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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, FEBRUARY 25, 1870. No. 15.

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	32 00
3 months..	4 00	6 00	9 00	15 00	30 00	35 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 00
Administrators' Notice..... 2 50
Assignees' Notice..... 2 00
Auditors' Notice..... 1 50

SPECIAL NOTICES—Ten cents a line for the first insertion, and Seven cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

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.	12:31 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 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 12.43, 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.	"	10:20 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, 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.

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. B. PARRY.

W. M. WHITESIDE,

DENTIST.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

EAST KING STREET,

Next door to the Court House, over Fahnestock's Dry Goods Store,

LANCASTER, PENNA.

Teeth Extracted without pain by the use of (Nitrous Oxide) Gas.

no20-tf]

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, 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,)

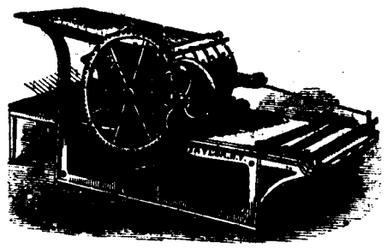
LANCASTER, PA.

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

Printing.

JOB PRINTING.



THE BEST AND CHEAPEST PLACE

To get all kinds of

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IS AT THE

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.

BEST KID GLOVES.

H. M. LECHLER,

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]

HEADQUARTERS FOR

UNDERCLOTHING, STOCKINGS, GLOVES,

COLLARS, CUFFS, SLEEVE BUTTONS,

and Gent's ware generally, at

ERISMAN'S,

o. 41½ NORTH QUEEN ST., Lancaster.

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

Hols-Dicher, Schnup-Dicher, Collars, Hemsermel K'nep, g'shtickte Hemmer-fronts, Pocket Bicher, Perfumery, Hohr-Ehl, Cigar Casa, un onnery fancy articles ons

E. J. ERISMAN'S,
41½ North Queen Street, Lancaster.
(Om sign fum gross Shtreafich Hem.) [no20-1y

Hotels.

U. S. HOTEL,

OPPOSITE PENNA. R. R. DEPOT,

HARRISBURG, PA.

W. H. EMMINGER & CO.,

mh12-1y] Proprietors.

Poetry.

CLING TO THOSE WHO CLING TO YOU.

There are many friends of summer,
Who are kind while flowers bloom,
But when winter chills the blossoms,
They depart with the perfume;
On the broad highway of action
Friends of worth are far and few;
So when one has proved his friendship,
Cling to him who clings to you.

Do not harshly judge your neighbor,
Do not deem his life untrue,
If he makes no great pretensions,
Deeds are great though words are few;
Those who stand amid the tempest,
Firm as when the skies are blue,
Will be friends while life endureth,
Cling to those who cling to you.

When you see a worthy brother
Buffeting the stormy main,
Lend a helping hand fraternal,
Till he reach the shore again;
Don't desert the old and tried friend,
When misfortune comes in view,
For then he needs friendship's comforts,
Cling to those who cling to you.

Miscellaneous.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOR.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

The spring was just coming in, when the house opposite, which had been vacant all winter, found a tenant. The house was not exactly opposite, however, for it stood on a side street, and fronted, therefore, at right angles to my boarding-house. But the "second story back," which I occupied, overlooked its garden, and that is the main point in my story. I say "garden" advisedly, for, unlike most city houses, the house opposite had a deep yard behind it, part of which was shut off by a trellis-work, and was full of flower-beds; and the first knowledge that the house was occupied at last, was the sight of a young lady, a very vision of beauty, who appeared, one morning, in a charming, yet simple costume, rake in hand, to attend to these very beds.

I had always been passionately fond of flowers. I watched her, accordingly, with deep interest as, day by day, she directed a neighboring florist where to set out new plants. Afterward, she herself attended to the garden, watering flowers, night and morning, hoeing the earth when necessary, and carefully clipping off the dead wood.

She would have been beautiful in any dress, but in this pretty garden-costume she looked divine. Graceful and tall, womanly in all her movements, I had never seen her equal. At the end of a week, I thought of nothing but my opposite neighbor. At the end of a fortnight I was hopelessly in love.

Sometimes, the notes of a piano were heard from within the opposite house; and then a voice rang out, so elastic, so sympathetic, so thoroughly cultivated, that I was ravished. Now the songs were gay; now they were sad; but always the voice was superb, the execution perfect. Several times an elderly gentleman came out into the garden: her father, no doubt.

I had often passed the house, but no name was on the door; so I did not, as yet, even know who my opposite neighbor was. I did not like to make inquiries. But, at last, Mrs. Day, my landlady, said, one day, at the table, incidentally, that the name of the people who had taken the opposite house was Vaiden, and that the young lady was the wife of the elderly gentleman.

You could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard this intelligence. But I rallied, after awhile, and asked, boldly, if Mrs. Day was certain. "There is such a disparity in their ages," I said, "it seems impossible." But she answered very positively, as landladies do, "that she had it from the best authority."

