BLISHED EVERY TUESDAL AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.—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 notice.

TO A SPIRIT. From the far-off Spirit Land, Dost thou hail? For thy thin and shadowy hand, And thy face so wan and bland, And so pale,
And thy voice, so faint and lone,
And its melancholy tone,
Tell the tale.

In that far-off land and drear,
Do there glide,
Mid that voiceless atmosphere,
The dim shadows of the dear Side by side? 'Neath that sky so low and grey,

Likq a cell, vaporous twilight-day, Where vaporous twilight-Never lifts its veil away, Do they dwell,
These funereal crowds,
With the grave-damp on their shrouds?
Spirit, tell!

Would a single shade obey,
Should I call?
Or, divested of this clay
And its passions, do they stray
'Neath that pall,
Inhearing and unseeing Unhearing and unseeing, With a blank and vacant being, Lifeless all?

Of the past do they retain ot a gleam Or doth a hope remain, They shall ever wake again Of Love, which o'er the wave Of the Lethe of the grave Casts its beam?

Thou art silent. Com'st thou here To command
A mortal to appear,
In that world of doubt and fear,
Spirit Land,
Chang'd to a shade of air,
Mid those spectral shadows there?
Give thy hand!

Remorse I feel not now, There's no brand upon my brow For a brother, that I bow To thy will; In the Mercy of the Just Arms me still.

'Tis gone—a mournful shade, As it came; With its misty robe arrayed, As if smitten and dismayed, What power in Mercy lies, When an evil phantom flies

THE VEILED PICTURE;

--- OR---THE MYSTERY OF THE LIBRARY

No searching eye can pierce the veil No outward signs reveal its tale, But to my bosom known. Thus like the spark, whose vivid light
In the dark flint is hid from sight,
It dwells within, alone. —Mrs. Hemans.

said, taking hold of the heavy silk drapery attached to a rosewood cornice, and falling in graceful folds to the floor.

Lillian! Lillian! don't raise it! the easy chair in which she had been reclining with the listlessness of a dreamy child; and darting to my side, she pressed so heavily against the veil, that I could discern the outline of a picture frame.

A picture!' I exclaimed. O. I must see it. for I can never rest where there is anything mysterious.

But this you cannot—must not-see. I did not reply, for having been an inmate of the house only a week, and this being my first visit to the library, I did not give utterance to the thoughts which moment's silence, she said :

fixed upon mine.

'Just one glance.' I said, pleadingly; and that it hides some strange, weird night explorations and wanderings.'

-all that I have to remind me of happy days too bright to last - of a brief period when life's pathway was strewn with flowmoist with pearly tears.

I saw that her heart was deeply pained; that welling from memory's fount, came painful remembrance, and truly penitent, I said, 'Forgive my thoughtless words, of being left alone with the veiled picture, and I promise never to raise the veil from and my imaginative mind pictured a scene this picture, nor pain your heart by my

An intense smile stole over her pale may lift the veil, and tell you all.' standing before the veiled picture.

college days. It was at the house of Mr. of my mother. of the few families she visited. Her pale, into mine. expressive face attracted me, and then, too, there was an indefinable something in friend, and I was going without the mysher dark, liquid eyes, now so sad, and now tery of the library being solved; so I venglowing with an intense smile, that woke tured to hint that, when I came to visit an answering echo in my young heart. her the next year, I hoped to see the She always called me to her side to ask veiled picture unveiled. She did not reme about her studies; and when a new ply, but taking my hand led me to the libook was announced which she thought would be suitable for me to read, she for, perhaps, we might never meet again. placed it in my hand with my name engraven upon the fly-leaf in her own hand- She was the only child of wealthy parents, Was it strange my heart warmed and married at the age of nineteen. For

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. | forward to with pleasure, or that I often home to which her husband took her; begged for the privilege of visiting her in then a cloud of midnight darkness her quiet, pleasant home? My visits overshadowed that home. Some one ennever seen the veiled picture.

happy there. Mrs. Thornton had proremoved to her home.

