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FATHER ABRAHAM

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Office, 738 South 7th St., between Chestnut and Walnut, Philadelphia, Pa.

If you wish to hire labor of any kind, write and tell us just the help you want. The wages you will pay. The best, and cheapest way to reach your place, and if far from Philadelphia, you had better enclose Rail Road fare. We will do our best to serve you and give you all the information we can about the person we send. Our desire is to assist the worthy, and no charges to either party. Address, ALEX. SLOAN, Supt Employment Bureau, 123 South 7th Street, Philadelphia. 24-tf

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OF THE
BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

Office—7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET

Discovered in the great Hospitals of Europe and the first in this country, via: Paris, France and elsewhere, the most certain, speedy and effectual remedy in the world for all

DISEASES OF IMPRUDENCE.

Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affection of the Kidneys or Bladder, Incontinent 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. These terrible results arising from Solitary Habits of Youth—Secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of the sirens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and love, or intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or wielded the sceptre of the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

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Married persons or those contemplating marriage, should consult Physicians of Dr. Johnston's Institute, Professional Prudence, Impotency, or any Loss of Power, Exhaustion, Organic Weakness, Nervous Debility, or any other Disqualification, speedily removed.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. Johnston may confidently consider himself as a gentleman, and confidently address or visit him with perfect confidence.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Unnaturally cured in 48 hours. No change of diet.

The distressing Affection, which renders the married state unhappy, is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands this subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is not another Life? Those falling into improper habits should be by the prudent. Besides being deprived of the pleasures of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms of both body and mind arise. The system becomes debilitated, the Physical Mental Functions weakened, Loss of procreative power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility and Wasting of the frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

A CURE SPEEDILY WARRANTED.

Persons ruined in health by unfounded pretenders, who keep them trifling month after month, taking poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately.

DR. JOHNSTON,

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 have been given up by their friends as beyond the reach of medicine, and have rung the knell of departed hopes, with frequent burials, attended sometimes with decided exhibitions of mental aberration, were cured in a few days.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

To all addressed and those who have ruined themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, 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 slightly 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 lonely darkness to the view, the mind becomes shadowed with despair, and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another is blighted with our own.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame or dread of discovery deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him. He falls into the hands of ignorant and designing pretenders, who, incapable of curing, fleece him of his pecuniary substance, keep him trifling month after month, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair leave him with ruined health to sigh over his galling disappointment; or, by the use of the deadly poison Mercury, cause the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease to make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration till death puts a period to his dreadful suffering, by sending him to that undiscovered country "from whose bourne no traveler ever returns."

To such, therefore, Dr. Johnston offers the most certain speedy, pleasant and effectual remedy in the world.

OFFICE, 7 SOUTH FREDERICK ST.,

Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

No letters received unless postpaid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age, and send portion of a advertisement describing symptoms.

The Doctor's DIPLOMA hangs in his office.

ENDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this establishment within the last twenty years, and the numerous important surgical operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the Representatives of the Press and many others, notices of which has appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a man of honor and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED. [dec29-1y

HOLLOWAY'S

PILLS AND OINTMENT.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PHYSICIAN!

CAUTION.

THE immense demand for HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT has tempted unprincipled parties to counterfeit these valuable medicines.

In order to protect the public and ourselves, we have issued a new "Trade Mark," consisting of an Egyptian circle of a serpent, with the letter H in the centre. Every box of genuine HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT will have this trade mark on it; none are genuine without it.

N. Y. CHEMICAL CO., Sole Proprietors,
mar22-1y 78 Maiden Lane, New York.

Cabinet Ware.

GREAT REDUCTION

TABLES, CHAIRS,

SOFAS, LOUNGES

IN

FURNITURE AND CHAIRS.

At the Extensive WAREROOMS of

WIDMYER & RICKSECKER,
Southeast Cor. East King & Duke Sts.

SOLID WALNUT OAK, AND IMITATION WALNUT

CHAMBER & PARLOR SUITS

LIBRARY, DINING ROOM AND KITCHEN FURNITURE.

CANE SEAT AND PAINTED CHAIRS.

Call and examine the Workmanship and Prices before purchasing elsewhere. You will find the largest assortment to select from in the City.

J. HENRY WIDMYER,
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Corner East King and Duke Sts.,
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WE CALL ESPECIAL ATTENTION to the fact that we are now selling a Large and Very Superior Stock of

PARLOR,
CHAMBER,
AND DINING ROOM,

FURNITURE!

