THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. long ago, and the heart had become more twinge of the sharp pain, this would have then threw myself into an easy chair by marriage had turned out happily. My first I and you want some refresh- TRUSSES: BRACES: SUPPORTERS: PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTIGMENTS.—Advertisements, not exceeding one square, (12 lines), will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of greater length in proportion.

Job Painting—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

TWENTY PER CENT. Oh! my God, what a terrible dream! What a terrible deathly dream!
What a terrible deathly dream!
So vividly clear that the frozen air
Is full of its choking scream.
So vividly clear, that I see the glare
Of a thousand funeral pyres,
And a thousand shrieks from the hissing flames
Of a thousand midnight fires.

I dreamed that I stood in the midst of men, In the midst of a wondrous town,
Where Christian people, with souls to save,
Walked evermore up and down.
Walked evermore on, from womb to grave,

With open, staring eyes,
And yet they were blind to the funeral lights,
And deaf to the horrible cries. I dreamed that there sat in the very heart

of this gorgeous Christian town,
A subtle, shadowy figure, enthroned,
To whom the crowd bowed down.
A shadowy figure subtle boned,
To whom the crowd sang hymns, A shape with a thousand restless eyes, And a thousand snake-like limbs.

I dreamed that this shadowy figure sat
On heaps of whitened bones,
From whence, as sang and bent the crowd,
Came long and shivering moans.
Then one by one of the throng who bowed,
He seized with the speed of wind,
And picking the flesh in threds away,
He threw the bones behind. And still, as I watched the shadowy form,

He muttered the same decree,
"Twenty per cent! Twenty per cent! Twenty per cent! Twenty per cent! And still as I watched, there fawningly bent A crowd of a thousand score,
Who had done the work of the shadowy form,
And were pleading with him for more. A thousand score of the builders craft,

Mason and carpenter bold, Architects, laden with scholarly lore, To work for the greed of gold.
And then as I listened above the roar,
The chink of the trowel upwent,
And every blow of the thousand score
Sang, "Twenty, Twenty per cent!"

And still as I watched and listened to all. And still as I watched and listened to all,
Up sprang to the marvellous cry,
A thousand ghostly, ghastly walls,
Towering into the sky,
And hard by the porch of these tottering hells
Stood a skeleton figure intent
On driving the crowd to the coffin-built shells,
Crying, "Twenty, Twenty per cent!"

Poverty, wretchedness, drunkenness, all, And every shade of woe, Poverty up towards the sky, And drunkenness down below. Still with the same blank, marvellous cry He huddled the wretches in

Poverty, misery, want and shame, Miserly thrift and sin. And still as I watched the tremulous walls

And still as I watched the tremulous walls
There came a most terrible cry,
It was drunkenness down in the cellars below,
Sending messenger flames on high,
Great God! how greedily hot they glow,
To the hundreds enged within;
How horribly clear is the dying shriek,
Over the city's din. Mark! where that struggling, smothering girl

Mark: where that struggling, smotherir Springs from the burning walls, To die in a crushed and shapeless mass On the pavement where she falls Mark! how the shricking figures passs Like spectres through the fire, Whose forked tongues lick the paper flow whose footsteps never tire. Mark! where the stricken groups have flown, Before the hot blast of death,

Far up to the grey, unpitying sky, They stand with abated breath. One long, one shivering, shuddering cry,
From the crowd below is sent,
Like a curse, with the crash of the ghostly walls,
For the shadowy Twenty per cent.

Oh! God, but it was a fearful dream; Yet only a dream, you see,
For every Christian knows full well,
That no such things can be.
And so I'm glad to be able to tell, Vhat all will understand, That such things can never happen in truth, Not in a Christian land.

MY GHOST.

