

VOL. LXIV.

LANCASTER CITY. PA., TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1863.

SLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NOETH DUKE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON. with groove-like wrinkles on either side

woman who had ever made his heart beat.

When he won her, simple country girl

though she was, no monarch was fonder of

and so left him. But Caleb Graymarsh,

have, but now he experienced a new feel-

to have her form and features. He wished

asleen, with his baby on his bosom.

about his face.

all day long.

fluence.

what charm young, blue-eyed Kitty had |-when the distant mountains were all

found in his stern face. Only Caleb aflame, and every quivering leaf upon the

less and speechless, and prayed silently did she love him and trust his love for her,

that God would let him die also. We that she never thought 'He is rich and I

talk of wishing for death very often, but am poor,' but only, 'He loves me.' only those who have drained the cup of Whether in those summer rambles

suffering to the very dregs ever pray for Harry Graymarsh ever thought of his

it so earnestly that they would not shrink father, I do not know. He had never and tremble if their sinful prayer were been thwarted by him in all his life, and

answered, and the bolt from heaven were perhaps he could not imagine that the rod

seen descending. One of those rare and of parental authority should first be wield-

grave, but none who knew him ever guess- Lee to awaken any one's aversion ? Cer-

TERMS. TERMS. SUBSCRIPTION.--Two Dollars per annum, payable in ad-tale.' sance. No subscription discontinued until sil arrear-ages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. Averarisments, not exceeding one guare, (12 lines), will be inarrear three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional inser-was t Those of greater length in proportion.

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THAT TONE.

Ere a cloud had shadowed our morning, Ere a thorn in our path-way grew; Ere the world had taught us its scorning Of all that is good and true: When care had hardly a seeming, When doubt had hardly a name When the hues of our fancy dreaming Were never of wealth or fame :

In the days of our sunny childhood, When our cabinet was run o'er With the blossoms of meadow and wild-wood And pebbles from off the shore; hen weepings in sorrow and sadness Our little life never had known, We listened in joy and in gladness To a soft and musical tone.

Then visions of bliss were round us, And joy-wreathed spirits were ours; For Hope and Love had crowned us With seemingly fadeless flowers. So we built to ourself an Eden And said : " 'Twill be always day; For much to our heart is given, And naught shall be taken away."

But the angels among their number Had missed that musical tone, And they came 'mid his gentle slumber, Claiming our own, their own Then the evenings were draped in sorrow, The mornings were shrouded in grief; No hope could we build on the morrow, Because of our unbelief.

So we wailed in our desolate spirit, So we wailed in our desolate spirit, We moaned in our helpless pain; We prayed that the Lord might-hear it— "Give us our own again:" For the roots of our faith were shaken; Despair encircled our brow: Our all had the Master taken; Oh! nothing was left us now.

But once in our desolute dreamings listened to that dear tone And the eye with its purified gleaming Looked earnestly into our own. its sanctified depths was written Rebuke for our waning trust, And our penitent soul was smitten Down, down to the sister dust.

We wailed in our sorrow no longer : We walled in our sorrow no longer; A ray in the future gleamed; The roots of our faith grew stronger The-rougher our pathway scemed: For now to our heart is given Sweet memory of that tone, Which woos us toward yon hearen Where at last we may claim our own.

MABEL MORE.

1 did not care : 1 knew full well 'Twas only arch coquetting, And since she said she loved but me. And since suce suce solver over one mo, I did not dream of fretting. Her smile and glance were Truth herself, That left no room for doubting: I'd rather kiss her cherry lips Than curi my own in pouting

The morning came that here away The morning came that bore away My own, my dearest Mabel, And fickly whirled, 1 recoilect, The cock that topped the gable. O Mabel More! for me no more That suile of thine should ripple : My same that on thy heart was wrought Was only done in stipple.

