"That's Just My Luck."

and how many times is it made a sort of

How often have we heard this expression,

TERMS.

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

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JOB PRINTING—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphl Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and shortest notice.

THE WHISPERING WIND.

BY ANNIE GRENVILLE. Hush!—'tis the twilight hour,
-And the wind whispers to the dancing leaves—
Come to the vine clad bower
And hide and listen, while it laughs or grieves.

"To the sunny South I strayed,
Where the emerald's glance in the earth's attire,
But the rush of a cavalcade
Tarill'd through the strings of my delicate lyre.

"And a shouting host I heard, And storm—as if thunder were in the air;
The robe of the valley I stirr'd,
But found it a pall, for the dead were there.

"Then I spread my zephyr wings
And flew from the revel of hungry death—
The lake where the wild bird sings
I playfully rippled to cool my breath.

"Away to the West I hied, Where a wealth of gushing water gleams— And I sealed the mountain's side, Where the tempests stept as in fairy dreams.

"A traveller floated by, But the giants heard it and hastened forth, And they raised a battle-cry Which wakened the guards of the vengeful North-

"To the floods they marched in haste—
But the Furies were there and led the van—
The speck which the demons chased
Was freighted with living, but hopeless man. 'The billows were lashed to wrath,

And hither and thither the atom sped, But the angels watched its path, And drove it back from the gates of the dead.

"O mortal!—thy thoughts are vain,
Old ocean is deep and the winds are strong—
The monarch that rules the main
Would rock thee to sleep with a funeral song.

"To the cataract I came,
Where a hardy fool as on nothing cross'd—
But I hurried past the shame,
Lest my rage should rise and a soul be lost. "I have murmur'd to the Rhine-

The lake of Geneva—and many a sea—
The Bosphorus too hath been mine,
For all things in nature pay tribute to me. "I have swept through many a plain
Where the summer sunbeams softly glide—
Then over the hills again,
Till I've traversed the world on every side.

"In Temple I have played
"In Temple I have played
"In Temple I have of a thousand trembling strings, On my harp of a thousand trembling string And the music my fingers made Was sweet as the strain that a spirit sings.

"But give me the gleaming West,
Where the waters like sheets of silver lie—
Where the sword and cannon rest,
And Freedom re-cehoes from earth to sky!"

Hush!—'tis the twilight hour,
And the wind whispers to the dancing leaves—
Come to the vine-clud bower,
And hide and listen, while it laughs or grieves.
[N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Many a young and gallant hero will lose hi life in the present war, to whom, when moul-dering in the dust, the following poem by the greatest of American poets, will truthfully apply .-As an offering of genius at the grave of the soldier and patriot, it has not its equal in the English lan-

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. He hath been mourned as brave men mourn He hath been mourned as brave men mourn the brave,
And wept as nations weep their cherished dead,
With bitter, but proud tears, and o'er his head
The eternal flowers whose root is in the grave,
The flowers of Fame, are beautiful and green;
And by his grave's side pilgrim feet have been,
And blessiugs, pure as men to martyrs give,
Have there been breathed by those he died to save
Pride of his country's banded chivalry,
His fame their hope, his name their battle cry;
He lived as mothers wish their sons to live,
He died as fathers wish their sons to die.

He died as fathers wish their sons to die.

If on the grief-worn cheek the hues of bliss, Which fade when all we love is in the tomb, Could ever know on earth a second bloom, The memory of a gallant death like his Would call them into being; but the few, Who as their friend, their brother, or their son, His kind, warm heart and gentle spirit knew, Had long lived, hoped, and feared for him alone; His voice their morning music, and his eye The only starlight of their evening sky. Till even the sun of happiness seemed dim, And life's best joys were sorrows but with him; And when, the burning bullet in his breast, the dropped, like summer fruit from off the hone. He dropped, like summer fruit from off the bough.
There was one heart that knew and lov'd him bes
—It was a mother's—and is broken now.