* * * Daisy came to us at tail all the pretty words and doings which led to this rupture. My mother is dead. (God rest her soul!) and the wrong that she did was done for love of me. She would have been jealous of any one whom I loved better than herself—for whom I meditated leaving her; and to Daisy she had taken a strong dislike before she even saw her. They were the opposites of each other, and could no more sympathize than fire could mingle with water. My mother was of cold temperament, precisely bred, looking upon surface properties as vital matters, never suffering a wave of passion or strong feeling to disturb the visible level of her nature, proud of her good blood and of her competent wealth. Daisy was what I have sketched her; and, moreover, she was poor, and neither knew nor cared about her pedigree. My mother's orthodoxy was shocked at her rambling speculations; it was a sin, she thought, for any girl to have a deep thought beyond her catechism, her creed, and the established interpretation thereof. She was shocked at her undisguised fondness for me; when Daisy on my first arrival ran up to me and hung about my neck, my mother blushed scarlet. I had dreaded their coming together, and the event I soon saw would prove worse than my forebodings. The first symptom of my mother's aversion was a rigid silence about Margaret, when alone with me; then came the old hints about cunning entrapments, and, in addition, allusions to want of modesty and religion; then plainer sayings; and the issue was hard words between mother and son, and consequent quarrel and estrange-

'Your mother does not like me,' said my poor little betrothed to me continually, and looked in my face with her solemn eyes, and read the truth there though my lips denied it. It was soon plain enough. Greater familiarity emboldened my mother's tongue, and cruel inuendoes and relentless sarcasms became broader and broader day by day. My mother is dead, (God rest her soul!) and I will write no ly even now. One morning my darling came to me, and said quietly, 'You shall self into my arms and kissed me passionwhen I lost you!

Did I cry out 'Daisy?' No, wife, you have fallen asleep over your work and dreamed it. Do not come to look over me. You shall read the story when it is finished.

duce of good and ill. When I came home

taken much to make me fall in love now, and if I had done so I should have stifled the weakness before I had confessed it even to myself. That past quarrel was made up between my mother and me; but we come through those diseases as children generally, by mutual consent, fenced round that ugly pit with a wall of silence. I had lost all sight of the Mainwarings; I never heard their name, never suffered were rid of them. myself to think about them. Only in my dreams little Daisy would sometimes rise

of brown hair, and her solemn eyes fixed comforts and that social position which

is a poor little devil of a milliner, or a learned that I was a marrying-man, and am tired and feverish after my journey, write no more. governess, or something of that sort; her recommendations came to my ears of So and I have suffered old thoughts to get it in that light. A man might do worse than marry a milliner. You see I am display for me their virtues and accom-

moral. The old wound burnt like fire, and throbbed as if the cicatrice would break. 'What is the matter?' said my mother.

There is bad news.' All my cynicism rose to help me.

'Not at all so,' I said. 'You remember a little person whom you never would call Daisy? Well, the said little person is about to be married to a friend of mine. It is a good match. The pearl is a pearl of great price, and has sold itself for fifteen thousand per annum." Shame on me for that sentence; but all

my old jealousy had sprung up within, more acrid than it had ever been before. 'And who is the purchaser?' asked my temples. The wall of silence was down, unfitted for each other. It would have of darkness melted away at once before and the air from the pit was unwholesome with fire-damp. I read her face. As the unsatisfactorily would Daisy have filled I descended to breakfast I was the same old love had awakened in my breast, so the office which I now looked for in my calm, reasonable person I had been the the old fear had awakened in hers. She wife! The woman of my choice was the day before. The vision of the previous guessed what my pale face meant, and I very antipodes to her. I was wiser since night had been a dream, like the dreams She should not read my weakness thus.

iswered, 'is a Sir Hercules Lowlong ago; but what mere mortal can strive to my own particular requirements. accepted as yet another advantage in the Hercules has a handle to his name and vidual had impelled me towards marriage; ried the constant presence of that quiet fifteen thousand a year? Really,' I said, now, having syllogistically proved the changing my tone, 'I am glad that Miss Mainwaring is about to make so good a ate search for the individual who should match. Notwithstanding your antipathy | be the fit means to the accomplishment of to her, my good mother, she was a very that end. It is by the heart only that

