and maroon-blossomed chrysanthemus.

Zenas Carey was leaning over the gate, surveying the stormy sunset with critical eyes.

"I told Melindy so!" ejaculated Zenas, apparently addressing himself to the crooked apple tree by the road. "I bet my best steer we have a good old-fashioned fall of snow to keep Thanksgivin' with. I smelt it in the air this mornin', but women don't never believe nothin' until it comes to pass right under their noses, for—"

This rather obscure sentence was nipped in the bud by a footstep at his side. Zenas turned abruptly to reconnotrie the new arrival.

"Will you be kind enough to give me a glass of water, sir?" said John Siddons, wearily.

"Sartin, sir!" said Zenas. "So you're a soldier, hey?"

"A returned soldier," said Siddons, draining the cool element from the cocoanut shell that always lay close to the well-curb at the side of the house.

"Goin' home to keep Thanksgivin'?" questioned Zenas.

"Home! Sir; I *have* no home!"

Siddons had spoken sharply, as if the thought were goading to him. Zenas put out his brown-knotted hand and grasped the retreating man's arm.

"My boy," he said, with kindly abruptness, "you're a soldier, and to tell by your looks, I should guess you were about the age of him that is buried at Gettysburg—my only son! I love that blue uniform for Davie's sake, and if there's a soldier in the world that hasn't a home to go to on Thanksgivin' eve, there's a corner for him by Zenas Carey's fireside. Come in, sir! come in! You're welcome as the flowers of May!"

John looked into the wet eyes and working face of the old farmer an instant, and accepted his invitation without another word.

What a cheerful change it was, from the frosty air and chill twilight of the lonely road to the bright kitchen with its spotless board floor, and fire of resinous pine logs! And when Melinda Carey drew a hump-back rocking chair to the hearth for him, and spoke a word or two of welcome, John Siddons wondered if the eyes of the mother who died when he was a babe, had not beamed upon him just so!

"I told mother so this very morning," said Zenas, with a triumphant flourish of his hand, as he stirred up the logs to a waving, glorious sheet of flame.

"Says I, Melindy, we'll kill the biggest turkey, and I'll pick out the yallerest pumpkins on the barn floor. And, says she, "what for, Zenas, when there's only us two to eat 'em?" and says I, "Mother, Davie was here last Thanksgivin' with his new uniform, as brave and handsome as you'd often see!—now mother don't cry!"

Zenas interrupted himself to stroke his wife's gray hair with a strangely tender touch, and went on:

"Says I, 'He's gone where its Thanksgivin' all the year round, now, my poor boy—my brave boy! but,' says I, 'we'll make somebody welcome for Davie's sake; won't we, mother?' And now, sir, you'll spend to-morrow with us, and tell me about the battle of Gettysburg, where Davie died, crying out with his last breath, not to let the flag be captured!"

Zenas' voice died out in a choking, gasping sob. John Siddons laid his hand softly on the rough, toil-hardened hand of the farmer, while a pang of envy shot through his heart. Ah! it was almost worth while being shot down in battle, to be missed and mourned like dead David Carey!

"O, wife," wailed Zenas, when John Siddons had fallen asleep in the little corner room that had been the lost boy's; "it is almost like having Davie back again! Wife, I fight my great sorrow down every night, but every morning it rises up again more than ever? God help every parent whose home is made desolate by the field of battle!"

Thanksgiving dawned through a white whirlwind of driving snow that eddied among the gnarled boughs of the apple trees in mad frolics, and edged the old stone wall with dazzling ermine. And the fiery sparks, careering swiftly up Zenas Carey's wide chimney, met the steadily falling snow half-way, and gave battle, while the hearth glowed with ruddy brightness, as if it knew all about the Governor's Proclamation, and approved of it.

"You have a cozy little farm here, Mr. Carey," said John, as they walked through the snow storm to the church, whose spire nestled among the everlasting hills beyond.

"If I was only sure of it, sir," said Zenas, with a sigh. "But I've been hard put to it, to get along these times. Taxes and such like come heavy on poor men, and I've had a run of ill luck, so that the place is mortgaged to its full value, and to a hard man—one that will sell the home you've been born and brought up in, as soon as eat his breakfast, so that he can make money by it. It will be a black day for Melindy and me when we have to leave the Rock Farm; but it must come soon, and I don't much care what becomes of me afterwards. I tell you, sir, when a man has lived to my age under one roof-tree, he don't take very kindly to bein' moved. Men are like forest trees, sir; you can take a young 'un and do as you please with it, but if you transplant an old 'un, it dies. Let us talk of something else, Mr. Siddons. I oughn't to complain on Thanksgivin' day."

