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Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affection of the Kidneys or Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Diseases of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those terrible Disorders arising from Solitary Habits of Youth—Secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of the Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage &c., impossible.
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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate of one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the best part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden noises, forgetfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.
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Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.
These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by the early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.
MENTALLY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded, Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c, are some of the evils produced.
Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.
**YOUNG MEN**
Who have injured themselves by a certain practice, indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.
What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the pride of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyment of life by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit, such persons must before contemplating
**MARRIAGE,**
Reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view, the mind becomes shadowed with despair, and filled with the melancholly reflection that the happiness of another is blighted with our own.
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SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED. [dec29-1y

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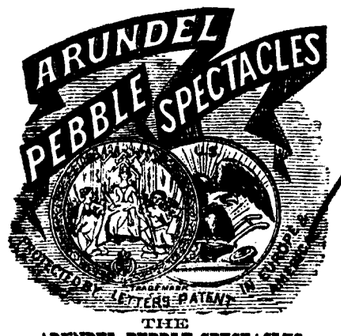


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*The Lenses of the*
ARUNDEL PEBBLE SPECTACLES
ARE VIOLET TINTED,
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*They are the Most Brilliant and Beautiful Ever Invented.*
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THE principle on which these spectacles are constructed, can not be too highly prized. Those who have felt the smarting, irritating pain consequent on use of all spectacles, by gas-light, or even day-light of ordinary intensity, will readily understand that any invention that will overcome this common trouble must be hailed with delight.
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*From* A. ACKLAND, *Surgeon L. S. A., F.R.M.S., London:*
"The color of glass to be used in spectacles, is one to which I have given some attention, and I have arrived at the conclusion that the *largest* amount of distinct vision, together with the *least* amount of *glare*, is to be obtained by using a violet tinted pebble, and to confirm the good opinion I have formed of this peculiar color, I am enabled to state that it is now recommended as the most suitable to be employed for weak vision, by the most celebrated oculists of the day."
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In the city, such as BOWS, SCARFS, KID GLOVES—The Best in the Market, one and two buttons, at 87c., $1, $1.25 and $1.37. Call and see them. Also, all the best makes of
CORSETS,
At 75 cents up. Ask to see the A. D. CORSET. LADIES' MERINO VESTS & DRAWERS, all sizes. Full regular made and other STOCKINGS, very cheap.
Give us a call, and examine our stock, at
Gundaker's Emporium,
143 and 144 NORTH QUEEN STREET.
LANCASTER, PA.

## WHEN?

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

If I were told that I should die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey trough,
What should I do?

I do not think I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day,
And, lying down at night, expect sleeping,
Say in the end
Which hearkens ever, "Lord, with thy keeping
How should I fear?
And, when to-morrow brings thee nearer still
Do thou thy will!"

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o'er the sky.
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand, from the blue yonder,
Held out the scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What could I do, oh! blessed Guide and Master!
Other than this,
Still to go on as now, no slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen;
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide Thee,
Or heaven's serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth;
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition
Or a short day's,
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait
If Thou come late.

## TWO KISSES.

BY MATILDE RAMAGE.

A long stretch of hard road, the noonday sun streaming down on it with fervent heat. Slowly plodding his way along it was a boy—a boy who was dusty and tired.

But the road was dry and hot, and uncomfortable, to the right and left were fields red with clover-blossoms. They were such a contrast to the road, that the boy felt as if he wanted to get over there and lie down and sleep, with the fragrance of the clover about him. Presently he came to a place where a tree stood just within the field. "I will rest a little while under it," he said, and climbing the fence, he sat down in the leafy shade. A cool breeze fanned his forehead as he removed his cap. Far off he could hear the low of cattle and the song of laborers. There was no cloud in the sky above. All nature seemed smiling beneath the blessing of heaven.

Directly the rustle of the leaves, above the boy's head, grew almost inaudible to him, the hum of the bees in the clover seemed to recede further and further; finally, his head dropped over on his arm and he was sound asleep.

The face of the sleeper was a handsome one, but it was pale, and it had lines in it too firm for his years. That he had both intellect and will was apparent at a glance. He was about fifteen years old.

He had slept, perhaps, for half an hour, when the sound of carriage-wheels awoke him. He raised himself to a sitting posture, hardly realizing where he was. The carriage stopped. It contained, beside the driver, only one occupant—a little girl about three years younger than the boy.

"Are you sick?" asked the sweetest voice in the world, as a lovely face peeped out between the curtains of the carriage. "I thought you might be, when I saw you lying there, and I told James to stop."

"No, thank you," answered the lad, blushing; and springing to his feet, he advanced to the side of the carriage. "I was only resting. I think I must have fallen asleep."