The Sick Man's Deed of Love. He was a poor cripple-with fingers twisted out of all useful shape, and lower limbs paralyzed so that he had to drag them after him wearily when he moved through muring, and at times, ill-natured cripple, eating the bread which a mother's hard food, and now began to repay his benefac- crutches was heard on the stairs. He physician, or to comfort and console her; fair day during spring, summer and autumn, he might be seen in front of the house where he lived, leaning upon the gate, or sitting on an old bench, looking pressure. with a sober face at the romping village children, or dreamingly regarding the passengers who moved with such strong limbs up and down the street. How often bitter envy stung the poor cripple's heart! How taunted him cruel y with his misfortune, would he fling harsh maledictions after

the end of his days. He was supported by the patient industry of a wife.

If good works were to be the only passport to heaven,' he said to a neighbor one day, 'my chances would be small.' Well done, good and faithful servant, is a part of the language of welcome,' was replied; and the neighbor looked at the

sick man in a way that made him feel a little unecmfortable. 'I am sick and bed-ridden, -what can I do?' he spoke fretfully.

When little is given, little is required. But if there be only a single talent it must be improved.

1 have no talent, said the invalid. Are you sure of that?

'What can I do? Look at me? No health-no strength-no power to rise from this bed. A poor, helpless creature, burdening my wife. Better for me, and for all, if I were in my grave.'

· If that were so, you would be in your no longer permitted to live, said the prise at such a notable instance of the great crime. All around us are human souls He is a very superficial surveyor of the

The sick man shook his head.

'As I came along just now,' continued the neighbor, 'I stopped to say a word to poor Tom Hicks, the cripple, as he stood swinging on the gate before his mother's house, looking so unhappy that I pitied for neglected opportunities. him in my heart. 'What do you do with Can't real, was his su len answer. Were

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER can't read herself,' replied Tom. 'It isn't tant, and have him brought back in the for the sickle in every man's field. What a proverb, cruelly appropriate to its pracingly; suppose I were to find some one the poor lad's face brightened as if the and went hobbling into the school-room. sunshine had fallen upon it; and he ans- Before leaving home on that morning, please me better.' I promised to find him of Mr. Croft. a teacher, and as I promised, the thought of you, friend Croft, came into my mind. brought the white, thin hand of his bene-

> The sick man did not respond warmly reward you.' to this proposition. He had been for so Idle dependence had made him selfish.

one talent?

the subject, 'and talk and read to him .- | which prompted the work. It was begun, Take him in charge as one of God's childred who needs to be instructed and led denial was for another's good; and because up to a higher life than the one he is living. | you put away love of ease and indifference Is not this a good and great work? It is, and forced yourself to do kind offices, bemy friend; one that God has brought to cause our Heavenly Father has commandyour hand, and in the doing of which there ed it, God will send a heavenly love of Think of that poor boy's weary includes a great reward.' life, and of the sadder years that lie still before him. What will become of him conly a few months ago, What can I do? may open before him if stimulated by effort, lifted a human soul out of the dark doors of a mind that now sits in darkness, in self-torture, and placed it on an ascendday. To him, it will be a life-long benefit. warmth upon a heart that was cold and Will you do it?

poor Tom Hicks.

On the next day the cripple came to the capacity for good deeds. tered the alphabet, and as quickly learned | hold either pen or pencil in the right po-

you saw a different expression on his face. fairer copy.
Soon the children, who had only looked at 'Have you heard the closer to the gate where he stood gazing man. It was five years from the day he with his strange eyes out into the street, in order to worry him, began to have a lesson. different feeling for the cripple, and one and another stopped occasionally to speak feeble voice, not even turning his head harm them if in his power, nor retorted angrily if they said things to worry him.-And now it often happened that a little boy or girl, who had pitied the poor cripple and feared him at the same time, would offer him a flower or an apple or a handful of nuts, in passing to school; and he would with the hope in his heart, of one day mas-

As soon as Tom could read, the children like him and always gathered aro nd him at the gate when they happened thing. their locomotion-a poor, unhappy, mur- to find him there, supplied him with books, tor, the bed-ridden man, by reading to him came up with more than his usual hurry. for hours every day.

The mind of Tom had some of the qual-

ities of a sponge—gave out freely at every contact with another mind, it must either 'and it has made my heart glad.' absorb or impart. So he was always talking or always listening when he had anybody who would talk or listen.

