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JOB PRINTING

Of every description, neatly and promptly executed, at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

FATHER ABRAHAM

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nations wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—A. L.

VOL. III. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1869. No. 6.

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 00
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	32 00
3 months	4 00	6 00	9 00	15 00	30 00	45 00
6 months	7 00	11 00	16 00	25 00	40 00	70 00
1 year	12 00	20 00	30 00	40 00	60 00	120 00

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

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

Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.

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	3:40 "	White Mountain	3:40 "
Emigrant Tr.	4.28 "	Fast Line	8.10 "
Mail	11:15 "	Lake 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)	5:34 "
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 8.40 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 7.05 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. 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 Schwenksville 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 8.15 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	6:15 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, 18th and Callowhill Streets, Phila.

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

☞Mileage Ticket Books for 500 or 1000 miles, Season and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.

Trains are run by Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Time, which is 10 minutes faster than Pennsylvania Railroad Time.

nov25-69-tf] GEO. F. GAGE, Supt.

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.

mh13-1y]

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.

F. SMITH,
aug13-1y] 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]

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 silver ware 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.

oct8-1y*]

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

Poetry.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

In the East a star doth rise
Grand and rejoicing;
Look unto it, heavy eyes,
Hear the angels voicing
Glory first to God, and then
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

All ye dwellers, lone and low,
Oh! look and live!
'Tis for you that star doth glow
And promise give.
Glory first to God, and then
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

All ye guilty, all ye weak,
It shines for you,
Hope of purity to speak,
So to renew.
Glory first to God, and then
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

All ye loveless, desolate,
Claim this your star!
Since Jesus loves you, now, though late,
Read from afar.
Glory first to God, and then
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

All ye sore of heart and grieving,
Look up, be glad!
Christ shall teach the soul believing
To sing, though sad,
Glory first to God, and then,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

Miscellaneous.

OUR CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas Day, 1868. The morning sun smiled on the glittering snow-flowers that nestled lovingly in the arms of the evergreens standing thickly in the forest, or scattered hither and thither through pleasure grounds. The air was keenly cold, but very clear. No danger of any storm this morning. The smoke from the chimneys rose in upright feathery columns, the side next the sun being gilded by his rays. Every thing wore a holiday look. A sense of peaceful gladness pervaded out doors and in, this happy dawn.

But long before old "Sol" with his bright beams, or Bridget and her shafts of smoke were up, the children at the house on the hill were wide awake. The eyes so sleepy on other cold mornings refused to sleep on this, and no bounds of patience or of prudence controled them in bed. In their white night dresses they found their way into the warm, cozy sitting room where the night before they had hung their stockings in certain expectation that Santa Claus, who had never forgotten them on any previous Christmas Eve excursion, would remember them on this. Trembling with anticipation their little bare feet and wee fingers confidently approached the plump mysterious stockings "hung by the chimney with care." Nor were they disappointed; the patron saint of school boys and children had generously and discriminatingly bestowed upon each just what she most desired, and supreme content filled the little bosoms. No fear of their taking cold this morning. Excitement would have for them the effect that pride often has for children of a larger growth.

After a joyful half hour had been spent in the contemplation of their treasures, the latter were carefully replaced in the traditional repository and conveyed to bed with their happy owners, for further and closer inspection. No more sleep for Gertrude and Minnie, but a long series of talks, interspersed with numerous chucklings and violent commotions of bed-clothes, as housekeeping with the new dinner set and dolls was immediately instituted. They did not suspect, that when in the sitting room, they were silently looked in upon by two or three of Santa Claus' agents—mama, aunt Margaret and big sister Jennie, who longed to witness the sweet faith of the little innocents.

After a while the household was astir and halls and bed-room doors echoed to "Merry Christmas" greetings. Santa, the bountiful, had visited every room, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, aunt Margaret, Jennie, Grandfather, even Bridget and black Lilly were appropriately remembered.

The cheerful breakfast room was filled with the pleasant fragrance of flowers, joyous salutations, and exclamations of pleasure and surprise, as each displayed a gift, secretly wished for, now unexpectedly possessed. O, marvellous Santa! many thine eyes and large thy heart!

"Christmas comes but once a year" sagely announced Mr. Ambrose, and each seemed bent on making the most of the allowance. Was ever a happier family circle, or pleasanter breakfast, sparkling with merriment and lively sallies, wanting nothing to complete its pleasure? Nothing! ah, it is not Heaven yet; in spite of all the blue sky, there was a cloud. Robert, the eldest and dearest, was absent, and absent from choice. Of late a barrier had formed between father and son. Years before, when Mr. Ambrose was a school boy, animosity had arisen between him and Joseph Sutherland, prompted by jealousy on one side and stimulated by pride on the other. In college, the discord was undiminished, and when the young men left their Alma Mater and entered the arena of business life, Joseph Sutherland carried his opposition to Arthur Ambrose into every affair where their interests met and Mr. Ambrose had never seen fit to make a conciliatory overture.

