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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCE

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TERMS.
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HYPOCRISY.

BY G. W. WARDMAN.

How much of false piety
In "Christian society"
We constantly meet with,
And have to compete with!

Though patterns are ample,
We'll take but a sample
From numerous places,
To show the various shades.

Then truth be derided
If we have decided
To make a rash venture,
Deserving of censure.

A man will pass by us
Who claims to be pious,
Whose soul is cowardly
With sins that he hides.

The Scriptures he searches
In one of the churches;
And strange is his doctrine,
Lends ear to the preacher.

But still he'll determine,
Despite of his sermon,
That when he is done,
He'll worship his money.

So closely he hides
To fashion and riches,
And looks to his pocket,
No scruples to lock it.

He never discloses
A farthing of loss
Or Paul, who must meet him,
When for it they greet him.

Though poverty pinches
The beggar by inches,
And wretchedly spins him,
Who lives by his labor.

How natural is it—
He never will visit
The suffering neighbor
Who lives by his labor.

There's policy in it,
You'll see in a minute,
For those are not needy,
Whose purse is not "needy."

Where money is wanted,
His conscience is sound;
The poor may require it—
The rich don't desire it.

How strange, but how real,
Appear the things,
When those who deride us,
The rich—our best friends!

Yet such is propriety
In "Christian society,"
Wherever you find it,
Will fortune be bright!

New York Mercury.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

BY HATTIE SYNG.

I have just been learning the lesson of life—
The sad and lessening of love;
And all of its powers for pleasure or pain
Have slowly, slowly fading.

And all that is left of the bright, bright dream,
With its thousand brilliant shades,
Is a handful of dust in a coffin lid—
A coffin under the daisies.

The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies,
And thus forever throughout the world
I love a sorrow.

There are many sad, sad things in life,
But the saddest is loving,
Life divides far from death,
Circumstances the high wall rises;
But better far than the daisies estranged,
Is a low grave started with daisies.

The snowy, snowy daisies,
And so I am glad that we lived as we did
Through the summer of love together,
And that one of us tried and lay down to rest,
Ere the coming of the winter.

For the sadness of love is growing cold,
And 'tis one of the saddest phases,
So I love the daisies,
For that grave estranged with daisies,
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

ELI GODDARD'S FORFEIT.

The youthful portion of the town of Liberty Centre was in a high state of excitement on a sunny day of February, for Kitty Baldwin had announced that she was to be married to a young man named Eli Goddard, who was a native of the town, and had been in the town since he was a boy. The wedding was to take place on the following Thursday. Now it was a long time since a party had been given in Liberty Centre, for the reason that Judge Dyke's daughter had given the last one, and it had been done in such a style of magnificence that no one could hope to surpass it, so they would give none at all. But Kitty Baldwin had been spending two weeks at her cousin's in Boston, and obtained some new ideas, of which she was sure Amanda Dyke had never dreamed of, so she determined, on her return, to have a party several notches above the Dykes. She suggested this to her father, and he readily acquiesced, for he had just made a speech in the legislature on the "Barbarism of Smoking," and he wanted to know the opinions of his neighbors. So Kitty went and arranged for a list of good-byes, those she wished to invite. First she put down only those who were classed as the "upper ten" of Liberty Centre; but on second thoughts, she found that if she wished to amaze any one with the splendor of her entertainment, she had better include in her invitation every one that she knew.

On counting them up, she found that they numbered seventy. If they all came, the rooms would be crowded; but she concluded that some of them, or at least some of the notes were, therefore, despatched, and, as already stated, the announcement was electrifying to the town. "Are you invited?" and "What shall you wear?" were the only questions asked and answered. Straight hair was kept in curl papers night and day, in order that it should be sure to curl on the important night. Summer bonnets were rubbed of their floral ornaments to furnish wreaths; kid gloves were rubbed clean with camphene; bright red looks were modified to "auburn" by the assiduous application of divers kinds of hair grease; breastpins were repaired, and everything done to make it as dazzling as possible. The busiest scene was at Squire Baldwin's. Carpets were covered with sheeting; new red damask curtains were pressed to replace the old ones; astral and solar lamps were brought from several closets; spoons, *blanc-mange* moulds and candelabra were borrowed from the neighbors; superfluous furniture was carried up stairs, and the whole house was swept and garnished.

Days and nights rolled on, and the long-winded for evening arrival. Squire Baldwin lit up the red and blue candles on the mantle-piece; the solar and astral lamps were brought from several closets; spoons, *blanc-mange* moulds and candelabra were borrowed from the neighbors; superfluous furniture was carried up stairs, and the whole house was swept and garnished.

WISHES.