Miss More no more! mine nevermore! I found thee false and fickie, nd I was but a man of straw

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. puckered into a continual frown, and whose every movement. And so, by slow de- of the few workmen who remained unhurt. A TRUE INCIDENT .--- 'Do you see this outh had become a straight stern line, grees, from a casual interchange of words, 'He was in the cellar. He went down to look of hair?' said an old man to me. they came to whispered conversations by see what was the matter, when the odd 'Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, of it, scarcely looked 'the hero of a love the river side, and long summer evening noise first began, and never came up again.' a curl from the head of a dear child long tale.' Yet Caleb Graymarsh had been rambles in the green woods, and, before 'Hush!' cried the old man. 'Do you since gone to God.' young once, and had loved his little Kitty long, he had told her how beautiful she dare to tell me there is no hope. They 'It is not. It is a 'It is not. It is a lock of my own hair;

with a strong, manly earnestness. She secmed to him, and how tenderly he loved SHALL save Harry!' And then turning and it is nearly seventy years since it was was the sole love of his life, the only her; and the girl, by blushes and silence to the trembling girl beside him, he re- cut from this head.' rather than by words, had revealed the peated in a caressing way, 'Never fear, But why do you prize a lock of your secret of her heart to him. And then, my lass, they shall save my Harry; and hair so much?

one glorious day, when the sun he shall have you or what else he likes. ' It has a story to it and a strange one. his queen, although all but his wife be- was setting and great flocks of birds were | 1'll never thwart him again. But if there's | I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me of God and of His special care, more lieved him cold hearted, and wondered flying homeward across the cloudless sky a God above us, he'll save my Harry.' This was the burden of his talk, while than anything else I possess. laborers were hard at work digging away 'I was a little shild of four years old. Graymarsh bimself knew how well he tree-tops a shinsmering point of gold, the rubbish and bringing out dead bodies loved his wife, and when the sod was piled Harry Graymarsh and Alice Lee were be- by the score. Men ground to pulpy horwith long, curly locks, which in sun, rain by the score. Men ground to pulpy horor wind hung down my cheeks uncovered. above her breast, he knelt above it, tear- trothed to each other; and so perfectly rors ! beautiful girls with torn limbs ! and One day, my father went into the woods children so alike in this awful death that to cut upon a log, and I went with him, and every one was claimed and struggled for watched with interest the strokes of the

by twenty mothers. heavy axe, as it went up and down upon All day long they dug and lifted iron the wood, sending off splinters in all direc-

All day long they dug and lifted iron weights and masses of stone, but there was no sign of Harry's body yet. At the bottom of that awful pile no doubt he lay stooped to pick them up. In doing so I mangled into shapelessness. Alice knew stumbled forward, and in a moment my that it must be so, but the old man kept curly head lay upon the log.

terrible moments came to Caleb Gray- ed in a matter of such import; besides saying, still-' They shall save Harry.' 'I had fallen just at the moment when marsh as he knelt show his young wife's what was there in modest, beautiful Alice Dusk had come, and they worked by the axe was coming down with all its force. torch-light now. All had been found dead It was too late to stop the blow. Down or dying, wounded and maimed. They came the axe. I screamed, and my father were carried to their homes. Yet still the fell to the ground in terror. He could crowd was thick about the ruin, waiting not stay the stroke, and in the blindness for the moment when what was left of which the sudden horror had caused, he tcars in his eyes and hearing no complaint | standing behind him. He felt bashful and | Harry Graymarsh should be brought into | thought he had killed his boy. We soon the open air. An awful silence prevailed. recovered-1 from my fright and he from

The old man vanished, as softly as he only the click of spade and pickaxe broke his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot, to find

Suddenly there was a shout, a lifting of out the deadly wound which he was sure those hundred voices. They had came to he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor who had cared for it while he followed its ing. mother to the grave, and nursed it all 'Do you know that you are the son of it remained entire. There was a little grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe and the lower door of the building, and part of a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the Having done so, he took up his axe and cheek he held against his own, and in the marsh, standing crimson with rage before ing, they heard a faint voice calling to found a few hairs upon the edge. He unconscious trifling of those tiny fingers his son ; 'that you might marry an heiress them, so it seemed, though the words were turned to the log he had been outting, and if you like ? and here I find you making inaudible. Faster now-there are great there was a single curl of his boy's hair He had thought very little of the baby love to a girl in my own factory, and you rafters to lift, and piles of stones and ma- sharply out through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape ! It was as spires them. They worked as they never if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment it was descending on my head. ory again. It comes from the part of With renewed thanks upon his lips, he

There were hot words between the the cellar where the floor remains. And | took up the curl and want home with me 'The lock he kept all his days as a memorial of God's care and love. That

lock he left me on his death-bed. To-DAY AND TO-MORROW,-Half the

griefs of the world are ideal. No matter he possess a remarkably contented quality of mind, he is perpetuelly annoyed with small sorrows, arising from the anticipation of evils which, in fact, never some to pass. At the end of any year, he can look back. no respite from that toil. At another time

on his favorite theme. He said :

twenty years from now ?'

this property then ?'

years from now ?

