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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, JANUARY 7, 1870. No. 8.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING

IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

Ten lines of Nonpareil constitute a Square.

TIME.	1/4 Col.	1/3 Col.	1/2 Col.	3/4 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 00
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
Assignees' Notice	2 50
Auditors' Notice	1 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	3:10 "
Emigrant Tr.	4:28 "	Fast Line	6:12 "
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)	1:55 "
Columbia Ac.	2:45 "	Southern Ex (leave)	4:10 "
Harrisb'g Ac.	5:51 "	Harrisb'g Ac (leave)	5:51 "
Lanc. Train	7:31 "		
Cincin. Ex.	10:50 "		

READING RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT,

MONDAY, NOV. 22, 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 2.30, 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 7.05 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 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 45, 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.	"	8:25 p. m.
"	7:15 a. m.	Columbia	9:35 a. m.
"	6:15 p. m.	"	8:30 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, 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.

nov26-69-tf] GEO. F. GAGE, Su'.

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 fixtures, the instruments formerly belonging to me, and also those used by my father, Dr. Parry, in his practice. In the purchase, the doctor has provided himself with some of the most valuable and expensive instruments used in dental practice, and has beyond doubt one of the best and largest collections of teeth and instruments in the State. 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. E. 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]

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-ly] 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, 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.

WILL THE NEW YEAR COME TO-NIGHT, MAMMA?

[WRITTEN BY CORA M. EAGER.]

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma?
I'm tired of waiting so—
My stocking hung by the chimney-side full
three long days ago;
I run to peep within the door by morning's
early light—
'Tis empty still; oh, say, mamma, will the
New Year come to-night?

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma—
the snow is on the hill,
And the ice must be two inches thick upon
the meadow's rill.
I heard you tell papa last night his son must
have a sled,
(I didn't mean to hear, mamma,) and a pair
of skates, you said.

I prayed for just these things, mamma. Oh,
I shall be full of glee,
And the orphan boys in the village school
will all be envying me;
But I'll give them toys, and lend them books,
and make their New Year glad,
For God, you say, takes back his gifts when
little folks are bad.
And won't you let me go, mamma, upon the
New Year day,
And carry something nice and warm to poor
old widow Gray?
I'll leave the basket near the door, within the
garden gate—
Will the New Year come, to-night, mamma?
It seems so long to wait.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, I
saw it in my sleep;
My stocking hung so full, I thought—mamma,
what makes you weep?
But it only held a little shroud—a shroud,
and nothing more;
An open coffin, made for me, was standing
on the floor!
It seemed so very strange, indeed, to find
such gifts instead
Of all the toys I wished so much—the story-
books and sled;
And while I wondered what it meant, you
came with tearful joy,
And said, "Thou'l find the New Year first;
God calleth thee my boy!"

It is not all a dream, mamma—I know it
must be true;
But have I been so bad a boy, God taketh
me from you?
I don't know what papa will do when I am
laid to rest—
And you will have no Willie's head to fold
upon your breast.
The New Year comes to-night, mamma—your
dear hand on my cheek,
And raise my head a little more—it seems so
hard to speak.

I shall not want the skates, mamma, I'll
never need the sled:
But won't you give them both to Blake, who
hurt me on my head?
He used to hide my books away, and tear the
pictures, too,
But now he'll know that I forgive, as then I
tried to do.
And, if you please, mamma, I'd like the
story-books and slate
To go to Frank, the drunkard's boy, you
would'nt let me hate;
And, dear mamma, you won't forget, upon
the New Year's day,
The basketful of something nice for poor old
widow Gray?

The New Year comes, to-night, mamma—it
seems so very soon—
I think God didn't hear me ask for just an-
other June.
I know I've been a thoughtless boy, and
made you too much care,
And, maybe for your sake, mamma, God
doesn't hear my prayer.
There's one thing more; my pretty pets, the
robin and the dove,
Keep for you and dear papa, and teach them
how to love.
The garden-rake, the little hoe—you'll find
them nicely laid
Upon the garret floor, mamma, the place
where last I played.

