TERMS.

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ADVENTISEMENTS.—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.

Jos Printino—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest potice Blanks, Labels, &c., athe shortest notice.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER. By the low west window dreaming, With the lingering sunlight gleaming Softly on her saintly brow— Of her boy to battle marching, Heat and thirst the loved lips parching, Dreams she in the twilight now.

Yet with rapid fingers knitting,
In the ancient arm-chair sitting,
Musing of her soldier som—
Pausing in her thoughts of sorrow,
Wond ing if upon the morrow
She can have the blue socks done.

Thinking of the soldiers standing An she saw them on the landing,
As she saw them on the landing,
Thinking how they sternly drill themBack and forth the needles going
From the socks, God only knowing
If or not his feet shall fill them.

But a sound her quick ear greeting, Starts her frightened heart to beating With a troubled throb and surge, For she hears the church-bells tolling, And the solemn muffled rolling Of slow music like a dirge. Heeds she not the stitches falling,

As with eager accents calling,
As with eager accents calling,
Some one passing by the door,
All her wild forebodings masking,
And with lips unfalt ring asking
Whom this mournful dirge is for? But she strives her grief to smother, 'Tis not meet a soldier's mother Thus should yield to sorrow vain.

Are there not a hundred others, Stricken, desolated mothers, Weeping for their brave ones slain For their country still are bleeding Soldiers brave who will be needing Warm socks for their valiant feet-Feet which ne'er before the traitors, Like the feet of some bold praters, Beat a cowardly retreat.

Other days have waned to twilight

Came down on that lonely one; Yet beside the window sitting, With her aged fingers knitting, Dreams she still at set of sun. On her brow a shadow resting, And the sunset glory cresting
Like a crown the silver hair,
Back and forth the needles going,
Inch by inch the socks are growing,
And the tears her eyes o'erflowing
Are inwrought with silent prayer.

Could men see as see the angels, These dumb socks, like sweet evang
Would a wond'rous tale unfold;
Every stick would tell its story,
And each seam would wear a glory
Fairer than refiner's gold.

THE DREAM. I sit in my chair by the blazing fire And doze away my life,
And the laughing flames leap high and higher
As I dream of a little wife;
On my shoulder I feel a pressure sweet,
And arms like the snow—oh, whiter!—
About my neck in a warm-clasp meet,
And the flames flash bright and brighter.

And ringlets of gold pour over my face, As my head, to her bosom's pillow, Sinks down in a cloud of perfumed lace, And I hear her warm heart's quickening

And her eyes glow bright as fire. As my lips are covered with kisses sweet, And the flames leap high and higher. A soft cheek nestles close to my own,
And the sweet smiles o'er it chase;
Like sundrops upon a calm lake thrown,
Her dimples the smiles efface—
A flute-like laugh, and her swelling breast,
Heaven joyous—high and higher;
How happy my lot, and how sweet my rest,
With a wife in front of the fire!

And I drink her beauty into my heart, And the love-light of her eyes:
With a crash the red brands fall apart—
My wife up the chimney files.
Thus oft in my chair by the blazing fire

I doze away my life,
And the mocking flames laugh high and higher,
At my dream of love and a wife.

THE ROSE OF GLEN VALLEY.

MURDER! - Help! - Oh, help! 'He is dead!' said the oldest one, of his voice.' placing his hand upon the heart of the

without sense or motion.

sounded like a stifled groan, and the broad ton's wife.' waters rippled quietly over it—the moon The two men then mounted their horses me.' and rode swiftly away. 'This is a good night's job,' said the

shorter and the younger of the two. · I should judge so,' returned the other, your own lips ?' dryly, 'as it gives you one of the richest earldoms in England.'

Ay, and by my knightly faith, you side. shall find that the Earl of Egberton is not ungrateful,' said the other. 'The thousand you may command me to the full extent of | it. your power.'

There will be a merry bridal to-morrow,' said his companion.

