

PROFESSIONAL CARES

LAURIE J. BLAKELY
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Ridgway, [or Benzinger P. O.] Elk Co. Pa.

T. T. A. BRAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

SOUTHER & WILLIS,
Attorneys at Law, Ridgway Elk county Pa., will attend to all professional business promptly.

CHAPIN & WILBUR,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Office in Chapin's Block, Ridgway Elk Co. Pa. Particular attention given to collections and all monies promptly remitted. Will also practice in adjoining counties.

JOHN G. HALL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Ridgway Elk county Penna

DR. W. JAMES BLAKELY
St. Mary's Elk County Pa.

DR. W. W. SHAW
Practices Medicines & Surgery
Centreville Elk Co. Pa.

DR. J. S. BORDWELL
ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN,
(Lately of Warren county Pa.)
Will promptly answer all professional calls by night or day.—Residence one, door East of the late residence of Hon. J. L. Gillis.

DR. C. R. EARLEY, Kersey Elk Co., Pa. Will attend to all call night or day. July 21, 1861.

HOTEL CARDS.
FOUNTAIN HOUSE.
JOHN G. PORTERFIELD, Proprietor.
Ridgway, Elk County Penna.

FRED. KORB'S,
Eagle Hotel
Luthersburg, Clearfield County Pa.

WILLIAM SCHWEM, Proprietor.
Luthersburg, July 27th 1861.—tf.

NATIONAL HOTEL!
Corner of Peach Street and the Buffalo Road,
ERIE PA.

ENOS B. HOYT, Proprietor
This House is new and fitted up with special care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Ridgway, Elk county Pa.,
DAVID THAYER, Prop'r.

HYDE HOUSE
Mrs. E. O. Clements,
Proprietress
Ridgway Elk County Penna.

CLEARFIELD HOUSE,
CORNER OF MARKET AND WATER STS.,
Clearfield Pa.

GEO. N. COLBURN, PROPRIETOR
ST. MARY'S HOTEL
ST. MARY'S ELK COUNTY PENNA,
M. WELLENDORF, Prop'r.

FALLEN HOUSE
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
E. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.

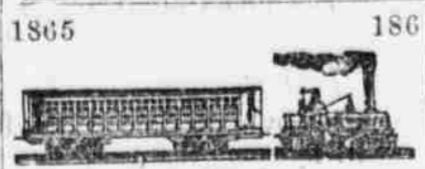
Omnibus running to and from the Depot free of charge.

Moorhead House, Main St. Brookville Pa., C. N. Kretz, Prop'r.
This house has been refitted and furnished in a neat style, and is every way adapted to the wants of the public.

BUSINESS CARDS
WOODS & WRIGHT
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON COUNTY PA.
DEALERS in Flour, Grain and Feed—near the Passenger Depot

The Elk Advocate.

P. W. BARRETT Editor [INDEPENDENT] TERMS—\$1 50 per Annum if paid in Advance
VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. SATURDAY JULY 22 1865 NO 38



PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.—This great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie. It has been leased by the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, and is operated by them. Its entire length was opened for passenger and freight business, October 17th, 1864.

TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT RIDGWAY.
Leave Eastward.
Through Mail Train 1 53 p. m.
Accommodation a. m.
Leave Westward.
Through Mail Train 12 33 p. m.
Accommodation p. m.

Passenger cars run through without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.
ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS on Express Trains both ways between Williamsport and Baltimore, and Williamsport and Philadelphia.
For information respecting Passenger business apply at the S. E. corner 30th and Market Sts.
And for Freight business of the Company's Agents:
S. B. Kingston, Jr. Cor. 13th and Market Sts. Philadelphia.
J. W. Reynolds Erie.
W. Brown, Agent N. C. R. R. Baltimore.
H. H. HOUSTON, Gen'l. Freight Ag't. Phil'a.
H. W. GWINNER, Gen'l. Ticket Ag't. Phil'a.
JOS. D. POTTS, General Manager, Wasp't.