I thought to need them both so much when
summer comes again,
To make my garden by the brook that trick-
les thro' the glen,
It cannot be; but you will keep the summer
flowers green,
And plant a few—don't cry, mamma—a very
few I mean,
Where I'm asleep—I'll sleep so sweet be-
neath the apple-tree,
Where you and robin, in the morn, will come
and sing to me.

The New Year comes—good night mamma—
"I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord"—tell dear papa—"my soul
to keep;
If I"—how cold it seems—how dark—kiss me,
I cannot see—
The New Year comes to-night mamma, the
old year—dies with me.

HARD ON THE ENGINEER.

An engineer on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad tells the following story of himself. One night the train stopped to wood and water at a small station in Indiana. While this operation was going on I observed two green-looking countrymen, in "home-spun," curiously inspecting the locomotive and occasionally giving vent to expressions of astonishment. Finally one of them looked up to me and said:

"Stranger, are this a locomotive?"

"Certainly. Didn't you ever see one before?"

"No, haven't never saw one afore. Me'n Bill come down to the station to-night purpose to see one. Them's the biler, ain't it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"What yer call that you're in?"

"We call this the cab."

"And that big wheel?"

"That's the driving wheel."

"That big black thing on top is the chimbley, I suppose?"

"Precisely."

"Be you the engineer wat runs the machine?"

"I am the engineer."

"Bill," said the fellow to his mate, after eyeing me closely for a few minutes, "IT DON'T TAKE MUCH OF A MAN TO BE ENGINEER, DO IT?"

"All aboard!"

Miscellaneous.

BREAD UPON THE WATER:

OR,

LITTLE LUCY DAY'S GOOD WORKS.

BY HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

"Oh, you bad girls—oh, you cruel girls! you called the new girl a charity scholar!" and Lucy Day stood in the midst of the group of school girls, drawn up to her fullest height, with her cheeks burning, and her glorious brown eyes flashing—looking like a very little queen in her youthful, honest indignation.

"I'll take her for my desk-mate, and—and I'll never have another word to say to one of you, more than I can possibly help, if you—if you ever trouble her again." Lucy Day went on, stamping her tiny feet on the platform, "you'll see if I will! It almost made me hate you, every one of you, when I found that dear little motherless thing hidden away behind the stairs in the lobby, with her black frock splashed all over with tears, and sobbing so dreadfully?"

"But we did not think she'd care so very much," cried several voices.

"Didn't think she'd care! You ought to be ashamed of yourself to say it; to be sure you did, and you know you are fibbing. I wish I was brave, like this Susan Garnet, willing to come in among a lot of proud, stuck-up girls, and sweep up their nut shells and apple cores, and date stones, and waste paper, and dust their desks and wash off their ink-stands, and hang up their waterproofs and hats in the lobby—and all to get some learning! I tell you she's the first girl in the school! I'd rather be Susan Garnet than the whole of us—in one way I had!"

"We never thought of it in that way, Lucy," now spoke up Minnie Spear, "and you have no right to be so hard upon us and call us names."

"Hard upon you? Well, I don't want to be that Minnie, I'm sure," answered Lucy, with a gentle tone, "only I felt so sorry for the brave little dear!"

"But she's a tattler, or how did you know what she was crying about, Lucy Day—just tell that?" interposed Fanny Bradford, with a malicious sparkle in her black eyes.

"Because I came back last night after a book and heard a sobbing in the lobby, and so peeped through the key-hole and saw her, and she did not tell me one single word!"

"Hush! here she comes," cried several voices under their breath.

Susan Garnet came slowly up the path in her rusty black frock and her coarse straw hat with its black ribbons. With an evident shrinking from the group of girls upon the steps, she was hurrying by them, when Lucy Day placed herself a little before her and said:

"Susie—Susie Garnet, don't go in yet. The teacher has not come, and it is so pleasant out here under the trees. Do you hear that dear little bird singing, Susie?"