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

The most skeptical may be convinced of this fact by calling at our warerooms. We warrant all our goods. If any article sold by us does not turn out as represented we will cheerfully refund the money.

HUTTON & McCONNELL,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
FURNITURE
NO. 809 MARKET STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Furnishing Goods.

The Great Preserver of Health

SMITH'S Patent Perforated Buckskin

UNDERGARMENTS

FOR

Ladies and Gentlemen.

As a promoter of health, a preserver of comfort to the sick and well; a preventive of many of the ills caused by Colds, such as

RHEUMATISM,
SORE THROAT,
LUNG DISEASES, &c.

Recommended by the entire

MEDICAL FACULTY.

GLOVES,
NECK TIES,
COLLARS,
UNDERSHIRTS for Men.
UNDERSHIRTS " Boys.
VESTS " Ladies.

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No. 41½ North Queen Street Lancaster, Pa.
oct2 Next door Herring & Schlott's Hotel

DOCTOR PIERCE'S
ALT. EXT. OR
Golden Medical Discovery

CURES DISEASES OF THE
THROAT, LUNGS, LIVER & BLOOD.

In the wonderful medicine to which the afflicted are above pointed for relief, the discoverer believes he has combined *in harmony* more of Nature's most sovereign curative properties, which God has instilled into the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick, than were ever before combined in one medicine. The evidence of this fact is found in the great variety of most obstinate diseases which it has been found to conquer. In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs,** and the early stages of **Consumption,** it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. While it cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and **purifies the blood.** Both great and thorough blood purifying properties, it cures all **Humors** from the worst **Scrofula** to a common **Blotch, Pimple** or **Eruption.** Mercurial disease, Mineral Poisons and their effects are eradicated, and vigorous health and a sound constitution established. **Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin,** in short, all the manifestations of disease caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful purifying and invigorating medicine.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flashes, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver** or **"Biliousness."** In many cases of **"Liver Complaint"** only part of these symtoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy. For the cure of **Habitual Constipation** of the Bowels it is a never failing remedy, and those who have used it for this purpose are loud in its praise.

The proprietor offers $1,000 reward for a medicine that will equal it for the cure of all the diseases for which it is recommended.

Sold by druggists at $1 per bottle. Prepared by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Sole Proprietor, at his Chemical Laboratory, 133 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send your address for a pamphlet.

Jewelry.

EDW. J. ZAHM,

JEWELER!

AT THE OLD STAND,

COR. NORTH QUEEN-ST. AND CENTRE SQUARE

Lancaster, Pa.

I have on hand a very full assortment of Goods pertaining to my business, comprising Gold and Silver Hunting cased Watches from the best American and Foreign Manufactories, Fine Gold and Rolled Plate Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Clocks of American and Foreign manufacture, Table Cutlery, Thermometers, Canes with Gold, Silver and Ivory Heads, which we are prepared to sell at the Lowest Possible Prices.

AGENT FOR THE

ARUNDEL PEBBLE SPECTACLES

THE
ARUNDEL PEBBLE SPECTACLES
have the power of
ARRESTING THE HEAT-RAYS
of solar or artificial light *before they enter the eye*

The Lenses of the
ARUNDEL PEBBLE SPECTACLES
ARE VIOLET TINTED,
YET SO CONSTRUCTED THAT WHEN APPLIED TO THE EYE
APPEAR COLORLESS.

The weaker and higher numbers of the Arundel Pebble lenses ARE THE SAME TINT.

They are the Most Brilliant and Beautiful Ever Invented.

:o:

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.

From J. SOELBERG WELLS, *Prof. of Ophthalmology in King's College, London, and Ass't Surgeon to London Ophthalmic Hospital:*

"It is very desirable to combine a tint with the use of convex and concave spherical lenses: in the *weaker numbers*, this can be very effectually done; but, in the *higher* numbers, it is difficult—for the *varying* thickness of glass causes considerable *difference* in the tint in the centre and edges of the lens."

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."

WATCH WORK

And General Repairing done in the best manner.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE.

ZAHM'S CORNER,

North Queen Street and Centre Square.

Trimmings, Ribbons, &c.

LADIES!

TAKE NOTICE THAT

GUNDAKER'S

Are receiving daily all the latest styles of BONNETS, HATS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, LACES, VELVETS, &c., and, as heretofore,

THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Also, the latest styles of

DRESS TRIMMINGS,

IN LACES, GIMPS, SATINS, FRINGES, BUTTONS, &c., VELVETEENS—all colors—Cut Bias. Also a the greatest variety of

FANCY GOODS & NOTIONS

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,

142 and 144 NORTH QUEEN STREET,

LANCASTER, PA.