There was something about him that often, as the thoughtless village children strongly attracted the boys in the neighborhood, and he usually had three or four of tears, as once before. Even as he held them around him, and often a dozen, late that thin, white hand, the low moving them. Many pitied the poor cripple; many in the afternoon, when the schools were pulses took a lower beat—lower and lower looked upon him with feelings of disgust out. As Tom had entered a new worldand repulsion; but few, if any, sought to the world of books—and was interested in and the freed spirit went up to its reward. all he found there, the subjects on which Not far from where the cripple lived he talked with the boys who sought his he stood by the wasted form shrouded in was a man who had been bed-ridden for company were always instructive. There grave clothes, and looked upon it for the years, and who was likely to remain so to was no nonsense; low, sensual talk, to which boys are sometimes addicted, found 'What would I have been except for you?' no encouragement in his presence. His influence over these boys was therefore of few or limited in range to all appearance,

when they found their sons going so often you poor, weak, ignorant, obscure, or even to the house of Tom Hicks, felt doubts as sick as he was, and shut out from contact to the safety of such intimate intercourse with the busy outside world? No matter. so 'smart' in this respect as himself. with the cripple, toward whom few were If you have a willing heart, good work prepossessed, as he bore in the village the will surely come to your hands. reputation of being ill-tempered and de- no poor, unhappy, neglected one to whom praved, and questioned them very closely you can speak words of encouragement, or in regard to the nature of their intercourse. lift out of the vale of ignorance? Think! The report of these boys took their parents cast around you. You may, by a single ligence was, perhaps, looking down with by surprise; but on investigation, it proved sentence, spoken in the right time and in

Then came, as a natural consequence, in aftertime wielded for the world's good. Inquiry as to the cause of such a change while you may never be able to act diand many were Mary's resolves, as often and many were Mary's resolves, as often of the sick man who had instructed Tom consequence of mental or physical disabil- and to his own resources. Abject poverty

yourself all through these long days, Tom? rapid progress under the most limited ad- in youthe wise counsellor who holds him well as in the matters of mowing machines, Lasked. 'Nothing,' he replied, moodily, vantages, becoming generally known, a back from vice. Indeed, you cannot pass steam, and the telegraph. Whoever has Don't you read sometimes ?' I queried. gentleman, whose son had been one of a single day, whether your sphere be large fortune has friends in exact proportion; Tom's visitors, and who had grown to be a or small, your place exalted or lowly, and there is seldom an exception to the

It was the happiest day in Tom's life willing to teach you, what would you say? when he was helped down from the wagon wered, I would say that nothing could he had made his way up to the sick-room

'I owe it all to you,' he said, as he Now, here is something that you can do; factor to his lips. It was damp with more a good work in which you can employ your than a kiss when he laid it back gently on the bed. 'And our Father in Heaven will

'You have done a good work,' said the long a mere recipient of good offices—had neighbor who had urged Mr. Croft to imso long felt himself the object toward which prove his one talent, as he sat talking with pity and service must tend—that he had him on that evening about the poor cripple nearly lost the relish for good deeds .- and his opening prospects, 'which will not I trust be forgotten that day when the 'Give this poor cripple a lesson every record of his life is opened. Not because day,' went on the neighbor, pressing home of the work itself, but for the true charity will be great reward. What can you do? doing good into your soul, which always

'You said,' continued the neighbor, when his mother dies? The almshouse and spoke as a man who felt that he was alone will open its doors for the helpless deprived of all the means of accomplishing one. But who can tell what resources good; and yet you have, with but little thought. Take him then, and unlock the valley of ignorance where it was groping that sunlight may come in. To you, it ing mountain path. The light of hope has will give a few hours of pleasant work each fallen, through your aid, with sunny barren a little while ago, but is now green with verdure and blossoming in The sick man could not say 'No,' though sweet promise of fruit. The infinite years that she possessed it; but what innocent, in uttering that half-extorted assent he to come alone can reveal the blessings manifested no warm interest in the case of that will flow from this one act of a bedridden man, who felt that in him was no