Susan Garnet looked up in pleased surprise, it was so unexpected. And then she laid her hand in Lucy Day's with a faint color in her pale cheeks.

"Oh, we are going to be such friends, you and I," Lucy went on to say, as she drew Susan upon the step by her side. "I liked you from the first minute I saw you, and I want you to sit with me—"

"With you, Miss Day!"

"Oh, please not 'Miss Day' me! I'm *Lucy*—I don't want to be anything else to you! And you must sit by me—will you? It will be so nice!"

"If you like me to, of course I shall be, oh, very, very glad!" and here Susan Garnet choked down a sob.

"Come, Susan—come girls, let us go down to meet the teacher; I see her just turning the corner;" and now Lucy drew Susan's arm around her waist, and led the way, the other girls following in their suit, giving the new girl friendly smiles and words.

"Bless your kind little heart, Lucy Day," whispered Miss Alcott, the teacher, as they filed up the stairs. "I was going to keep the girls in at recess and lecture them for their rudeness to the new scholar, but you've saved me the painful duty! I'm sure I don't know what I could do without you;" and Miss Alcott raised Lucy's little white hand to her lips and kissed it with moist eyes. Then they all trooped into the schoolroom in a merry flutter, as happy school girls will.

Susan Garnet had no more coldness to fear now that Lucy Day had taken her up. She felt it, sitting there by Lucy's side, and her poor little motherless heart sang for very joy that morning, nor did it ever forget the song it sang.

"Squire Raymond," cried Lucy Day, flitting across the street, on her way home from school, several weeks after the opening of our story.

"What is it, my little queen?" And then the squire, who had turned around, held out both of his hands towards Lucy, and Lucy laid her own in them, and looked up into his benevolent old face, with:

"Oh, it is something I've longed so to ask you. May I walk home with you, Squire Raymond?"

"May you? Of course you may. But how fine we are this morning, in such a pretty pink gown, and a bran new hat, or I miss my guess, and a fresh shine on our golden curls! What is it all for? A trap to take the old man's heart by storm?" And now the Squire's mellow laugh floated up out on the pleasant air.

"Perhaps. But, come, you must not talk any more such nonsense, for I must tell you all about it."

"Well, go on, little one. Of course I must mind the Queen of the Town!"

"Then I may say it? I was a little afraid. Squire Raymond, did you see that girl in a black dress, and black ribbons upon her hat? Do you know Susan Garnet?"

"I can't say that I know her, though mother and I have seen her going by our door a deal lately, and wondered where she came from. She's got a good face, but mother says it's too much like a woman's to be natural. But what of her, child?"

"Well, she's no father or mother, and she's just living up to Mr. Perry's, clear beyond the crossing, and she makes beds, and sweeps rooms, and washes dishes, beside running of errands, and waiting and tending upon Carrie and Sophy Perry—"

"And I don't doubt but they keep her in business. I don't care to be unkind, but they are hard people, and I'll warrant the child gets no rest. Mother said she looked all fagged out, the poor dear. I mind, now, they were the very words she said."

"And so she is all fagged out all the time—just as tired as death. And then she walks a mile and more to school, and she has to sweep the school-room and take care of the halls and the lobbys, for they do not so much as pay her schooling, and she has such a dreadful sideache; but she never complains. Oh, she is so brave—such a dear brave girl, Squire Raymond!"

"So she is—so she is, one of a thousand;" and now Squire Raymond turned his head a little from Lucy Day, that she might not see the suspicious moisture in his eyes, adding—"But go on, little one."

"And—and—oh, will you not take her? You have no girl of your own, and it would be so—so nice if you only would!" And now Susan Day lifted her eyes pleadingly to Squire Raymond's face, and the bright color came and went in her cheeks.