I went to Italy, and remained there and about the coast of the Mediterranean for of England, and I arranged to stay for a solitary dinner. He was dull and silent; a year. Do what I would, Daisy still night on my way, at the seat of a friend the house had a mournful, deserted aspect; sometimes even to the small ink-stained this friend had a daughter. I went to and noiseless feet. All brought Daisy to his short fleet steps had dashed across the Christmas, and that Christmas saw the end fingers cramped with long holding of the view this daughter as I should have gone my mind, but this time not so much in of our engagement. It is useless to de- pen. I laughed savagely about the mar- to look at the points of a horse which riage. This was woman's constancy. Not thought might suit me, if I had wanted a character of my friend's dead wife. I three years, and she was married, and to horse. I had seen Miss Dalton in Lon-Lowther too, who, from reminiscences of don, during the last season. She had all old days, must constantly remind her of the requisite advantages which I have me. I confessed now that I still loved mentioned above, and to this favored simple pathos of how good she had been, her—confessed it as a penance to myself, person I, the Grand Seignor, felt inclined and what a blessing to him. pressing it down on my sore heart like a at length to throw the handkerchief. I cauterizing iron, and writhing under the would see her at home, and then make up diminutive involuntarily. 'All you say pain of my own self-contempt. Still from my mind in the affirmative or negative. of her is true, I know. You were happy week to week I was not sure that the On the railway platform I met an old in marrying her. It is something to have marriage had taken place. I always friend, no other than Lowther. He was had her to lose.' hoped that it was not yet consummated, in deep mourning, and his black dress, Not to-day; let it be to-morrow. Some six months after I had left home there

'Your friend, Sir Hercules,' she wrote, was married last week. I have seen the announcement in this morning's newspaper. Certainty is better than uncertainty; the fall of Damocles' sword is gentleman, and his stolid countenance had will not be jealous of me. more bearable than its suspension. I need not narrate here how by degrees I regained peace of mind-a peace of mind truer and healthier than had been my former cynicism. I learned to look on right had I (dog in the manger that I was) | conversation that his wife was not long to dream of monopolizing her who could not marry me--whom my kin had injured a long quivering tremor, it subsided to beyond redemption? Without marriage rest. a woman's life is incomplete in this world. Lowther would make her a good husband -better than I should. Lowther had never been nearly so wild as I had—had nature. I forgave Daisy-forgave! Could she have forgiven me?

My mother died before I reached England again. Never more could that sad great wrong she did me she had done in its desperate craving. I can under- glad to see each other, and shook hands stand how friendless people in their loneliness gather animals about them.

worked hard. My miseries passed away, which is wondrously agreeable to the and the acuteness of my feelings became more of this, for I cannot write forgiving- numbed under the influence of close study. en famille when one has not a home of Ambition awoke within me. The more I one's own. I liked Amy Dalton better How on earth did it enter your head? succeeded the more I wished to succeed: in the old-fashioned country-house than in not marry me;' and then she threw her- the further I advanced on the road the longer grew the road before me. Aided ately, and she was gone. I stormed and by favorable circumstances, my progress raged in vain. That episode of my life was faster than usual at the bar. At the was over. O Daisy! Daisy! if hearts do age of thirty-five my practice was large. bleed-do in their agony, wring forth bit. If ever I looked back to the love dream ter tears of blood-then my heart bled of my romantic boyhood, it was as upon some childish toy. I smiled as I recol- I liked her stories about the village folks, lected the old passion, the soreness of showing, not in the way of exhibition, how heart, the bitterness of spirit, the weari- she visited their cottages and read to them. ness of life. I scarcely believed it could Above all, I liked her because she did not all have been true; I wondered at my try to captivate me, did not parade her I sowed a plentiful crop of wild oats at utterly changed. I was not sure that I was so accomplishment and her virtues before me. Cambridge, which bore their mingled pro- had a heart now. If that mysterious these little favorable traits were so much organ still existed within me, it slept thrown in over and above the essentials in after degree, for a week, before I set off quietly enough. To have awakened it for the bargain which I meditated. for Italy, I was much more cynical and a moment; to have felt the wild tumultu- At night I retired to the library. I had

my head was cool and clear. I had overlived the age for that heart-fever. We

through their childish complaints, and our moral constitutions were the healthier that we had passed through them and