[illegible]

The year grows splendid [illegible] the mountain stoop
Now [illegible] long the [illegible] And gorgeous [illegible]
Dying [illegible] eyes,

The [illegible] year.
Rises the woods [illegible] purpurea;
Beyond, the purple mountains [illegible] heights appear,
And slope away.

The elm, with musical, slow [illegible] tions, laves
His long, lithe branches on the tender air,
While from his top of gray, [illegible] cello waves
His scarlet hair.

Where Spring first hid her [illegible] violets 'neath the fern,
Where Summer's fingers opened, fold on fold,
The odorous, wild, red rose's head now burn
The leaves of gold.

The loftiest hill—the lowest flowering herb—
The fairest fruit of season and of time—
All wear alike the mood of the funereb
Autumnal clime.

Now Nature pours her last and noblest wine,
Like some Bacchante; beside the singing streams
Reclines enchanted day, wrapped in divine,
Impassioned dreams.

But where the painted leaves are falling fast,
Among the vales, beyond the farthest hill,
There sits a shadow—dim, and sad, and vast,
And lingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills,
A voice that moans among the haunted woods,
And with the mystery of sorrow fills
The solitudes.

For while gay Autumn gilds the fruit and leaf,
And doth her fairest festal garments wear,
Lo! Time, all noiseless, in his mighty sheaf,
Binds up the year.

The mighty sheaf which never is unbound—
The reaper whom your souls beseech in vain—
The loved, lost year, which never may be found,
Or loved again.

A SEARCH FOR A SITUATION.

Martie Woodbridge—her name was Martha, but none ever called her so—lived on the outskirts of a small Connecticut village.

Her father was a farmer, but not a prosperous one. Nature, with her frosts and drought was always getting the upper hand of him, and the crops which he raised were [illegible] be those which sold at [illegible] in the [illegible] tobacco, while he had not [illegible] ing on his farm. This y[illegible] acres of it and it barely p[illegible] expenses. The cankerwo[illegible] his apple trees, and a late f[illegible] ed the corn and oats, [illegible] the misfortune to buy a cow [illegible] introduced the cattle disease into his farmyard, and Creamer, Spotty and Whiteface—the cows that always filled their pails the fullest and made the most golden butter—sickened and died.

Everything seemed to be going from bad to worse. How, then, was the family to be supported and Johnny to be kept in college?

This was the question which Martie puzzled over from day to day; coming at last to the conclusion that she must try her luck in the big world which she had seen so little of, outside of her own small village. She would go to New York, and, if possible, find there a situation as governess, in which she could at least provide for her own support.

Her mother let fall a few quiet tears over the plan, and smiling patiently through them said:

"Ask your father."

Mr. Woodbridge said no, at first; but having lain awake all night over his difficulties, he called Martie to him, kissed her solemnly, gave a weary sigh, and with it his consent.

So it came to pass that on a cool, crisp October morning, when the woods were in their brightest autumn flush, and the frost had stiffened the grass into little silvery blades and spears, and made the few pale flowers that lingered by the roadside hang their heads, Martie put on her bravest *smile*, made hopeful, comforting little speeches, kissed them all good-bye at home—the dear, old home, so full of joys and troubles—and started for New York, to put into that great, hurrying, driving, jostling market the modest wares she had to offer.

Martie was eager, and full of hope; but alas! how much eagerness and hopefulness go down to death every day, in the frantic rush and scramble for the good things going. Martie in the great city, looking for work to do, seemed like a quiet little wren trying to pick up a worm or a crumb where hawks and vultures were snatching and pawing for plunder. We shall see how the little wren fared.

Martie was met the moment she stepped from the cars by an old friend of the family, who had kindly promised to receive her at her house, and do what she could to assist her. The next day, early in the morning, a modest, unpretending little advertisement was sent to one of the daily newspapers. What a stupendous affair it seemed to Martie, and how her unsophisticated little heart beat as she thought of it. Nothing could come of it that day, however, and while she goes out with Mrs. Allen to do a little shopping, and stare at a few of the city lions, let us look at the quarters she had fallen into.

