The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

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TERMS.

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JOB PRINTING—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

Busy Bessie, at her Spinning Wheel.

"O, flower at my window!
Why blossom you so fair,
With your green and purple cup,
Upturned to sun and air?"
"I blossom, blithesome Bessie,
To cheer your childish heart,
The world is full of labor,
And this shall be my part."
Whirl, busy wheel, faster!
Spin, little thread, spin!
The sun shines fair without,
And we are gay within!

"O, robin in the treetop!
With sunshine on your breast,
Why brood you so patiently,
Above your leafy nest?"
"I brood, blithesome Bessie,
With softly folded wing,
For the world has need of music,
And my little ones shall sing."
Whirl, busy wheel, faster!
Spin, little thread, spin!
The sun shines fair without,
And we are gay within!

"O, balmy wind of summer!
O, silver singing brook!
Why rustle through the branches?
Why shimmer in your nook?"
"I flutter, blithesome Bessie,
Like a blessing far and wide;
I scatter bloom and verdure,
Wherever my footsteps glide."
Whirl, busy wheel, faster!
Spin, little thread, spin!
The sun shines fair without,
And we are gay within!

"O, brook, and breeze, and blossom!
And robin on the tree!
You make a joy of duty,
A pride of industry,
Teach me to work as blithely,
With cheerful, willing heart,
For the world is full of labor,
And I must bear my part.
Whirl, busy wheel, faster!
Spin, little thread, spin!
The sun shines fair without,
And we are gay within."

LIFE'S ANSWER.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot:
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite—
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land—
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand,
Far unto bliss.

HOW COULD I?

He carried my satchel to school,
And me through the drifts carried, too;
Could I think why he hugged me so close?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

At eve he tied under my chin
My hood with its bright ribbons blue;
Why he gazed in my face could I tell?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

He told me my eyes were so black,
The brightest of any he knew;
I blushed and looked down; could I help it?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

He left on my cheek a warm kiss,
Then off with the lightning speed flew;
If I could I'd have scolded and stamped;
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

'Twas long years ago, and since then
He has spoken words loving and true;
I only leaned close to his breast,
For how could I help it? could you?

THE BLUE FLOWERS.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"There's a blue flower in my garden
The bee loves more than all—
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small."

"Oh, jolly, jolly!"

That was Aggie French's way of expressing satisfaction, and her companion looked up, expectant of news.

'My letter is from Georgiana Ash,' she explained; 'You must have heard of her—the handsomest blonde you ever saw; eyes half blue, half amber; and hair neither brown, nor yellow, nor red, but just exactly gold. The fun is, Thorne used to be in love with her before he knew little Alice Devon, and they say she jilted him—it was before he came to his fortune—for a richer suitor. Any way she isn't married, and it will be curious to see how Thorne will take her presence, here in this house, where there are so few of us that we can't help being intimate. Of course he can't run away and leave Alice, and we shall see what we shall see when my Lady Magnificent comes. For my part, I never did believe first love a disease quite so easy to get over as mumps and measles. I'm told Thorne had it hard. I like stories in real life a great deal better than out of books—they're twice as spicy. I promise myself rare fun in watching the romance.'

Quiet Mary Everett sighed, a little sadly, but did not answer. She loved Alice Devon, though their friendship had been of weeks only, and the prospect of the coming 'fun' was far from exhilerating.

Just then Alice came in so radiantly happy. Her brown hair tossed about her primrose cheeks, her soft, innocent brown eyes sparkling with pleasure, and a few rare wild flowers in her hand. Thorne was behind her, looking on as she exhibited her treasures with a smile and an eye-glance which revealed more than he was aware of love and pride.

'See,' cried the soft, clear tones, 'you've been hunting in vain for these little beauties all summer, and we've found them. Do you smell the sea-breath in them? We got them among the rocks, where they look forever out toward the waves, and at high tide the water comes up among the roots. How blue they are, just like a bit of summer sky? I'm going for them often, and since they are mine by right of discovery, I'll call them treasure-trove, for I don't like those polysyllable botany names.'

She was a pretty picture, in her delicate morning dress, with her young, innocent girl's face, the round hat, with its bunch of wild roses and meadow grass swinging from her arm, and the blue flowers in her hand.