About this time I determined to marry. I was rich, I had many friends, but I had up, her head drooping beneath the weight no home; I felt the lack of those domestic always tenderly on mine. Lowther had only marriage can give. This was a very been my fellow-collegian; but he, the rich different feeling to that loneliness which man, did not stay to take his degree as I had weighed me down after my mother's in vain. My heart awoke from its sleep, did, to whom the prestige of that ceremony death. It was partly in the form of a and proclaimed its omnipotence; and my would be serviceable at the bar. So of duty that I entertained this idea of mar- frigid reason shrunk away before its fiery Lowther I had lost sight also, for a year riage, partly in the form of a sober selfish sceptre. home before my departure, I sat reading somewhat wearisome. A mansion in the my letters at the breakfast table-reading more civilized quarter of the town would aloud a scrap here and there which I be an improvement on my dusty chambers thought might interest my mother. Sud- within Temple Bar. I felt that it was 'You remember old Lowther. Did to do as other men did, to exercise the name Mainwaring. People talk with hor- and-so's sister, and Such-an-one's daugh- the better of me. I will never let such ror about the mesalliance. I do not see ter. Mammas smiled on me with increased favor, and incited their lovely offspring to reading fore-ordination, and so getting plishments. Many a faultless filly, from noral.' model training stables, was put through laturned white and gasped for breath. her paces for my behoof. Having decided

> their nurseries into the marriage market every year. Very opposite was this marriage project wisdom and the expediency of the condesirableness of marriage, I made deliberman is misled; let him use his reason and

he is safe.

a moderate fortune, the conventional ac-

complishments, a good temper, a good

manner, and perfect good breeding .---

together with the change which time had was a sentence in one of my mother's letters which settled the matter.

of his indentity. However, we soon with me, old friend, and than recognized each other, shook hands, and but you did not know her.' took our seats in the same carriage. My heart gave one throb and slept again. I He had broadened into a portly country gained a gravity which looked not unlike wisdom. His deep voice had a majestic roll in it, and his low speech a deliberation suggestive of well weighed words. I was amused at the form into which his juvenile Daisy's marriage in its true light. What stolidity had ripened. I learned from his dead. Again the throb at my heart had

Poor Daisy! Her girlish figure rose before me vividly for a moment, and then gradually faded. I noticed on Lowther's finger a memorial ring of brown hair, and never so hardened and bebased his better imprinted "Margaret." Lowther was nature. I forgave Daisy—forgave!— bound for an estate of his in the north, Lowther was not far from my ultimate destination. He made me promise to come to him for a day before I returned to London. A meeting quarrel be renewed. Now I felt how that with an old fellow collegian is always pleasant, this sociality of early days retains solely through love. My soul hungered its hold upon us through life. Lowther after love, and turned and gnawed itself and I, for this and for other causes, were heartily and warmly when we separated.

I settled down to my profession and and had that domestic charm about it bachelor. It is something to be received the London ball-rooms. I liked her kindness to the children when they came down after dinner. Children cannot be bribed or scolded into acting love where they do not feel love. I liked the hints which I heard of her household handiness, and of homely duties diligently performed by her.

been a luxury to me now. My pulse was the dying fire. Instead of Amy, thoughts mother's notification to me was substanments.' Bounding up to the tayern door, steady and regular: the blood-mechanism of Daisy rose within me—thoughts long tially true; Lowther was married at that where a genial light was shining from the beat strongly and calmly in my left side; stifled and dead. Those summer days time. came back-the wanderings in Landslip, the sketches, her childish petulance, her phantom of that night—how was it to be