Very!' replied the younger one, with has been my rival in love and ambition, you shall be yours any day you name. I'll warrant he'll sleep as sound to-night bridal 3

horse into one of the two roads that were his horse so that he nearly threw him from of the church, muffled up in a large cloak, before them, and his companion taking the the saddle. With a muttered imprecation other, they parted.

In an elegant boudoir, partly reclining deep, hollow voice; and throwing back the upon a low couch, was a fair young girl of cloak, the pale light of the moon fell upon not more than twenty summers, apparently the tall form of a woman, clad in a strange, in a deep revery. Her thoughts were very fantastic attire. Her flashing eyes were pleasant, for there is a half-smile around her mouth, and an expression of thought- mass of disordered hair that fell below her ful and subdued tenderness in the deep waist; her complexion was dark, even to man. blue eyes and on the smooth open brow. swarthiness. Yet, in spite of her weird, him, he stood like one transfixed with the reply, 'I never make a practice of Her maid, who had entered some minutes unearthly aspect, there was something in horror. Then, throwing his arms wildly doing such things.' The poor fellow turn-

'It is nearly ten, Lady Blanche,' she than common beauty. said, addressing her young mistress; in half an hour the guests will be here: Can it be possible that it is so late as Ah, Martha, I am so very happy!

said Martha, solemnly. A shadow fell across the young girl's

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. last,' she said, thoughtfully. 'But come, with a still more bitter laugh. 'But, my that it was no spirit, but her own Walter. Martha,' she added, gayly, 'your skilful friend, poison does not always kill, even they lifted St. Croix from the fingers must be more than usually nimble, when administered by so practised a hand place when he had fallen, they found that or I shall be late at my bridal.'

I did not take Martha long to 100p back those clustering curls, and to arrange the meeting!'

'You are talking at random, woman, 'You are talking at random, woman, in the state of the sta impatient knock at the door, and a man that you want of me-money?' entered, whose bowed form and white hair of mingled pride and pleasure.

he murmured, fondly. 'But come,' he sword of justice is ready, even now, to deadded, 'the carriage is waiting, my love, seend upon your head! Go! and instead and our friends are growing impatient.'

inquired the young girl. strange; but I suppose something has de- retrieve the past!' tained him. He will probably meet us at the church.

As Blanche passed down through the grily.

As Blanche passed down through the grily.

'Nay, hear me out,' said the gypsy

'Nay, hear me out,' said the gypsy group of liveried servants that lined the hall, evey one anxious to catch a glimpse of the bride, many a heart blessed her anticipations its smiles and blushes shadowed forth might be realized.

Egberton was not at the church-door when at the recollection. they arrived. His brow grew dark with anxiety, though he endeavored to allay the the hawk!' said the gypsy. 'Edward St. apprehensions of his daughter, whose Croix, was not the earldom sufficient for cheeks alternately flushed and paled at her thee, that thou must lay thy blood-stained embarrassing position.

Just as they were about to return, Lord dered cousin? Cantref noticed a horseman approaching at a furious pace, whom he recognized as Mr. St. Croix, the young earl's cousin. His not escape the observation of Lady Blanche surely overtake you. Go! I warn you to whose cheek grew pale with fear.

'It is from Walter!' she exclaimed, Cantref, soothingly, whose countenance be- | ague fit. traved great agitation; 'the young earl is he will yet be found.'

ing his horse, which came home a few sounded in his ears. minutes after midnight, with dark stains of upon his death would come into possession of the earldom.

urge you to take this step, were I not as- Blanche, the Rose of Glen Valley. sured that it would result in your ultimate

happiness.'

wounded man, who lay upon the ground her father. 'I see nothing of this. In- his own retainers, for he bore no resem-We had better make sure of it,' said man, and in every respect worthy of you. whose affable and engaging manners had the other, significantly pointing to the river You have no brother, he added, solemnly, made him a general favorite. His morose, His companion understood him, and soon have no father, for my race is nearly made him both disliked and feared. As he without a word on either side they lifted run. It grieves me to leave you so unpro- took his place by the side of Lady Blanche up the body and carried it to the river. tected, and it would take the last sting he looked little like a happy bridegroom There was a heavy splash, something that from death could I see you Lord Egber- his manner was abstracted, and his eye

looked down as calmly and placidly as if crime and murder were a thing unknown.