Mrs. Allen kept a small private boarding house, very select and very genteel. Its inmates were the learned Professor Bigwig and family, from whose presence a certain literary aroma was supposed to pervade the atmosphere; the brilliant Brigadier General Boreas, hero—according to his own account—of numberless battles; a rising young lawyer, with his pretty, blushing girl-wife, all fresh and lovely in her new bridal toilette; a rich widow and her still richer daughter, who, it was said, was soon to become the helpmate of the clerical member of the household, the Rev. Paul Apollos; and last, though not least, the representative of the fine arts, Mr. Raymond, an artist whose pictures had won golden praise from critics and connoisseurs, and golden prices from purchasers.

Mr. Raymond was Martie's left hand neighbor at the table. With the first glance at his dark face, iron-gray hair and moustache, and deep-set gray eyes, she felt rather inclined to be afraid of him. When he smiled, she liked him better, and thought the gray eyes looked kind; and as she felt very shy and lonesome among all these strange faces, she was glad to have him talk a little to her, and take care that she was provided with all she wanted.

On the second morning after her arrival in the city, Martie's advertisement appeared. Mrs. Allen sent a paper up to her room before she was out of bed, so that almost as soon as she was awake her hopes ran high, and yet she felt afraid, and wondered if, out of the many people who she supposed would come to see her, any one of them would think well enough of her to want her services.

Martie was very painstaking with her toilet that morning. She wanted to look her best. She spent twice the usual time over her wavy, gold-brown hair; and when she had put on her pretty gray dress—the gray dress was for mornings, and the black silk for afternoons—and fastened the dainty, spotless collar and cuffs, she dallied fully five minutes over her little stock of ribbons, trying this one and that, and went at last to breakfast, looking to Mr. Raymond's artist eyes, which took her in at a glance, like a wild rose just out of a thicket, with the dewy morning brightness brimming in her brown eyes, the pink of rose petals in her cheeks, and soft, warm, shimmering sunbeams woven into the ripples of her brown hair. How his artist fingers did long for canvass and colors, to give to his beloved St. Agnes that beautiful hair!

But the wild rose might as well have been blooming in her native thicket. In vain Martie peeped from front windows, and held her breath when the door bell rang. No one came to see the gray dress this morning.

The black silk fare[illegible] It was [illegible] down [illegible] her with her head in her [illegible] meet the grand lady whose carriage and dashing horses [illegible] as they drew up in spread-splendid style before the house.

But, alas! Martie was not experienced, and Martie was too young, and, though Madam did not say so, Martie was too pretty, for there was a grown-up son in the family, and to set youth and beauty before him in the shape of a poor governess would be tempting Providence. Madam was very sorry, hoped this and that, and swept gracefully out to her carriage, while Martie went with a rather slow step to her little fourth-story room, to watch and wait, and wonder if everybody would find her too young. She was not to blame for it, anyhow, she said to herself, trying to coax a laugh.

No one else came that day, but the next morning there was an early call for "the young lady who advertised." Martie was glad she had on the gray dress; perhaps she looked older in it. But gray or black was all the same; she was again weighed in the balance and found wanting—not in years this time, but in German, and so one weary hour after another went by, and no other applicants appearing, Martie grew heavy-hearted. Her advertisement was to appear for three days. Two had already passed, resulting only in disappointment. Mrs. Allen did her best to encourage her, but when night came, and the six o'clock dinner, Martie felt sad and homesick.

"I hope no one has made arrangements to carry you off just yet," Mr. Raymond said, as he took his seat beside her at their end of the table.

"No," said Martie, "no one wants me. I'm too young, and don't know German." And a big, round tear rolled over into her teacup.

"There's no cause for discouragement in that, I assure you," said Mr. Raymond. "I know people who would not find fault with you on that score."

Then he went on talking to her in such a pleasant way that she soon became interested, forgot her troubles and the tear in her teacup, and was as merry as though she had been older and had known German.

Mr. Raymond staid down stairs until ten o'clock, read aloud an old-time fireside story, and kept the ball of conversation rolling in such pleasant channels that the evening was gone before Martie knew it, and in spite of all her disappointment it had somehow been the pleasantest one she had spent there.

The next morning a lady came to see Martie in behalf of her mother-in-law, who lived an hour's ride by steamboat up the Hudson, and Martie engaged to go up the following day and see the place and people.

Ah, that delicious hour's journey up the river! a river of enchantment, with the dreamy autumn haze still brooding over it, and soft winds just ruffling its surface and floating up to Martie with a whisper and a caress.