John looked with a feeling of actual reverence at the hard-featured old man, whose simple soul, borne down as he was by debt, and grief, and age, could still find something to be thankful for.

The turkey and pumpkin pies were smoking on the round table when John and Zenas returned from the church; and Mrs. Carey had brought out her "flowing blue" plates, and her choice old-time silver spoons, in honor of their guest. There was no beverage but coffee, that never knew the shores of Java, and a pitcher of cold, sparkling cider; but champaigne could not have been more cordially dealt out by Zenas; and Mrs. Carey's smiling kindness gave a sparkling flavor to the chicorized rye, that is sometimes lacking in "egg-shell china."

The table was cleared away, and they were sitting around the fire, when the door was opened, and Deacon Evarts entered, bringing a snow drift on the shoulders of his shaggy overcoat.

"Well, I am beat!" quoth Zenas.—"Take a cheer, Deacon. Let me hang your coat afore the fire to dry."

"Can't stay," said the Deacon, giving himself a shake like a black water-dog on his hind legs. "I thought you'd like to hear the news, so I just dropped in on my way to my darter's Thanksgivin' dinner."

"News! what news?" exclaimed Zenas, while his wife dropped her knitting.

"Do tell! then you ain't heerd?"

"I ain't heerd nothin' but the wind a howlin' down the chimbly, and Elder Smith's sermon this mornin'," said Zena, a little impatiently.

"The squire's dead, up to the great house!"

"Dead! you don't tell me so. That's the man I was speakin' of as holds my mortgage!" exclaimed Zenas, turning to John Siddons. "And when did it happen, Deacon?"

"Died last night, sir, just about nightfall, as quiet as a lamb. There wan't nobody with him but the *old house*-keeper—folks didn't s'pose he was dangerous. And lawyer Ovid says there's a reg'lar will, and he's left his property to the only relative he had livin'; a soldierin' fellow that he'd never so much as seen—one Sedgewick, Sibley, or—what was his name, now? And how he's fell heir to all Squire Ailesford's property, and that's a pretty considerable windfall!"

"Was the name Siddons?" asked the soldier, who had hitherto listened to the conversation in silence.

"That's it," said the Deacon, giving his knee a sounding slap.

"Peter Ailesford was my father's cousin," said the young man, quietly.

"Land of Goshen," ejaculated Deacon Evarts, with growing veneration for the heir to the old Squire's money. "Now really! that's kind of providential, ain't it? To think that you should be right here on the spot!"

"I was in search of Mr. Ailesford's house when I met you," said Siddons, turning to Carey—"but as I was unaware of what sort of a reception I might get, your kind invitation decided me to wait a day or two."

In vain the Deacon tried to "pump" the young soldier. John Siddon was civilly uncommunicative, and the Deacon finally took leave, burning to unfold his his budget of news elsewhere.

"I hope, sir," said Carey, uneasily, when they were once more alone, "you won't be hard about that mortgage. I'm a poor man, and—"

"Mr. Carey," said John, quietly, "you shall burn that mortgage on this hearth the very day I come into possession of my relative's papers. No thanks, sir; I have not forgotten that I was a "stranger, and you took me in." Do you suppose that I shall ever cease to remember the welcome of the Thanksgiving hearth? I never knew either father or mother, but to-day I have fancied what their kindness might have been."

"It was for Davy's sake!" sobbed Mrs. Carey, fairly overcome.

"Then for your dead son's sake will you let me fill his place towards you. Last night death took from me the only one in the world to whom I was allied by ties of blood: do not turn me from your hearts!"

"The Lord bless the—the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, my second son!" said the old man solemnly.

Slowly the dusk gathered athwart the hills, with wailing and whirling drifts of snow—slowly the darkness wrapped them round; but in Zenas Carey's steadfast soul the light of an eternal Thanksgiving was burning; and his wife, with tearful eyes, mused upon her two soldier boys—one dead at Gettysburg, the other sitting at her side.—*Harper's Weekly.*

AN elder of the Methodist Conference in Ohio, who is blessed with large feet, relates the following at his own expense: Stopping one night at the house of a sister, he overheard her in the morning, before he arose, instructing her boy to black the elder's boots. The boy urged as an objection that it would "take all day to get around." Finally, yielding to her entreaties, and taking one in each hand, he hauled them across the floor shouting, "Wha! gee 'round here, tan-yard."

CONNECTICUT already reports three hundred divorces this year, with several counties to hear from.