She and Thorne were happy enough both of them, to have moved any tender heart to let them dream on. But Aggie French's heart was not tender. Not that she was very cruel, only thoughtless, fond of fun, and a little careless what wounds her self-indulgence might inflict. She looked wickedly into Thorne's eyes and said—

'I had a letter from an old friend of yours this morning—Miss Georgiana Ash. She is coming here to-day or to-morrow. She does not know she will meet you. What a pleasant surprise it will be!'

It was fortunate that Alice Devon was busy just then with Mary Everett, who was asking her some question about her morning ramble. She was spared from reading the signs which revealed so much to Aggie French—the sudden quiver of Thorne's moustached lip, the bronzed face a few shades paler, the smile that tried to be careless and failed. Little Alice only heard the cool answer—

'Ah, I haven't seen her for five years. She used to be a stylish, handsome girl.—I wonder if she's faded?'

She thought to herself that, for old friends, her lover seemed to take very slight interest in the prospective new comer.

When they came in together again from their afternoon walk, Thorne and Alice, some trunks were in the hall, with G. A. painted in black letters upon their covers.

'The new guest, I suspect,' Alice said, lightly. Thorne was too self-conscious to reply. He bit his lip and was silent.

When Aggie French heard him going by her door, after he had left Alice, she put her head out with a malicious whisper—

'She's come—been with me a couple of hours. Now she's in her own room, dressing for tea.'

It was just at sunset when all the party before-mentioned and a half dozen more were gathered in the low, old fashioned parlor ready to go in to supper. Mary Everett, who had never before met Miss Ash, looked at her critically as she stood beside little Alice Devon; the two having just been introduced by Thorne, who, whatever he might have betrayed when taken by surprise, was perfectly self-possessed now.

There was no disputing that the newcomer was the handsomest woman at 'The Shoals.' It was a grand, regal style which swayed a power of its own. The tall, full figure; the matchless complexion, with its color clear and bright as dawn; the great, magnetic eyes; the tawny gold hair, filling the silken net full; the mouth so ripe and tempting—all these, with the self-understanding, the aplomb of twenty-five years. In that stately presence little Alice Devon, with her seventeen years and her primrose face, looked unformed and childish. But there was something about her most sweet and tender and touching, which made Mary Everett think of a rosebud with the morning dew still on; and glancing back to the other she hummed, half under her breath, a snatch of an old nursery song:—

"The sunflower with her brilliant crown
Looked lovely and tempting to the bee;
Yet not one drop of honey he found
In her wonder cup of gold and brown—
She was false at heart, though fair to see."

Aggie French had not arrived at the whole truth about the separation between Miss Ash and Howard Thorne. She had not jilted him. They had given each other up mutually. It was the fortieth lover's quarrel, perhaps; for Miss Ash was of tempestuous temperament, and Thorne not over-patient. It was the one too many, at any rate; for they had never made it up, and five years had passed without their seeing each other. In the mean time some of Thorne's relations had died and left him a fortune, making him better worth winning. Miss Aggie was mistaken, too, in thinking that her friend came to 'The Shoals' without knowing that her old lover was there. No allusion to the knowledge had escaped her in the letter; but the certainty of meeting him had been her sole motive. To do her justice, she did not know of his engagement. She learned that for the first time in her two hours with Miss French before tea. It dismayed her, not a little. It was an obstacle she had not foreseen, and she did not feel entire faith now in the success which had seemed so certain before.

When they were introduced she looked at Alice anxiously. She was not blind to the youth and freshness against which she must contend. She acknowledged to herself that the girlish face, with the bunch of blue flowers (the treasure-trove) in the soft hair, had a sweet charm of its own.—She almost despaired—not quite.

For some days she held herself rather aloof from Howard Thorne and his little betrothed. When anything brought her in contact with them, she was playful sometimes, sometimes a little reserved and sad, though kind always. There was so much variety in her moods that Thorne grew interested before he knew it in watching them. He began to realize, now he observed her more closely, how royally beautiful she was. She had been far less so in the old days when he had thought the whole universe bounded by her smile. Her manner had changed too. She had been imperious then—she was so still at times; but oftener there was a tender, half-pathetic softness in words and ways which made him think she had grown sadder with the sad years. Had her life missed him? There was a subtle flattery in the thought against which his vanity was not proof.