There was a short pause. The boy looked at the girl's face in undisguised admiration. Never had he seen anything so beautiful; never had he met any one so exquisitely dressed. It was like a vision out of Paradise. He glanced down at his travel-soiled garments, and then at her snowy muslin, as spotlessly clean. "Ah!" he said to himself, "she is some rich man's daughter; and I, I have only the bundle I carry over my shoulder, and a few dollars in my pocket."

The girl blushed under his fixed gaze; but her eyes melted with pity.

"You look tired," she said. "If you are going away won't you get in?" She moved as she spoke, to make room for him. "It is five miles yet before we reach home."

His face flushed, and he was on the point of declining, but a smile from the young girl decided it—he got in, the the carriage rolled along.

For a while there was silence. At last the young girl, with another sweet smile, turned to him and said:

"Will you tell me your name?" She was, you see, three years younger than the boy; but she was already infinitely more self-possessed.

"It is Bret Grey," he answered.

"And mine is Claudia Wilberforce," she said. "I hope we shall be good friends. Have you far to go?"

"I am going to Philadelphia," he replied.

"Why, that's a hundred miles off," Claudia cried. "You don't mean to walk all the way?"

"I've walked a hundred miles already," he said, simply.

Claudia paused awhile.

"You must have some great thing in view," she said, "to make you walk such a distance."

Her brown eyes were wide open with surprise. His grey ones met them without flinching. Somehow, in the presence of this girl, the boy was not shy, as he usually was.

"My object is not a very strange one," he said bravely. "I want to make a man of myself."

"Haven't you a home?"

"I have had a home, and a very pleasant one, but——" He stopped, embarrassed.

"Why don't your father send you to college? My brothers go to college."

"My father and mother are both dead," Bret answered, with a quiver in his voice.

"I am sorry," said Claudia, and put her hands in his. The tears rose to her eyes.

"I never remember seeing them," continued the lad. "I have lived all my life with my uncle. He is not rich, and has boys of his own——"

"I see, I see," said Claudia; "and so you are setting out, like Whittington to make your fortune."

"I don't know that I shall ever make a fortune, at least one like Whittington made," answered the boy, with simply frankness.

"It is not money that I care for most. I want a chance for employment. I tried to do my duty at uncle's, but, for all that, I did not like the plow and the hoe. It was books, books that I wanted. I felt that I must go some place where knowledge could be obtained, where there were free libraries, and where there was a chance for one that was willing to work, and to study when not working. Franklin, you know, did that."

Bret's face glowed with enthusiasm as he spoke. His listener caught the infection; her eyes kindled, and her little hand pressed his in sympathy.

"Uncle at first didn't want me to go away; he was afraid I couldn't get along; but when he saw I was in earnest, he gave in to me. I shall never forget his kindness—never!"

Claudia's cheeks kindled as she looked at Bret. He was a real hero! She had read of such things. But to see one!

She was roused by the carriage stopping, and James asking:

"Shall I drive in, Miss?"

"You will stop and take dinner with us," said Claudia, addressing Bret. "Father and mother, I know, will be glad to see you."

"No, thank you," said the lad, preparing to get out. "I dined two hours ago. I am very much obliged. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Claudia. "You will be a man yet" she added enthusiastically.

Bret hesitated. He was now in the road, outside the carriage door, but he still held her hand. He looked down, hesitated, then raised his eyes to her face.

"You think so? Will you help me to become one? Will you give me a kiss?"

"Yes, if you wish it," she said frankly. "If you think it will do you any good."

She stooped forward as she spoke, and her lips met his. What made the hearts of both thrill? What was it, in that kiss, which kept the memory of this day alive in Claudia for years?

A moment later they had parted. Bret had opened the gate, and the carriage was driving up the avenue. Would they ever meet again?

"Good-bye! good-bye!" the girl called gayly, looking back, and waving her hand. But there were tears in her eyes, and in Bret's also.

Ten years had passed, when, one afternoon, in summer, a young man stopped at the Arcadian Springs, and entered his name in the book at the hotel, in a large, fine hand, Bret Grey.

"Ah!" said the landlord, "I am proud to have you as a guest. I have read your writings, sir. This way! Jim, show the gentleman to No. 2. One of our best rooms, sir. But nothing is too good for you."

It was our old acquaintance, whom we left a boy on the roadside, going up to the great city to seek his fortune. At first, he had found the battle a hard one; and if he had been less brave and persistent, he might have abandoned the fight. He began an errand boy in a printing office; then he became a compositor; then tried his hand at writing short articles for the newspaper on which he worked. His evenings he spent in study, availing himself of the advantages which Philadelphia offers in its free schools, its Apprentices' Libraries, its Academy of Fine Arts, its Academy of Natural Sciences, and its scores of similar institutions, to those who desire to be self-educated. We will not, however, follow him in his long struggle. At twenty-five he was the editor of an influential newspaper; a popular lecturer; and the envied author of more than one book of mark.