On shore all the enchantment vanished. There was no poetry about Mrs. Myrick. She was pure, unadulterated prose; wanted her girls to have a good, strong eddication—no jimcracks, no furrin languages to jabber in. She was willing to pay good wages—would give a governes $200 a year and her board; but she mustn't expect very much waitin' on. They don't keep any hired help—didn't need any; a pity 'twould be if two hearty girls like hers couldn't do their own work.

Poor Martie! She would not say no at once, because this was, thus far, her only chance; so she promised to give an answer soon, and went back to the boat praying Heaven to send her something better.

She thought her prayer was answered when a gentleman called that evening and talked with her about his three little girls, and seemed well satisfied with the modest account she gave of herself. He was very particular about music, however, and would like to hear Miss Woodbridge play. Their interview had taken place in the kindly shelter of the quiet little reception room, but the piano was in the big parlor, and there the Professor and the Rev. Paul Apollos were discussing heaven and earth. The Brigadier General was stalking about, showing off his martial figure; and the young bride by the side of her new lord was holding court in the midst of the livery circle of callers.

Shy, bashful Martie; how could she play before all these people? Poor, timid little wren, that had just crept from under the mother's wings and flown out of her nest! Could she show what sweet music she could make with a crowd of listeners?

There were none of the airs and graces of the music-pounding young woman about Martie as she dropped down upon the pianos-tool and took a moment's grace before entering upon the dreadful ordeal. Why *will* he stand beside her and watch her poor frightened fingers as they trip and stumble, give a wild jump for a distant note and miss it, make a dive for one octave and light on another, and at last lose their way altogether, and go on chasing each other blindly up and down the key-board. Martie knows the piece she is trying to play as well as she knows her name, but it all flies out of her head and slips away from her fingers, and she ends at last with a finale of her own improvising, feeling the hair stand up straight on her head as she does it.

The gentleman was much obliged, left almost immediately, and Martie, in a rage of grief and mortification, was rushing through the hall, exclaiming with a sob, "What shall I do?" when she was suddenly stopped at the foot of the stairs by Mr. Raymond.

"My dear child," he said, "don't take it so to heart. I've heard you play that piece before, and thought how well you did it; but of course you couldn't play with all those people staring and listening. The man was a brute to make you do it."

"Oh, no; it is I who am such a simpleton," and she hurried on up the stairs, longing to get where nobody could see her, but feeling comforted a little, even then, by the tender sympathy which had done its best to console her.

Once in her own room the floodgates were opened, and Martie cried over what she called her disgraceful failure until she had succeeded in getting up a raging headache. Then she went to bed with the determination of writing in the morning to Mrs. Myrick, informing that lady that she was ready to accept her offer and enter upon the "eddication" of her daughters. But before she had time to carry her resolution into effect Mrs. Myrick herself appeared, having made up her mind that Martie wouldn't do for them. She hadn't been brought up in their ways, and was like to be too particular.

Thus vanished all hopes of success from advertising. Mrs. Allen next advised that Martie should try one of the Educational Agencies in the city, and an application was accordingly made. Then followed more days of anxious waiting and of hope deferred, resulting at last in a visit and a generous offer from a lady who won Martie's heart at the outset with her pleasant face and winning ways, and her gentle, motherly talk about the little boy and the two little girls at home, for whom she wanted a teacher and a companion. But alas! that home lay hundreds and hundreds of miles away, on the far-off prairies of Iowa.

It seemed to Martie like going to the ends of the earth. She had twenty-four hours in which to decide; spent half of them in wavering between yes and no—between the courage to go and the home sickness that crept over her at the very thought of it. Then scolding herself for a genuine coward, she made up her mind that go she must, and go she would.

"Is the Western question settled?" asked Mr. Raymond, as they were leaving the dinner-table that evening.

"Yes," Martie answered, "I am going."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond, in a tone of surprise. "Have you really made up your mind to go so far away from home and all your friends."

"Yes, I must go," said Martie, with a little quiver in her voice. "Please don't say anything to discourage me."

"I wouldn't for the world," returned Mr. Raymond, "only that I know of a situation nearer home which you can have if you accept it. Come into the reception room and I will tell you about it."

Martie was all eagerness now. How delightful if after all she should not be obliged to make an exile of herself!

"It is a companion that is wanted, not a teacher," Mr. Raymond continued. "Would you be willing to take a situation as companion?"

Martie's face fell a little, but she answered:

"I should be very glad to take such a situation if I could fill it. Do you think I could?"

"I am sure you could."

"Do you know the person who wants a companion?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Myself."

