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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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THE ANGEL OF THE HOSPITAL.

It is a sad scene. As though his eyes were dimmed with bloody rain from the red clouds of war, had quenched the light, and in its stead some pale, ghastly light, shed their dim lustre in the halls of pain. And flung dim shadows o'er the walls. No more the cry of charge, or soldiers on. Stirred the thick billows of the sultry air. But the deep moan of human agony. From pale lips quivering as they shiver in vain. To another mortal pain, appalled the ear. And made the life-blood curdle in the heart. No flag, nor bayonet, nor plume, nor lance. No burning gun, nor clarion's note, nor drum. Displayed the pomp of war, but, instead, the faintest, the faintest, and the faintest. The bandage and the splint were strewn around. Dumb symbols telling more than tongue could speak the awful shadow of the death of war.

Look, look! What gentle form with cautious step Passes from couch to couch as silently As you faint shadow flickering on the walls. As he bends over the bed, the light of his face. Cool his flushed forehead with the icy bath. Like a mother's hand, or pours the cup. With soothing words, and the faintest flame. That burns his heart to ashes, or with voice As gentle as a mother's to her babe. Pours peace consolation in his ear?

She came to one long used to war's rude scenes. A soldier from his youth grown gray in arms. Now pierced with wounds, his limbs were numb. Though brave and true, unscarred for fear. His life had passed, without a friendly word. Which, timely spoken, might have saved. Had wakened God-like hopes and filled his heart. With the unfolding bloom of sacred truth. Beside her stood a young man, tall and fair. Of heavenly wisdom and the love of life. Who bears the cross and the triumphant cross. The veteran heard with tears and grateful smile. Like a mother's hand, or pours the cup. With soothing words, and the faintest flame. That burns his heart to ashes, or with voice As gentle as a mother's to her babe. Pours peace consolation in his ear?

So a piece of muslin was procured on the credit account. But things did not stop here. A credit account is so often like a breach in a canal; the stream is small at first, but soon increases to a ruinous current. Now that what had found a supply source, went became more clamorous than before. Scarcely a day passed but Mr. or Mrs. Jacobs did not order something from the store, not dreaming, simple souls, that an alarming, heavy debt was accumulating against them.

As to the income of Mr. Jacobs, it was not large. He was, as has been intimated, a clerk in a wholesale store, and received a salary of seven hundred dollars a year. His family consisted of a wife and three children, and he found it necessary to be prudent in all his expenditures, in order to make out a little display, without feeling that indulgence drained the purse too heavily. And a weak vanity on the part of Jacobs was gratified by the flattering opinion of their honesty entertained by Edwards, the storekeeper. His credit was good, and he was proud of the fact.

Notwithstanding the credit at the dry goods store, there was no more money in the young man's purse at the end of six months than at the beginning. The cash that would have gone for clothing when necessary called for additions to the family wardrobe, had been spent for things the purchase of which would have been omitted but for the fact that the dollars were in the purse instead of in the storekeeper's hand and tempted needless expenditures.

The end of the six months' credit approached, and the mind of Jacobs began to rest upon the dry goods dealer's bill, which was to be paid at once. He was in some uncertainty, but he thought it could not be less than forty dollars. That was a large sum for him to owe, particularly as he had nothing ahead, and current expenses were fully up to his income. It was now, for the first time in his life, that Jacobs felt the nightmare pressure of debt, and it seemed at times as if it would almost suffocate him.

hesitated, the coat pattern was measured

off and severed from the piece. 'There it is, came in a satisfied, half-triumphant tone from the storekeeper's lips. 'And the greatest bargain you ever had. You want trimmings, of course? As he spoke he turned to the shelf for padding, silk, &c., and while Jacobs, half bewildered, stood looking on, out from one piece to another until the coat trimmings were all nicely laid out. This done, Mr. Edwards faced his customer again, rubbing his hands from an internal feeling of delight and said:

'You must have a handsome vest to go with this, of course.' 'My vest is a little shabby,' replied Jacobs, as he glanced downward at a garment which had seen pretty fair service. 'If that's the best one you have, it will never do to go with a new coat,' said Edwards in a decided tone. 'Let me show you a beautiful piece of black satin.'

And so the storekeeper went on tempting his customer, until he sold him a vest and pantaloons in addition to his coat. After that he found no difficulty in selling him a silk dress for his wife. Having indulged himself with an entire new suit, he could not, upon reflection, think of passing by his wife, who had been wishing for a new silk dress for more than six months.

'Can you think of anything else?' inquired Edwards. 'I shall be happy to supply whatever you may want in our line.' 'Nothing more, I believe,' answered Jacobs, whose bill was already thirty-five dollars; and he had yet to pay for making his coat, pantaloons and vest.

But you want various articles of dry goods. In a family there is something called for every day. Tell Mrs. Jacobs to send for whatever she may need. Never mind about the money. Your credit is good with me for any amount.' When Mr. Jacobs went home and told his wife what he had done, the unreflecting woman was delighted.