How many sick children,
How many beggar men,
How many who were wealthy,
How many ugly ones,
How many who were pretty,
How many stupid ones,
How many who were witty,
How many who were bachelors,
How many who were married,
How many who were widowed,
How many who were single,
How many who were double,
How many who were single,
How many who were double,
How many who were single,
How many who were double,

ribbon, and it was rumored that an extra yard was cut off; but, of course, it was a mistake in counting.

"This is a gentleman's forfeit, and what shall he do to redeem?" said Carter, holding up a pearl-handled knife.

"He shall go to Rome," solemnly pronounced the judge.

Going to Rome means kissing every girl in the room. The knife was Jared Wilcox's, so he arose, looked carefully around as if to see which was the best end of the room to commence on, and choosing the Carrie Brooks side, he went in. The first two or three he got pretty well; the next one was harder, and by the time he got through his hair was ruffled, and his shirt unbuttoned, his doily broken down, and the bow of his cravat under his left ear, and huge drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. He had done his work nobly, and kissed every girl in the room.

The next forfeit was Joe Budd's, to redeem which he was ordered to stand out in the room and repeat a verse of poetry. Now, Joe was not a man of letters, although he was clerk in the post-office, and he knew nothing about poetry. He hesitated, and then went forward, and after searching his head a moment, delivered the following:

"The pilgrim, where are they?
In silence and in fear!
They still roam in the bay,
With their heads bowed low,
In early childhood, Budd had learned by heart the two poems by Mrs. Hemans on the "Pilgrim Fathers," but in his confusion got the two mixed together.

A loud burst of mirth from the assembly caused the discomfited Budd to retreat to his seat. The idea of the pilgrims still rolling in Massachusetts Bay was sufficient to keep the company merry for some time. Then Seth Pike had to make a plough with George Dewey, and Mark Adams was bidden to read one of Artemus Ward's lectures aloud without laughing, which of course he couldn't do, so the judge excused him after a few attempts.

"All this time Eli sat in fear and trembling, his red bandanna remained untouched and he hoped that something would occur to disturb the game before the forfeit was proclaimed, so he sentenced Eli to bow to all others that appeared up to care for him. The few simple words she had uttered had dispelled all the gloom which had discouraged him, and he felt as if, with her pity him, he could encounter any quantity of laughter and derision.

"Carrie," said he, "I thank you very much for your kindness, both in forgiving me for my misfortunes; but I cannot bow to you, for I am not a man of letters, and I cannot repeat a verse of poetry. Now, Seth Pike, the judge, had been wondering where Eli Goddard's handkerchief was; so when he heard that this was the last forfeit, he felt sure it was Eli's. He had reserved for him a task which he knew from experience was a hard one to perform, especially for any one disposed to difficulty, so he sentenced Eli to bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one he loved best. Eli's heart beat violently. How could he perform such a task before such a room full? How could he dare to kiss Carrie Brooks in a public assembly, when he had never been courageous enough to attempt such a thing in private; and he would kiss no one else, for he would not be acting the truth, and Eli was very strict on matters of truth. He did not know what to do. All eyes were turned toward him, and every one was calling for him to redeem his pledge. He made an effort and stood up, wishing himself anywhere but there, when, to his delight, a servant announced that supper was ready. Mrs. Baldwin requested the gentlemen to take partners for the supper-room, and it was decided that Eli should redeem his forfeit afterward.

As usual, such occasions, all the pretty girls were secured by the experienced party-goers, and the young, timid gentlemen had to put up with what there was left. Fortunately Eli was quite near to Carrie, and to her he offered his arm. On their way to the room he found that they were out of step, and in making a hop to get into step, he trod on Sarah Baldwin's dress, who was in front, and stopped to apologize, and find a paper to wipe the damage, the crowd passed on, and when Eli reached the room with his fair companion, they were obliged to station themselves on the outer edge of the circle, near the door.

The table presented a dazzling appearance. Pyramids *blanc-mange*, and monuments of ice cream towering above ramparts of jelly and *charlotte russe*—sponge cakes, omelets, and apples, and oranges, were placed in admirable confusion. The gentlemen were expected to help their partners. Carrie said she would like some oysters, and some frozen pudding.

Poor Eli was completely nonplussed. He had heard of oyster-stews, and knew them by sight, but as for frozen pudding he didn't know what in the world that could be, but he decided to do his best, and he elbowed his way to the table, and after some vain attempts he contrived to fill a saucer with oyster-stew—and finding that it took all his skill to keep it from spilling, he thought it best to return with that, and then get pudding; so he started for his partner. He was soon wedged in between a fat man and a pretty large sized lady; he waited a little for them to move, but they did not; he made a bold push, and would have got through nicely had not the exertion caused him to spill some of the hot oysters down the back of the fat lady's dress. She screamed and started Eli so that he jumped and knocked the arm of the fat gentleman just as he had his fork raised to his mouth; consequently the fork was forced two-thirds its length down the gentleman's throat, taking away in its course a large portion of cuticle. It is needless to record the exact words uttered on the occasion, but Eli started up in an exultant mood, and struck out in another direction. At last he reached Miss Brooks, and presented her with a saucer, when, lo! there was only one oyster remaining on it, and no spoon; the rest had been lost during the perilous passage. We cannot describe Eli's dire confusion. Perhaps some estimate can be made of it, when we say that his complexion made the new red damask curtains look like the mantle, and uttering some inarticulate sentences, he made his way to the table, determined upon scouring the frozen pudding. Seeing a fork, he stuck it into several nondescript looking mixtures, but they were all too soft to be frozen.