He was not untrue towards his little love in all these speculations, at least not consciously, but they were dangerous.—Very dangerous when, one day, he suffered himself, sitting idly and alone on the piazza, to wonder what would have been the result of his meeting again with Miss Ash if he had never seen Alice.

Just then she came up the walk in her loveliest mood. Tenderness in a person to whom nature has given the seal of sovereignty, moves us far more than in those gentler persons to whom it seems indigenous. She looked sad, this Lady Magnificent, as Aggie French had dubbed her. She was simply dressed, in a robe of fleecy white, with a few flowers stuck for sole ornament in belt and bosom. Her eyes were downcast. There was a stain as of tears on her cheek. Some impulse he should have resisted drew Thorne to her side. Are there moments in all lives when our good angel forsakes us? Half unconsciously he said to her—

'Miss Ash—Georgiana, we were friends once. I do not like to see you sad.'

The great amber eyes turned on him a look of mute reproach. After a moment she said, with a trifle of the old petulance—

'I do not like to have my moods noticed. It is not generous of you, with all you want in life, to look out from the safe shelter of your happiness and watch how I bear loneliness and heartache.'

'All I want in life!'

He repeated the words after her dreamily, as if he were questioning himself whether indeed he had what he most wanted in life. The past seemed to be throbbing in his heart—tingle in his pulses. Were the days dead in which he had been this woman's lover? They had turned, mechanically as it were, and were passing down the shaded path which she had walked up alone. For a while neither spoke. What subtle magnetism was in her presence that made it thrill him so just to walk by her side. He stole a look at her at length. She was pale to the lips and slow tears were stealing from under drooping lids. A sudden mad impulse swayed him—a wild longing to read her heart. He put out his hand and touched hers. He spoke with a tone that would be obeyed.

'What is it? I will know. Is it any thought of the past, of me, which moves you?'

She turned her eyes full of reproach upon him.

'What right have you, Alice Devon's lover, to the past or me? Be content with your own joy. It should be piquant enough without the zest of enhancing it by contrast with my misery.'

The mention of Alice Devon struck a pang, sword keen to his heart. He was not a bad man; nay, he was perhaps better than most men. He respected his plighted word—he loved Alice. Still he had not strength enough to escape from the baleful spell which was closing round him.

'Your misery!' he cried. 'Do you, whom all the world envies, know what misery means? Tell me. I will know.

Again that long, reproachful look from out those amber eyes.

'Howard, for shame! You must not, you shall not torture me, now when all ties between us are over. Do you think I would have parted with you in anger that last time if I had not thought your love was strong enough to bring you back? We were both wrong—we ought to have forgiven each other. But why talk of it? You are better off; and I—perhaps I am not punished too severely for the share of blame that was mine.'

Thoughts swam through his brain deliriously. See, his youth's love, loved him—was suffering for him—had loved him all the while. He looked at her, more beautiful than ever in her sorrow, her tenderness. After all, was not the old love the true love?

'If I were free—' he began.

'Of what use would be freedom?' she interrupted him, passionately. 'You were free five years.'

'But I did not see you. Oh, Georgie! this is cruel. You should have come before, or not at all.'

Just then steps crushed the sand near them. Around a sudden turn in the winding path came Mary Everett, with Alice, his Alice, clinging to her arm.

'We heard a few words—we could not help it,' Miss Everett said, with eyes of stern rebuke, leading her friend by.

Howard Thorne cursed his fate as he saw his little love's pale face, with the heart-break settling over it, almost like the shadow of death. He knew now where his heart was—saw what brief madness had passed him. He would have given half the universe to be able to go to Alice's side and tell her the truth. But he dared not approach her. For the first time in his life he felt like a coward. He stood and watched her, silently, as she moved away—his darling, whom he had been mad enough to lose. Then he turned with a look in his eyes that made Georgiana Ash tremble.

'I am free now; and, as you said, of what use is freedom?'

Neither spoke again until his cool goodby, when he had gone up the path with her to the house-door.