> bered how she used to disappear in the of her for some time; that after her fathhazel thickets; how her little head had er's death she had gone out as a goverlain upon my knees; how, at that last ness; that he had offered help to her in parting, she laid herself into my arms and vain; that she was too proud to accept passionately kissed me. Now that she was help from an old lover. dead it seemed as if her marriage with Lowther was wiped away. She was mine Daltons. As I walked by the side of Amy once more. The old feelings rushed back in the wintry garden, I asked abruptly; in a torrent. I tried to stem them, but

on the last morning of my sojourn at my bachelor-life, which was becoming door turned, and the door creaked and opened. Good God! was I mad?

there was nothing. absurdities conquer myreason again. I have been a fool.

of my story has been a bay of the richest I lighted my candle and went to bed. Notwithstanding will and reason, there white hair on his forehead. His tail had was a ceaseless whisper within, saying, 'It was no trick of imagination. on the expediency of marrying, I had decided too on the necessary qualifications ably as you ever saw her in old days. Do for my wife. Soberly and quietly, as you not remember the promise that whobeseemed a sensible man, I had reasoned ever died first should come to the other? out the whole matter. Moderate beauty,

Broad sunlight mostly dispels the imaginative lunacies of overnight. I had feverish dreams, in which Daisy and Amy Surely a hundred such girls come from played fantastic parts, interchanging their indentity-Amy dead, Daisy alive againbecoming inextricably confused in each other, until they united and mingled into to the foolish engagement of fifteen years one phantom, which I pursued vainly—a ago. Then an insane fancy for a child shadowy something, after which I yearned like myself had nearly hurried myself with a passion unquenchable and hopeless, into the matrimonial condition, for which with a mental determination unconquerable been a sacrifice on both sides. How the cold light of the morning sun. When knew the meaning of the flush on hers.— that time, and now judged of the holy which succeeded it; that was certain. I institution of marriage by the light of banished the trivial incident from my mind The purchaser—happy man be his that reason God had given me. I saw the resolutely. Amy's cheerful, fresh, quiet face, as she presided at the early breakfast, ther. A certain person and he were rivals dition, and sought to adopt that condition had a soothing influence over me, which I with a Hercules, particularly when that Then an impulsive passion for an indi- meditated bargain. When we were marface would affect beneficially my daily life

-make my head clear, keep my nerves cool. I left the Daltons that morning, and proceeded on my journey. My business in the north was accomplished; and two days after, I arrived at Sir Hercules I had professional business in the north Lowther's, just in time to join him at his connection with my own feelings as in the pitied him for his loss. As we sat by the fire over our own wine, he began to talk about his wife, speaking with a rough,

'Poor Daisy,' I said, using the tender

'Yes,' he answered me, meditatively. But only those who knew her can judge worked on him made me at first uncertain of my loss. I feel that you sympathize of his indentity. However, we soon with me, old friend, and thank you for it; 'Not know her? Do you think I have

forgotten the old Isle of Wight days? had not seen Lowther since his marriage. Why Lowther, I, too, once loved this little Daisy of yours. I may say so now. You 'Knew my wife! loved my wife!' he

gasped out, syllable by syllable with a slow horror and astonishment. 'Yes, you must have known it then.' But that is passed long ago; and remem-

Loved my wife!' he still muttered, in a stolid sort of wonder. Loved my wife ! Daisy! What! There is a mistake,' he said, and his face brightened slowly into intelligence. 'There is a mistake. You surely know whom I married!'

'Yes,' I cried, 'certainly I do. Daisy

Mainwaring. 'Never! You are wrong.' I stared at him aghast, and pointed to the ring which he wore. Whose hair is that ?

'My poor wife's. I married my cousin, as you call her. That was a mere boyish fancy. I would have married her at one time, but she would not marry me; and My reception by the Daltons was kindly, thank Heaven for it. My wife only, in happy as I have been.' He sighed and went on: ' How ever did you come by this