sick man and received the first lesson; and every day at an appointed hour, he within the reach of Tom Hicks, he gave was in Mr. Croft's room, eager for the in- up every thought of serious difficulty. His struction he received. Quickly he mas- bent, stiff fingers could not be made to to construct small words preparatory to sition, or to use them in such a way as to she became an easy prey to the wily words combining them in a reading lesson. Af- make intelligible signs. But Tom was too and artifices of her pretending lover. ter the first three or four days the sick much in earnest to give up on the first, or Often, often is it the case, that thus the man, who had undertaken this work with second, or third effort. He found, after a purest of earthly beings is sacrificed unreluctance, began to find his heart going great many trials, that he could hold a pencil down into it. Tom was so grateful, that more firmly than at first, and guide his hand of wretchedness and woe. Mr. Crost found the task of instructing some obedience to his will. This was sufhim a real pleasure. The neighbor who ficient to encourage him to daily long- fellow, with a soul so nearly lost that it had suggested this useful employment of continued efforts, the result of which was the invalid's time looked in now and then a gradual yielding of the rigid muscles, showed any signs of having any. And yet to see how matters were progressing, to which became in time so flexible that he he could act the hypocrite to such perfeccould make quite passable figures, and tion that the world thought Mrs. Bronson Poor Tom was seen less frequently than write a fair hand. This did not satisfy had a very good husband; and even she, before hanging on the gate or sitting idly him, however. He was ambitious to do on the bench before his mother's dwelling, better, and so kept on trying and trying, and when you did find him there as of old, until few boys in the school could give a was a fine one, heralding just the kind of

him, half in fear, from a distance, or come neighbor to Mr. Croft, the poor bed-ridden gave the poor cripple, Tom Hicks, his first for that purpose. 'What news?' the sick man asked, in a

with him; for Tom no longer made queer towards the speaker. Life's pulses were faces or looked at them as if he would running very low. The strong struggle with disease was nearly over. 'Tom Hicks has received the appoint-

ment of teacher to our public school. 'Are you in earnest?' There was mingling of surprise and doubt in the low

tones that crept out upon the air. 'Yes; it is true what I say. You know take these gifts thankfully, and feel better that after Mr. Wilson died, the directors all day in remembrance of the kindness with got Tom, who was a favorite with all the in hard, hard work; rendered still harder which they had been bestowed. Sometimes scholars, to keep the school together for a by the necessary care and trouble oche would ask to see their books, and his few weeks until a successor could be apeyes would run eagerly over the pages so pointed. He managed so well, kept such but it brought no relief, for a burning fever far in advance of his com prehension, yet good order, and showed himself so capable had spread its glowing symptoms over her as an instructor, that, when the election darling child; and farther, her husbantering them—for he had grown all athirst took place to-day, he received a large ma- had—' by mistake,' she said to herself jority of votes over a number of taken with him the little purse that conhighly recommended teachers, and this tained her all of worldly store. Not three in the neighborhood, who had grown to without his having made application for cents had she, nor could she by any means the situation, or even dreaming of such a

sight of him as he entered the room.

Whenever his mind came in as he reached a hand feebly toward Tom, wards called, 'the diabolical intention 'I owe it all to you,' replied the cripple, in a voice that trembled with feeling .-

'God will reward you.' And he caught the shadowy arm, touchlast time ere the coffin-lid closed over it.

The parents of some of the children bed-ridden man, 'What can I do?' Are reader? Have you often said, like the to be true, and Tom's character soon rose the right spirit, awaken thoughts in some hibited in the characters and dispositions dull mind that may grow into giant powers of his earthly parents.

comes, and you bind up your sheaves and lay them at his feet?

MARRIED FOR A LIVING.

BY HARRY PLUME.

'Tis an important step towards another world,
This matrimony: mayhap they'll both agree
To downward go most pleasantly together,'
Or one may upward soar, till by the other dragg'c
bown to perdition; or, (though, alas! 'tis seldom,
The one may draw the other up to Heaven:
But 'tis a blessed sight when two unite,
In purest love to trade life's subtace. But 'it's a blessed sight when two unite, In purest love to tread life's path together, To seek the peace of God in pure religion, And pass this life that Death may be to them, The gateway to eternal happiness. 'You talk about 'marrying for love,' s

oung wife, as he rose from the breakfast

her heart, as additional proof, that, however it might have been with herself, love -true love for her, certainly, never had a place in the heart of him who was now her husband.

We say additional proof, for it was not the first time that she had been made to feel that he had married her merely if for a living.' She was far from being rich, however, for she possessed no more than the proceeds of her own industry; now considerably reduced by his idle and wasteful habits.