W. T. LESHER,
Dealer in
Clothing, Hats, and Men's Furnishing Goods
WATER STREET,
LOCK HAVEN, CLINTON CO., PA.

ADOLPH TIMM,
Centreville, Elk county Pa.
General Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies &c.—ALSO Furniture, such as Bureaus, Tables, Stands, Bedsteads and Chairs. All kind of Repairing done at reasonable rates.

BOOK STORE,
T. MARY'S, ELK COUNTY PA.
In the room formerly occupied by Doct. Blakely.

COUNTY DIRECTORY
President Judge,
Hon. R. G. White, Wellsborough.
Associate Judges,
Hon. V. S. Brockway, Jay tp.
Hon. E. C. Schultze, St. Mary's.
Sheriff,
P. W. Hays, Ridgway
Prothonotary, Reg. and Rec.
George Ed. Weis, Ridgway
District Attorney,
L. J. Blakely, Ridgway
Treasurer,
Charles Luhr, St. Mary's
County Surveyor,
George Wahlesky, St. Mary's
Commissioners,
Charles Weis, St. Mary's
Geo. Dickinson, Ridgway.
Joseph W. Taylor, Fox.
Auditors,
R. T. Kaylor, Fox
Jacob McCauley, Fox.
H. D. Derr, Benzett

Coal Lands For Sale.
THE subscriber offers for sale the Coal privilege, with the right of mining and other minerals under 405 acres of land situated in Fox tp., Clearfield county Pennsylvania, within 2 miles of the Ridgway & hawmat R. R., which connects with the Phila. & Erie R. R., at Ridgway, with a six foot vein of Bituminous Coal upon it, which is now commanding such enormous prices for manufacturing purposes. For sale cheap, terms cash, a good title given.

For further particulars, address
C. L. BARRETT,
Clearfield P. O.,
Clearfield Co., Pa.
NOTICE.—The Books and accounts of Jacob J. Storer & Co., and Charles H. Gering & Co., of St. Mary's, have been placed in the hands of the undersigned for settlement. Parties indebted to either of the above firms, are notified that their accounts must be settled by payment to the undersigned, within 30 days.
LAURIE J. BLAKELY, Att'y
for GERING & CO. & STORER & CO.
St. Mary's February, 26th '65.—61.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean,
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly move along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to commend,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do!
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you,
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

ALL READY FOR A DUEL.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
Our regiment was stationed at Morgan's Ford. Our colonel had been shot by an Indian guerilla, and our lieutenant colonel had gone home sick, so the command devolved upon our major, whose name was Farewell. He was a middle aged, dashing fellow, given to social enjoyment, on good terms with himself, and as a general thing kept on pretty good terms with those about him. He was naturally free and easy, a fine soldier, and a strict disciplinarian. He was a kind hearted, generous man, though troubled with a temper that sometimes led him into error.

Major Farewell had been in command but a few weeks, when he concluded to send for his wife to come and stop with him through the summer. He had comfortable and commodious quarters, and there was little danger that the Indians would make another attack. I was away on a foraging expedition when Mrs. Farewell arrived, but I returned on the following day, and in season to attend the party which the Major gave on the occasion. The staff and line officers, not kept on duty, were all present, and joy and merriment ruled the hour. Mrs. Farewell was younger than her husband—a handsome, pretty woman—bearing herself with peculiar grace and dignity, with one effort at show or affectation. She assumed no needless reserve, but treated her guests with kindness and consideration, seeming only anxious that all should feel at home, and enjoy themselves.

In that far-off region the laws of total abstinence were not strictly adhered to, and on the present occasion, we not only emptied many bottles of wine, but sundry bottles of "Old Bourbon" were included in the bill of fare. Towards midnight the ladies withdrew, but the officers were not quite ready to retire. The major was in the highest of spirits, and song and story, with flowing goblets, gave us occupation. By and by I proposed a toast, "Mrs. Major Farewell," and it was drunk with three cheers. Why in the world the major should have taken offence I could not comprehend. But he did so, and intimated that I had better not make too free with his wife's name.