When Kitty was purchasing her oconfectionery, she happened to see in the window a very handsome circular loaf of cake, intensely ornamented with cupids and gill; on inquiring its price, she was informed that it was composed of *Hyem-witz*, and only used as a garnish. Kitty thought it would look well in the centre of the sup-

per-table, so she hired it for the purpose. It was about as large as the crown of a hat, and weighed three or four pounds. Eli aimed his fork at this, and finding it impenetrable, concluded that it must be a frozen pudding, surely; so taking a knife he endeavored to procure a slice, but found he could not get off a crumb. He then concluded that it was not very large, and if Miss Carter did not eat the whole she could leave the rest; so he deposited it on a dish and set out on his return trip; and *trip* it proved to be, too, for when he got within ten feet of his destination, his foot caught in a lady's flounce and threw him forward a step or two; the impetus slid the *Hyem-witz* cake off the dish, and it landed plump on the foot of the same old gentleman whose throat received such violent treatment only a few minutes before. His exasperation was only exceeded by the laughter of the company, who, although they sympathized with both the sufferers, could not control themselves at such a ludicrous scene. Eli rushed to the door, and hurrying to the parlor, seated himself on a sofa, and covering his face with his hands, bewailed his ill-luck, and wondering how it was that he should be so gawky and clumsy, while all his fellows carried through so gracefully. What would Carrie think of this? How could he bear to meet her again, or how could he ever hope that she would love him? While he was asking himself these questions, he felt a gentle hand on his arm, and looking up, he saw that Carrie stood beside him.

"Eli," said she, in her sweet and musical voice, "you must not feel so bad about your mishaps; every one is liable to them more or less, and as they are not errors of the heart, they are soon forgotten, and do not hurt him to refuse you."

"I have been forever teasing him about new dresses and jewels. I would not have been so unkind, dear mother, had I known what you say," said Metta Baneroff, with tearful eyes.

"Only thoughtful, darling," said her mother. "Now attend to your lessons; perhaps you may be able to turn your education to advantage, and assist your father, should trouble come."

Metta Baneroff was a noble girl. From her infancy she had been the light of her father's eye, and her mother's pride. With a firm will and keen perception of right, she never wavered when she knew her duty, and although reared in a home of affluence and accustomed to be petted and caressed, she was not spoiled. Yet she was not entirely free from that great error in the female character, rivalry about dress; and despite her resolution, she was sadly disappointed about the pearls.

"I'll tell you," said Carrie, "you can bow to, kneel to, and kiss the girl you sit nearest to; it will not take a minute, and no one will think anything about it. I would willingly do that, Carrie, provided that you was the one that I should sit nearest to."

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DAUGHTERS MAY HELP.

The expensive habits of American women press down many husbands and fathers like a mill-stone. They find it hard to get the requests of their loved ones, but harder to acquire the means for supplying their artificial wants. Business men come to bankruptcy in the vain effort to appease the fashionable cravings of ambitious families.

The following story from the New York Independent has its moral—

"Now, like a dear, good mamma, will you please beg papa to buy me that beautiful set of pearls at Tiffany's? All the girls in our circle have some, and surely you would not wish me to seem odd."

"My dear child, it is utterly impossible; your father cannot afford it, and even if he could it would be a piece of useless extravagance entirely unsuited to your age. I consider it perfectly ridiculous to see children like you bedecked with trinkets, like some South Sea Islander."

"Why, mamma, how you astonish me! Why, every person knows papa is very rich, and there is Clara Clinton's mother, who is acknowledged to be a lady of superior taste, and allows her Clara to wear whatever she pleases."

Mrs. Clinton has a perfect right to dress her daughter according to her idea; but I prefer to see you in the simple garb so becoming to modest girlhood. Your father, darling, is very much embarrassed at present, having entered into some speculations which I fear will prove disastrous; we will then be obliged to leave this splendid house and seek one more suited to our means. I tell you this, my child, that you may not be annoying him for money for every elegant, costly trifle you may be pleased with. You know it hurts him to refuse you."

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CONTEMPT OF COURT.