It may be thought strange that such man would care to procure for himself a Mary?—however, you're not so kind as wife so comparatively poor, when a rich one would, at any rate, have the means to keep him in idleness and luxury to his heart's content. Strange as it may seem, it is to complain? none the less very common. A damsel with money is fore-warned by the very fact ing,' said he, or, rather it was his conconfiding, poor, young girl who works for her own livelihood, would ever dream that any man would ever think of marrying her merely 'for a living?' And what mean, skulking rogue that's looking for a wife to support him does know all this? So it was with Mary and Charles Bronson.

Mary was too guileless to suspect guile, too confiding to distrust any one; and so consciously at the hymenial altar, to a life

Charles was a careless, good-for-nothing was only on very rare occasions that he sometimes, fondly thought so, too.

The morning to which we have alluded a day one would like to choose for a day's gunning; and Charles Bronson, after uttering the words above quoted, forthwith went to prepare his gun and accoutrements

'You need not wait up for me to-night. Mary,' said he, as he held the door : 'it is most likely I shall find company.'

And what company ought any man prefer to that of a loving and faithful wife? asks every true man who reads this sketch. Nevertheless it is so.

But little over one short year had passed since their marriage, and yet Charles was absent from his fireside, his wife and his babe, nearly every evening, and oftentimes far into the night. Mrs. Bronson passed the day all alone

casioned by her sick infant. Night came. obtain wherewith to purchase the wellknown remedy that would allay the intense At this moment the cripple's well- burnings within the darling little sufferer's so that he had an abundance of mental known shuffling tread and the rattle of trembling frame; no one near to go for a but there she sits, alone, amid this bitter Croft tarned with an effort, so as to get a experience—a wife !- better by far a of the first time entertained, what she after-

> of leaving him.' But retiring from the scene of the wretched woman with her dying child, let us search out the whereabouts of Charles Bronson, at this same hour. At the edge ed with his lips and wet it with grateful of a forest, about five miles distant, there are seven men si ting and lying around a glaring fire, while an eighth is standing up in their midst in a talking attiude; every -until the long suffering heart grew still one of them too much intoxicated to look for night accommodations, more in accord-'My benefactor!' sobbed the cripple, as ance with civilized life. Charles was not in the habit of getting inebriated; it would be too serious breach of his hypocrisy, and yet it was none other than he who was standing up, swaying to and Are your opportunities for doing good fro, addressing a drowsy and drunken speech to his drowsy and drunken comrades, on the subject of matrimony. It consisted chiefly in eulogies on his own smartness in 'netting' such a wife as he

had, and upbraidings of them for not being Bronson found his home the next day, but his child suffered no more-the burning fever had gone-cold, cold death had bound his little limbs in its icy grasp, and his cherub spirit gifted with angelic intel-

in the unfortunate lad; and the neighbor rectly on society to any great purpose, in broken as made, to leave him to his course, told the story of Mr. Croft's agency in the ities, you may, by instruction and guid- and pitiable wretchedness had long ago matter. This interested the whole town ance, prepare some other mind for useful overtaken her, and temptations, of various grave. But God knows best. There is in both the cripple and his bed-ridden insomething for you to do, or you would be structor. The people were taken by surhave wasted its powers in ignorance or Many may ask, if she had no friends. good which may sometimes be done where that may be influenced. The nurse who world and of men and things, who does not

the means look discouragingly small. Mr. ministers to you in sickness may be hurt know that poverty is a great estranger. In Croft was praised for his generous conduct, or helped by you; the children who look into the days of our great-grandfathers, and not only praised but helped by many your face and read it daily—who listen to relatives were friends under all circumwho had until now, felt indifferent toward your speech and remember what you say his case—for his good work rebuked them —will grow better or worse, according to the spirit of your life as it flows into them; tives. But the world, it appears, has been The cripple's eagerness to learn and the neglected son of a neighbor may find turned up-side-down in this respect, as you never at school? I went on. 'No, better boy under his influence, offered to without abundant opportunities for doing general rule that relatives are first to prove your mother teach you? 'Because she schoolhouse, which stood half a mile dis-

of that time when the Lord of the harvest tice, and most cruelly true- Kick him down, he has no friends.' It is not strange then, that such was the case with Mary

Bronson. Three years of wedded life had now passed, and she had become somewhat reconciled to the wretched life she led and, wife-like, chiefly for the sake of him who was the sole cause of all her wretchness. Yet she would sometimes endeavor to make an impression upon his stony heart; at least, whenever she could get him to converse, which, indeed, was very seldom.