> plained how I had heard of his marriage. true state of the case. When my friend shelter. wrote of Lowther's approaching marriage to Daisy, Lowther had been willing enough to make that assertion true. It was at the hind foot. A quick grasp at the brithat time she had refused to marry him; dle, and a cheery 'Easy, John-easy,

and consequent upon this refusal seemed to sir!' and again the cautious hoof resounded At night I retired to the library. I had cousin so soon after. Whether in pique, the animal neighed, and to seed his displayed or which I had a vague writing to do which must be done for to have felt even one morrow's post. I wrote my letters, and not clearly appear, but at all events the one more mile to go, poor fellow, but appear, but at all events the one more mile to go, poor fellow, but appear, but at all events the one more mile to go, poor fellow, but appear, but at all events the one more mile to go, poor fellow, but appear, but at all events the one more mile to go, poor fellow, but appear, but at all events the one more mile to go, poor fellow, but appear and constructed the nine more mile to go, poor fellow, but appear and constructed the nine more mile to have been his marriage with his cousin so soon after. Whether in pique, the animal neighed, and the writing to do which must be done for to or whether in the way of consolation, did mane till the Doctor shook in the saddle.

PAPER and CARD Wrethous, 506 MINOR STEER, and the animal neighed, and the writing to do which must be done for to or whether in the way of consolation, did mane till the Doctor shook in the saddle.

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Daisy, then, was not dead; but the wild spirits, her fits of melancholy, her explained. I asked for news about her, foolish dreams and speculations. I rememand Lowther told me that he had lost sight

On my way back I called again at the Have you a governess here? 'Yes,' she answered a little surprised

What is her name? 'Miss Mainwaring. Here she is coming with the children.'

Shall I go on any more, little wife?— Shall I tell them how hard I found it to There, in the doorway, stood Daisy—a win you back to me? how I, the Grand little figure dressed in black, the same Seignior, did not get my wife by a mere thin face, the same heavy hair. The same throwing of the handkerchief, but was denly I became silent, as in a letter from incumbent on me to take my stand in that treble voice uttered my name. A moment obliged to go on my knees—obliged to a college friend I came upon this passage: station of life in which I had been called, and she was gone. I rushed forward, and outrage all foregone conclusions and deyou ever think it possible that the stolid Hercules would find his Omphale? Yet household amenities, to obey the laws of was affected. My will came into action, none the less found she is, and Hercules nature and society; and, if it might be so, and beat down the strugglings of the troubles in those long years of separation; is a slave; and only all his wealth will to rear children around me, who should heart, and strung my nerves with its iron and how you are changed thereby, and yet ransom him. He is going to be married. succeed to my name and fortune and fill fingers, and brought my wild thoughts the same—graver, soberer, wiser—equable under control. This, I pressed on mind, and quiet—but Daisy still? No, do you Omphale is not precisely a queen; in fact, to look round for a wife. My friends soon has been a phantom of my imagination. I say, I have written enough?. Then I will

THE DOCTOR'S PERIL. The noble beast that forms the subject

been allowed to flow, uncurtailed by the mutilating knife, naturally and gracefully as those of the wild mustang of the prairie. The ample chest, small ankle, and proud neck, and the wide apart prominent eyes and open nostrils, denoted gentle blood; but at the time I saw him, old age had whitened his beautiful bay coat, long turfs of hair were growing behind each foot, his eyes were rheumy, and the few long teeth he possessed were loose. I had noticed the care and attention bestowed on him by every inmate of the family. Not a day passed that his neck and face were not caressed by soft feminine hands; and if I had been surprised at that, how much more so was I, when mother, in a low voice, but flushing to her both of us were yet unripe. We were as it was fruitless. But all these clouds ing there through the summer, would frequently throw her arms around his neck, and while his soft nose rested against her shoulder, would call him pet names, and not unfrequently her beautiful eyes would fill with tears while thus employed. 'Don John' received all these caresses as if he had been accustomed to buried in his own lot, with something of them, frequently following one or the other ates like a huge house dog. My curiosity at length became so great that I resolved to become acquainted with the reason why he was honored with the respect and attachment of the household. Not many days elapsed before I became accquainted with the reasons, and I assure you, gentle reader, I consider them sufficient to excuse any amount of affection which it might please the superior brute to bestow upon his fellow, the dumb one. He had belonged to Dr. Mosely, of Whitesborough, for man years a practising physician of that place, and 'Don John had carried his master to and from many haunted my dreams—always the same, in one of the midland counties. Of course the servants moved about with mute lips had flown from his hoofs as many times as a bed of death, and, God help him, fire Mohawk on the old bridge, not heeding the new-born infant's wail that greeted his ear in his quiet corner, awaiting his master's pleasure-not that it was the wail for the advent of a human soul, doomed to suffer its number of years, then die! If his master had acquired fame-

