

Boston Brown Bread.

JACOB STUCK,
S. W. Cor. 7th & King,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

I would most respectfully inform the public that I have commenced to bake the celebrated

BOSTON BROWN BREAD
again, which will be sold in my store, wholesale and retail. Also constantly on hand various and all other kind of bread, made out of the best brands of Flour, Cinnamon Buns and all other Fine Pastry Cakes, Ice Cream and Confectionery.

Orders for Families, Private Parties, Weddings, &c.
from any part of the city received and promptly attended to at reasonable rates.
All are invited to give me a call.
Respectfully,
Jacob Stuck.

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Vienna Bread Bakery and Confectionery,
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I respectfully recommend to the public my fine assortment of
SUGAR COAT AN CAKES,
and all other decorations pertaining to a Christmas Tree. Orders for Private Parties, Weddings and Families promptly attended to at the lowest rates.

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The bar is stocked with the best UNADULTERATED LIQUORS.
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62¢ All kinds of OHIO and VIRGINIA WINES from \$1 up to \$1.50 per gallon.

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62¢ Grand Lunch every night.

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225 & 225 KING STREET,
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Pool Table



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SALOON,
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The best brands of Wines, Liquors, Lager Beer and Segars constantly kept on hand.

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SALOON.
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This is the best place for your unadulterated Wines and Liquors.

For neat and cheap Job Printing call at this office.

better at sunrise even than by sunset. That was the beginning of it. The prime house-keeper wondered what became of her master, until all capacity of astonishment was left while good Yeri and his wife, though they were wonderfully benefited and honored by the judge's friendship, were marvelously puzzled to find an answer to the riddle why Maître Sailer came to their hut four or five times in the week.

One day a barrel of rive—a capital wine in those parts—would be sent with Maître Sailer's compliments; and, within a week, and admirable present of sausage he would receive.

The greatest condemnation of the poor old judge, and the best proof of the honesty of the couple, Yeri and Kristina, were to be found in the fact that the latter never suspected the real basis of all these civilities on the part of the smitten old gentleman.

As for trout, the good woman Kristina, was weary of cooking it, so much of that fish did the good old judge bring to the chafin.

He never said much to Lottie—spoke like a father to her, and certainly never enabled the pretty girl to guess what was in his heart.

The life went on to the end of June, when the mountain grass was ready for the scythe. The old judge, however, had never slept at Yeri's except upon that one particular night when first he began to foretell. He did not know that he had been put in Lottie's room; he supposed it was the guest's chamber.

But upon a particular night in June he had made up his mind to speak to Yeri; and then it was he found that, judge and orator he was, he could not plead for himself.

"What said the old judge to night?" thought the forester. "He does not seem himself."

The time went on, and when at last the judge decided that he would defer it until the morning, the forester made the discovery that it was dark, and the moon would not be up for two hours, so the good judge was invited to stop for the night.

He had no idea that his remaining put the primitive family at any inconvenience; no more than at the moment he learnt that he took Lottie's room from her. But, in fact, the young good-hordest was carried off to her mother's room for the night, while the forester made himself a bed of furs, etc., on the ground of the living-room.

The judge thought the girl looked pale and anxious; but he could not detect that she was in deep tribulation.

A little later, and the forest hut was quite—not a light to be seen. Now, they have a habit in parts of Switzerland of cutting the high grass by moonlight, the belief being common that grass so cut makes better hay than that which falls beneath the scythe in daylight.

The old judge, unable to sleep, was turning over in his mind what he should say on the following day to the forester, when he heard the tinkle of bow-bells, the lumbering of heavy wagons, and the rattle of talking and singing voices, all of which gradually approached. Not ignorant of the custom of moonlight hay making, the old judge found the rustic sounds rather soothing than not, when he thought he heard a tapping at the window.

In breathless silence he listened, and the sound was repeated. He knew that the window was ten or twelve feet from the ground, and that it could only be reached either by a ladder, or by climbing the vine which grew on the wall about the lattice. A thief! What thief would tap at a window? What could a thief hope to steal in that poor place, unless—

The old judge's heart began to beat high. And, as though in reply to his thoughts, a soft, pleasant voice called as the tapping was heard again—
"Lottie!"

He moved off the bed (for he had laid down in his clothes, too weary with thinking over the grand question to undress), and drawing near the window, he saw by the light of the moon which he now just topped the trees, that a black-haired and extremely handsome youth was clinging to the vine, his bright eyes eagerly fixed upon the window.

The old judge silently opened the lattice; there was a low, bright laugh, and the young man leapt lithely into the room.

"And whom have we here?" and, as he cried, the judge, pausing upon the intruder.

The youth uttered a low cry, but offered no resistance.

"What thief is this at night as you?" "Be please your good worship," said a clear, pleasant voice, "I am no thief, but, I beseech, only son of the wood-ranger Kusanah, and I am come to see your Lottie!"

"Thy Lottie?" "Please you, she is my wife!" "Your wife?"

"Ay, messire," 'twas an Unravelled wedding. 'Tis our custom here in this canton; and I am but waiting for my appointment as ranger, which I hope to get by the interest of one Messire Sailer, an ex-judge, who has been a second father to my Lottie, to tell my father and here that we are betrothed, and that we are ready to marry by sunlight!"

"Oh, then the interest Yeri's daughter has shown in the old judge comes out of the hope that he will help thee to thy rangership?" "Exactly so, messire. I am no thief, but I beseech the man, and Lottie's husband by the laws of Unterwald!"

"How long since?" "These fair six weeks!"

The very time during which she had looked at him so earnestly. He understood the look then.

"Begone, young man; I think I may promise thee the place." "Next morning he was very grave, but there was that noble something in his face we are pleased to call resignation."

"Messire Sailer, thou art not well!" cried the forester.

"Nay; better than yesterday. By the way, I saw thee last night! I should have something to say to thee. It is this—I want thy consent to a marriage between Lottie, here, and one Welheim, only son of the ranger, at Kusanah."

The forester busied his hand upon the table as Lottie uttered a cry, and the good wife clasped her hands.

"Never!" said he; "is a rare good for-nought!"

"No said the judge; I'll answer for him."

"Then, judge?" "Yes, he will make her a good husband."

"But he has no post; he is nothing." "I promise you he shall have the under rangership."

"Well, now, messire, when thou pleadest to me, 'tis as thou didst when thou wert a lawyer, and if my girl says ay—"

Lottie looked at the judge, meaningly, and said—"I do not hate him father."

"Then 'tis settled," said Yeri. The old judge left the hut a sadder and a wiser man. The forester, Yeri, wondered why the old judge never came, while the presents were sent as before, and the melancholy house-keeper marvelled that her master gazed up fishing.

Sailer was quite happy, but never a word said he. Not even once again did he go to the hut in the forest, and he benighted by the lesson he had learned—that youth is for youth, and that if it is thrown away in the early summer time of life, it is not to be picked up again in the autumn of existence. For no man can retrace his life.

Barney Rosenblatt, the greenbacker we observe has turned blue, the next thing we may hear of him is that he is turning a somewhat. Barney keeps the Barber shop on east Seventh street near Market. He will give you a first class shave for five cents, hair cutting ten cents. Give him a call.

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