Lady Blanche, indifferently. Since Walglance around the church, as if fearing to ter is dead, I care little what becomes of meet some unexpected guest. He grew

'The earl has been waiting some time menced. to see you, Blanche,' he continued; 'may

in a few moments the wily man was by her considered by those who heard it as a mere

in reply to his earnest protestations, lifting pounds shall be yours to-morrow, and if her eyes calmly to his face; but my hand

there is anything else 1 can do for you, is yours whenever you choose to claim can win your heart, it cannot fail to be brow and flashing eyes of Cleopatra,

mine, dear lady,' said the earl, softly. 'Nay, Lord Egberton,' said Lady a light mocking laugh. 'Lady Blanche Blanche, firmly, 'it will avail little. All will wait long at the altar for her lover; the heart that I have is buried in Walter's and as for my good cousin Walter, who grave. Yet I promise that all I can give

The earl murmured a few words of as he would were he pillowed in her arms! thanks, and then raising her hand respect-But we must separate here,' he added, as fully to his lips, turned away, and, mountthey emerged from the forest into the open ing his horse, rode rapidly toward Egber- hoarsely. 'Let the ceremony proceed.' We must not be seen together. ton Hall, his heart full of exultation at his We shall meet to-morrow at the success. As he was passing through a narrow defile, a form wrapped in a large Egberton,' she added, impressively, turn-And so saying he turned the head of his cloak suddenly crossed his path, startling

> he turned toward the intruder. 'It is I, Edward St. Croix!' said a black as midnight, as also was the heavy 'Ardelle!' exclaimed St. Croix, aston- and nostrils.

ished. 'Nay, Edward,' said the woman, with a patra, the gypsy queen ?

as yours. I have many antidotes for such

shining folds that fell so gracefully around 'You are talking at random, woman,' that exquisitely moulded form; yet she said the earl, sternly, recovering, in a had hardly finished when there was an measure, his self-possession. What is it

Not for worlds would I touch your bore the impress of extreme old age. It gold, Edward St. Croix,' exclaimed the have been successful, for he was very weak was Lord Cantref. He gazed upon his gypsy queen with a haughty gesture; 'red from the loss of blood, had it not been for daughter for a moment with an expression as it is with the blood of the innocent!— the gypsy queen, who was crossing the No, I am come to warn you, man, that the Heaven bless you, my beloved child! cup of vengeance is nearly full, that the of fulfilling the wicked purpose that is in dangerous illness that followed. 'Has not Walter been here yet, father,' your heart to-night, mount your fleetest steed, and escape into some far country, 'No.' replied her father. 'It is rather and there by a life of penitence strive to

'Are you mad, woman, to address such

queen, calmly. 'To-morrow is to be your bridal day, is it not—that is, to witness sweet face, and prayed that all the bright your marriage with the beautiful Lady Blanche?

'It is,' replied her companion, a grim To Lord Cantref's surprise, the Earl of smile of satisfaction flitting across his face

> Woe to the dove when it mates with hands also upon the betrothed of thy mur-

St. Croix fairly reeled upon his saddle. What do you mean? he gasped. 'Nay, be calm,' said the woman mockpale and haggard, as he hurriedly alighted not your craven heart fail you now. Dead from his horse which was covered with men tell no tales! The moon that beheld sweat and foam. As his eye fell upon Lady that deed of blood, the river that received Blanche, he hesitated, and casting a sig- the body of the victim, have no tongue to nificant glance upon Lord Cantref, beck- accuse you. Yet is there one whose eyes oned him aside. But this movement did were upon you, and whose vengeance will

flee from the wrath that is coming. The earl remained some seconds with breaking from her attendants and following his eyes fixed intently upon the spot where her father. 'Tell me.' she added, wildly, the woman disappeared. The cold sweat of the Rose of Glen Valley. addressing St. Croix, 'is he ill—dead?' started out in large drops upon his face, 'Be calm, my dear child,' said Lord and his limbs shook as if seized with an

'She is no woman,' he muttered to himnot dead, only missing. It is to be hoped self, as he spurred his horse onward, but he will yet be found.'