• Us boys !'

Monthly.

' Dead !' shouted the boys.

'Yes, sir, lots of them !'

· Dead !' exclaimed the boys.

'Us boys !' shouted the urchins.

'Well, where will they be in twenty

not ?'

joining the few more sober minded at some touches of the gout, and one of them closer to the buried man, and gives him a misfortunes. And it is exactly the same church, Caleb Graymarsh went to the coun- twinged and tweaked him the next morn- firmer lease on life. As the morning broke thing with our moments of happiness; for try place where his baby was at nurse, ing. Therefore he sent a grudging mes- the last is heaved aside, and the bronzed 'me' never is, but always to be blest;' and kept it with him under the green trees sage to Harry, telling him that he must giant, who before crept into the cavern, and how much of our enjoyment is occa-

A HEAVY CONTRACT. -- Over the line of THE HORACE WATERS MODERN IMPROVED OVERSTRUNG BASS FULL IRON-Canada they are as inquisitive as their Yankee neighbors. Some years since the Receiver General was travelling on a steamboat with considerable funds, and for the sake of safety and privacy he engaged the whole of the ladies' cabin. The passengers were all sure to ascertain the reason of this arrangement, and especially to know the business the great man could have on hand to require so much room and money.

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on a Government contract. · Yes.' 'A very large one ?'

'Yes.' "Well, pray sir, what is it?"

Intelligencer

it off. No more questions asked.

A DELICATE MAN .--- A country magisrate, noted for his love of the pleasures f the table, speaking to a friend, said :

'We have just been eating a superb urkey; it was excellent, stuffed with truffles to the neck, tender, delicate, and of high flavor; we left only the bones.' 'How many of you were there ?' was

asked. ' Two,' replied the magistrate. 'Two?

'Yes, the turkey and myself.'

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I will be true to thes: A penny for your thoughts; Lit-the Jenny Dow; Better times are coming; I dream of my mother and my home; Merry little birds are we, (a song for children; Slumber, my darling, Lizzie dies to-hight, Jenny's coming o'er the green; Was my Brother in the Battle, and Why hvee my loved once gone; by Stephen O. Foster. Shall we know each other there by the Kev. R. Lowry. Pleasant words for all, by J. Roberts. There is a

ed it. They saw, a few moments after- tain it is that, when one evening, sitting wards, a plain, homely working man, with on the bank beside the river, with his arm a crape about his hat, rise to his feet, and , about the waist of his betrothed, Harry plod slowly homeward, and, seeing no lifted up his eyes and saw his father from his lips, thought he did not feel much, confused, but not alarmed. having no living kindred, and not being at | had appeared, and Alice did not even see | it. that time rich enough to have made friends, him, but a storm was brewing, and it took the wailing baby from the woman broke over Harry's head that very evennight, feeling a strange comfort in the soft the richest man in the place ?' said Gray- hope; yes, more than a little; for listenwhile his wife lived, save as a pet and a say you mean to marry her-you actually chinery to east out. But that voice inplaything; it was well enough for him to | say that to my face.' 'I repeat it,' replied Harry; 'we are worked before, and at last they hear the ing towards it. It would grow, perhaps, betrothed.' it were a girl instead of a boy; and yet father and son after that; taunts and re- one great man, crouching on his face, in his arms. even now he felt he was not quite desolate, proaches, the first which had ever passed forces himself down into the blackness and since God had left him this. And so, their lips, and the sun went down upon screams- Who is there?' when the morning dawned, and the golden their wrath. They parted for the night And the answer is returned from the sunbeams crept through the bedroom win- in anger, and neither slept. It is an aw- awful cavern- Harry Graymarsh. Help dow, they fell on Caleb Graymarsh fast | ful thing when those who love first, quar- | me if you can.' rel, and wounds are made which are the He put the child to nurse the next day, harder to heal for the memory of past shout, and set to work like giants ; and to what rank of life a man belongs, unless and went about his work as usual." What tenderness. Old Graymarsh had been in even women came to help, as they thought

ever were his feelings, he never spoke of his own way a tender father, and Harry of the fair young face buried in that darkthem to any one, and, young as he was, always a dutiful son. A stern parent and ness He may be maimed and wounded,