as all knew he did-'Don John' has also his laurels to be proud of. The Doctor had been called to Utica on business connected with his profession, and had been absent three days. During his absence, one of those drenching, warm breaking up rains had set in. Mountain of ice were rushing down the Mohawk. sweeping everything before them, over flowing the banks, carrying away bridges, dwellings, and alarming many of the inhabitants, as well it might, for one must see a freshet there to understand its terrible import. One must hear the crash and roar, behold the mad waters rushing headlong and wild, the floating wrecks of dwellings, sometimes freighted with human life.

The night was inky black, and 'Don John' picked out the way faithfully and said. I was wild when you married her. steadily, never stumbling, but, with the bridle hanging slack across his neck, and bering what she was, I only felt for you his nose close to the earth, his master had little fear of the consequences. They were approaching Oriskany, where a bridge spanned the Mohawk, and 'Don John' whinnied piteously once or twice till a sharp word from his master warned him not to show the white feather. On the other side he could just distinguish through the darkness moving and glimmering lights, and once he fancied he heard a shout; but he little heeded aught, save getting housed as soon as possible, and sleeping off the fatigues of his journey. Now, Don, step sure; old Oriskany bridge, to my own and your knowledge, Margaret Lowther; not Daisy Mainwaring, has lost many a plank,' said the Doctor, patting his beast's neck, and pushing the wet, tangled front lock from his eyes.

They were now, ascending the little eminence leading to the entrance, when the all the world, could have made me so horse stopped. 'Go on, sir,' said the Doctor, 'you are nearly home now.' Still no attempt at going on, and beneath them false notion? Where did you hear it? the angry waters roared and bellowed, like maddened devils baulked of their prey .-By slow degrees I recalled and ex- 'Do you hear me, sir?' with a smart buffet on the neck, and a gathering up of the It was not easy for me, having held the loosened bridle into a firm and determined event for so long as an established fact, to hand, and the animal started-slowly, bring to any mind the precise manner in steadily, surely—though the broad back which the news had reached me. Howev-shivered from time to time, and the gait er, I succeeded at length in recalling the was so measured and methodical, that at letter from my friend, and also the con- any other time he would have observed it, firmation of the former tidings, in my As it was, he only let him have his own mother's letter, received in Italy. I learned | way, for he had a kindly heart, and he had (but not wholly then) what had been the labored, and was sadly in want of food and

Towards the end of the bridge the steps became slower, and once he stumbled in

windows, he called loudly for the landlord. A dozen or more of the inmates came rushing to the door with lanterns, which they held aloft, and a 'Good Lord, Doctor, where did you come from?' broke forth from their lips simultaneously.

'Come from? Why, from the Mohawk what is the matter? Has the freshet carried away your senses? Here, boy, as lismounting he threw the reins to a gaping fellow, give John something nice, and lowing rates:

ANCASTER COUNTY EXCHANGE

AND DEPOSIT OFFICE.

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Lancaster City.

John K. REED & CO. pay interest on deposits at the following rates: carried away your senses? Here, boy,' as dismounting he threw the reins to a gaping fellow, 'give John something nice, and dry him off. Keep him well wrapped up while he eats-and, landlord, I want a

tumbler of red-hot Jamaica, quick! Doctor, said the group, have you crossed the Mohawk to-night, and if so,

'Why, on the bridge; are you all drunk!' said the exasperated physician. 'Doctor,' said the old gray-headed landlord, that bridge went down the Mohawk this afternoon. Come with me and I will show you. If you crossed, God only knows how you did it.'