"Egad," I replied, without stopping to weigh my words, "if you must have your handsome lady as sacred as that, you ought not to have brought her out here."
"Captain Willett," he cried, rising to his feet, "if you breathe that lady's name again, I'll kick you from my quarters!"
I had started from my seat, when Lieutenant Walker, who sat by my side pulled me back.
"Zounds!" he uttered, in a hurried whisper, "don't say another word. The old major's mad, and he's a bit jealous, too. What do you see?"
As Walker spoke it flashed upon me that Mrs. Farewell had been very attentive to me. She had danced with me four or five times, and had promenade with me upon the piazza. But I could not bear such language as Major Farewell had addressed to me, and in spite

of my friend's remonstrance, I retorted upon him. My blood was heated with whiskey, and I cared no more for the commanding at that time, than I would have cared for our drummer boy.
"By—, sir!" I exclaimed, with an oath which I need not repeat here, "you would have a fine time kicking me out! Perhaps you had better try it now!"
The major sprang towards me, and caught me by the collar. I thought at the time that he meant to strike me, but I was subsequently convinced that he did not. But I struck him—I struck him on the cheek with the flat of my hand. With a hissing oath he drew a pistol from his pocket, but before he could use it, the adjutant caught his arm and three or four of my friends hurried me from the room, and led me away to my own quarters.

On the following morning I awoke with anything but a pleasant feeling, and when I remembered what had transpired during the previous night, I felt wretched enough. I cursed the wine and the whiskey bottle from the bottom of my heart, and inwardly resolved that I would touch the stuff no more. Still I was forced to take a stiff, hot toddy, to steady my nerves, and after I had dressed myself, I sat down to a cup of coffee. I was thus engaged when our adjutant, Lieutenant Bowker, entered my quarters. I bade him good morning, asked him if he would not take breakfast with me.

"Not now," said he, shaking his head. "I have called upon business. Ah, captain, this is a bad affair. Do you remember that you struck the major last night?"
"Yes—I remembered it very well—I remembered it too well."
"He expects you to make an apology," pursued the adjutant.
"And if I do not?"
"Then you must fight him."
"You were present, Bowker, during the whole scene."
"Yes."
"Then I wish you tell me the truth, for I am free to confess that my brain was on a bit of a whirl last night. First, did I in my toast to Major Farewell's wife, give him the least cause for ill feeling?"
"I could see none, captain; but you must remember that he had been drinking."
"Exactly—and in that we were even. And now—did he not, in the presence of the whole company threaten to kick me out from his quarters?"
"Yes."
"And did he not lay his hand upon me before I struck him?"
"I cannot be positive, but I think he did."
"Then," said I, drinking the last of my coffee, "I shall make an apology."
"You will remember," suggested Bowker, "that the major is a dead shot, and that in the handling of the sword he has no superior."
I cared nothing at all about that, I knew the temper of our officers, and I knew that I should be held in light esteem if I allowed Major Farewell to back me down. Once more Bowker asked me if I would apologize.

"I told him not emphatically, 'No.'"
"Then he added, 'I have instructions to deliver this note.'"
"He handed me an unsealed missive, which I found to be a challenge; and by it I was informed that Adjutant Bowker was empowered to make all the necessary arrangements. My warmest friend in the regiment was a first Lieutenant, named Walker, and I sent for him at once, desiring him to act as my second. At first he tried to dissuade me from fighting, but when he found that I would not retract, he consented to serve me, though I could see very plainly that he liked not the business. He asked me if I had any instructions to give him.
"Only two items," I replied. "First: I will fight with pistols, and second: As my nerves are somewhat unstrung, I would like that the affair be put off till to-morrow morning."
Walker went out with the adjutant, and when he returned, he informed me that the arrangements were all made. We were to meet at seven o'clock to-morrow morning—weapons, pistols—distance, twelve paces—our seconds to toss for choice of position—to fire at the word of command.