In all these years had he never thought of Claudia? Often, and often, especially at first. But the battle of life, fought as he had to fight it, is an exciting one; it engrosses every thought; exhausts every nerve; leaves the combatant but little leisure for aught but the strain and stress of the fight. Gradually as the years went by, the image of Claudia grew less and less distinct therefore, until finally he had come to think of her as some beautiful vision, in a dream in a far, far off country.

Occasionally, however, her image would come back to him as vividly as ever. The scent of clover, or the hum of the bees, would call it up, and he would see again the hot, dusty road, hear the carriage wheels, and behold that lovely face looking out between the curtains. "Ah!" he would say to himself, "she is married long ago. Rich, beautiful, refined; she has forgotten me."

"Your house seems quite full, landlord," said Bret Grey, when he had refreshed himself with a bath, and had descended to supper. The landlord was waiting obsequiously at the door of the dining-room. "A fine company, I am told you have always."

"Yes," answered the host, rubbing his hands together. "Some very handsome ladies here. We generally have a dozen or two belles every summer. But to-morrow, to-morrow, sir, the most beautiful of all is coming. Let me see! I will give you place here, next to the place I have reserved for her; that is the highest compliment I can pay you, sir."

"Who is this paragon?" said Bret, carelessly as he took his seat.

"Miss Wilberforce, daughter of Judge Wilberforce of Northampton."

"Wilberforce! Wilberforce? Surely I have heard of that name before," said Bret to himself. "Ah! I remember." The color rose to his cheek, man as he was, and his heart beat fast.

"Do you know the lady's christian name?" he asked.

"Claudia, I think. Yes, it is Claudia, I am sure. Do you know her?"

"I knew her when I was a mere boy. But I have not seen her for ten years. She has probably forgotten me."

Bret ate his meal in silence, hardly noticing anything, though a score of eyes were directed curiously towards him, for the landlord had taken care to let it be known who his new guest was. Bret could think of nothing but Claudia. All his old feelings revived, and with ten-fold vigor; for they were now the feelings of a man, not of a boy. "I wonder why she never married," he said to himself, and a wild, romantic explanation suggested itself. "Pshaw," he cried immediately, however. "Am I a fool? She forgot me probably before a month."

Directly he found himself wondering if Miss Wilberforce was at all like the little girl he had met and parted with ten years ago. He fell asleep that night dreaming of Claudia.

Bret Grey was not in the house when Miss Wilberforce arrived next day. He had been out rambling, and returning, thought he would sit in the back piazza a while to rest. That piazza was a very pleasant place. Vines clambered up the sides; it was deliciously cool and shady. The fragrance of flowers, filled all the air. Suddenly, as he sat there, a light step came round the corner. He glanced up, and saw a tall, stylish-dressed young lady and a face that he recognized on the instant. The same sweet smile was there as of old, and the same expression, far more mature.

Bret rose and bowed.

"Miss Wilberforce," he exclaimed, extending his hand, "I have not forgotten you."

Claudia, at first, did not recognize him.

"I beg your pardon," she said, but extended her hand nevertheless. "I cannot call your name."

"I did not suppose you would," Bret replied; "but ten years ago, you asked a tired boy to ride in your carriage with you. Do you remember? He has never forgotten it."

"What," she cried, "are you Bret—Bret Grey—Mr. Grey?" she said, correcting herself, and blushing in some confusion. Then she added quickly, "you see I have not forgotten your name even if I have your face. But no wonder I did not recognize you. Ten years have changed you wonderfully. I told you, you know, you would be a great man. Indeed," and she shook hands again, frankly, "I am very glad to meet you."

Then she sat down by him. Beautiful Claudia. Bret thought that she had more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood's loveliness.

"This is a pleasure I little dreamed of," Bret said. "I had not hoped that you would be so good as to remember me."

She laughed frankly, just as she did when a child.

"You interested me so strangely," she said. "You seemed so resolute and strong. I recognized your name the first time I saw it in print. I believe I have read nearly everything you have written. You see I have a sort of pride in your success because I predicted it. You have always had my best wishes."

Still the same enthusiastic, outspoken Claudia as of old. Bret gazed at her with increased admiration. The conversation now ceased to be personal and ranged over a great variety of topics. Everything that was touched on, Miss Wilberforce understood; and her remarks were incisive, or sprightly, or witty, as the subject required. When she rose, after half an hour, Bret was hopelessly in love.

Three days passed, Bret's passion increased hourly. But though he resolved a score of times to speak and tell his love, he always shrank from the task when the crisis arrived. Miss Wilberforce was so different from other girls; so frank and friendly, that he feared lest he might be deceived himself, when he thought as he sometimes did, that she was not indifferent to him. Then she had such crowds of suitors, all so high in social rank, and so wealthy, that even he, famous as he was in literature, did not dare to hope too much. One day she said to him, as they rose together from the breakfast table:

"I am going home to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" cried Bret, as if a bullet had struck him.