Lancaster

encouraged none to seek his confidence .- more easily. On Sundays, instead of going with most | Since affluence had given him the oppor- | many there would faint beneath it, but not | if he choose, and count his hours by the of the other men to drink and frolic, or tunity to be more idle, old Caleb had felt now, for every lifted stone brings them score, spent in this manner over ideal

Then the men came out with a glorious

he had a grim unsocial way with him which a bad child could have been reconciled but at least he lives. And the is no panse,

Thy summer time to tickle : For seven days of weary time The news from Mabel carried, That she to Mr. Johnson Smith The day before was married.

The why was plain, O Mabel More! For he was rich, though wilted; And so she snapped her solemn vows. And married Smith, the jilt did. But rich as was her Mr. Smith l envy not his pleasure, Nor ever think to hate the man For filching such a treasure

THE CLOSING HOUR. The monarch of day, on pinions of light, Is sailing above his eyrey so bright; In gorgeous array the hills of the west Are decked to receive their golden-clad guest

As onward he sails adown the bright sky, Gay myriad birds in melody vie; We near the bright goal with glittering crest, With song sweet and gay they full him to rest

That bright goal is gained, his last ling'ring ray, As peace the last suile of death-stricken day, Attires in gold the mountain's high crest, And tires if loathe to leave it undressed.

'Tis hid from our gaze, yet melody sweet From field and from grove our senses doth greet; 'Tis nature's grand harp, whose cords span the earth, Enrapturing the ear with notes they give birth. 'Mid music thus grand the preiude of night Appears to usurp the kingdom of light, And at his approach the last of day Far o'er western hills is fleeing away.

While out from beneath their curtain of blue Bright myriad stars emerge into view ; Grim night with her pinions moistened with dew Now drapes sleeping earth in raven-like hue. [Baltimore County Advocate.

CALEB GRAYMARSH.

Old Caleb Graymarsh dwelt in the New England village of M-----, hard by his | times even rewarded success by liberality; | own stone-walled, black-chimneyed fac- but he never compassioned failure or mis- a grim, hard old man, and his mind had free it would rise, pure and unsullied, to tory, which belehed forth fire and smoke fortune. Few heartily liked him, but all, all day, and shone like some ogre's palace with accord, seemed to warm towards his He opened his lips, closed them again, and half the night with the fires and lights son, young Hebry Graymarsh, a genial, cleared his throat, and began : which glimmered through the windows, good-humored fellow, just come to man's and shed a crimson gleam over the waste estate, and handsome enough to turn the say to you. I shall make you angry, I great temperance lecturer, and at Rushand barren land about the building. For heads of all the girls in M----. He was, suppose, but I can't help it. You'll please it was a stirring place, this factory, and as Caleb hoped he might be, his mother's to attend to me.' the work people were there among the image. He had her blue eyes and fair whirring machinery night and day; strong, hair, gentle smile and her impulsive heart. ing, in an awful manner, from the window. stalwart fellows, with begrimed hands and Old Caleb had merely education enough to faces-old men, who could just totter up enable him to read and write and cipher the stairs-women, tidy and trim, and in an imperfect manner; but his son had words had left his lips, Alice had turned some of them very pretty, and the little been taught as well and thoroughly as any and caught him by the arm, and then with children who, had they been born of lad throughout the land. The grim factor wealthy parents, would only have been per- looked what he was, a working man risen an explosion which shook the house, a mitted to leave the nursery under the to prosperous circumstances and wearing guardianship of a maid. There was oc- good clothes; but the son, strange to say, cupation for all M at the great fac- might have been of royal blood for any tory, and, in the eyes of his employees, thing you could have guessed to the con- windows of the factory, and the wall toward Caleb Graymarsh was a man of mighty trary.