After dinner I sat down alone to arrange my affairs. I wrote several letters which I sealed and enclosed in a single envelope, to be sent off by my clerk in case I should fall. My property I gave into Walker's charge, with instructions to dispose of it. When matters had been thus arranged it was well towards evening, and taking a light cane in my hand, I walked out for a breath of fresh air. Not far from the camp were Morgan's Falls, a wild, romantic spot, where the water of the river tumbled over a huge bed of rocks; and towards this spot I bent my steps. Just above the falls was a bridge of logs, from which could be obtained one of the grandest scenes that ever blessed the eye of an artist. As I reached the summit of an eminence near the falls, I saw a woman and a child standing upon the bridge; but lost sight of them for a time as I descended into the shrubbery. I was just emerging from the thicket, when a sharp piercing cry of agony broke upon my ears. I sprang to the bridge, and there saw the woman—alone. She was wringing her hands, and shrieking like a crazy creature. I was not many seconds in comprehending the truth. Below the bridge, floating away, upon the troubled water, I saw the child, its spreading garments buoying it up, and I could hear the tinny voice calling, "Mamma, mamma!"
There was not a moment to lose. The child was going nearer and nearer the falls—nearer and nearer its death! It was a fearful risk for me; for the chances were that I should be taken over in the hissing boiling surge below the rocks. But what was the risk to me then? If I died in the river, I should not stand in the way of Major Farewell's bullets. I had better a thousand times give up my life than throw it away in the duel. The woman saw me and appealed to me for help; but my coat was off before she had discovered me, and in a moment more I was in the water, striking out with all my power.

The child was half way from the bridge to the falls when I started; but I swam rapidly, and caught it just as it had reached the point where the waters began to gather for the plunge. It was a girl not more than three or four years old, with bright golden ringlets; large blue eyes and a face like a cherub. She clasped her arms about my neck, and called me "papa."
"O, papa, papa, good papa, don't let Kitty go into that wicked place down there!"
With all my might I held up the child and struck for the shore; but it was not to be. It had been drawn into the swift current and no mortal could have with stood it. The prospect of the morrow took from me all fears of the present, and I was more calm and collected than I might otherwise have been. As soon as I realized that I must go over the falls I turned every thought to saving the child; for, even in those few short moments, the little darling had won strangely and deeply upon my love.

Nearer and nearer; swifter and swifter; the roar of the mad waters growing louder and louder, until at length the edge was reached. Close to my bosom I bore the child, shielding it as well as I could; and in a moment more my eyes were enclosed beneath to boiling flood. Down, down; down; then afond like a top; then away over a bed of smooth rocks; and when I finally opened my eyes I saw the shore not far off, and I quickly discovered that I could stand upon my feet with my head out of the water.

I reached the shore just as three or four soldiers came down from the mule path, and they helped me to a bed of moss, and took the child from my arms.
"Was the child safe?"
They told me yes. I looked up and saw the cherub smile; and then my brain whirled in the flood, and I sank into the arms of one of my men, dizzy and faint.
When I came to myself I was upon my own bed, and Walker was my orderly by my side. I started up and looked around, and was not long in remembering what had happened. My first inquiry was for the child I had saved.
"The nurse took it away," replied my orderly, "and it was alive and well."
"Whose child was it?"
But neither Walker nor the orderly knew. The woman who had hid in charge was a stranger, and anxiety upon my account had prevented their asking her any questions.