"Yourself! How—what—." The exact question which Martie intended asking just here, must be left to the imagination, since she did not seem to be quite clear about it herself.

Mr. Raymond continued:

"Yes; it is I, Martie. I want you for my companion—my wife." The gray eyes twinkled as he asked, "Will you take the situation?"

An hour later Mrs. Allen entered the room exclaiming, "Bless my soul!" as she stumbled upon an unmistakable pair of lovers.

"My dear Mrs. Allen," said Mr. Raymond, taking his blushing companion by the hand, and leading her to the astonished old lady, "I know that you will be glad to hear that Martie will not be able to make an engagement with the Western lady; she has already made one with me."

A Lady's Practical Joke.

It was customary in former days for all the ladies of the best families to attend all the prominent barbecues; and this was especially the case in the contest between Mr. Breckinridge and General Coombs in 1840. Out of these affairs grew the authentic story of the nicest widow in the Blue-grass region. Not far from the Forks of the Elkhorn lived the pretty little widow Fauntleroy, and one of her nearest neighbors was General Peyton. The General escorted her to the barbecue, and while returning, expressed his certainty of the success of General Coombs and the Whig party. The widow took sides with the Democracy, and offered to wager her horse Gypsy, or anything else on her place, against the General's blooded horse Powhatan, or anything else she might fancy on his place. The wager was promptly accepted—the General thinking, perhaps, of another offer he proposed making when a year of her widowhood had expired.

By this time they had reached the North Fork, and were about to ford it (there being no bridge) when John Peyton, the General's only son and heir, came up at a sharp gait behind them. The widow turned and bowed to John, and entered the stream, a little behind her companion. The east bank was steep; and just at the commencement of the steep part the lady's girth broke, and she with her saddle slid swiftly back into the water, while her horse went up the bank like an arrow. John leaped from his horse, caught the lady and saddle, and was at the top of the bank before the General recovered from his astonishment. The widow sent the General to stop her horse, which had started for home, and before he returned John had repaired the girth, and the General on his return found them laughing together over the ridiculous accident. John fastened the saddle again on the horse, placed the lady in her seat, bade her good evening, and rode home by another road, leaving the General to escort the widow.

When he said good-night, and shook hands with her on the porch, the wicked little widow gave his hand a little squeeze, only a little, but it thrilled like an electric shock through his great, ponderous frame, while she laughingly reminded him of his wager. That night in his dreams the little widow Fauntleroy was repeated so often, and in so many bewitching forms, that he resolved to propose to her at their first meeting, nor did he dream that he could be refused.

The next morning a letter from his tobacco factor called General Peyton to Louisville, and before his return the political contest in the Ashland district was over, and, wonderful to relate, John C. Breckinridge, the young Democrat, was elected to Congress. General Peyton was both astonished and indignant. "Mr. Clay's district, sir, the finest Congressional district in the blue-grass region, has disgraced itself, sir," was almost his first remark to his neighbor, Colonel Beaufort.

To his son John he communicated his intention of bringing Mrs. Fauntleroy to adorn the head of his table. "Sir, she is the finest lady in the blue-grass region, and I hope, sir, you will always respect your future mother.", John, with a quiet smile, assured him that he was pleased with his choice. This pleased the General highly, for he had been afraid John would object to a step-mother younger than himself.

The next morning the General ordered Powhatan brought out and led over to Mrs. Fauntleroy's. Calling John, he requested him to call upon Mrs. Fauntleroy. "The Whig party has disgraced itself in Mr. Clay's district, sir, and I am compelled to part with the finest blood horse in the State to pay my wager with that lady, sir." The black boy led Powhatan to the hitching rail in front of Mrs. Fauntleroy's yard.

When General Peyton and John arrived, they found the pretty widow and two young lady friends in the yard admiring Powhatan.

"Madame," said the General to Mrs. Fauntleroy, "I have come like a true Kentucky gentleman to pay the wager I have lost; Powhatan, madame, is rightfully yours."

"But General, I believe the wager was conditional, It was the horse or anything else on the place, was it not?"

"Madame, you are correct; but I cannot permit you to select an inferior animal.

"You have another and superior animal, I believe," said the widow, blushing. "Your son John, if he would but use his tongue—I think I shall choose him."

The General rose, and in his blandest manner bade the ladies good morning. To John he said:

"Sir, you will remain."

General Peyton never forgave his daughter-in-law her practical joke. In after years he used to say:

"Sir, she is the finest lady in the blue-grass region, but she lacks taste, sir."