wealth and power. Fabulous tales were In European lands, a peasant's child told of possessions in real estate, and the looks always like a peasant, and the feawomen folks had a legend among them tures of an artisan's son betray his lineage; that the tea service, which some of them | but here, I know not why, a man needs had seen glittering on the factory table, only a pretty mother and a good education was made of solid dollars, melted down to look from head to foot a gentleman. for the express purpose, and that through- Once home from college, young Harry out the house the furniture was covered Graymarsh was often seen in the factory, with real silk velvet. It was a pity, they said, that poor Mrs. Graymarsh could not have lived to see all this, but had died when Caleb was a young man, struggling pausing to chat with some blushing girl for the fortune which was now his. A who moved with light step and graceful few years before there had been a simple arms, bare to the dimpled elbow, amongst a living breathing being or a mass of white slab in the grave-yard, bearing the the whirring wheels and springs upon the crushed flesh, senseless, helpless, lost to words, 'Kitty Graymarsh, aged 20.' But upper floor. Even the bent old men and them forever ? Together they rushed out of late, a splendid marble monument had the pale factory children had a word or into the open air, seeking him or what rearisen there with a flowery inscription on two from him, and many a comfortable mained of him. its face, and the figure of an angel bend- blanket or warm shawl found its way, at ing over it. A showy thing, with nothing Christmas time, to the dwelling of some shone upon! Men, dead and dying, crushed artistic about it; yet though the dead poor old work woman 'dreadful bad with and mutilated, lay stretched upon the girl, who would have been an elderly the rheumatiz,' at the bidding of young ground. The women of the village came woman by that time had she lived, slept | Master Harry. no more peacefully beneath the costly

tion the old man had striven to make his liquid black eyes and hair so dark that lost wife participate in the only possible there was a purple gloss upon it in the way in the e wealth which he so valued.

It is hard to think of most old business the chain which first attracted the factor's men as young lovers-strange to believe son, but it was the soul which riveted the that smiles or frowns from one woman were chain which beauty first twined about his once of greater moment to them than the | heart. rise or fall of stocks has now become .--- | And the grim old factor whose brows were she was, there was an innate refinement in

And the child, unconscious go to his place to the factory that morn-leaps down now and vanished as it really must have been, was so strange- ing, and received an angry but obedient shadow.

ly happy and contented that one might answer. Then, before Harry was off, a Silence, in which you might hear a pin easily have harbored the belief that its servant left the house with a note for fall or a heart beat--silence that freezes little eyes could not see, and read tender Alice Lee, bidding her not to go to work the blood-and then, breaking upon it, a secret of that rough working man's soul. that day, but present herself before him woman's scream; a shrick from the lips of Year and year passed by, and plodding in an hour's time. She must be got rid Alice, as they bring in the form of her care and industry helped Caleb Gray- of, he thought. He would bribe her to lover, blood-stained and senseless, to the march to climb the ladder of fortune. At go to some distant place. This common light. Not dead ! oh, no ! she thanked first, some deft handiwork brought him factory girl could not wed his Harry - God for that. The great beams had prohigher wages ; then he became foreman, But when she stood before him in her teeted him. He was bruised and wounded, and at last a partner in the very estab- modest beauty, it was very hard to speak but not mortally, and in a little while his a great truth; for delight, as well as sorlishment which he had first entered a to her as he had intended. This was no blue eyes open, and his pale lips whispered, friendless boy, ordered and cuffed about coarse creature, ambitious of wealth and 'Father !'

by any one who chose to take the trouble. setting snares for the rich man's son; Then the old factor kneeling by his child The steps were short and easy after something of the soul of Henry's dead as he had knelt upon his dead wife's grave take a solid hint from this fact. In chilthis, and, twenty years from the day on mother shone upon the old man from her so long ago, took the white hand of Alice dren's language 'never grieve over spilt which he had knelt beside his young wife's | earnest eyes, and he felt softened. They in his own and placed it in his son's. 'She milk,' and never over what may occur.-grave, the black chimneys of his own fac- were together in a little room, the win- is yours,' he said ; ' take her Harry and The past is irretrievable, and the future tory arose above the roofs of the trim New dows of which looked upon the factory; be happy. Wealth isn't worth as much as brings trouble enough of its own. Enjoy England town, and people spoke of Caleb she was standing near the casement with love. I should have known that all along, the present in its innocence as far as cir-Graymarsh as a person of wealth and in- her eyes upon the dark pile; he seated at remembering Hetty. Live Harry ! only the table triffing with some papers and live! and I'll never do anything to grieve