'I wish you had taken a piece of muslin,' said she. 'We want sheets and pillow cases badly.' 'You can get a piece,' replied Jacobs. 'We won't have to pay for it now. Edwards will send in the bill at the end of six months, and it will be easy enough to pay for it then.' 'Oh, yes, easy enough,' responded his wife, confidently.

So a piece of muslin was procured on the credit account. But things did not stop here. A credit account is so often like a breach in a canal; the stream is small at first, but soon increases to a ruinous current. Now that what had found a supply source, went became more clamorous than before. Scarcely a day passed but Mr. or Mrs. Jacobs did not order something from the store, not dreaming, simple souls, that an alarming, heavy debt was accumulating against them.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

'That country is the most prosperous where labor commands the greatest reward.' - BUONALANI.

voice, 'Edwards must have made a mistake.' 'So I thought when I first looked at the bill,' replied Mrs. Jacobs, recovering herself, self speaking in a sad voice. 'But I'm sorry that it's all right. I have looked over it and over it again, and cannot find an error. Oh, dear, how foolish I have been. It was so easy to get goods when no money was to be paid down. But I never thought of a bill like this. Never!'

Jacobs sat for some moments with his eyes upon the floor. He was thinking rapidly. 'So much for good credit,' he said at length, taking a long breath. 'What a fool I have been. That fellow, Edwards, has gone to windward of me completely; he knew that if he got me on his book, he would secure three dollars to one of my money, beyond what he would get by cash down system. Ah, are we happier now for the extra dry goods we have procured? Not a whit. Our bodies have been a little better clothed, and our love of display gratified to some extent. But all that wrought a compensation for the pain of this day of reckoning.'

Poor Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly she was repenting of her part in the folly they had committed. 'Tea time came, but neither husband nor wife could do much more than taste food. That bill of a hundred and twenty dollars had taken away their appetites. The night that followed brought to neither of them a very refreshing slumber; and in the morning they awoke more minded and lit to the inclined for conversation. But one thought was in the mind of Mr. Jacobs—the bill of Mr. Edwards; and one feeling in the mind of his wife—self-reproach for her part in the work of embarrassment.

'What will you do?' said Mrs. Jacobs, in a voice that was unsteady, looking into her husband's face with glistening eyes, as she laid her hand upon his arm, causing him to pause as he was about leaving the house. 'I'm sure I don't know,' replied the young man gloomily. 'I suppose I shall have to ask him to wait. But I'm sure I'd rather take a horse-whipping. Good credit! He'll sign a different song now.'

For a moment or two longer the husband and wife stood looking at each other. Then as each sighed heavily, the former turned away and left the house. His road to business was past the store of Mr. Edwards, but he never entered the street in which he lived, and went a whole block out of the way to do so.

'How am I to pay this bill?' murmured the unhappy Jacobs, pausing in his work for the twentieth time, as he sat at his desk, and giving his mind up to troubled thoughts. 'Just at that moment the senior partner in the establishment came up and stood beside him.

'Well, my young friend,' said he, kindly, 'how are you getting along? Jacobs tried to smile and look cheerful, as he replied—'Pretty well, sir.' But his voice had in it a touch of despondency. 'Let me see,' remarked the employer, after a pause, 'your regular year is up today, is it not?'

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

'Now, Martin, I've got everything stowed away in this bundle, though it was mighty hard work. I've done up them two shirts fit for a king, and I've stowed away a lot of buttons, and a green needle-book, and the top is filled with pins, and you will find sewing silk, and brown thread and a couple of darning needles in one corner. You've got three pair of nice, warm socks, that I knit last summer, that never went on your feet. You must look out and not wet 'em, whatever comes, for I always thought your father caught his death cold the day he fell the hickory tree in the south meadow, for he came home with his soggy 'naps, and was so hoarse he couldn't speak a word the next day, and before the week was gone the cough set in, which carried him to his grave. You'll remember, Martin, and mind don't get your feet wet!'

'I'll do the best I can, mother. You talk as if you didn't know what the rough and tumble time we've got to go through, but you mean it all right.' 'It was in a large kitchen of a small, old-fashioned country cottage, that these words were spoken. You could not have looked at the old woman's face, pale and faded though it was with years, and a sickness and care, it had such a good mother look, and was full of kindness and sympathy.

She was poor and old, her husband had long ago laid down on that last brown pillow which the earth spreads smooth for all her children. And around his grave clustered half a dozen smaller ones, sons and daughters who had gone before him. So Martin Johnson was all that remained to his mother; the hope and staff of her old age. All the tenders of her love were centered around him; and he was a kind, thoughtful, and industrious son, whose highest ambition was to pay off the mortgages on the old homestead, and then to settle down there for life.