Then he rushed back into the thick shrubbery, among the rocks, across to the sea. He was almost wild enough to bury all, wrong, sorrow, shame, in those treacherous waters. He knew his fate was sealed. There would be no hope for him. Alice was not unforgiving; but she was true, and claimed truth—a woman, and would accept no divided heart. Explain as he would he knew she would never believe him or understand him. She never could know how it came; and if he offered explanation she would believe that only honor, only sorrow for her, held him; and those mad moments could never be atoned for.

Just then he turned. He was standing in the very nook where they had gathered the blue flowers. Some others, their sisters, were nodding in the cleft. He gathered a bunch, and laid them carefully in a pocket-book, which he carried in his breast.

'They shall go with me into other scenes,' he said, his sad eyes kindling again with the gleam of a new resolve. 'I have held back from giving my life to my country because Alice's love made the offering too costly. Now I will go. It will be better for her if I die.'

He found a note on his table when he went home, and in it these words only:

'Be merciful enough not to write to me or ask to see me. It would be of no use. What I heard, what I saw, can never be explained out of memory. I forgive you. I do not think you meant to be false. When you told me you loved me I believe you thought so. I shall go away to-night and leave you to the love you have found again.'

He obeyed her—made no useless attempts at explanation; and watched from his window to see her go away with a calmness more terrible and despairing than any passion of agony.

Later in the evening came another note from Miss Ash this time. It was worded, oh! so skilfully; begging his pardon; telling him how innocent she was of wrong design; blameless of everything but the love and sorrow she could not help, and the letting him speak to her at all.

Howard Thorne smiled grimly as he twisted her soft words and lighted his cigar with them. All her blandishments were powerless now. No device of hers could move him, steeled to vindictiveness by the look of white pain he had seen on Alice Devon's face. He made no response.

The next morning he too went away.

Somehow even Aggie French's heart was touched by his hopeless, dreary smile as he bade her good-bye. Certainly the Lady Magnificent's visit had not been productive of the expected 'fun.' Miss Everet had gone away the night before with Alice; and 'The Shoals' bade fair to be presently deserted.

All that was last year—the summer of '62. It was September when Howard Thorne found himself a soldier, with the commission, urged upon him half against his will, of First Lieutenant. He was with the army of the Potomac, and before the summer came again he had seen hard fighting, and held a Colonel's rank by virtue of his cool courage. Courage did I say? Recklessness, perhaps, would have told the truth more nearly. He wanted to die, and so took every possible opportunity to throw away the life of which he was weary. For that reason, perhaps, shot and shell passed him by. Ever in the front, and no ball hit him. They began to say that he bore a charmed life, when they saw him with no scar on his bronzed handsome face.

At last came Gettysburg, and the bullet which sought his heart. It was turned aside a little by a book he wore—the book which held the blue treasure-trove—so that, ghastly and terrible as was his wound, it was not instantly mortal. There was small hope for him, however; and one who loved him as a brother asked, when there was leisure after the fight, if there was any one for whom he would wish to send. All his pale face brightened gloriously. This was the hour for which he had longed and waited. He dictated only these words:

'Come to me before I die. You will believe what I have to say when you know it is my last words.

This, with the address of Alice Devon on the cover.

Then he waited.

Five days were the least possible time in which, allowing for no delays, she could get the letter and come to him. He thought his strong will would keep him alive so long.

On the evening of the fifth day he lay with his face toward the wall. Wrapped in thought, and tormented with searching pain, he heard no footfall, heard nothing until a low, remembered voice said:

'I am here.'

Then he turned his face and saw Alice Devon at his pillow.

He waited for no greeting, no inquiries, but spoke the uppermost thought first—

'Alice, I did love you—only you. That scene which you could not understand was a momentary madness. She touched me with her misery—hints of the long, hopeless love, she had cherished for me all those years. I was moved on the surface only. I tell you, as a dying man, that my heart never wavered. It was yours then, as it is now—as it will be when I go back whence I came, to darkness and mystery.'

'I believe you,' said the low sweet tones. 'I began to believe it when I heard of her marriage, six months after. I knew she had been disappointed, and I had been wrong and hasty.'