Thornton was engaged, but honor forbade. Summer and autumn passed, and the long winter evenings were spent in the her child.

cosy, cheerful library; and though I cast of that day when she would relate the made my heart throb wildly. history of the picture. It was a mild before the grate in the library; I watchof her voice, saying:

'Lillian, do you remember your mother?' could find no record of a mother's called her. love. She died when I was about two had passed happily; my father was both and my father sailed for Europe.

Was your mother's name Lillian ?' and voice that startled me-

Was it not a sweet name?' 'Very pretty,' and the glowing intensity of her eye, as I met its gaze, made my heart throb with a strange sensation.

sold his home in New York, and removed door to the library he paused. to Ohio. I have no recollection of my first home, but shall ask my father to take What have you concealed here?' I me there before we return to Ohio.' 'And your father loved his wife?

thought. 'If he had not loved her, do advancing, he exclaimed: screamed Mrs. Thornton, springing from you think he would have remained true to

her memory fifteen years?' 'I have a headache, and shall retire,' Mrs. Thornton said, rising; and coming to my side, she kissed me tenderly, and with a flushed cheek left the library.

where the memories of my childhood were plored God to bless our re-union. stored? I could not tell. Yet there came rushed through my mind. Perhaps Mrs. me in her arms and kissed me again and roof. A gentle, loving wife and mother Thornton divined my thoughts, as, after a again, while my face was wet with tears, was the guiding-star of that home. I never knew whence she came or whither-

'You are to have access to this library she went, and it seemed strange that dim mother !

My hand was on the knob to open the image; or worse, become a somnambulist, my mind with vain conjecture; and crossonly relic I have preserved of my past life within and without. Ah! it was the whispering of the still, small voice, and should heed its promptings? She would not know it, curiosity whispered; so I raised ers, and I dreampt not that beneath those the veil; but, as my eye caught a glimpse fair, perfumed flowers' petals, sharp pierc- of a gilded frame, the drapery fell from ing thorns were hidden.' Her face was my hand. I remembered my promise never pale as death, and those deep, dark eyes to raise that veil, and I turned away wondering why so costly a frame was hidden

beneath those dark folds. From that night the mystery of the liof horror that would thrill every nerve and

freeze my heart's blood! My father returned, and when I told features, and kissing my cheek, she mur- him how kind Mrs. Thornton had been, he mured, 'Dear child; perhaps some day I called to thank her in person; but she Then was ill and could not leave her room .-turning away to hide her tears, left me Wondering what could agitate her so, I returned to my father, saying she would It was rather curious how I came to be better in a day or two, and he must a dweller in the house of Mrs. Thornton. not leave the city until he had seen her. Two years before, when but fourteen years But he was firm in his decision to leave old, I came to New Haven to attend the next day, and I must accompany him. school, and soon after my father leaving Then I expressed a wish to visit my for Europe, where he expected to remain mother's grave. He drew me to his side, three years, entrusted me to the guardian- and with his arm encircling me, and my ship of Mr. Howe, an old friend of his head resting upon his bosom, he told me To him the memory of the Howe that I first became acquainted with past was painful, and I mingled my tears Mrs. Thornton. She went but little with those of my father, while again f Certainly not; and the consequence was, has expanded through a series of many

> In two hours I would leave my kind brary. She would tell me all, she said-Mrs. Thornton told her story briefly .-

family; yet it w. a glad surprise when ently his taunts and uncalled for surveilhe said I could be rd with Mrs. Thornton, lance. So she proposed returning to her if I wished, and t bught that I could be parental home, and the husband said go, happy there. Mrs. Thornton had proposed it, as Mr. Howe's family anticipated go, and three years after, her parents bebeing absent from the city most of the ing dead, she went to Europe, where she summer; and the following Saturday I remained eight years. Returning to American she came to New Haven, where under and I had gone to the library with Mrs. sided. Once she visited the home of her Thornton to select a book, when, on pass- husband during his absence, and bribing ing around, my eyes fell upon the silk the housekeeper by the present of a welldrapery shading the wall in the further filled purse, procured his portrait; and in corner of the room, and was about to draw all her wanderings it had been her comit aside, when her exclamation prevented. panion, though closely veiled lest some one mysterious folds of that silken veil, yet I history become food for idle gossip. Then, to try to catch a hasty glimpse when Mrs. brief period pressed it to her bosom, but words could not express the agony of her breaking heart as she turned away from