It was now eight o'clock, and I had been in my quarters an hour. I arose, feeling quite sore, and my left arm was so lame that I could not lift it. I took a little warm wine, and ate a light supper, and by ten o'clock I felt quite strong.
In the morning I felt sore and stiff, and was forced to hang my arm in a sling. Walker, when he came, suggested that the duel be put off; but I would listen to no such disposition. A few glasses of wine made me feel better, and I believed my right hand would be steady enough. At half past six we took our pistols and started for the scene of action, which was in a secluded spot on the river, about half a mile below the falls. I felt somewhat fatigued when I reached the place, and was forced to call upon my second for his whiskey flask. In a little while the major and the adjutant made their appearance, and I suggested to Walker that I would like to have the affair over as soon as possible. I was growing weak and shaky, though I did not tell him so. He had opened the pistol case, and was taking out the weapons, when Mr. Bowker approached us.

dest scenes that ever blessed the eye of an artist. As I reached the summit of an eminence near the falls, I saw a woman and a child standing upon the bridge; but lost sight of them for a time as I descended into the shrubbery. I was just emerging from the thicket, when a sharp piercing cry of agony broke upon my ears. I sprang to the bridge, and there saw the woman—alone. She was wringing her hands, and shrieking like a crazy creature. I was not many seconds in comprehending the truth. Below the bridge, floating away, upon the troubled water, I saw the child, its spreading garments buoying it up, and I could hear the tinny voice calling, "Mamma, mamma!"
There was not a moment to lose. The child was going nearer and nearer the falls—nearer and nearer its death! It was a fearful risk for me; for the chances were that I should be taken over in the hissing boiling surge below the rocks. But what was the risk to me then? If I died in the river, I should not stand in the way of Major Farewell's bullets. I had better a thousand times give up my life than throw it away in the duel. The woman saw me and appealed to me for help; but my coat was off before she had discovered me, and in a moment more I was in the water, striking out with all my power.

The child was half way from the bridge to the falls when I started; but I swam rapidly, and caught it just as it had reached the point where the waters began to gather for the plunge. It was a girl not more than three or four years old, with bright golden ringlets; large blue eyes and a face like a cherub. She clasped her arms about my neck, and called me "papa."
"O, papa, papa, good papa, don't let Kitty go into that wicked place down there!"
With all my might I held up the child and struck for the shore; but it was not to be. It had been drawn into the swift current and no mortal could have with stood it. The prospect of the morrow took from me all fears of the present, and I was more calm and collected than I might otherwise have been. As soon as I realized that I must go over the falls I turned every thought to saving the child; for, even in those few short moments, the little darling had won strangely and deeply upon my love.

Nearer and nearer; swifter and swifter; the roar of the mad waters growing louder and louder, until at length the edge was reached. Close to my bosom I bore the child, shielding it as well as I could; and in a moment more my eyes were enclosed beneath to boiling flood. Down, down; down; then afond like a top; then away over a bed of smooth rocks; and when I finally opened my eyes I saw the shore not far off, and I quickly discovered that I could stand upon my feet with my head out of the water.

I reached the shore just as three or four soldiers came down from the mule path, and they helped me to a bed of moss, and took the child from my arms.
"Was the child safe?"
They told me yes. I looked up and saw the cherub smile; and then my brain whirled in the flood, and I sank into the arms of one of my men, dizzy and faint.
When I came to myself I was upon my own bed, and Walker was my orderly by my side. I started up and looked around, and was not long in remembering what had happened. My first inquiry was for the child I had saved.
"The nurse took it away," replied my orderly, "and it was alive and well."
"Whose child was it?"
But neither Walker nor the orderly knew. The woman who had hid in charge was a stranger, and anxiety upon my account had prevented their asking her any questions.