Lady Blanche made no reply, but fell fiend that she is, she should not stand bepale and gasping into her father's arms, tween me and my promised bride!'

who quickly conveyed her to the carriage.

He reached Egberton Hall in safety,
and endeavored with large draughts of around St. Croix, anxious to know the wine to drown all recollection of the scene cause of this strange scene. From the through which he had just passed But it sand five hundred feet it will melt lead; about ten minutes, I add the balance of narration he gave, they gathered that the was in vain; those black eyes seemed to at seven miles it will maintain a glowing earl had disappeared, no one knew whither. be burning into his very soul, and the tones | red heat; at twenty-one miles it will melt That there was no clue to his fate, except- of that strange mysterious warning still

'Pshaw!' he exclaimed, after an inefblood upon his breast and sides. The fectual effort to banish it from his mind; grief and horror with which St. Croix nar- it is a mere suspicion on her part; she rated these circumstances produced a very can know nothing about it. But let her, favorable impression on those who heard too, beware; for if she crosses my path him; for he was next kin to the earl, and again, I will send her where her babbling tongue will keep quiet for the future!'

Once more Lord Cantref's mansion is 'My child,' said Lord Cantref, a few all bustle and activity. The bells ring months after, who was in close and earnest | forth a merry peal, for it is the bridal day conference with his daughter, 'I would not of the sole daughter of his house, the Lady

A murmur of mingled pity and admiration filled the church as the bride entered. 'I do not doubt it, father,' said Lady Her face was almost as pale as was the Blanche, languidly. 'But somehow the costly veil, whose ample folds fell nearly very thought is repulsive to me. I never to her feet, and it bore the impress of deep-How sharp and fearfully distinct that liked Mr. St. Croix, and cannot say that I seated melancholy. She looked more like ory rang out on the midnight air! But like him any better since his accession to a corpse than a bride, and the whole prothere were none to hear it, except the his new honors. There is, to my woman's ceeding resembled far more a funeral than two ruffians, who pressing still closer to instinct, something treacherous and cruel a bridal. The bridegroom soon entered, their victim bore him heavily to the ground. in the very glance of his eye and the sound whose haggard countenance indicated that he had passed a sleepless night. No mur-'You are prejudiced, my daughter,' said murs followed his entrance, even among deed, I believe him to be an honorable blance to the late earl, his predecessor as his daughter made no reply, 'and will unsocial disposition and haughty bearing wore an anxious and restless expression, Let it be as you say, father,' replied and several times he gave a sharp, hurried calmer, however, when the ceremony com-

When the old rector bade those 'who he come in and receive your consent from knew cause or just impediment why those two persons should not be joined together Lady Blanche inclined her head; and in holy matrimony to declare it,' it was matter of form, and they were startled by 'I have no heart to give you,' she said, the sound of a deep hollow voice in their

midst, which said: ' Hold! I forbid the marriage.' The bridegroom turned toward the place whence it proceeded. He startled, and grew If the most devoted and tender love pale as his glance fell upon the swarthy the gypsy queen. Unbashed by his angry glance, or the many eyes fixed upon her,

she exclaimed boldly: 'I proclaim Edward St. Croix, falsely called Earl of Egberton, to be a foresworn lover, a treacherous kinsman, and a murderer, and therefore no fitting mate for the pure and gentle Lady Blanche Cantref.' 'It is false-she is mad!' said the earl.

'Fool!' muttered the woman, 'you rush on your own destruction. Walter, Earl of ing toward a man who sat in the back part ' come forward and prove the truth of my assertion.