'No, not wrong; you had reason enough. You should not blame yourself. I never blamed you. But are you free? Is this my Alice at my side?'

'Your Alice; yours, and none other's.'

'Then I shall die content.'

Through all the hours of that night she sat beside him, holding his hand in hers, charming away his pain by her voice and her touch. When the dawn crept softly up the slopes, and kindled the eastern sky to flame, he was sleeping a calm, restful sleep, for the first time in all those days since he was wounded; and the surgeon coming in, and standing watchfully beside him for a while, said as he turned away:

'I dare not give you much hope; but I begin to think it just possible that he may live.'

A little later he awoke, and still Alice's hand was in his. He turned to look at her dear face, and saw a new light in the tender brown eyes. She bent over him and kissed him, in the morning twilight through which the sun had not yet broken, and with her kiss she whispered:

'The surgeon has been here, and he says it is possible you may live. Will you try, for me?'

'Aye, that I will,' answered his deep tones, fervently. 'Life, that I was so ready to throw away, is dear enough now. It must be that I shall get well now I have Alice to live for. Pray for it, my darling! God will hear such lips as yours.'

Last week an invalid came back. His face was thin and pale, but his eyes were bright, and on that worn face was a look of hard-won peace. By easy stages he journeyed—he and the one friend with him—to the sea-coast, and took his old room at 'The Shoals' once more. He found there old friends, and new ones, all ready to give Colonel Thorne glad welcome. It was Alice's care which had won him back from death. He was all hers now, and between them could never again come any shadow.

To-morrow at 'The Shoals' will be a wedding, and the bride will wear a wreath of little blue flowers.

THE LAWYER AND THE DUCKS.—There is not a more common offense against the laws of common courtesy (we might say, oftentimes, common decency) than is practiced by a certain class of lawyers now-a-days in the examination of witness upon the stand. Now and then, however, an impertinent lawyer 'gets it back' in such a way that he is faint to 'call the next witness.' Of such was the following, not as yet 'put down in the *books*,' but well worthy of being transferred from 'the *papers*.'

At a late term of the Court of Sessions a man was brought up by a farmer, accused of stealing some ducks.

'How do you know that they are your ducks?' asked the defendant's counsel.

'Oh, I should know them *anywhere*,' replied the farmer: and he went on to describe their different peculiarities.

'Why,' said the prisoner's counsel, 'these ducks can't be such a rare breed; I have some very much like them in my own yard.'

'That's not unlikely, sir,' replied the farmer; 'they are not the *only* ducks I have had stolen lately!'

'Call the *next* witness.'

☞ The difference between an oyster and a chicken is, that one is best just out of the shell and the other isn't.

Anecdote of Lorenzo Dow.

It is said that at one time when Lorenzo Dow preached under a large spruce pine tree in South Carolina, he announced another appointment for preaching in the same place on that day twelve months. The year passed, and as Lorenzo was entering the neighborhood the evening previous to the appointment, he overtook a negro boy who was blowing a long tin horn, and could, as I have often heard them, send forth a blast with rise, and swell, and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills.

Overtaking the blower, Dow said to him,

'What's your name, sir?'

'My name? Gabriel, sir,' replied the negro.

'Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church Hill?'

'Yes, massa, I'se been dare many a time.'

'Do you remember a big spruce pine tree on that hill?'

'O, yes, massa, I know dat pine.'

'Did you know that Lorenzo Dow had an appointment to preach under that tree to-morrow?'

'O, yes, massa, eberybody knows dat.'

'Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow; and if you will take your horn and go to-morrow morning, and climb up into that pine tree, and hide yourself among the branches before the people begin to gather, and wait there till I call you by name, and then blow such a blast with your horn as I heard a minute ago, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?'

'Yes, massa, I takes dat dollar.'

Gabriel, like Zaccheus, was hid away in the tree top in due time. An immense concourse of people of all sizes and colors, assembled at the appointed hour, and Dow preached on the judgment of the great day. By his powers of description he wrought the multitude up to the opening of the resurrection and the grand assizes at the call of the trumpet peals which were to wake the sleeping nations.