It was now eight o'clock, and I had been in my quarters an hour. I arose, feeling quite sore, and my left arm was so lame that I could not lift it. I took a little warm wine, and ate a light supper, and by ten o'clock I felt quite strong.
In the morning I felt sore and stiff, and was forced to hang my arm in a sling. Walker, when he came, suggested that the duel be put off; but I would listen to no such disposition. A few glasses of wine made me feel better, and I believed my right hand would be steady enough. At half past six we took our pistols and started for the scene of action, which was in a secluded spot on the river, about half a mile below the falls. I felt somewhat fatigued when I reached the place, and was forced to call upon my second for his whiskey flask. In a little while the major and the adjutant made their appearance, and I suggested to Walker that I would like to have the affair over as soon as possible. I was growing weak and shaky, though I did not tell him so. He had opened the pistol case, and was taking out the weapons, when Mr. Bowker approached us.

dest scenes that ever blessed the eye of an artist. As I reached the summit of an eminence near the falls, I saw a woman and a child standing upon the bridge; but lost sight of them for a time as I descended into the shrubbery. I was just emerging from the thicket, when a sharp piercing cry of agony broke upon my ears. I sprang to the bridge, and there saw the woman—alone. She was wringing her hands, and shrieking like a crazy creature. I was not many seconds in comprehending the truth. Below the bridge, floating away, upon the troubled water, I saw the child, its spreading garments buoying it up, and I could hear the tinny voice calling, "Mamma, mamma!"
There was not a moment to lose. The child was going nearer and nearer the falls—nearer and nearer its death! It was a fearful risk for me; for the chances were that I should be taken over in the hissing boiling surge below the rocks. But what was the risk to me then? If I died in the river, I should not stand in the way of Major Farewell's bullets. I had better a thousand times give up my life than throw it away in the duel. The woman saw me and appealed to me for help; but my coat was off before she had discovered me, and in a moment more I was in the water, striking out with all my power.

The child was half way from the bridge to the falls when I started; but I swam rapidly, and caught it just as it had reached the point where the waters began to gather for the plunge. It was a girl not more than three or four years old, with bright golden ringlets; large blue eyes and a face like a cherub. She clasped her arms about my neck, and called me "papa."
"O, papa, papa, good papa, don't let Kitty go into that wicked place down there!"
With all my might I held up the child and struck for the shore; but it was not to be. It had been drawn into the swift current and no mortal could have with stood it. The prospect of the morrow took from me all fears of the present, and I was more calm and collected than I might otherwise have been. As soon as I realized that I must go over the falls I turned every thought to saving the child; for, even in those few short moments, the little darling had won strangely and deeply upon my love.

Nearer and nearer; swifter and swifter; the roar of the mad waters growing louder and louder, until at length the edge was reached. Close to my bosom I bore the child, shielding it as well as I could; and in a moment more my eyes were enclosed beneath to boiling flood. Down, down; down; then afond like a top; then away over a bed of smooth rocks; and when I finally opened my eyes I saw the shore not far off, and I quickly discovered that I could stand upon my feet with my head out of the water.

I reached the shore just as three or four soldiers came down from the mule path, and they helped me to a bed of moss, and took the child from my arms.
"Was the child safe?"
They told me yes. I looked up and saw the cherub smile; and then my brain whirled in the flood, and I sank into the arms of one of my men, dizzy and faint.
When I came to myself I was upon my own bed, and Walker was my orderly by my side. I started up and looked around, and was not long in remembering what had happened. My first inquiry was for the child I had saved.
"The nurse took it away," replied my orderly, "and it was alive and well."
"Whose child was it?"
But neither Walker nor the orderly knew. The woman who had hid in charge was a stranger, and anxiety upon my account had prevented their asking her any questions.

It was now eight o'clock, and I had been in my quarters an hour. I arose, feeling quite sore, and my left arm was so lame that I could not lift it. I took a little warm wine, and ate a light supper, and by ten o'clock I felt quite strong.
In the morning I felt sore and stiff, and was forced to hang my arm in a sling. Walker, when he came, suggested that the duel be put off; but I would listen to no such disposition. A few glasses of wine made me feel better, and I believed my right hand would be steady enough. At half past six we took our pistols and started for the scene of action, which was in a secluded spot on the river, about half a mile below the falls. I felt somewhat fatigued when I reached the place, and was forced to call upon my second for his whiskey flask. In a little while the major and the adjutant made their appearance, and I suggested to Walker that I would like to have the affair over as soon as possible. I was growing weak and shaky, though I did not tell him so. He had opened the pistol case, and was taking out the weapons, when Mr. Bowker approached us.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Major Farewell wishes to speak before we proceed any further."
"I am ready to listen," I replied, only let him be as brief as possible."
Presently the Major came towards me.