Three years before our story opens, Robert the son of Arthur Ambrose, and Alice, the only child of Joseph Sutherland had met "by chance—the usual way," and in utter disregard of the hereditary right they possessed to make each uncomfortable, had gone to the other extreme and were as anxious to unite their interests, as their respective parents were to divide theirs.

Robert would have left father and mother to cleave only unto her who held the highest place in his heart, but Alice's gentler nature refused to give pain to the parent who had lavished upon her the whole of his affections, and who, however rough and selfish toward others, had ever been kind and gentle to her, and sedulously endeavored to be to his motherless child in the place of her, so dear to both. This charge he had admirably fulfilled. Alice never saw the dark spots of his disposition; to her was always turned the sunny side. No wonder then, that while her heart crowned Robert Ambrose as its king, she was unwilling to grieve him who had until recently been all the world to her. Three years had passed, and neither the Ambrose granite nor the Sutherland flint had shown any token of yielding an atom. Robert, had grown grave and care-worn, and still worse, was becoming irritable. Alice, too, looked pale and unhappy. She was no longer the light-hearted girl, who dispensed the sunshine of her father's house. This Christmas morning had not a very cheerful, not at all a "merry," aspect to her. Her father had been summoned away some days before and she could not tell when he would be again at home. The three old domestics had wished her respectfully a "Merry Christmas," she had presented them suitably suitable gifts, and laid away carefully the dressing gown and embroidered slippers that were to please her father when he should return.

On any other day she would not have been so lonely, but this bright beautiful morning with its joyous associations, might to be received, Alice thought, in a different frame from that in which she found herself. If her father had been at home, it would be very different, but he was not, and try as she would, her usual self-control was not at her command.

Very unlike her solitary meal to the lively party at Mr. Ambrose's. There not only the members of the family and household partook of the festivities of the day, but others, less blessed in temporal things, were bidden to their Christmas. Several baskets of provisions [illegible] parcels of clothing change[illegible] arms and two pairs of [illegible] made rosier by the frosty air testify. Scarcely were these delightful expeditions to the neighboring cottages concluded, when the large sleigh was driven up to carry all off to church. Joyously pealed the bells, louder and clearer as they neared the town. The streets were thronged with worshipers of Him, whose great gift more than eighteen hundred years ago has made all Christmas tokens doubly precious.

To the happy sleighful never had the day appeared so lovely and yet so sacred. The church, when they had entered its portal, had never looked so beautifully decorated. Surely the good pastor had never preached so eloquently before. His discourse seemed overflowing with the spirit of the love that on this day gave peace to earth, and never, never had the chorus "Glory to God in the Highest" seemed so full and complete, or the solo, "on earth peace, good will to men" fallen so distinctly upon the ear and lingered in the heart as on this occasion. Why was it all?

As the party were about to drive off, Alice Sutherland, standing on the church steps, appealed strongly with her pale face and wistful eyes, to Mrs. Ambrose's motherly heart. She had never shared her husband's objection to the child of Joseph Sutherland, and now she said,

"We must take Alice home with us, poor child! Come girls, sit up close; Gertrude, your aunt Margaret wants you on her lap. Alice, Alice Sutherland, we are going to carry you off to Christmas at our house, jump in here, beside me." Alice was easily taken captive. The lonely house at home, and the contrasting thought of the joyous family party at the Ambrose homestead, passed quickly through her mind, so with a heightened color and brighter eye, she gladly suffered herself to be helped in by Mr. Ambrose, who was too well bred to allow any discourtesy to a guest of his wife's.

Lively conversation mingled with the merry tingling of sleigh bells and Alice's spirits began to rise. Arrived at her destination it would have been impossible to resist the kind attention and delicate sympathies of all the feminine portion of the household. She felt more like the Alice of olden time. Mr. Ambrose seemed touched—his heart was so very tender today—by the bright sweetness of the girl, and he several times found himself thinking "how like Alice is to her mother, and how unlike her father." He did not know that he blamed Robert so very much, after all, but then she was Joseph Sutherland's child, notwithstanding her blonde complexion and winning manner—so granite was itself again.

Alice's father had been detained longer than he expected. To the serious illness had succeeded death, and Mr. Sutherland's presence had been required to arrange many matters, and to comfort the bereaved ones, so that it was not until the morning of Christmas Day that he was at liberty to start homeward.

