## fiamaster Intelligencer.



LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANÜARY 18, 1865.

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| turned upon the soldiers; the visitor <br> said: "P |  |  |
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| $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { and be proud of - } \\ \text { nation's the matter with the girl?' } \\ \text { Nothing, only a sudden blight had }\end{array}\right.$ |  |  |
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| she uphraided herself for her foolishnessof the nirht before, and her harsh treat- |  |  |
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| diers in those glorious fields, and beentitled to the swect pain of feeling a |  |  |
| tender solicitude for them, but shewould he une |  |  |
| all hae vant armies would breathe hername as he breasted the rrimson tide of |  |  |
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| moment hame. In her bittemess ofspirit, bue almost cursed the precipi- |  |  |
| tancy that had brought all this sormowupon her soung life. "Drat it!" the |  |  |
| words were in her bosom, but she lock-ed them there, find rosed her lipsaranst their uttrance. |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| arainst their utterance.For wedis and wetks she nursed hergrief in silenee while the moses faded |  |  |
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| will the sminc reatl: due terts welled |  |  |
| up and blurred the closing lines-thename sought was looked for in vain, |  |  |
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| vais narge inatic | tains. |
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| wood-fire-at-the other shone the glori-ous Christmas tree. The curtain hadbeen drawn from before it, and there itstood shining in splendor. There were |  |
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| and gilt eggs and waving ribbons of allcolors; the lower branches hung heavywith gifts more solid than they were |  |
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| glittering, and all over the tree were |  |
| to look at the tree |  |
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| Maggie. everybody wants! ll round in the house that shut in |  |
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