The other day a young lawyer of the Western counties, was employed to prosecute a man indicted for larceny before a committing court composed of three magistrates. On hearing the testimony, they refused to commit the prisoner to jail. Our lawyer whose name is McKay, concluded to take revenge on the magistrates. He accordingly began the attack.

"I wish your Honors would fine me five dollars for contempt of Court," he said.

"Why, Mr. McKay?"

"Because I feel a very decided contempt for the Court."

"Your contempt for the Court is not more decided than the Court's contempt for you," was the response of one of the magistrates.

This was a stinging retort, and Mac fell ill; but another worthless member of the Court—a dry, hard looking old blacksmith—put in a blow that finished the work and completely demolished the young lawyer.

"I might fine you," he said, "but we don't know which one of us you'd want to borrow the money from to pay it with."

The laugh was against Mac. He was a notorious borrower when he could find a lender. He has never jested with the Court since that rebuke.

MIRACLES OF HONESTY.—At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing; and a reverend gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective pretensions. One party produced his tailor bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went through the room that this could not be done, when a second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money loaned him.

The palm is his, was the general cry, but a third put in his claim. "Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the feats of either of my predecessors, but I returned to the owners two umbrellas that they left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator; this is the *very ne plus ultra* of honesty and unvarnished deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew one capable.

"Hold, said another, 'I've done more than that.'"

"Impossible," said the company, "but let us hear it."

"I've been taking my newspaper for twenty years, and pay for it in advance."

One day the Duke of Newcastle and the Duke of Cleveland were travelling together in a railway carriage. Newcastle is a fine, noble-looking man, frank and sociable; while Cleveland is a little, dried-up old fellow, proud as Lucifer. In passing through Nottingham, a gentleman got into the same carriage with the two dukes. [An English first-class carriage will seat but eight persons, and few common people travel in the first class.] He proved to be a manufacturer; and Newcastle soon entered into conversation with him—asking him all about trade, the state of the markets, etc., and deriving considerable information. Cleveland, on the contrary, was silent and exclusive, not deigning to talk to a mere business-man. After a while, the journey of the Duke of Newcastle was ended, and he left the carriage. The Nottingham gentleman, who had been delighted with the easy conversation of the departed duke, turned to the other stranger (proud Cleveland), and asked if he knew the gentleman's name with whom he had been conversing.

"The Duke of Newcastle," was the reply.

"You don't say so?" cried the astonished manufacturer; "well, now, only to think that such a great gentleman should have talked in so free-and-easy a way to two such snobs as you and I!"

CUT OFF THE BACK LEGS OF YOUR CHAIRS.—I will tell you a secret worth knowing. A thousand things not worth half as much have been patented and elevated into a business.

It is this. If you cut off the back legs of your chairs so that the back part of the seat shall be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in much better shape.

The principal fatigue in sitting, comes from your sliding forward, and thus straining the ligaments and muscles in the small of the back. This tendency, I have advised will obviate this expense; and, as I have suggested, add greatly to the comfort and healthfulness of the sitting posture.

The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high, for the average man, nor more than fourteen for the average woman. The average chair is now seventeen inches high for all, which no amount of slanting in the seat can make comfortable.—*Levis' New Gymnastics.*

CONVERSE NOT WITH A LIAR OR A SWearer.—If you converse with a liar or a swearer, or a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation, and he will do it with a light heart, and if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that it will trouble you some to you in after time; and the returns of the remembrance of the passages which you have long since heard of this nature will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

Where are you wounded?
It had become a matter of habit with the fair ones to open conversation with the very natural inquiry, "Where are you wounded?" and accordingly when a party of three or four the other day approached our cell, they launched out in the usual manner, each repeating the question, "Where are you wounded?" again fired away one of the ladies. "Faith, I am not badly hurt at all. I'll be travelling to Richmond in a week," replied Pat, with a peculiarly distressing look, as if he was in a tight place. Thinking that he was dead, one of the old ladies in the background put her mouth down to his ear, and shouted again, "We want to know where you are wounded." Pat, evidently finding that the bombardment continued much longer, he would have struck his comrade with a piece as rosy as a boiled lobster, and with angry-kind of energy, he replied, "sure, indeed, it's that that I am; but times you are determined to know where I've been wounded, it's on my side! The bullet entered behind my breeches. Please to excuse my feelings, and as we no more questions."

I leave it to you to imagine the blushing confusion of the inquirer and the evident blushing out of the front door.—*Leesburgh (Va.) Correspondent of the Charleston Courier.*

NOTICE TO SUGAR CANE GROWERS.

An entire new and improved
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for making Sorghum Sugar and Syrup, directly from the juice of the Cane Sugar Cane. A cut representing the construction, and samples of Sugar and Syrup can be seen at Adam B. Barr's Agricultural Implement and Seed Store, No. 10 North Duke Street, Lancaster, Pa. Goods Store, who will attend to all orders sent to him.

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