At first, his thoughts were upon the sad scenes he had left, and from the affection he felt for this favorite brother and his family, his feelings were unusually tender. As he drew near home, his thoughts turned thitherward, and centered foundly upon his beloved Alice. He recalled the few, but oh! such happy years, he had spent with her mother, ere he had been called upon to pass through the same sorrow that was now crushing the heart of the widow he had parted from that morning. Alice looked very like the one whose name she bore, but not so fresh or gladsome, and, for the first time, the father was willing to acknowledge to himself that he was the cause of the alteration in his child. He had often been angry with her for her obstinacy, as he was pleased to term it, but never before had he blamed himself. Now his heart was subdued by the softening touch of grief.

He thought it must be trying to those so recently afflicted, to witness the festivities of this joyous festival, and see all around them so gay, while they were in the first throes of anguish; and then he thought, as he was not wont to think, of Him who came on this day to bring "peace on earth," and then he tried to recall the rest of the words sung by the angels on Bethlehem plain, until finally the whole sentence came to his recollection. "Good will to men"—he had never thought of it before, but now it was in his mind and he could dwell upon nothing else. As the train stopped at one of the principal stations, the chimes of a large church could be heard pealing forth Christmas music, and Mr. Sutherland, for the first time in his life, desired to enter a church. He frequently attended service in his own village, but only from habit, never because he cared for any benefit he might possibly receive. This morning, his thoughts were less upon the festivities in accordance with the occasion, than upon the higher object of the day—upon the "peace on earth." "Peace," "good will," seemed no dead letters to him now.

On sped the train, his longing to stop for church ungratified. Alice again was in his thoughts. What was she doing, all alone all day? for he would not reach home until night. She must be very lonely! Nobody to wish her "Merry Christmas," excepting the domestics. A lonely Christmas dinner; not even a present—the first time she had ever missed that; but owing to his absence it had been neglected this year. Not even a letter, for, thinking to reach home, he had not written. Poor, pale Alice! it was too bad, it was all wrong. She ought never to be left so. What was he thinking of, to leave her all alone? But what else could he do? His brother was sick, and his summons was not only appealing, but [illegible] ah, yes! Alice ought to have some one besides her father to guard her from such experiences as she was undergoing to-day. She ought to have little, bird-like voices wishing her "Merry Christmas." She ought to have rosy cheeks and happy eyes. And why hadn't she? Then his brow contracted. If she had not been so silly and obstinate as to like Robert Ambrose, the son of his enemy! but what was that about "peace" and "good will"? And wasn't there something, too, about "loving enemies"? Love his enemy! How could he? Love the man who always crossed his path triumphantly! But *Alice* was not his enemy; should he be magnanimous enough to give her to old Ambrose's son—old Ambrose, who—but when Mr. Sutherland thought the matter all over, he could not tell, after all, what Mr. Ambrose had done, excepting to be more fortunate and successful than himself, always, from a boy up. That used to seem enough, but to-day, somehow, things seemed different from ever before. He began to wonder if he had been at fault—he began to wonder if he had even been good to Alice. Save in one matter, his conscience acquitted him on that point. On the other, he felt something like shame; but that was a new sensation to him, and after a little he fell asleep, tired of his thoughts, and weary, too, from the watching and solicitude of the sick chamber he had left.

The afternoon was waning, and, somewhat wearied by very pleasure, the Ambrose family clustered around the open fireplace fur quiet chat. Gertrude and Minnie held their dolls very closely, and Aunt Margaret tossed her baby boy and gave him laugh for laugh.

"King Sol," observed Jennie, "has nearly completed his daily round, but he seems loath to cause a shadow to fall upon the day he has done so much to make radiant."

"Yes," replied Alice, "and therefore he is lavishing his royal store of purple and of gold on sky and mountain, ere he gradually disappears."

"And," said Mrs. Ambrose, "he will soon be sending some brilliant *billet doux* to console us for his absence and assure us that if his bright face is withdrawn, his thoughts are still with us."

"What does mamma mean?" whispered Gertrude to her father.

"Look out the window, up at the sky," he answered, "and perhaps you will see one."

The children rushed to the window to search the sky for a *billet doux*, and in a few moments exclaimed, "O, I know! I know! mamma means the stars. There are three; and now there are four. But how does the sun send them, papa? I did not know how the sun had any thing to do with the stars."

Mr. Ambrose always answered his children's questions, unless they were beyond him, as children's questions are sometimes beyond the ken of human mind; so he mounted one on each knee and proceeded to give Gertrude and Minnie an elementary lesson in astronomy. When he had finished, he told his little audience that he could not instruct them gratis, and should claim, as payment, the song, "Star of Wonder," which debt the youthful voices promptly and harmoniously discharged. This important matter disposed of, Jennie seated herself at the piano, soon all voices joined in glad carols and Christmas anthems.