'Your husband's name.' I said, sinking many a furtive glance toward the veiled at her feet and gaping wonderingly into picture, I dared not question Mrs. Thorn- her pale face and the dark liquid eyes ton, and began to despair of the dawning bent so loving upon me, for a strange hope

' I cannot repeat his name, but you may evening in Spring, and we were sitting look upon his counterpart,' she said, rising. Slowly, almost reverently, she put back ing the fast dimming coals that had burn- the folds of that silken veil, while I stood, ed low, while Mrs. Thornton, with closed eyes, sat near in the casy chair. My dream, or was it reality? There was no lips. Then, like a swiftly-moving pano-Then I answered, that though I turned rama, it all passed before my mind, and leaf after leaf of memory's book, yet I throwing my arms around her neck, I

'My mother-my long-lost mother !years old, yet my father had been kind, My father told me all, yesterday,' I said, and, as far as possible, filled the place of when I had become more calm. 'He both father and mother. My childhood learned the reports were without foundation, and hearing you had gone to Europe friend and instructor, and my first great for three years has he sought you there grief had been when I was sent to school and his heart is sad because he can find no trace of you. Will you see him ?'

She did not reply, but I read her anthere was something in the tone of her swer in the beaming eye, and hastily donning bonnet and mantle, ran to the hotel, 'Her name was Flora-Flora May .- where I surprised my father by rushing breathless to his room.

'Come with me; Mrs. Thornton will see you now,' I said, nervously clutching his arm and pulling him toward the door '1 can't tell where she was buried .-- but he resisting, asked what had occurred Once when I asked my father, he said it to excite me so? It was not here that I was far away, and we would go to the place would explain, so he followed the rapid of my birth when I was older. My father footsteps along the street and up the was so lonely after mother's death that he shaded walk; but when I threw open the

She is here—come' [said, drawing him into the library. She had risen; how lovely she looked then-her pale brow, her bright eye, and a crimson snot burning What a strange question, I said. Yet on either cheek. One moment my father she appeared to have spoken without stood as though chained to the spot, then in fact—being unmistakably fawn colored. wouldnot know me; but I am really glad

Flora, my wife !' 'Herbert!' was the soft reply, and she was clasped in his arms. 'Forgive and forget the past.' I heard a manly voice murmur; and then my name was repeated in soft accents. I went For a long time I sat gazing into the | to my mother's side, and the happy husdying coals. Were her questions the band and father pressed his wife and child magic key that had unlocked the casket to his heart, as in reverent tones he im-

The veiled picture was unveiled, the a dim remembrance of a time when I was mystery of the library solved, and returnplaying alone in the garden and a strange ing to our Western home once more a face peered into mine, as some one clasped happy family group dwelt beneath its