My dream was broken. Once or twice afterward, I saw my opposite neighbor at her gardening; but I always left my window when she came out; and in a fortnight went out West, more to cure myself of this hopeless fancy, than because I had anything to do in Chicago. When I came back, in the fall, the opposite house was closed, and my neighbor gone.

That very afternoon, walking down Broadway, I met an old college chum, Tom Birdsell. "Why, bless me!" he cried, "we haven't met for years. I'm just going to Delmonico's to dine. Join me, and we'll talk of old times, unless you're married, and must go home to dinner. Not married, eh?" he added, gayly. "Lucky fellow! I'm not exactly married, but I'm engaged, and I want to make the most of my liberty. So come along."

"Alice is a charming girl," he said, getting confidential as the dinner progressed. "I'm going there this evening, and, by-the-by, why won't you come, too, and give me your opinion of her? Lots of money, I can tell you. It's rather a romantic story: my engagement to her, I mean. Her father was an old chum of my father, just as you and I are, but they hadn't met for years. In fact, Alice's papa had lived at the West, and only came here last spring, when he rented a house for six months, till he could look around and buy one for himself. The two old fellows ran against each other accidentally in the street, were frightfully glad, insisted on Alice and I meeting, and finally, planned a match between us. My charmer was a little distant, at first; but she's coming round now; and though the wedding-day isn't fixed, the marriage is to come off, the old folks say, some time next spring."

"And do you love her?"

"Oh! enough for all practical purposes. She's lady-like, and cultivated, and pretty, and all that, and has lots of tin. It would be a pity to disappoint the old people, eh?"

"But you haven't told me her name?"

"Alice Vaiden. But, bless me, old fellow! what's the matter?"

"Nothing, or only a sudden cramp."

"I forgot to show you her picture," he said. "Here it is, a very good one, too, though I must say it flatters her slightly: all porcelain pictures do."

I knew before I took the miniature in my hand that it was my opposite neighbor's. And I had thought her married—oh, how blind! I tured aside, as if to throw the light more directly upon the picture; no one must see me while I looked upon her. How I had loved her I never knew till now.

It was she, looking upon me with calm, soft eyes—eyes that might have been my heaven!

"Well, it's seven o'clock, and I am to be there at eight. It is pretty far up, and we had better be going. No excuses. Come along," he said, as I drew back.

I allowed myself to be led away.

We reached the place, an elegant mansion, and were ushered into the drawing-room.

"I'm very glad to meet you, my dear, young friend," said Mr. Vaiden, on my being introduced to him. "I like your face, sir; and, by-the-way, it looks familiar. Still, I never heard your name before, I think."

Alice soon made her appearance. Stately and star-like she glided in, greeting her betrothed with a careless grace, that seemed more like friendship than love.

I was introduced. As she gave me her hand a crimson flush shot over her face.

"I thought you were alone," she said, turning to Tom; "but your friend is very welcome."

Tom was evidently very proud of her. He was himself handsome, but superficial and selfish. I felt that, though she might admire him for a time, such a woman as Alice Vaiden could never be happy as his wife.

"Hal, you are so fond of music, you must hear Miss Alice sing," Tom said, directly.

He led her to the piano, and motioning me to a seat near her, returned to resume his conversation with Mr. Vaiden.

"Sing whatever you like best, please," I said, as she turned to ask me as to my favorite. "My sister used to sing to me before she was married; but of late I know but little of home, or home songs."

Softly she swept her white fingers over the keys, and then broke into a song full of feeling.

"I have heard you sing it before, Miss Valden," I said, quite forgetting myself, when she stopped.

"Ah!" she said; and again her face flushed crimson.

"This is not the first time," I went on, "I have seen you, though you do not remember me. The house you occupied, last spring, was opposite my boarding-place. I remember your face well, and your songs cheered many a lonely evening for me."

"I have seen you at your window," she replied, half shyly, in a soft, low voice, that made the blood quicken in my pulses, though why, I could hardly tell.

"Sing something more, please," I said, directly.

She chose a simple ballad, a sad one, and her voice seemed like the wail of a broken heart. When she had finished, she suddenly rose, and said,

"Are you fond of flowers? We have some very fine ones in bloom now. Tom," she added, "won't you come into the conservatory?"

Tom rose, giving her his arm as he did so. Mr. Vaiden and I followed.

"Alice, dear," said Tom, with an uncalled for show of affection, "give me a flower. A rose, say: I like roses best."

Alice broke some rose-sprays hastily, and presented them to him. "You will not forget my friend?" he said, patronizingly.

She paused by a camelia, which was crowned with rich, white blossoms, and plucking one just opened, she timidly placed it in my hand.

I understood her. She saw my love for her, and pitied me. I could not look up when I thanked her. Oh! could she but know what I knew—that the love I would give all I possessed to win was held so cheap by Tom.