But when the summer crops were mostly in, and the winter and the hard times promised little work to recompense for farm labor, he had been induced to join a company of volunteers forming in his town. And now the hour of his mother had come, and he stands there, the young, brave, stalwart man, and there is a strange weakness about his heart and buskiness in his throat, and he wishes he could get away without speaking the last word.

'Come, mother,' he says, stooping the large bundle in his deep coat pocket, 'it is high time I was off, so we must say good-bye. Take care of yourself, old, and don't go fretting yourself about me. I'll write as often as I can.' The old woman put her feeble arms about the strong man. 'Oh, my boy!' and the sobe shook her gray hairs, 'you'll not forget your poor old mother, that loves you better than her life, will you? You'll remember how the morning sun will never rise, and the night will never fall, in which she doesn't pray God to take care of her boy; and you won't forget the little red book Bible, I put in a corner of the bundle?'

'No, I won't forget it. Come now, mother, give me a real hearty, cheerful good-bye. Don't look on the dark side. Maybe I shall be back before the year is over, then if he's done his duty, as a brave man should, and may be get promoted, then you'll be proud of your soldier boy.' 'But you're all I've got, Martin, and if anything should happen to you it would break my heart—it would break it, Martin.'

'Don't talk of anything happening, mother, except what's good. Come now, cheer up, for I want a last smile, instead of a last sob, and there isn't another minute to spare!'

Mrs. Johnson swallowed down her sobs, and drawing down the sunburst face to her lips, she said with a tremulous smile, 'God bless my precious boy!' 'God bless you, mother!' he could not trust his voice to speak another word, and he dashed away. She stood in the door and watched him until he was out of sight, and a thousand such excuses of the kind would brush his hand across his eyes several times before he turned and waved it to her. Once her voice followed after him.

Seesah Strategy.

The Memphis people are full of glee at the stratagem which they allege has been carried on by some young man named John Morgan, a Kentonkian. One of his latest exploits is related by *The Appeal*, as follows: The heroic young Kentonkian is full of stratagem as he is of daring. He disguised himself as a contractor and took a wagon-load of meal to Nashville to the way down. Driving straight to the St. Cloud Hotel, he left his wagon at the door in charge of a trusty follower, and went to the dining-room of the hotel, where he sat down to dinner opposite Gen. McCook.

'Gin, McCook, I suppose?' said the disguised partisan, bowing across the table. 'You are right, sir,' said McCook, 'that is my name.' 'Well, General, if there's no secesh about here, I've got something to tell you right here.' Looking around, the General requested his new acquaintance to proceed with what he had to say.

'Well, General, I live up here close by Burko's Mills, right in the midst of a nest of red-hot seceshers, and they swear your soldiers shan't have a peck of meal if they have to starve for it. But, General, I'm all right on the goods, though I don't have much to say about home, and I've got a wagon-load of meal ground, and I've brought it down here to-day, and it's now out there in the street, and you can have it if you want it.'

Gen. McCook was highly delighted—expressed his gratitude to the plain-looking countryman for his kindness, praised his loyalty to the 'old flag,' and at once ordered the meal to be taken to the commissary of his brigade, and paid for it in gold and silver. This transaction accomplished, the counterfeit secesher again repaired to Gen. McCook's headquarters, where, after requesting a strictly private interview, he told the 'General' that if he would send out 150 men to such a place, in such a neighborhood in Davidson county, he would guide them right into that nest of seceshers and traitors, where they might 'bag' a large quantity of meat and other contraband of war, besides a number of the worst rebels that ever assisted in 'building up' this 'glorious Union.'

McCook's detachment of 150 men kept the appointment faithfully, and of course Capt. Morgan, no longer disguised, was there to meet them; but unfortunately for them, he was not alone—he had a sufficient number of well armed horsemen to capture the whole Yankee force without firing a gun. So he took them quietly, and sent them swiftly to the rear, to be exchanged in due course—all but one, an officer, whom he released on parole, and bade him return to Gen. McCook with the compliments of his meal-selling acquaintance, who had the pleasure of meeting him at the St. Cloud a few days before.

Labor and Wait. Yes, young man, learn to labor! Don't go idling about, imagining yourself a big gentleman, but labor; with the hands merely while the head is doing something else, (nodding perhaps), but with the whole soul and body too. No matter what the work be, it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well; so put your whole mind to it, bend every energy to the task, and you will accomplish your object.

If you are a clerk, with only a small salary, don't be dissatisfied, work away; be faithful in all things, keep your eyes open, be strictly honest, live within your income, labor with your heart in the cause; patiently wait, and your time will come. Other clerks have risen to eminence; why not you?

If a mechanic, stick to your business, hammer away, let nothing entice you from the path of integrity; keep your mind upon your work; respect your self; labor cheerfully, and though your salary be small, you will be appreciated. Many a mechanic has built the ladder by which he has ascended to high honors. So may you.

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