The sun had quite gone now; dusk was stealing closer and closer, but the singers sang on, by the quivering light of the wood fire. Thus an hour passed, and Alice and Jennie commenced the duet of Dr. Mulenberg's beautiful carol. As their sweet voices joined in the stanza,

"Discord sure must cease—
Who dare hate his brother?
On this day of peace.
While the heavens are telling
To mankind, good will,
Only love and kindness
Should each bosom fill."

Mr. Ambrose felt as if he were a guilty man, to have lived so many Christmas Days cherishing a bitter feeling against any creature. In the frame of mind in which he was now, at once soothed and elevated, anger or any low passion seemed so insignificant, so much of earth, earthy, that he wondered how he could have allowed himself to be so influenced.

He was so absorbed in his self-condemnation that he did not hear the remainder of the music, nor the door open. He saw, however, two gentlemen advance toward the firelight, and recognized his son Robert. His greeting of surprise and pleasure, attracted the singers and in a moment Alice sprang to embrace the second visitor, who was none other than Joseph Sutherland. Mr. Ambrose's first feeling was that of displeasure, so little do we know ourselves, but when Mr. Sutherland said, less elegantly than sincerely,

"Ambrose, I am a fool, and have been all my life, but I have been thinking about this thing all day, and I wish you would agree with me to let by-gones be by-gones." Mr. Ambrose grasped his hand and murmured, "who dare hate his brother on this day of peace." Mr. Sutherland caught the last word, and with a firm grasp of Mr. Ambrose's hand resumed, "I thought if you were willing we would do this matter up square." So I called on this young fellow and brought him along with me, and we will make it up to Alice this way, in place of the present she was to have had from her old father this morning. "Alice, poor girl!" and his voice grew very tender, "I have not been as good a father to you as I thought all along I was, but you shall be happy yet."

Alice, now more resembling a carnation than a lily, amazement predominating in her mind, still clung to her father's arm, until Mr. Ambrose took her hand, saying with his accustomed ease,

"Miss Alice, your father and I have exchanged places to-day. He has brought my son Robert to his home once more, and I consider it my privilege to 'give away the bride.'"

A general laugh followed this little sally, during which Robert advanced to claim his Christmas gift. It was difficult to tell which of the two faces looked happier—Robert's with its great gladness, or Alice's in its complete restfulness. Still more difficult was it to distinguish the words they spoke as they talked together in the farthest corner of the room. Indeed, it seemed hardly fair to try to listen, especially as the burden of that "old, old story" is a household word to most of us.

Jennie and Gertrude had left the room for lights, but soon returned and announced supper which all must immediately attend, in order to be in readiness for the annual and indispensible Christmas games. The awkwardness, which, now that he had made his introductory and conciliatory speech, was creeping over Mr. Sutherland, was thus dissipated and good feeling rapidly gained ground that evening.

Mr. Sutherland quite won the hearts of the juveniles by his agility at blind man's buff, and Mr. Ambrose was amazed that he had never before seen Joseph Sutherland's good points.

Before separating, aunt Margaret said to Jennie—"we will have the Gloria for a good night," and every voice lingered on the words "peace on earth, good will to man."

THE REBEL ARMIES.

De Bowe's Review gives the following figures concerning the Confederate armies during the war:

Confederate forces actively engaged, 1861 to 1865	600,000
Total deaths in C. S. A.	200,000
Lost of C. S. A. in prisoners, 1861-65, which may be considered as total losses, on account of the policy of non-exchange by the United States	200,000
Losses C. S. A. by discharges, disability and desertion	100,000

If this calculation, which is given only as an approximation, be correct, one-third of all the men actively engaged on the Confederate side were killed outright upon the field, or died of disease and wounds; another third of the entire number were captured and held for an indefinite period in Northern prisons, and of the remaining $200,000 at least one-half were lost to the service by discharges and desertion. At the close of the war the Confederate States mustered scarce 100,000 effective men.

AT Aurora, Illinois, on Thursday Dec. 16th, two young ladies named Addyman, were walking past the residence of Samuel McCarty, accompanied by a younger brother. As they reached the gate the lad took hold of it, when instantly a gun was discharged. A portion of the shot struck one of the sisters in the mouth, knocking out her teeth, and the ballance of the charge lodged in the other lady's shoulder. Both were severely injured. The gun had been set with a spring to shoot boys who pulled down the fence. McCarty is one of the most respectable citizens of Aurora. He will be arrested.

A PALACE hotel is to be constructed out of the Lafarge House, New York. It is to cost $2,000,000, and to have seven hundred rooms, two thousand doors, fifteen hundred windows, fifty corridors, and seven acres of carpeting. It will accommodate two thousand guests