"That's it. Lucy Day, you've hit the nail right on the head! We'll take her, and no mistake! She's too good to wait on those lazy Perry girls. I'll go right home and talk it over with mother, and we'll have her settled in her new home before the week's out—you may rest your little heart on that, little one!"

"Oh, I can't hear any more, I'm so glad—so happy; everything is so—so jolly, and you are the best old darling in the world, you and your Mother Raymond. But may she call you and Mrs. Raymond 'father' and 'mother?'"

"Bless your dear little heart, of course she may!" and here the Squire fairly broke down and went off on a tangent towards his home, leaving Lucy Day standing in pleasant bewilderment upon the sidewalk, half sobbing as he went. "If the world was made up of such stuff as this Lucy Day, 'twould be a rare, fine world to live in—God bless her kind little soul!"

And so it came to pass Susan Garnet was taken into Squire Raymond's beautiful home, and, better still, into the loving hearts of the Squire and his wife, with all the honors and privileges of an only daughter! This was one of Lucy Day's good works, with which her young life was constantly filled, and running over!

CHAPTER II.

Two years had gone by since the adoption of Susan Garnet into Squire Raymond's household, and now a sad change had come over little Lucy Day's life.

In the churchyard of her own pretty town, Lucy was sitting bending her sweet, but sad face over two newly-made graves—the graves of her father and mother, who, after a short attack of typhoid fever, had gone from her forever; and Lucy was not only left an orphan, but was without provision for her future, for her father had been tempted into the wildest of speculations, and in one short year, from being reputed the wealthiest man in the town, was reduced to absolute penury. This sudden shock, it was thought, had helped to hurry both the father and mother out of life, while, as yet no plan for Lucy's future had been made.

"It will not do," said Lucy Day to herself, "for me to sit here crying over dear papa and mamma, for I must not make myself sick. I've nobody to take care of me now, and to-morrow the things are to be sold, and then I've nowhere to go but to Mrs. Perry's to wait on Carrie and Sophy. I wish, oh, I wish Squire Raymond was at home. Of course I don't think he'd care to have me; he wouldn't want *two* girls, for he's not rich at all now, since the dreadful gold-mine and that dreadful coal-mine failed!"

And then Lucy Day dried her eyes, and went out of the burying-ground slowly, going in an opposite direction from her home, saying, as she climed over a stile that led into the squire's wood:

"'Tisn't right I should be so selfish as to forget other's troubles, just because of my own; so I'll cut across here to find the things I promised old Mrs. Springer more than a week ago—some wild flowers and boxberry leaves!"

So with her pretty, pale face, she went along, bending forward, now and then, to puck the pink and white blossoms, and next she would stoop close to the ground in search of the aromatic young winter-green-leaves. So busy was she with her labor of love and her sad thoughts, that she did not notice a young man approaching her—did not look up, though he now stood just at her side, with his arms resting upon a pile of stones, looking tenderly upon Lucy Day in her black dress, and with her wide-brimmed hat with its black ribbons. She was all unconscious of this, until a bough broke under his feet. Then, lifting her sad eyes with a startled look that suddenly changed into one of pleased surprise, she cried:

"Oh, Paul Raymond, how glad I am to see you! Have your father, and mother, and Susan come too? I've needed them so dreadfully!"

"Yes, we have all come home—come as soon as we could after hearing of your dear father's and mother's"—

"Then you know it—know all about it, and you are so very good to think of me! I've longed so for your father, and mother, and Susan, and you, Paul, since you went away."

"We thought you would; and dear old father, I never saw him so shaken by anything before as he is now. He says over and over—'Poor little Lucy—poor little dear! we must comfort her!'"

"Oh, it is just like him—he is so kind—such a dear, good old man! and then Lucy Day bent down, with tears dropping upon her black dress, and began breaking off some sprays of fine white flowers to add to her bouquet.

