

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON & SON.

TERMS. Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance. \$1.50, if not paid before the expiration of the year. Single copies, five cents.

OUR AGED MOTHER. Our mother is fast becoming an aged woman. Her hair is turning gray. And wrinkles take the place of smiles.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY. Slightly above the village church-bell, and slightly below the great tower of the steeple, stood a man and a woman.

The Disconsolate Widower. Mr. Jones—an uncommon name, reader—never discovered that he loved his wife to distraction until the very day of her death.

BEWARE OF CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.—At a lively village in Illinois there is a benevolent society, one of whose objects is to watch with care and to take care of its sick members.

Remember that death is the common lot; added the persevering lady. Death doesn't terrify me, returned the widower, in an impressive tone.

soften your sorrow, and God will give you strength to bear this visitation. 'Never!' he exclaimed. 'I do not wish my sorrow softened, and I don't care about strength; in fact, I hope it may fall, and my bodily powers decay, that I may soon follow her to the silent tomb.'

Letter from McArone. From the New York Leader. My Dear Leader: Weary as I am of this sluggish life of peace and ease, I am not permitted to leave it at present for the more kindred delights of the tented field.

How I Was Not Taken Prisoner. I was serving as quartermaster of the 2d New York State Volunteers, in the valley of the Shenandoah, in the spring of 1862.

It is hardly necessary for me to tell exactly how glad we were to meet. I say 'we,' because I can speak confidently of myself, and I am sure, if I can believe in eyes, quite as confidently for my fair friend.

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That country is the most prosperous where labor commands the greatest reward.—BUCHANAN.

It would be useless to deny that during this time my mind was running on all things besides those upon which I was talking.

HONORABLE CONDITIONS.—Many years ago, in what is now a flourishing city in this State, lived a stalwart blacksmith, fond of his pipe and his joke.

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There is no such word as failure.—A. R. A. N. O. S.

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AGRICULTURAL CHEMICAL CO'S. PAULETTE. This fertilizer is composed of night soil and the fertilizer elements of our soil.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME. The Agricultural Chemical Company manufactures a Phosphate of Lime in the most valuable form.

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