A shiver went to the Doctor's heart, and, lantern in hand, he followed the footsteps to the swollen and turbid river. Where was the bridge? Good Heavens!' said the horror-struck

Doctor, where is my gratitude? My noble beast came over here this night, backed by me on a solitary string-piece, and I, with this right hand, gave him a blow when he faltered! And the Doctor sank upon his knees in the soft, wet snow, and wept like a child. The man moved from his presence respectfully, and left him to himself.
When, after some little time, he made

his appearance, his eyes were greeted by the sight of his horse, surrounded by the entire household-each contributing to render him some assistance. A quart of warm ale was given him by one, another rubbed his breast and neck with spiritsa third dried his glossy hide with a warm flannel, and others patted his neck or otherwise caressed him. The morning revealed to the Doctor the dreadful danger he had escaped.

'Don John' never did do a day's work after that. Sometimes his master rode him forth on a pleasure tour, or drove him before a light vehicle a few miles, but his professional labors were over.-Nothing could exceed the care and attention that were given him ever afterward.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together .-Don John' survived his master some years, and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to 'Don John,' to this effect: That he should be given to his youngest daughter, Mrs. Morrison, while she lived, to be cared for as he always had been; that he should, at his death, be the respect accorded to human remains .hes were religio two years after I learned that ' Don John was dead, and his body now rests in the corner of the old Mosely burying-ground at Whiteboro'.

CARDS.

PREDERICK S. PYFER,
OFFICE-NO. 11 NORTH DUKE STREET, (WEST SID

DEMOVAL .-- WILLIAM S. AMWEG R Attorney at Law, has removed his office from h former place into South Duke street, nearly opposite the Trinity Lutheran Church. HALL FOREMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE WITH T. E. FRANKLIN, ESQ., NO. 26 EAST KING ST.,
LANCASTER, PA.

1y 44

W. T. McPHAIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

mar 31 ly 11 No. 11 N. Duke St., Lancaster, Pa. WASHINGTON W. HOPKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office with N. Lightner & J. K. Alexander, Esqs., Duke
St., nearly opposite Court House.

[feb 7 6m* 4]

A LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.-A Office with B. A. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner of
Centre Square, Lancaster. may 15, '65 ly 17 EDWARD M'GOVERN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 3 South Queen street, in Reed, McGrant
Co.'s Banking Building, Lancaster, Pa.

tf 12 R. JOHN M'CALLA, DENTIST .-- Office No. 4 East King street. Residence Walnut street accord door West of Duke, Lancaster, Pa. [apr 18 tf 18]

WILBERFORCE NEVIN,

ATTORNEY ATLAW,

Office with Wm. B. Fordney, Eq., south-east corner (cot 25 ly 4 l)

Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa. (oct 25 ly 4 l) CAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Attorney at

Law. Office, No. 14 North Duke street, opposite the Court House.

A BRAM SHANK,
A TTORNEY ATLAW,
OFFICE WITH D. G. ESHLEMAN, ESQ., No. 36 NORTH DUKE ST

LANCASTER, PA. mar 22 1v* 10 NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY
AT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly
opposite the Court House.
Lancaster, apr 1

tf 11

DEMOVAL .-- WILLIAM B. FORDNEY

Attorney at Law, has removed his office from No-usen street to the building in the south-east corner entre Square, formerly known as Hubley's Hotel. Lancaster, april 10 REMOVAL.--DR. J. T. BAKER, HOM-EPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to No. 69 East King street, next door above King's Grocery. Reference-Professor W. A. Gardner, Philadelphia. Calls from the conutry will be promptly attended to.

JAMES BLACK, Attorney at Law.--Of-fice in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. 43-All business connected with his profession, and all kinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to. m 15.

PEMOVAL.--H. B. SWARR, Attorney At Law, has removed his office to No. 13 North Duke streat, nearly opposite his former location, and a lew doors north of the Court House. OHN F. BRINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PHILADELPHIA, PA,
PHILADELPHIA, PA,
13-noa. No. 249 South 6th

Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249
Street, above Spruce.
Refers by permission to Hon. H. G. Lox nov 24 1v* 45

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dec 25

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