"What are you going to do with those?" said Paul. "I should think you had better not tire yourself by running about after flowers, for you look quite pale, and your little hands are trembling like a leaf."

"But I must. I'm not getting them for myself," answered Lucy, with her tears still dropping quietly, adding: "And the young boxberry leaves are to make some cordial for poor old Mrs. Springer, Paul, and the flowers too, are for her."

"Oh, I thought it was something of this kind. It's like you; think of everybody before yourself. I never saw a young girl so full of good works as you, Lucy Day!"

"Then I think you've never seen very many girls, Paul;" and now a pathetic little smile shone out through Lucy's tears.

"But you mustn't go down there now to carry them. Father sent me to bring you up to the house. He'd come for you himself, but he's so taken down. After tea, Susan, and you and I will go over the brook by the bridge—that's a pleasant way—and carry the flowers and boxberry leaves to Mrs. Springer."

"Well, Paul." And then Lucy laid her hand in Paul's with a little restful sigh, and let him lead her along the cross-path to his father's house, and into the pretty, home-like, south parlor, where the squire and his motherly wife, and Susan Garnet were sitting.

"Bless your dear little heart!" cried the squire, opening his arms to the motherless girl, and the next moment she was sobbing out her sorrow on his bosom, while Mother Raymond and Susan were bending over her, with her eyes running over with tears, and Paul was looking from the window with a dimness over his sight.

"Now take off her things, mother," said the squire, when he had found his voice; "It's so nice to have our little girl home! And Susan, you carry them up to your room. Remember, she's your little sister now, and always, after this! Lucy, haven't you a word to say to your new mother, and your brother Paul, and—"

"Oh, but it must not be, Squire Raymond, it must not be. It would be wrong in me to—"

"Then you'll not call me 'father,' and you don't want mother here for your mother, and Susan and Paul for your sister and brother—poor little darling!"

"Oh, indeed, I would like it better than everything in all the world, but you are not rich now, and I must not be selfish. I must go to Mrs. Green's; I promised to. I'm going to be Carrie and Sophy Green's little waitingmaid, Squire Raymond."

"Heaven forbid, child, never—never! Don't you say so, mother?"

"Yes, father, I'll work my fingers off before she shall go from our door! You will stay and be our little girl?" and now motherly Mrs. Raymond smoothed Lucy's shining curls lovingly. "We have often talked it over, since Susan came, how pleasant it would be to have two girls; haven't we father? And now our other little girl has come."

"Indeed we have, child, and we're not so poor as we thought. The gold mine isn't a failure, and—and—its no use talking, it's a settled thing; this is your home! Susan, Paul, come shake hands with your new sister."

And Lucy laid her hand with a smiling face into Paul's and Susan's, and then going to Mrs. Raymond, she knelt down upon the cricket at her feet and laying her motherless head upon Mrs. Raymond's lap, a restful look came into her brown eyes, and she whispered:

"I did not think, that so soon after papa and mamma had gone, I should have the very home I've thought, ever since I was a little imp of a girl, I should ask Him to give me if I was ever to lose mine!"

"Dear child," replied Mrs. Raymond, "He has been very good to us all."

"Yes, Mother Raymond and Father Raymond. I shall call you that always, if you will like me to. I can't say 'mamma' and 'papa'—that belonged to them, you know. I couldn't say that to any others in the world!"

"We understand all about that, don't we, father?" answered Mrs. Raymond, with a loving, sympathetic smile.

"And do you know, it was because of this thought that I would like this for my home, that made me think of it for Susan. And now, here we are together. Oh, I didn't think, so soon after they went, 'God would take me up.'"

Thus was little Lucy Day rewarded. Her good works had been "Broad cast upon the waters."

THE raising of a fund for the benefit of Secretary Stanton's family has been commenced in paiseworthy earnest. Senator Chandler, of Michigan, heads the list of contributions with the sum of *five thousand dollars*. President Grant has subscribed one thousand dollars, and many others have signified their intention of contributing liberally.