'Then,' said he, 'I suppose, my dying friends, that this should be the hour; suppose you should hear at this moment, the sound of Gabriel's trumpet!' Sure enough, at this moment, the trumpet of Gabriel sounded.

The women shrieked, and many fainted; the men sprang up, and stood aghast; some ran; others knelt down and cried for mercy; and all felt, for a time, that the judgment was sent and the books were opened. Dow stood and watched the driving storm until the fright abated, and some one had discovered the negro angel that caused the alarm, quietly perched on a limb of the old spruce tree, and wanted to get him down to whip him, and then resumed his theme, saying:

'I forbid all persons touching that negro up there. If a negro with a tin horn can frighten you almost out of your wits, what will ye do when you hear the trumpet thunder of the arch-angel? How will ye be able to stand on the great day of the wrath of God?' He made a very affecting application.

Why he Didn't Propose.

'Why did you never think of marriage?' asked I of my friend Lyman Robbins, who is some ten years older than myself and a confirmed bachelor.

'I have thought of it,' said he.

'Well, why didn't you marry, then?'

'I will tell you. You know Frank Palmer, don't you?'

'Yes; he failed last week to the tune of twenty thousand dollars. But what has that to do with your story?'

'Something, as you will see. I was never seriously tempted to make a proposal but once, and that was to Frank's wife—before she was married, do you understand?,

'Oh!' said I, growing interested.—'And why didn't you?'

'You shall know. I was young and romantic at that time—she was beautiful and accomplished. We were thrown together in society and I was just at the age to yield to her fascination. Though I had never expressed my love in words, I suppose my looks betrayed me, and I was quite sure that she was aware of my feelings towards her. Our families being somewhat intimate we were on the same footing, and she treated me in very much the same confidential manner as she would a favorite cousin.'

'Do you think,' I inquired, 'that she was in love with you?'

'No, 'I never thought that. I presume, however, she would have liked to have lured me on to a declaration, and then she would have acted as fancy dictated. One day, when I had made a morning call and was retiring, she told me she was going out shopping, and laughingly proposed to me to go with her and carry the bundles. Having nothing of importance to take up my time, and not being averse to the proposal, partly on account of its novelty and considerably, I rather suspect, on account of the agreeable character of the company I should have, I consented in the same spirit, and in a few minutes we were fairly en route.'

'I have but little to buy,' said my companions. 'You may congratulate yourself upon that, as you will have the less to carry.'

We made our first visit to a dry goods establishment.

'Have you any lace collars?' inquired Caroline. A large quantity were displayed, but they were only five dollars in price, and they were too cheap. At length one was found at seven dollars, with which my companion, at length professed herself satisfied, and decided to take it.

'I suppose,' said she, on going out, 'that I don't really need it, but it was so beautiful I could not resist the temptation.'

A beautiful shawl at the door of a store next caught Caroline's attention. 'I—must certainly go in and look at their shawls. I never saw any precisely like them.'

'New kind,' said she to the clerk. 'Yes; miss just imported from France, warranted to surpass in firmness of texture and durability any now extant. Will you have one?'

'The price?'

'Seventy-five dollars; and cheap at that.'

'Caroline was startled at this announcement.

'That is high,' said she.

'Not for the quality. Just feel it—see how soft it is, and you will not call it expensive.'

'I did not think of getting one to-day; however, I think I must. You may charge it to my father.'

The shawl was folded, enveloped and handed to me by the clerk.

'I suppose father will scold,' said Caroline; 'but it's such a beauty.'

We resched ere long another dry goods store, the placard which, 'Selling off at cost,' proved so seductive that we at once stayed our steps and entered. Caroline rushed to examine the silks; the first specimen offered, which, to my unpracticed eye, seemed of a superior quality, was cast contemptuously aside, and she desired to see the very best they had in the store. Some were shown her at two dollars and a half per yard.

After a while, she ordered twelve yards to be cut off for her. The bill, of course, was sent to her father.

What with the shawl and silk, each of which made a bundle of no inconsiderable size, I was pretty well weighed down and began to be apprehensive of the consequence in case my companion should make any more purchases. She, however, relieved my anxiety by saying that she intended to purchase nothing more. She was only going to step into a jeweller's to have a locket repaired. Accordingly we repaired to the store of a fashionable jeweller. The locket was handed over with the necessary directions.