At these words the man arose, and throwing back the cloak, revealed a face, which, though pale and ghastly, bore a strong resemblance to the young earl's. Then walking deliberately up the aisle, he apto the floor, blood gushing from his mouth

BY BARRY GRAY.

life had departed. It seems that the I did not take Martha long to loop back as you gave me on the night of our last wounds given to the young earl were not, lady who presided, for the first time in as his murderers supposed, mortal. His plunge into the river, instead of rendering his death certain, restored him to consciousness, and when he arose to the surface. he made a desperate effort to regain the shore. In this he would not, probably,

> the gypsy queen, who was crossing the river in a boat with some of her followers. She picked him up, conveyed him to her tent, and with the most devoted and tender care nursed him through the long and The earl, on his recovery, became aware

of his cousin's usurpation of his estates and title, also of his betrothal to the Lady Blanche; but retaining a grateful sense of whom he owed his life, and who, in spite of all, still cherished a strong affection for his treacherous cousin, he allowed her to hear me? warn him, hoping that it would induce him to flee the country, delaying for that pur-

There was another bridal day appointed, at which there were happy and smiling faces; the Lady Blanche, the beautiful Rose of Glen Valley, gave her hand to Walter, Earl of Egberton, at the altar of the ivy-clad church of Stoke-Crantref.

Both the earl and countess tried to induce Cleopatra, the gypsy queen, to -say half a pound for two cups-in as settle down in the neat, pleasant cottage the earl had given her. But they could not prevail upon her to give up her roving life, to which she was strongly attached. clothes were torn and dusty, and his face ingly, as she observed his agitation; 'let She made it a rule, however, to visit Egberton Hall once a year, and the earl gave neither she nor her followers should ever and the entire mass has become paste-like be molested.

Many years have elapsed since the events have recorded; but in remembrance of the services rendered by the gypsy queen, any member of that wandering tribe who visits the neighborhood has always a

HEAT OF THE EARTH'S INTERIOR.—The rate of increase of heat in the earth, as its interior is penetrated, is equal to one degree of Fahrenheit for every forty-five feet of descent. Looking to the result of such a rate of increase, it is easy to see that at seven thousand two hundred and nineteen feet from the surface the heat will reach two hundred and twelve degrees, the boiling point of water. At twenty thouoid; at seventy-four miles will melt castiron; and at one hundred miles from the surface all will be fluid as water—a mass lent mode, but it certainly is expensive, to of seething and boiling rock in a perpetual acquainted; it will exceed the heat of the electric spark, or the effect of a continued voltaic current. The heat which melts platina as if it were wax is ice to it. There would be no means of measuring its intensity, even could the eye observe its effect. It is the region of perpetual fire.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—Some fifteen vears ago upon a Christmas, a few fast boys hired horses from a livery stable in the town of G., and determined to have a good time generally. One of the horses never recovered from the effects of the drive, and the livery man sued the rider for the value of him. The lawyer of the plaintiff was an ex-Judge. He was a good lawyer, but fond of his toddy. He was trying to prove by one of the witnesses that all hands were drunk, and commenced by asking him:

Where did you stop first after leaving the livery stable ?

'At Mike N---'s.' 'Did you take a horn there?' asked the Judge.

'Yes.' 'Where did you stop next?' 'At the --- Gardens.'

'Did you take a hoin there ?' 'Yes. 'Where did you stop next?' 'At the Four mile House.'

'Did you take a horn there?' . By this time the witness began to smell 'Horn !' said he; 'I want to know what the h-l a horn has to do with the case? I suppose because you are a drinking kind

of a fellow yourself, you think everybody else is drunk. You ought to have heard the explosion

that shook the court room. The ex-Judge did not ask the witness any more questions.