at all times—every book is at your service, and you are at liberty even to rum—and a bright dream flitted before my met. vice, and you are at liberty even to rum- and a bright dream flitted before my wak- St. Louis, and in the first rank of the bar mage the drawers and pigeon holes of my ing vision—my father would return in a of Missouri, had brought a suit in court desk, if your curiosity demands it; but few months; he would meet Mrs. Thorn-which was really so plain a case for the which was really so plain a case for the you must not look beneath the veil that ton; she was so gentle and winning that | plaintiff, that, having submitted the papers hides this picture; and her pale lips he would not fail to be pleased with her, and other proofs to the Court, he felt that trembled, her dark, expressive eyes were and I might be permitted to call her his client's interest required no more, and he accordingly sat down, without making the customary opening address. But the but she moved her head negatively, and I door, but I hesitated. It was late, and defendant's counsel, ambitious of rhetoriwent on: 'How can I study with that mys- the house was still. How easy it would cal display, and at the same time probably tery ever before me; and, then, too, I be to solve the mystery, and Mrs. Thorn- conscious that the defence required the shall never sleep soundly again, but dream ton never know it. For months that veiled best abilities, rose and made a long harthe livelong night of this mystical veil, picture had haunted my waking and sleep- rangue, characterized by an immense flood ing visions, why should I longer perplex of pompous words, as was his custom, but destitute of even an attempt at logic or and frighten every servant (who happens | ing the library, I placed the lamp so its | reasoning of any kind. When he had done, to fear ghosts) from the house, by mid- light would fall directly upon the picture. the plaintiff's counsel, who was expected Was it the rustling of silk or the faint to make an elaborate speech in reply, rose, No eye but mine ever looks upon this echo of gentle footsteps that startled me ? and merely said : 'May it please the Court veiled picture. It is sacred, for it is the but listening intently, I found all silent and the gentlemen of the jury, in this case I shall follow the example of the counsel for the defence, and submit the case with-

out argument ! hours' sleep was all they wanted, and all that the human system required. The habit of going without sufficient sleep is manently injure their health in this way. brary deepened. I had a nervous dread We live in a fast age, when every body seems to be trying to pervert the order of nature: If folks will persist in turning night into day, it is not to be wondered that few last the allotted term of life. No matter what he a man's occupation-physical or mental, or, like Othello's, 'gone,' and living in idleness—the constitution cannot last, depend upon it, without a sufficiency of regular and refreshing sleep. Joe Hunter, the great surgeon, died sudsleep. himself by taking too little sleep. into society, and my guardian's was one seemed to see that strange face peering that Hunter died early. If men will in- moons, into the semblance of a full one. sist in cheating sleep, her 'twin sister Death' will avenge the insult.

never be dropped, in spite of their abuse, azine. except at the bedside. Oh Fanny!

Those who walk most are generally the healthiest: the road of perfect health is too narrow for wheels.

An honest man's the noblest work toward her? that her coming was looked three years she was happy in the pleasant of God-but the edition is small.

Becomingly Dressed. That the majority of women prefer being fashionable to becomingly dressed, is a minutes—an unusual occurrence for us there were not very frequent; and when vying her, circulated reports injurious to fact that the universal wearing of high bon- when she suddenly broke out with one of there, we sat in her boudoir, which was her reputation, and these coming to her nets has tended firmly to establish; and it her gayest, sweetest peals of laughter. | night (through accomodation) train for fitted up with artistic taste, and, having husband's ears, he, being naturally of a is an extraordinary one, since the majority The ears were going at the rate of forty never been admitted to the library, I had jealous disposition, believed them. The of women are, at the same time, well aware miles an hour, but Dora's laugh rang out wife loved her husband devotedly, and that the eyes of those they dress to glad- above all their noise and confusion. I had a pleasant home in Mr. Howe's being innocent, how could she bear pati- den invariably prefer the "becoming" to the "fashionable."

ought to be, fond of being well dressed, and wards. desirous of looking at all times and seasons as well as Nature will allow her to something so funny. Do you see that genlutely right and praiseworthy that the aid ful black whiskers and dreamy eyes? Well, of art should be called in to assist in ob- he's been watching you behind that book It was my first holiday in my new home, the name of Thornton, she had since re- taining the desirable result. It is unjus- for the last half hour, looking as if he gree, that art should be so frequently dis- roses on your cheeks. Don't blush' but abominably bad.