But this was not all. A lady at the counter was engaged in examining a very costly pair of ear-rings which she was desirous of purchasing, but demurred at the price. At last she laid them down reluctantly, saying, 'they are beautiful, but I do not care to go so high as twenty-five dollars.'

'Let me see them, if you please,' asked Caroline. They were handed to her. She was charmed with them, chiefly, I imagine, on account of the price, for they had little beyond that to recommend them. 'Now, I must absolutely go home,' said she, 'without purchasing anything more.'

For once she kept her word, and I was released my attendance. But the thought that she had expended one hundred and thirty-five dollars, in a single morning's shopping, and on objects none of which, by her own confession, she stood in need, could not help recurring to me, and I decided that until I could find some more rapid way of making money, such a wife would be altogether too expensive a luxury for me to indulge. How far I am right you may judge by Frank Palmer's failure. At all events that is the reason why I didn't propose.'

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER
JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
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The Jobbing Department is thoroughly furnished with new and elegant type of every description, and is under the charge of a practical and experienced Job Printer.—The Proprietors are prepared to

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THE GREAT ETERNAL REMEDY.
FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, STIFF NECK AND JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, CUTS AND WOUNDS, PILES, HEADACHE, AND ALL RHEUMATIC AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

DR. STEPHEN SWEET, OF CONNECTICUT.
The Great Natural Bone Setter.
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Is known all over the United States.
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Cures Toothache in one Minute.
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Is truly a "friend in need," and every family should have it at hand.
DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT
Is for sale by all Druggists. Price 25 and 50 cents.
RICHARDSON & CO.,
Sole Proprietors, Norwich, Ct.
☞ For sale by all Dealers. [June 23 1y 24

PERFECT FREEDOM FROM COUGH IN TEN MINUTES AFTER USE INSURED BY USING BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

Reference can now be given to some of the principal Physicians in the country, by whom these Wafers have used the above remarkable results in the fullest success, in various cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Sore Throat, Influenza, Irritation of the Throat, &c. The success of this remedy is owing to its immediate effect in allaying the moisture of the climate induces great prevalence to Colds, &c., and a certainty of the efficiency of a medicine is required to avoid Consumption and ultimate death. This has only altogether recently introduced in this vicinity, but the demand for it has been so great that it has been placed in its merits by those who have given it a fair and impartial trial. Price, 25 cents per box.
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718 ARCH STREET,
(below 8th south side,)
PHILADELPHIA.

Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of FANCY FURS! for Ladies' and Children's Wear.

I wish to return my thanks to my friends of Lancaster and the surrounding counties, for their very liberal patronage extended to me during the last few years, and would say to them that I now have in store, of my own Importation and Manufacture a very extensive assortment of all the different kinds and qualities of Fancy Furs, for Ladies and Children, that will be worn during the Fall and Winter seasons.

Being the direct Importer of all my Furs from Europe, and having them all Manufactured under my own supervision—enables me to offer my customers and the public a much handsomer set of Furs for the same money. Ladies please give me a call before purchasing! Please remember the name, number and street.

JOHN FAREIRA,
No. 718 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
sep 15 3m 36

AUCTIONEERING.
The undersigned offers his services to the public as an Auctioneer. He will attend to the crying of sales of real estate, personal property, and in fact to all matters pertaining to an Auctioneer's calling.

His charges will be moderate, and he respectfully solicits a share of custom.

Calls by letter or otherwise will receive prompt attention. My address is Kirkwood P. O., Lancaster county, Pa.

SIMEON W. SWISHER.
Kirkwood, November 2, 1863. [nov 3 4t* 43

AUCTIONEERING.
BENJAMIN F. ROWE respectfully informs the public that he will attend to Crying Sales of Real and Personal property in any part of the county.

Those wishing his services are requested to apply to Gerardus Clarkson, Esq., at the Prothonotary's Office, who will promptly attend to the matter.