One evening, when he happened to be at home--the last evening of his life, as though nobody ever married for love but it turned out to be-Charles sat watching yourself,' said Charles Bronson to his for some time, the busy fingers of his wife, as she nimbly plied the needle. At length. table, one morning.

These words grated harshly upon the ears of Mrs. Bronson, and sank deep into too hard, it would injure her health.

'Not too hard, Charles,' said she,' 'that perhaps, would be my own fault; but it really seems to me that I work a little too much to no purpose.'

quired he. ' If you don't know, Charles, I'm sure I can't tell you.'

Charles colored, it would be difficult to say whether with shame or rage, most probably the latter; and after a long pause he blundered out.

'You don't mean to say it's my fault. you used to be, whatever is the reason.' 'I'm sure you have no occasion for thinking so, Charles; what cause have you

'Oh, you think I married you for a livscience that spoke in spite of himself, for his manner showed it. 'It was you said that, not me,' replied

Mrs. Bronson. But you think so, and it's no such thing; it's only among the rich that folks marry for money.' 'That may be, as you say, of the rich :

but, indeed, Charles, you talk strangely, I never breathed what you suspect to a living soul.' Well, well, perhaps not-but let us have no more of this dull talk-do you

know I am engaged to go out on the river to-morrow? have !' A meek response was given him; and, on the morrow, he went out upon the river,

and was brought home at about that same hour in the evening, a corpse. That morning, he and his comrades had procured a boat and were enjoying themselves finely, when the messenger of death

came to take him and some nine others from among the living. For some cause they were unable to manage their craft as day upon the river. The huge vessels struck each other while the boat of the from sinking. An aggregate of six hunnewspapers, were on board. Parents and children, sisters and brothers, all anxious the eternal world. Six hundred souls, staring death in the face, and the dread grave. But deliverance came. Boats, well

The bodies were all recovered, and exposed in a suitable place for recognition. his forehead, he grew 'much worse.' to love, in spite of a life-time of insults | ment may be imagined; ladies fainted prothem? Every one who saw her tears and grew pale and asked 'what was the matheard her moanings as she recognized his ter?' In the meantime the author of all husband he must have been; never think- a secessionist with creditors after him and we have before stated, the body of Charles | guilt to the clerk from whom he had pur-

more for the best of husbands, than mourn- tely, and whispered something like-I ed Mrs. Bronson for him. Shortly after this, a stranger became acquainted with the young widow, and as she had impoverished herself to bury her unworthy husband, lent her a helping hand. With this aid, she soon improved her circumstances, and the stranger, when he left the town, had the satisfaction of knowing that she was not only comfortably situated, but rapidly gaining that position in society, to which her industry and ac-

complishments had long ago entitled her. Three years passed, and the stranger received a letter written in a delicate, ladylike hand, announcing that she had once more ventured upon a marriage life. This time, she had made a better bargain, and for the short period that they were spared to each other, smoothed 'the thorny road to Heaven and to God,' with mutual endeavor.

It was but fifteen months after her second marriage that the stranger received a letter from her husband, bordered with black in which he found that she had gone to that world where sorrowing and sighing are no more, and where, he hoped through the merits of his Saviour, he might some day meet her.

It may, perhaps, be well to say that this narrative ends infinitely better than many that may be told about being Mar-

GOOD NEWS FOR THE POOR!-It is stated that a committee of New York merchants, to whom Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, referred for advice on the revision of the tariff have recommended a duty on tea, both black and green, of ten cents per pound; on coffee three cents per pound, and on sugar two and a half cents per pound—and it is very generally believed in mercantile circles that this revised tariff will go into effect on the 1st of

Errors.