About a year and a half ago somebody, it aside, when her exclamation prevented. panion, though closely veiled lest some one in an evil hour, decreed that gaunt, high I had promised not to look beneath the should recognize it, and thus her early bonnets should be the fashion, and forthwith every feminine face had to be framed it would be if you could only manage to was not satisfied; curiosity prompted me too, she had seen her child, and for a none, or to bravely bear those crushing mistake that gentleman for your brother epithets, 'dowdy' and 'antique,' which were sure to be uttered with respect to the courageous one by irreverenced younger sisters with round faces, and milliners de-

reverie was broken by the tremulous tones mistaking that likeness; and involuntarily a long face it causes to resemble a horse's, last. the words, 'My father!' burst from my and imparts that appearance which is so essentially disagreeable, of there being as much lady above the shoulders as below.

Sarcastically. 'You daren't, you know.'

'Don't I dare to, though? Wait and But the intelligent reader will agree with see!' me in declaring that it is always the longheighth of fashion, and the greatest length our station.

as regards bonnets. Color-blindness must (judging by the toilets one unfortunately can't avoid see- fail me, for the gentleman was really geting) be a much commoner thing than it is ting off. generally supposed to be. In a crowd—in other woman has some error in the color of | I saw the crowd, and with a little bound her costume (unless she's in deep mourn- threw myself into his arms and kissed him ing) which can only be excused by charit- full in the mouth, hysterically sayingably supposing her to be afflicted with color

How persistently some pretty women green, because the green is lovely. This new color, biche, has been the means of judging from her frantic laughter.

bringing out decidedly the fact of many 'Father and mother are expecting you, bringing out decidedly the fact of many faces that were described before as between Nellie, and are so impatient they can dark and fair-rather inclining to blonde, scarcely wait to see you.

that fat women shall insert themselves carefully in my little sister's heart.' either into something painfully tight or voluminous? They always scorn the medium—the fullest of 'Giralbaldi's,' in the known him. I felt slightly ridiculous, and, morning and the most compressing of vel- while, introducing Dora to my brother,

little without being puffy in itself. Again. Why do laths-long, flat woears and the edge of their shoulders-wear garments that give them an appearance of still greater longitude, in their utter ab-And why do they make that aforesaid journey from the ears to the shoulders, still more terribly long and plain for the eyes never thought him half so handsome.

Fur has been more worn this last winter han it has for many seasons, and the thickest, most enlarging fur has been usually placed upon shoulders already meritorious their size. Fur that would render a sylph portly, if draped about her in the accustomed tippet form, is sure to be selected out of many other kinds by the broadest backed dowager who chances first

to see it. There are many piquant paletots in vogue now, and many elegant mantles, and these are severally made in the richest and most beautiful materials; but after all, a woman, if graceful in herself, is never so becomingly or gracefully dressed for either the carriage or walking, as when wrapped n a large shawl.

It must be large-no possible arrangement can make a small shawl look well; but provided it is large, and its wearer knows how to walk under its folds, are purer and finer than those of any other GET ENOUGH SLEEP. - We have often form of outside covering. The thing that heard young men remark that four or five makes the wearing of shawls a failure, as a rule with English and American women is, that they imagine the great and only point to be getting them-and keeping very injurious. Thousands no doubt, per- | them with-the point symmetrically in the middle behind. This is a mistake; the shawl is the most flowing of all draperyif only the wearer knows how manage it therefore anything like stiffness should be abstained from in both its adjustment and subsequent arrangement.

What pretty hats the milliners have de-Velvet hats, half Spanish, half vised. Henry the Third, with just a dash of the sugar loaf, or brigand in them; and the Prince of Wales's plume in the most airy of snowy feathers in the front. Round, denly of spasmodic affection of the heart, a drooping, flat-brimmed, we have them now disease greatly encouraged by want of of every shape, of every texture, and al-In a volume just published by a most of every color. All faces may be medical man there is one great lesson that suited, if only judgment is used; hats are greatly troubled to get his quarterly inhard students and literary men may learn, in themselves so pretty that it is a hard and that is, that Hunter probably killed struggle to get very far wrong with one. 'Four | The worst and most frequent mistake made hours' rest at night, and one after dinner with respect to hats, is that of putting one. cannot be deemed sufficient to recruit the suited to a child of tiny proportions and exhausted powers of the body and mind.' tender years, on the top of a visage that In conclusion, we cannot think a ladv

becomingly dressed when she is bound in leather, and studded with steel nails like Fanny Fern says hoop-skirts will a portmanteau. - Arthur's Home Mag-