"I am almost afraid I have offended papa Vaiden," said Tom, after we left. "The old idiot has gone to dabbling in stocks, and it's plain to be seen that he isn't inside the ring. It won't take very long for him to lose all he has. But I'll say no more on the subject. Are you going there on Tuesday night?"

"They asked me, but I have not yet decided."

"Go, by all means," he answered, carelessly. "They seem to like you; and old Vaiden doesn't take to every one."

Tuesday evening found me at Mr. Vaiden's. I had determined not to go; but I could not stay away. It was not a party, only an informal gathering, with music, dancing, and cheerful talk.

It was exquisite pleasure to be near Alice, although I knew that she was lost to me, and that I must crush out the love I felt for her.

"Come and see us often," said Mr. Vaiden, as I was leaving; "come at any and all times."

But I hesitated. I had noticed that Alice had shunned me all the evening, nor did she now join in this invitation. I stammered something, and left, resolving never to enter the house again. Tom was my friend; at least, I owed my introduction to him; and I would not be a traitor to him, even if I could. Never to see Alice again was the honorable course.

Three days after I met Tom on the street.

"Well, old Vaiden has done it at last!" he said, stopping me. "Lost every cent, just as I knew he would! That sudden tumble in stocks yesterday did it."

"And Alice?" I cried, breathlessly.

"Oh! Alice has just written me a note, asking to be released from the engagement, on account of her father's failure. Which I did, of course," he continued, with a laugh.

"The heartless scoundrel!" I muttered between my teeth, as I turned on my heel and abruptly left him.

An hour afterward, I was at Mr. Vaiden's. The old gentleman clasped my hand eagerly.

"My dear boy, do you know——" he began.

"I know all," I cried, interrupting him; "and I came to see if I could help you."

"No, I have something left; and even if I had not, I am not so old but I could work for Alice."

"And Alice, Miss Vaiden, how does she bear it?" I stammered.

"Like a heroine. But she has had more than this to bear——"

"I know it. The villain! May I—I wonder—would it be asking too much," I blurted out, desperately, "if I might see her?"

"Of course, my dear boy," he said, but with some surprise. "She is in the conservatory."

I flew to her side. She was sitting, listlessly dipping the fingers of one hand in the water of the fountain, while she leaned her head pensively on the other. At the sound of footsteps she looked up, and rose in confusion, crimsoning all over face and neck.

"Alice, darling!" I cried, excitedly. "You are free now, and I can speak. I do not dare to hope. But I love you! Oh! give me but a chance to show that I, at least am honest and true! Ever since I used to see you gardening, ever since I heard you sing, last spring, I have loved you——"

She had sunk, breathless, into her seat again. Her bosom was heaving convulsively. Her face, one moment was pale, and then was dyed with blushes. All at once a great hope leaped up in my heart, and I stopped in my passionate, almost incoherent address.

"Can it be?" I said, seizing her hand, and speaking in a whisper. "Oh, Alice! do not play with me. Is it possible you may learn to love me?"

She returned the pressure of my hand, ever so faintly, and murmured, as her head fell on my arm,

"I'm afraid I have learned it already."

And then I heard, in broken sentences, in answer to my eager questions, that she had long loved me; but that when she found out the truth, she was engaged to another, and honor kept her silent, as it had kept me.—*Peterson's Magazine for March.*

JOSH BILLINGS AS A PHILOSOPHER.

There seems to be four styles of minds:
1st, them who know it's so!
2d, them who know it a'nt so!
3d, them who split the difference and guess at it!
4th, them who don't care which way it is!

There is but few men who hez character enuff to lead a life of idleness.

True love is spelt just the same in Choctaw as it is in English.

Those who retire from the world on account of its sins and peskiness must not forget that they have yet to keep company with a person who wants just as much watching as anybody else.

Necessity begot invention, invention begot convenience, convenience begot pleasure, pleasure begot luxury, luxury begot riot and disease, riot and disease between them, begot poverty, and poverty begot necessity again—and this is a revolution of man, and is about all he can brag on.

Most people decline to learn only by their own experience. And I guess they are more than half right, for I do not spose a man can get a perfect idea of molasses by letting another fellow taste it for him.

An individual, to be a fine gentleman, has either got to be born so, or to be brought up so from infancy; he can't learn it sudden, any more than he can learn to talk injun correctly by practisen on a tomahawk.

I wonder if there was ever an old maid who ever heard of a match that she was suitable.

If a man wants to get his dimensions let him visit a graveyarrd.

THE CODFISH.

The codfish is a child of the oshen. This ackounts for their being so salt.

They are kought with a hook and line, and bite like a steel, and hang on like a poor relation.

They are good eatin for a wet day; they are better than an umbrelly to keep a man dry.

Dried codfish is one of the luxuries of life; but codfish three times a day would weaken my confidence in them.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.—Ah, this beautiful world! I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all sunshine and gladness, and Heaven itself lies not far off; and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not, and sometimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*