"Captain," he said with a preceptible tremulousness in his tone, "I have challenged you, and the arrangements are all made. I will stand where I am and you may fire at me."
"You mean we will exchange shots," said I.

"No," he returned, "I cannot fire at you."
"But sir, what means this?" I demanded in amazement.
"Do you not know?" he asked, seeing equally amazed.
I assured him that I did not.
"You saved a child last night."
"Yes," said I. "I saved a cherub."
"Do you know whose cherub it was?"
I told him that I had not the least idea.

With a quick movement he advanced and caught my hand.
"Captain Willett," he exclaimed, with strong emotion, "that child was mine. You may have your shot, but I would rather die a thousand deaths than lift my hand against the preserver of my precious darling."
I tried to make some reply, but I could not speak coherently. I had been growing weaker and weaker, and my head was whirling, and the sound of rushing hissing waters rang in my ears.

"Ah, the ordeal at the falls was too much for him," I heard Walker say, as he caught me in his arms.
"Captain—Captain! forgive me!—pardon me!—I was all to blame."
So I heard the Major speak, I pressed his hand, and tried to smile.

I was sick for a long time; but I had the best and tenderest of nursing. Mrs. Farewell was like a mother, or like a loving sister, to me, and the Major was not jealous. And when I grew stronger the bright eyed cherub was my companion. And, as she wound her tiny arms about my neck, and pressed her warm lips to my boarded cheek, she said that she loved me very much, and that I must always be her "other papa."

SEEING IT IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT—Col. Hatch, one of the rebel commissioners, is now in Libby prison. Just after his imprisonment he sent for General Mulford, our commissioner of exchange, and asked:
"Do you think this is proper treatment for me?"
"What is the matter?" inquired Mulford.

"Don't you see," replied Hatch, with profane emphasis, "there is not a pane of glass in these windows?"
"O, is that all?" answered Mulford; "why Hatch, I have been telling you for the last two years there was not any glass in those windows."

A NOBLE WOMAN.—A scene recently took place at a Paris wedding, in which the refining influence of love and French politeness combined to make a very charming picture. The bridegroom an honest and industrious lock-smith, was uneducated, and when called on to join the register, marked across. The bride on the contrary, although belonging to a poor family, had received an excellent education. Nevertheless, when the pen was passed to her, she also signed a cross. The bridesmaid, a former school-fellow of the bride, having expressed her astonishment, the young wife replied: "Would you have me humiliate my husband? To-morrow I will commence teaching him to read and write."

THE WAY TO AVOID CALUMNY.—"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his ounces may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said: "It is no matter; I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken disrespectfully of him said: "I am sure he would not do it, if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—a good conscience.

John Minor Botts has defined his position. He is not opposed to the new State of West Virginia; acknowledges Francis H. Pierpont as lawful Governor of Virginia; accepts the abolition of slavery; doubts the validity of the constitution framed at Alexandria, and is opposed to the appointment of disloyal men to office.

The young lady to her water fall—
"False one, I love the still."

An Irishman seeing an undertaker carrying a coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise: "By the Saint O'Dunnis O'shig! is it possible that, that coffin can be intended for any living creature?"

A French priest, who had usually a small congregation, was one day preaching at the church in a village, when the doors being open, a gauder and several geese came strolling up the middle aisle. The preacher availing himself of the circumstance, observed that he could no longer find fault with the people of this district for non-attendance; because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.