"Yes! I never stay here longer than four weeks, and it will be four weeks to-morrow, since I came."

"I had not thought it had been so long," answered Bret, half dazed.

At that instant, one of her acquaintances came up, and, placing her arm within Claudia's, carried her off, leaving Bret standing there, dumb with consternation, like one suddenly turned to stone.

Directly he recovered himself, and putting on his hat, plunged into the forest that came close up to the hotel, in order to walk off his emotion. "Going! And to-morrow!" he repeated. "I will put everything to the hazard of the die, then, to-day, if I can but find her alone. But what hope is there? How calmly she spoke of going? If she loved me——"

He could not go on. The thought was too painful. Life had come to be worthless to Bret Grey, you see, if Claudia was not to love him.

He had been on the mountain for two hours, when, approaching the hotel on his return, fate granted him the interview he so desired.

There was a little pond, stocked with water lilies, and surrounded on every side with trees, about a half a mile from the house. This was a favorite resort of Claudia's, though it was too far for most ladies to walk. The proprietor had imported some swans, in order to add to the attraction of the spot, and, as Bret descended the mountain, and approached the lake, he saw Claudia sitting on the opposite bank, lost in a reverie, and not even noticing a swan, that she had coaxed, at, first, to come to her, by feeding it. We will not deny that the hope of finding Miss Wilberforce in this secluded spot had led Bret's steps in that direction. His heart leaped to his throat now. He paused for a moment, saying to himself that she was stately and pure as the swan, admiring her graceful, willowy figure, and wondering what she could be thinking of so intently.

Suddenly she gave a start and scream, the latter cut short as soon as begun. Some object close by her, had arrested her attention. It was something that filled her with horror, for her eyes dilated, and she shuddered, but nevertheless, it seemed impossible for her to remove her gaze. Bret was not long before he discovered the cause of her terror. On the bank near her, in full sight, coiled as if about to spring, with head erect, with blazing orbs and with open mouth and angry fangs, was a huge rattlesnake.

To Bret Grey there came a single second of wild despair. She was so far off, and the peril was so imminent. Long before he could hope to reach her, the fatal spring would be made, he said to himself. He would have to go round the head of the pond, which was a considerable distance, and the noise of his approach would excite the reptile still more, and accelerate the end. His knees gave way from pure physical weakness. Then he rallied his faculties, and sprang forward in a race for life or death, clutching nervously the stout walking-stick he fortunately carried with him.

The minutes that it took to skirt the head of the pond seemed to him hours. At last he reached the other side, and with a sob of relief saw the reptile was still watching his victim, who sat fascinated and terror-struck, unable to move. "Thank God!" he cried, involuntarily. The words, or the noise of his approach, startled the rattlesnake, which sprang at once, with head extended, at Claudia. But quick as the serpent was, Bret was quicker. One leap carried him to Claudia's side, and, at the same instant, his heavy walking stick descended on the reptile in the very act of springing. The rattlesnake fell on the earth, writhing, where a few rapid blows soon dispatched it.

It was all over in a very brief space, when Bret, having killed the serpent, turned to Claudia, and found she had sunk fainting on the bank.

Bret knelt by her, chafing her hands, and calling her by a dozen fond, endearing epithets. Directly the color came back to her cheeks.

"Oh!" she said, faintly opening her eyes. "What a horrid, horrid dream!" Then seeing Bret, she remembered all. She covered her eyes with her hand. "The horrid monster!" she gasped. "Is it indeed dead?"

"Yes, darling. Thank God I was near."

She put her hand in Bret's.

"You have saved my life," she said. "How can I ever repay you?"

"The blow that would have slain you, would have killed me also," said Bret. "I nearly died as it was, in that awful moment on the other side of the pond, when I first saw your danger."

Her eyes met his. She read all his heart in them.

"You are dearer to me than my own life," he cried.

A shy, sweet smile rose to her face. He had put his arm around her waist, as if to support her, and he now drew her to him.

She did not resist.

"Claudia," he said directly, as she nestled closer to him, in the sweet, happy feeling of a first love.

She raised her eyes softly to his.

"You kissed me once," he whispered. "I have felt that kiss on my lips a thousand times since. It was the star that led me on to success. It was what his lady's guerdon was to a knight of old. Kiss me again, darling, if you really love me."

She raised herself in his arms, and their lips met for the second time. The first had been the kiss of an impulsive girl, that hardly meant anything, unless a little pity and sympathy; but this was the kiss of a matured woman, and it meant love forevermore.

"I know now," she whispered, hiding her face on his broad chest, "why I never could love any one of my suitors. In my secret heart unknown even to myself I have loved you all along."

This is my story of Two Kisses.