In his life this man has married two wondering how to begin. In the silence, you !' strong passions-the love for his dead the whirr, whirr of the machinery came wife, and the greed of wealth; not a plainly to their ears, and Caleb thought winter snows had come, he stood-a little miser's love of hoarding, but the pride of the noise was strangely loud and distinct. paler and thinner than before, perhaps, but possession. Caleb Graymarsh liked to see | He remembered that impression long after, | well and strong again-before the altar of envious eyes turned upon him, and was and wondered that it did not trouble him the little church, with Alice by his side, fond of boasting and display. Very little more at that moment. As it was, he only and, that night when the moon was high sympathy had he, either, for a poor man. thought- What shall I say? Why does and no one watched him but the angels, What he had done he believed that others | that girl in her shabby dress look so much the old factor stood beside his Hetty's

might do also. Those who worked for like a lady that I am afraid of insulting grave, and whispered words of yearning him knew this, and expected no kindness her by words that seemed so easy to say from him. He was strictly just, and some- awhile ago?' Softened though Caleb was, he was still case, and that when death should set it been made up too firmly to change it now. | meet its angel wife in heaven.

> ' Miss Alice Lee, I have something to She did not look at him but stood star-'I'm speaking to YOU. Do you hear me ?' the old man repeated; but before the an awful roar, like the voice of some fiend. chorus of wailing screams and groans, and then a terrible silence. There were great black torrents of smoke pouring from the

the side where most of the great engines were, bulged, and tottered, and fell, and the roof caved in, and before them in an instant, as though some fiend had been at work, stood a ruin, black and horrible, smoking and steaming mass, and seeming with its awful yawning jaws to groan and scream. And from the lips of the father and those of the betrothed maiden broke one word, simultaneously --- Harry ! It united them in their great love and terror. They clung together, feeling the link between them for the first time. Both loved him, and he-oh ! what was he now !

Oh, the awful sight that summer sun into the streets, some with their bare arms There came at last amongst the forces wet with soap-suds, some with babies on

structure than she had beneath the simple in the woman's room one which, to the their bosoms, wailing and shricking, sobslab, there was something touching in the eyes of Harry Graymarsh, was wondrously bing and fainting, clinging to corpses which sight when one thought that by its cree- beautiful. An Italian sort of face, with an hour before had been breathing men, peering with livid faces into horrible black hollows in the wall whence hands and feet sunshine. It was the face which riveted protruded, listening for groans under those piles of rubbish, that they might hear the voice of some loved one amid those awful sounds; and there amidst the rains of his mighty factory, stood the old man, calling

She was not ignorant, and poor though aloud for help to save his Harry. 'There is no hope for him, sir,' said one small a picture.' . .

sioned by the expectation of pleasurable

the reverend gentleman never used :the reverend gentieman never used: • Sir, don't you know it is necessary to have a place where you never go—a place in which you fancy you might be ever hap-py, if you were there; but from which you absent yourself because you won't be? And the bishop in that remark anounced The reverence of the set row, lies too much in what is never realized.

Common sense, fair reader, ought to cumstances may permit. To-day is cer tainly your's, to-morrow may not be.

could produce. In our assortment will be found all the Newest Styles of SILK, CASSIMERE AND SOFT HATS, STRAW HATS, every Style and Quality for Gentlemen's and Boys' Wear WHAT OUGHT TO BE .--- A gentleman And Harry did live. Long before the traveling in New Hampshire, within sight A full line of CHILDREN'S STRAW GOODS. SUMMER STYLE CAPS. the Monadnock, was struck with the SUMMER STILE CAPS. In conclusion we would return our sincere thanks for past favors, and trust by upwried exertions, attention and dispatch to merit its continuance. JOHN A. SHULTZ, may 27 tf 20 healthy appearance of a family where he called. On asking his farmer host what might be the cause, he received this reply: They have neither been brought np on USEFUL PRESENTS FOR CHRIST-MAS AND NEW YEAR. unwholesome diet, nor subject to unwholesome modes of dress, nor kept from daily exercise in the open air. They have love, which told that the soul of the young drank neither tea nor coffee, nor lived on lover only slumbered in its iron-bound Contains a large variety of LADIES' CLOTH CLOAKS, any other than plain and simple food .--Their dress has never been so tight as to hinder free respiration. They have exercised every day in the open air, assisting me in tending my fruit trees, and in such BALMONDS The Largest Variety of HOOPSKIRTS ever offered in Lancaster A FRANK ADMISSION .- Billy Ross is a other occupations as are appropriate for women.'