Letters addressed to me at Smithville P. O., Lancaster county, will be promptly attended to. [feb 17 tf 7

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A LARGE STOCK OF
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FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, STIFF NECK AND JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, CUTS AND WOUNDS, PILES, HEADACHE, AND ALL RHEUMATIC AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

For all of which it is a speedy and certain remedy, and never fails. This Liniment is prepared from the recipe of Dr. Stephen Sweet, of Connecticut, the famous bone setter, and has been used in his practice for more than twenty years with the most astonishing success.

AS AN ALLEVIATOR OF PAIN, it is unrivalled by any preparation before the public, of which the most skeptical may be convinced by a single trial.

This Liniment will cure, rapidly and radically, Rheumatic Disorders of every kind, and in thousands of cases where it has been used it has never been known to fail.

FOR NEURALGIA, it will afford immediate relief in every case, however distressing.

It will relieve the worst cases of HEADACHE in three minutes and is warranted to do it.

TOOTHACHE also will it cure instantly.

FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY AND GENERAL LASSITUDE arising from imprudence or excess, this Liniment is a most happy and unfailing remedy. Acting directly upon the nervous tissues, it strengthens and revivifies the system, and restores it to elasticity and vigor.

FOR PILES.—As an external remedy, we claim that it is the *best* known, and we challenge the world to produce an equal. Every victim of this distressing complaint should give it a trial, for it will not fail to afford immediate relief and in a majority of cases will effect a radical cure.

QUINSY AND SORE THROAT are sometimes extremely malignant and dangerous, but a timely application of this Liniment will never fail to cure.

SPRAINS are sometimes very obstinate, and enlargement of the joints is liable to occur if neglected. The worst case may be conquered by this Liniment in two or three days.

BRUISES, CUTS, WOUNDS, SORES, ULCERS, BURNS and SCALDS, yield readily to the wonderful healing properties of Dr. Sweet's Infallible Liniment when used according to directions. Also, CHILBLAINS, FROSTED FEET, INSECT BITES and STINGS.

Every Horse Owner should have this remedy at hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of Lameness will effectually prevent those formidable diseases, to which all horses are liable, and which render so many otherwise valuable horses nearly worthless.

Over four hundred voluntary testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of this Liniment have been received within the last two years, and many of them from persons in the highest ranks of life.

CAUTION.

To avoid imposition, observe the Signature and Likeness of Dr. Stephen Sweet on every label, and also "Stephen Sweet's Infallible Liniment" blown in the glass of each bottle, without which none are genuine.

RICHARDSON & CO.,
Sole Proprietors, Norwich, Ct.
For Sale by all Dealers. [June 16 1y 23

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
SIR JAMES CLARKE'S
CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS!
Prepared from a Prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

This well known medicine is no imposition, but a sure and safe remedy for Female Difficulties and Obstructions, by any cause whatever, and although a powerful remedy, in no way injurious to the constitution.

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N. B.—$1 and 6 postage stamps enclosed to any authorized agent, will insure a bottle, containing over 50 pills, by return mail.

For sale by KAUFMAN & CO., East Orange street, and all Druggists. [feb 17 1y 7

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
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since its organization, has created a new era in the history of Wholesaling Teas in this Country.

They have introduced their selections of TEAS, and are selling them at not over TWO CENTS (2 cents) per pound above Cost, never deviating from the one price asked.

Another peculiarity of the Company is that their Tea Taster not only devotes his time to the selection of their TEAS as to quality, value, and particular styles for particular localities of country, but he helps the Tea buyer to choose out of their enormous stock such Teas as are best adapted to his particular wants, and not only this, but points out to him the best bargains.

It is easy to see the incalculable advantage a Tea Buyer has in this establishment over all others.

If he is no judge of Tea or the Market—if his time is valuable—he has all the benefits of a well organized system of doing business, of an immense capital, of the judgment of a professional Tea Taster, and the knowledge of a superior salesman.

This enables all Tea buyers—no matter if they are thousands of miles from this market—to purchase, on as good terms here as the New York merchants.

Parties can order Teas and will be served by us as well as though they came themselves, being sure to get original packages, true weight and tares, and the Teas are Warranted as represented.

We issue a Price List of the Company's Teas, which will be sent to all who order it; comprising

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JAPAN TEA of every description, colored and uncolored.

This list has each kind of Tea divided into Four Classes, namely: Carg