On Olive street, in St. Louis, lives a gushing maiden of coquetish proclivities, comforter for the evils which befall those who cheers the declining years of a father who should attribute their ill success to special smiles on two infatuated swains.

of these favored individuals is the possessor of a very 'loud' plantation of sentimental whiskers; and so effective did those prove in his suit that it soon became evihis rival and win the prize. None perceiv-

ed this sooner than the aforesaid rival, who is so unfortunate as to be fearfully beard-'And whose fault is that ?' eagerly in-

defeated lover became as desperate as a cat with snuff in her eyes. He had been trifled with by a heartless coquette; he had been put to expense involving bankruptcy; his heart had been turned into a lesert, and a hated rival had 'accomplished his hellish designs.' What was left for him but revenge? There was a charm in the word—a paradise in the thought.— He would send his rival and the faithless one to the other side of Jordan, and He had been invited to a highly respectable tea-party, at which 'the perjured pair' would also be present, and there the terrible sacrifice must be made. When that fatal evening arrived, he made himself as gorgeous as a first-class sun-flower, and store. 'Arsenic-two ounces,' he whispered would have made his eternal fortune and brought down the galleries, had he tried it at the theatre. Being familiar with horrors, the clerk blandly smiled an assent, and furnished the poison, like a genuine Borgia. Crowding the package into a very small watch pocket, the unflinching minister of vengeance repaired to the festive gathering, and was immediately driven to the verge of lunacy by the spectacle of the whiskers

and the maiden waltzing together-'Like a pair of scissors Whirling round a spindle.' As the hour for 'taking tea' approached, stole darkly into the s y became involved in a collision accident divided his arsenic between three particular imagines that he is fitted to shine in the between two steamers, which occurred that cream pots. Then he returned to the arena of politics. He joins some strong parlor and hypocritically joined the pair party, and when he is convinced that tney he devoted to death, just as the sentimen- are about to succeed he thinks he has atpleasure party was in so close proximty to tal young woman who officiated at the piano tained the end of his reward. But the one of them that the shock of the blow had struck up 'The Bold Privateer' for a party is not victorious, and the lawyer finds capsized it, and then ensued a scene of march to the tea-room. As though by that while he has not gained a political mixed up horrors, impossible to keep either accident, he had led his unsuspecting vic- position he has lost the majority of his tims to that part of the beaufet where the clients; and this is bad luck. We might dred passengers, as it was stated in the fatal cream pots glittered, and commenced go on in this manner and should find, after operations by modifying his own cup of all, that there is but little bad luck in the bohea from one of them. They unwittingly for each other's, and their own safety; and followed suit with the others, and were evidently but an hour between them and nicely poisoned in about five minutes !--The poisoner chuckled fiendishly as he witnessed the success of his plot, and went | Delays and disappointments no doubt will King of Terrors, staring at them with a back to the parlor with his victims without fall to their lot, but in the long run proper ghastly grim, and overpowering their minds | a doubt that all three of them would be in | means directed to proper ends are almost with the awful expectation of a watery kingdom come in less than half an hour .-At the door of the room he quitted them, manned, were soon present at the scene; | for there came upon him suddenly a half and death could grasp but ten of the multi- regret that he had included himself in the tude of despairing victims. But ten, and devoted category. The regret grew into among these was Charles Bronson. absolute remorse in about five minutes; they have committed and resolving to and, as the perspiration oozed out upon remedy them, they complain of their bad luck and try to enlist the sympathies of A woman, poorly but neatly clad, is soon | momentary pause in the music caused him | those around them. This sympathy should seen hurrying, breathless and pale, to the to look up, and he beheld the hated whis- never be extended, for it will confirm those spot. We need not say who it is. Mary kers leading the faithless one to a sofa .who receive it in their indolence and in-Bronson has heard of the accident—of the The unhappy man could bear no more. discretions, and make them always the steamers only—but she fears for the safety | He dashed toward the pair, and blurted victims of ill luck. Let those who imagine of her worthless husband. What is it but out: Stomach pumps-quick! all poisonthat they have had bad luck hitherto only something of a divine nature in woman ed!' and then darted through the hall into determine that they will not have bad that can thus prompt her to care for and the street. The effect of his announceluck in the future, and they will find that this very determination will release them and injuries, the vile being who inflicted miscuously, and the attendant cavaliers lifeless body, surely thought, what a good this trouble flew through the streets like ing that he was one, who, because, he had | tore into the drug store before mentioned married for a living,' had thus justly met | with little regard to the proprieties of the with an untimely death. That evening, as place. In broken accents he confessed his Bronson was carried to his home; and chased the arsenic, and gave an immedi-