SIMPLE PRESCRIPTIONS .- A lad swallowed a small lead bullet lately. His friends were very much alarmed about it, and his father, that no means might be spared to save his darling boy's life, sent post-haste to a surgeon of skill, directing his messenger to tell him the circumstan-

ces, and urge his coming without delay. The doctor was found, heard the dismal tale, and with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a case of common headache, wrote the following laconic note:-Sir-Don't alarm yourself. If after

three weeks the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder. Yours, &c. P. S .- Don't shoot the boy at anybody.' This is much akin to the laconic prescription of the celebrated Dr. Abernethy: An Irishman called in great haste upon the Dr. stating that- Be jabers, me boy

Tim has swalled a mouse! 'Then be jabers,' said Abernethy, 'tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat.'

proached the altar, and fixed his eyes groggery, being one day faint and feeble, sternly on the countenance of the guilty and out of change, asked the landlord to When St. Croix's eyes fell upon trust him to a glass of liquor. 'No,' was before, but who had hesitated to disturb the general contour of her face which above his head, as if to protect himself ed to a gentleman who was sitting by, and showed that she had once possessed more from his further approach, he fell heavily whom he had known in better days, saying : Sir, will you lend me a sixpence ?" Certainly, was the reply, The landlord with know, will be here in a few days.'

All but one among that horror-stricken alsority placed the decenter and glass 'It would, indeed, my dear, be ye group supposed it to be the spirit of the before him. He took a pretty good horn, as you say, I replied; but I really don't that? she replied, starting from her seat. low, bitter laugh, not the loving and unfortunate earl, which had returned to and having swallowed it and replaced the see how I can afford it. The times are so Ah, Martha, I am so very happy!

trustful Ardelle, whom you lured by your take vengeance on his murderer, and fearlow, blow the towned and naving swantowed it and returned to the man with existence, that we must live very economically till the rushing forward, threw herself wildly upon and said, 'Here, sir, is the suxpence I owe the bosom of her lover, obtaining convinc- you—I make it a point, degraded as I am, rushing forward, threw herself wildly upon and said, 'Here, sir, is the sixpence I owe prospects are fairer.' sunny face.

You thought me, as you intended me ling proof as she did so, from the warm always to pay borrowed money before I ready to economize many way you may suggest; if by so doing I can get a set of silver.

Matrimonial Infelicities.

'Now, my dear,' I said to the estimable several months, at the coffee-urn end of the breakfast-table, allow me to mention an improvement in the manner of preparing a cup of coffee, which I discovered by experiments made during your absence. Not but that your way is very good, my love, but I think mine is better.'

'Oh, of course !' said my wife, shaking back the ribbons of her morning cap, in an unnecessarily defiant manner; f of course, she repeated, 'I have no objections to learning how to prepare a cup of coffee, notwithstanding I have made it in accordance with the recipe my dear mother gave me fifteen years ago, ever since we have been married, and never until to-day heard you complain of it.'

'But I don't complain of it.' I answered : his indebtedness to the heroic woman to I simply asked you to allow me to tell you how I made it during your absence. I don't even ask you to adopt my mode. Will you 'Well, I suppose I must,' she replied;

' but don't flatter yourself that I shall feel pose his appearance until the very last under any obligation to discard my present way of making it. My father always said he never wished better coffee than that my mother prepared—he was very particular in regard to his coffee -- and I make it exactly as she did. But let me hear your mode. 'Well, in the first place,' I said, 'after the coffee is nicely roasted, I soak over night as much as I wish to use for my breakfast

'Good gracious!' exclaimed my wife. 'Don't interrupt me, if you please,' said. 'Then, in the morning I pound it in a mahogany mortar, which I bought exberton Hall once a year, and the earl gave pressly for the purpose, and only use for strict injunctions to all of his tenants that my coffee, till each berry is finely mashed, in its character.

much brandy as will cover it.'

'Allow me to ask,' said my wife, 'how long it is necessary to pound it before its paste-like character is attained?' Well, from twenty to thirty minutes,' I replied.