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 No. 5, East King street, Sign of the "Bee Hire." dec 23 How many there are who would be benville, Illinois, was preaching to the young efited by such a course, as well among 'Now, boys, when I ask you a question our farmers as in the city. The open air you musn't be afraid to speak right out is a great panacea for many diseases. It and answer me. When you look around is cheap and ever present. Don't refuse and see all these fine houses, farms, and to take it.-.N. H. Journal Agriculture. ----

cattle, do you ever think who owns them A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING .- ' Oh, V ANINGEN & SNYDER, DESIGNEES AND ENGRAVERS ON WOOD, N. E. CORNER 5TE AVD CHESTNUT STREATS, PHILADECPHIA. all now? Your fathers own them, do they I love you like everything,' said a young man to his sweetheart, warmly pressing

'Yes, sir !' shouted a hundred voices. her hand. Well, where will your fathers be in ' Ditto,' said she, very gently returning

the pressure. The ardent lover, not hap-'That's right. And who will own all pening to be over learned, was sorely puzzled to understand the meaning of ditto, but was ashamed to expose his igno-'Right. Now, tell me-did you ever, rance by asking the girl. He went home; in going about the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon cabbage-yard with the father he spoke doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?' out-

"Why,' said the old man, 'this here is one cabbage-head, ain't it ?'

• Well, that ar's ditto.'

And who will be the drunkards then ? "Rot that ar' good-for-nothing gal! ejaculated the indignant son, 'she called me a cabbage-head, and I'll never go to Billy was thunderstruck for a moment out recovering himself, tried to tell the

see her again,' and fortunately for the girl boys how to escape such a fate.-Harper's he kept his word.

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THE WEEKLY "PATRIOT & UNION," THE CHEAPEST PAPER PUBLISHED IN PENNSYLVANIA! AND THE ONLY DEMOGRATIC PAPER PUBLISHED A THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT!

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ilberty of issuing this notice, reminding them of the same, in order that they may R & N & W & THBIR CLUBS. We shall also take it as an especial larbor if our present subscribers will urge apon their neighbors the fact that the PATRICT AND UNION is the only Democratic paper printed in Harrisburg, and considering the large smount of read-In marrisourg, and considering the inrgs amount or read-ing matter, embracing sail the current baws of the day, and TELEGRAPHT ODISPATOHES from everywhere up to the moment the paper goes to press, political, miscellaneous general and local news market ra ports, is decidedly the CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN THE STATE!

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nov 4 5t 48] 1.00

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TEN PRODUCE, WINES AND DEALERS'N AUTON WHOLESALE GEOCERS AND DEALERS'N AUTOW TEN PRODUCE, WINES AND LIQUORS (No. 165 And 107 North Scional streng 105 Utie (No. 165 And 107 North Scional streng 105 Utie deal) (105 Utie) and 107 North Scional streng 105 Utie (105 Utie)

were riding in a car. One of them, with features remarkable for a prominence of nose, exhibited to the other a photograph of herself, and they were engaged in discussing its merits when an elderly lady got in. After a while she reached out her hand, and said to the lady with the picture : · Please to let me look at it ?' Her modest request was met with the indignant reply: 'It is none of your business.' The old lady settled back in her seat very complacently, when the companion of the one with the picture asked :

"What do you want with it?" • Oh ! nothing,' replied the old lady; beauty in after life. I only wanted to see how successfully the artist has put such a large nose on so

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still, and look pretty. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, and romp, and play in

does the flower. Plain, simple food, free and various exercise, abundant shunshine, and good moral culture during the whole

in Poland a period of childhood is recognized. They are not sent from the cradle

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If they are not so, the fault lies in their birth, or training, or in both. We would, therefore, respectfully remind mothers that

direct to the drawing room to dress, sit

the open air. They take in sunshine as

period of childhood, are the secrets of

are Satan's busy days.'

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