Mary, herself found means to have him ate order for three stomach pumps quick! decently buried. No wife ever mourned The clerk was observed to smile immediaknew how it was; perfectly harmless, assure you; white sugar, you know. In another instant the would-be poisoner was dashing along the street again in the direction of the tea-party establishment, minus his hat, and giving three cheers at short intervals. Charging through an army of physicians who had been suddenly call ed in, he re-appeared before the horrified assemblage in the parlor and announced the 'joyful intelligence' in very bad gram-mar. Of course there was an immediate 'reaction,'as they say in Baltimore ;and,in the general happiness over the innocent termination of the poisoning business, the poisoner was forgiven. On the following morning however, he left St. Louis with out paying his board bill, and is said to have gone South with the secession troops from Frankfort

> SMITH, THE EVERLASTING .- Mrs. Hanson chanced to live in the vicinity of a theological seminary, and some of the students found her bright home a very agreeable change from their dreary bachelor rooms A certain youth was accustomed to bore her with rather long visits; and as she saw him approaching one day, she exclaimed to 'Oh, there comes that everlasting

Smith! In he came, and soon tried to ingratiate

himself with her little son. 'You don't know who I am,' said he, taking Master Edward on his knee. ·Oh, yes, I do,' said the child, with very positive air.

'Oh, you are the everlasting Smith!'

The nerve which never relaxes the eye which never blanches—the thought wihch never wanders, these are the masters of victory.

Wal, who am I, then ?

who owns several nice corner lots, and their lack of foresight, energy, or persevercarries desolation into the hearts of all the ance. Many events, doubtless, occur which miserable bachelors who wear tight boots no human wisdom can guard against, or and yellow gloves on her account. Until human circumspection foresee, but the disrecently the devastating Hebe managed asters of life are mainly attributable to to keep all her admirers in such a delight- ignorance and carelessness, and luck has ful fog of uncertainty that no one could nothing to do with them. Many persons consider himself 'the man;' but at a pri- seem through their whole lives to be batvate party, a short time since, she bestowed thing with ill luck, but their ill luck, when analyzed, is only a want of energy, economy and the rivalry for her hand at once nar- and foresight. Any other person than the rowed down to this brace of knights. One unlucky one sees how and why he does not succeed. He observes a man in a good: and growing business neglecting that business and indulging in recreations and amusements, while his customers are going dent that he would handsomely defeat to other and more attractive traders. Business thus falls off, and the trader continues his devotion to amusements to compensate for the anxiety and trouble which the decay less, and 'tremenjous' was his agony in of his business produces. He finally fails, consequence. He made a gallant fight of and then says, That's just my luck? How it. He had his hair curled daily by a could this have produced any other result? What has luck to do with it? A merchant, expense; he bloomed into vest patterns not satisfied with the gains of legitimate of deafening brilliancy, and mortgaged his business, goes into the stock market or salary six months ahead that he might flourish sundry gorgeous rings and breast- tact with sharpers who are glad to be able pins. But all was of no avail; the whis- to dispose of decaying stocks or doubtful xers still bristled in easy triumph, and the pecuniary notes, and he comes out of the narket not only minus profits, but also with his capital stock diminished. Then he says it is just his luck, he can never make anything; but his misfortune simply is that he forgot to attend to his legitimate business. Those who go in crowds on public days with well filled pocket books which they frequently expose, find to their chagrin that some adroit person has releived them of their burden; and they curse their luck when their stupidity is the magnanimously make the same trip himself only thing to blame. A young man has a good situation but allows his companions to allure him from business, and instead of taking care of his employer's interests he neglects them until, after repeated remonstrances, he is discharged without a recommendation. Then he whines about stalked dramatically into a funeral drug his bad luck, but there is no luck at all about it; he has only reaped the reward to the attendant clerk, in a manner that of his negligence and inattention. The young neglect their studies, and when they enter upon the duties of active life they find themselves incompetent to perform them. However they may talk of bad luck, they may trace all their trouble to misspent time in their youth. Then again a parent imagines that his child is blessed with extraordinary capacity, and allows his mind to be so crowded and overworked that disease finally prostrates it, and then the parent talks of the bad luck he has in rearing his child. But he, the parent, only lacked common sense. A lawyer who has a good list of clients becomes tire d world. Misfortunes are generally the result of certain causes, and those who carry out their plans with prudence and energy can generally control these causes. certain of producing good luck to those who use them. This talk about bad luck has an evil effect upon young people.-When they become negligent and things

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