> We won't indulge in such horrid anticipations, as the henpecked husband said when the parson told him he would be joined to his wife in another world, never more to be seperated from her .--Parson, I hope you will not mention that innocently remarked, 'How foolish that unlucky circumstance again, said he.

Caught in my own Trap. Dora and I had been silent fully fifteen

'What is it, Dora, you witch, you?' I said, half piqued that she had not first told Every woman is-or, if she isn't, she me what pleased her, and laughed after-

look. It is not only justifiable, but abso- tleman just in front of us, with the beautithimble on. I was just thinking of some of the stories I have read, about young ladies mistaking handsome young fellows for Fred.

I was ready for some fun in a moment. 'I'll tell you what I'll do, Dora,' I broke wards consented. He gallantly asked her out, eagerly. 'You know I haven't seen sirous of disposing of their lengthy goods. Fred since I went to school, three years To give it its due, the high bonnet does ago, and, of course, he's changed a great suit one face in twenty; it suits a round deal since then. Well, if that literary face, whose breath can not only bear, but gentleman with brown eyes (he is handrequires toning down; it suits that rarest some, isn't he Dora?) should get off the shape of all, a low-browed, delicate oval - cars at our depot, I'll wait till he gets that shape where the oval is formed by the mixed up with the crowd, see him suddenly, head arching resolutely immediately above as if for the first time, rush up to him in a the flat brow--that shape, in fact, that we flutter of delight, call him brother Fred, see in profusion in marble, and meet with and give him such another kissing as he in real life about once in ten years. But hasn't had since he saw his sweetheart

'Yes, I would, if I were you,' said Dora,

So I dropped back into the cushion in est faced women who have gone to the unbroken silence, till the train stopped at Dora gave me a wicked look, and whis-

pered that she knew my courage would I was not to be triumphed over, though;

a fashionable richly dressed crowd—every and so, as we stepped out on the platform, Fred, my dear, dear brother! how are vou ?

I caught a glimpse of Dora-she was in disregard the claims their hair and com- danger of going into convulsions. I explexions have on them. How often we see pected to hear the stranger confusedly say a brilliant brunette, with deep eyes, and that there was some mistake; but to my deep, clear crimson roses in her cheeks, surprise, he gave me a hearty embracearrayed in mauve or violet. How perpet- kissed me two or three times-said he was ually our sense of the beautiful is jarred well—that I had grown a deal; and then fore, is rendered difficult on both sides at against by the vision of a young lady, with inquired for my little friend Dora, who all a saffron hue in her complexion, attired in this time was exciting the sympathies of the crowd, as they supposed she was insan

I was afraid you What is that law of Nature which rules that my image has been treasured up so

I was bewildered beyond measure. It vet tiny jackets or vests at night. Noth- whispered to her to keep quiet in reference ing between, nothing that would conceal a to my intended trick. I was too much confused to think of inquiring how he came to be in the cars without seeing me; so nen, with a yard and a half between their we all went to the carriage that was wait-

ing for us and rapidly drove home. I had never known Fred to be so affectionate. He held my hand in his own all sence of trimming on the body and sleeves? the time, and kissed me at unnecessarily short intervals; but, to tell the truth. had never loved him half so well before-

We reached the gate. Mother kissed me and cried over me all at once; father repeated it, and, finally, a frank, hearty voice broke out with-

'Hallo, sis! aren't you going to notice your scapegrace of a brother at all?' To my astonishment, a handsome fellow had not seen before gave me a genuine hug, and a kiss that you could have heard across the yard. 'There is some mistake.' I murmured.