My wife cast up her hands in astonish ment 'If it prove too dry,' I continued, 'add

more brandy.'
'Wouldn't whiskey answer?' asked my wife, in a sarcastic tone of voice. 'Perhaps it would,' I replied. I have occasionally thrown a few lumps of loaf-

sugar into the mortar, which has the effect of clarifying the coffee. Then I place the pounded mass into an earthen coffee-pot, and pour upon it a cupfull of boiling water. After it has stood where it would steep for water necessary, and in five minutes there- in the house. Insulted me by saying the 'Really,' my wife exclaimed, as I concluded my account, it may be a very excel-

say nothing of the time consumed in making molten state, destined perhaps never to be it. Any day, however, that you may like cooled or crystalized. The heat thus in- to make it in that way yourself, I will not dicated will exceed any with which man is object; but for my part, I think the usual mode is the better.' 'Let me tell you, my dear, that coffee made in this way is very healthy. The

cook says that she and the strange babe have grown fat on it.' 'Indeed!' ejaculated my wife; 'and that reminds me that I have seen the babe, and don't wonder that the cook took such a liking to it. It is a very pretty child, and,

do you know, I think I can tell whose it

'No!' I answered, half trembling lest ay good name should in some unaccountamanner become involved in the matter. 'Why, the moment I looked at it, I reognized the resemblance it bore to the poor woman who used to help Katy in the belongs to the Sixty-Ninth Regiment. Indeed, the cook said she knew it was her's, and added that the mother comes here to see it nearly every day. Old Sallie says, morever, she suspected it from the first and to pay, I wonder? I'm tired of waiting. when the poor woman came to the house a few days after the child was left here, and observed the little one lying so comfortably in its cradle, she fairly wept for joy, and acknowledged that she was its mother. The till I could get means to take care of it meself, and 'tis I, Biddy McGuire, that will ask the Holy Vargin, who knows what it is to be a mother, to bless ye and always keep the pots a bilin' when ye've got a nice

dinner to get for the gentleman above stairs.' 'I am very glad,' I said, ' to learn the truth of the matter. To be frank, my dear, romping on the part of your girls, and neighbors are so censorious and given to gossip, that I couldn't tell what they might say about it. It will be better, however, for have vent in some way, and better the than to leave her here any longer. If she the cheeks, than a distorted spine or a needs assistance, why you can help her, and I have no doubt her husband will send her money before long.'

'Very well,' my wife answered; 'if she comes here to-day, I will see in regard to

'Do so,' I replied; 'and now if you will give me another cup of coffee, I will thank you. While I don't wish to disparage my own coffee, I will say this for yours, that I have never drank any, made in this manner, which I like better. 'I am glad you are pleased with it,' she replied; 'but I could make much superior

coffee if I had a new urn. You half-promised me once to take me down to Burling Slip, to your old friend, Mr. Hart's, where could select one of his make.' 'Very well,' I said; 'you may go there any time you like, and I dare say you will find one there that will please even your

fastidious taste.' to have an entire silver-plated service on our table at Thanksgiving-time, which, you

'It would, indeed, my dear, be very nice,

For instance, I might give up drinking tea and you coffee. Your way of making it costs about twenty-five cents a cup, and if our entire household should drink their usual proportion of it, it would come to about one dollar a day, which would amount, in the course of the year, to three hundred and sixty-five dollars. Quite an item, you will allow, in the yearly expenses, and which, if saved, would enable us to purchase some saved, would enable us to purchase some very handsome solid silver table articles; but for my part, I would be contented with

a heavily plated service.' But, if we must give up coffee and tea to obtain them, what would be the use of having them at all. If you don't intend to use your coffee-urn or teapot, I see no

reason for getting them.' 'Oh!' exclaimed my wife, evidently overwhelmed; 'but-but-

'I don't see it,' I said. Well, if we had company, you know, she continued, after a pause, 'why then it would be necessary to have both tea and coffee. And, perhaps, we might give up some other luxury.' 'New bonnets, for instance,' I suggest-

'Well, no, I couldn't very well do with-out a bonnet, she said; 'but there are other articles which we might do without.'

' What?' I asked. 'Cigars, wine, and costly dinners.' 'Certainly,' I replied; 'anything else?' 'Let me think a moment,' she said;

coat; don't you think your old one will answer if it has new buttons and is carefully repaired?' 'Why, of course it will,' I replied what a suggestive mind you possess. Now

is there nothing else? 'No!' said my wife thoughtfully, 'I think that is all that will be necessary; but if more be required, I will give up my usual box of gloves on Christmas, and only buy a pair at a time as I may want them.