Are you my brother Fred? I thought that gentleman was,' pointing to the handsome fellow I had embraced at the depot. Why, sis, are you going crazy? Of course I'm your brother, and that fellow there is my college chum, Archie Winters, who went half way up the line to meet you. What are you blushing at, Nell? There wasn't anything in his going after you, was there? I didn't have time to go, and let him take your picture with him, so that he would be sure to know you. He's been

passing himself off for me, I'll warrant,' I looked at Archie Winters beseechingly, and, as they were all going into the house, I whispered to him-'For pity's sake' don't speak of that mistake. How could it have happened? 'I overheard you in the cars; and will

playing off some of his mad pranks, and

promise to keep your secret only on one condition. He whispered something to me that made my face flush scarlet; but l was at his mercy, and said I would think of it .-I did think of it, reader and to the delight of the whole family-Dora and Fred in particular-Archie and I were married in less than two months. And Dora said to me, as I bade her good-bye, that it would give unspeakable delight to Fred and herself if I would attend their wedding in a month from then-and I did.

Methodist minister, living in Kansas, living on a small salary, was stalment. He at last told the non-paying trustees that he must have money, as he was suffering for the necessities of life .-'Money!' replied the trustees; 'you preach for money? We thought preached for the good of souls.' 'Souls! responded the reverend; 'I can't eat souls —and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal.'

The Shakers at Lebanon Springs, N. Y., among their rules relating to visitors, have the following: 'Married persons tarrying with us overnight, are res-pectifully notified that each sex will occupy separate apartments while they remain. This rule will not be departed from under any circumstances.' A friend says he was reading this to a married lady, when she

A PARTING KISS-A DARK DEED .-A short time ago a gentleman-a resident of Mad River township-came to Urbana one evening in order to take the Springfield.

Finding the car full, he remained standing for a time; becoming tired, he asked a lady the privilege of occupying a part of the seat belonging to her. (Now it must be known to all night travellers that this Nothing, Nell; only I was thinking of something so funny. Do you see that gendeman just in front of us with the heart.

**Nothing, Nell; only I was thinking of something so funny. Do you see that gendeman just in front of us with the heart.

**Well a conversation and its limited are subscribers for the Book.

**HE LITERATURE*

is of that kind that can be read aloud in the family circle, and the clergy in immense numbers are subscribers for the Book. turned to almost everything-weather, polities, etc .- and finally to personal and particular matters. The gentleman informtifiable, wrong and reprehensible to a de- should love to take a bite from the red ed her that he was a widower; she in return, remarked (she was dressed in black) torted, and the result, when achieved, so he's in love with you; I'll bet my gold that she was a widow. The clone woman seemed pleased with the widower. Not heeding the immortal advice of the elder Weller to his dutiful son- Samivel bevare their brothers, etc., and thought what fun of vidders '—he became more affectionate in his remarks; and as the train left Hunt's station, he asked a favor, as they were about to part, that she would bestow a kiss. She at first hesitated, but after-

> The train whistled-now was the accepted time! He gently raised the veli, when in popped the conductor with a glaring lamp, and there, dazzling the happy face of the gentleman from Mad River, was the--luscious lips; glistening teeth, extensive nose, white eyes charcoal countenance, and wavy hair of a she American of African descent! He did not take that kiss. What makes this last mentioned fact

> to lift her veil; she was timid and modestly

begged him to exercise the privilege him-

astouishing is this: The gallant widower s one of the most prominent Republicans in Mad River, and swallows every niggerism of his party-emancipation proclamation and all. If he can embrace the whole nigger in his party, why can't he embrace one personally? 'Kiss me quick, and go one personally? 'Kiss me quick, and my honey?—Urbanna (Ohio) Union.

WHY MEN REMAIN SINGLE .-- In our esearches we have found this reason for what young ladies deplore as a lamentable

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