'Very well,' I said; 'I see nothing in the way, then, to prevent you from getting the silver as soon as you can lay by sufficient money to purchase it with. And now, I must be off to business. Good-bye, my dear.' And kissing my wife on both cheeks, I

hastily departed, leaving her slightly as-

A LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY .- 'I wish I knew where to get a cent, I do. Blast if I don't go to Kamtschatka to dig gold .--Money's scarcer than wit: can't live by either-at least I can't. Sold the last old shirt, pawned my boots for three cents, and went home as rich as a lord.

'Told my landlady I had a hundred thousand dollars, and wanted the best room 'I'm an injured individual. Society

persecutes me. I don't do society any barm as I know on : I don't rob widder's houses. I don't know widders. I don't put the bottle to my neighbor's lins. I ain't got no neighbors; and the fact is I don't own any bottle. Couldn' fill 'em if I did.

'1'm an innocent man. Nobody can look me in the face and say I ever hurt 'em -nobody; and yet I haven't got a roof to lay my head into. My old landlady rated me-why? I couldn't pay and I left .--Cause why? ain't it better to dwell on the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house?

'But I sin't got a house.top; and if I had, a corner wouldn't be safe, would it? it wasn't for my excessive benevolence .-I'm afraid of taking the bread out of somebody's mouth. Besides, wisdom is the principal ingredient; don't the book say so? What's money to wisdom? Ain't washings, and whose husband, you know, I a studying character? If a man kicks me because il can't pay for my licker, ain't I getting understanding? Ain't i a lesson to human natur? I'm told the world owes me a living. When is it going

"LOVE IS LIKE A DIZZINESS."-Sir Walter Scott, in one of his songs, gives the following rather pathetic description of his feelings" once, when in love. The old genlittle babe's father, she said, was away to tleman must have had rather a serious time the wars, and he hadn't sent her a single of it, and we hope his sad fate will be a cent since he left her, and she was obliged warning to all injudicious young men, to go out to day's work to enable her to whose hearts are not steel-cased against get money enough to live on; and if she the darts of Cupid. We never had any exkept the baby with her she couldn't do it, perience in that line, but should judge, so she said, sobbing, 'I thought that as the from the effects upon some of our acquaintmissus here was away from home, and I ances, that it must be "awful." Just read

"I tried to sing, I tried to pray, I tried to drown't wi' drinkin' on't, I tried wi' toil to drive away, But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' on't. "Oh, love! love! ladie, Love's like a dizziness, It wanna let a puir body Gang about his business."

Romping.—Don't be afraid of a little it has annoyed me not a little, for one's never punish them for indulging in it, but thank heaven, who has endowed them so thank neaven, who has endowed them so largely with animal spirits. These must have vent in some way, and better the glow which a little romping imparts to the cheeks, than a distorted spine or a pallid brow. Health is one of the greatest the mother to take the child home with her glow which a little romping imparts to of blessings, and only a good share of physical exercise can secure this to children. Let them romp, then, even if they do make some noise, and tear their dresses occasionally, and lead you to cry out, 'Oh, dear! what shall I do! Yes! let them romp. Sober times will come by and by. Life brings its cares soon enough to all; and let the children be happy while they are young. God made them to be happy, and why should parents thwart his plans? We do do not believe in a dull childhood, but in cheerfulness in age.

An Epidemic.—An exchange says that in its vicinity the matrimonial fever is raging as an epidemic. If the disease should break out here, there are many fair ones who would fall victims, Indeed, a pert young piece of calico intimates that it is an ebipemic sadly needed in this region. 'It would be so nice,' my wife remarked, We think so too; and we know of some young men whose morals and shirt buttons would be vastly improved by an attack.

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a shilling saved is a shilling earned. IT WILL MEND ALABASTER,

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