Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & DERN, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McCRUM & DERN, Publishers and Proprietors.

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All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

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Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.

Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square.

TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &C.

Presbyterian, Rev. A. B. Clark, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7½ o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the Lecture Room. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in the same room.

Methodist Episcopal, Rev. S. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening. Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 2 o'clock, P. M. General Prayer Meeting in same room every Wednesday evening. Young Men's Prayer Meeting every Friday evening.

Evangelical Lutheran, Rev. Jacob Speck, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and at 7½ o'clock in the evening. Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 1½ o'clock, P. M. Prayer Meeting in same room every Wednesday evening.

United Brethren, Rev. D. Speck, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and in the evening at 7½ o'clock. Sabbath School in the Lecture Room at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in same room.

Protestant Episcopal, Rev. R. W. Oliver, Pastor.—Divine Service 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 10½ o'clock A. M., and 4½ P. M. Sunday School at 9 o'clock A. M.

Catholic, Rev. John Twisons, Pastor.—Preaching at 10½ o'clock in the morning, and at 3½ in the afternoon.

Baptist, B. H. Fish, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and also in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M.

African Methodist, Rev. Snyder Cas, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening, in the old Union School House.

ALTOONA MAIL SCHEDULE.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern Way and Hollidaysburg at	11 00 A.M.
Western "	8 00 A.M.
Hollidaysburg	6 10 P.M.
Eastern Through Mail	8 00 "
Western Trough, (Saturdays,)	8 00 "

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern Through Mail,	8 35 A.M.
Western Way and Hollidaysburg,	11 30 P.M.
Eastern " " "	6 45 "

Office open for the transaction of business from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M., during the week, and from 8 to 9 o'clock, A. M. on Sunday.

June 4, '57-tf] JOHN SHOEMAKER, P. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

Express Train East arrives 2,48 A. M., leaves 2,55 A. M.
" " West " 8,35 " " 8,55 "
Mail " East " 6,25 P. M. " 6,45 P. M.
" " West " 10,00 " " 10,05 "
Fast Line " East " 11,30 A. M. " 11,50 A. M.
" " West " 6,45 P. M. " 7,10 P. M.

The HOLLIDAYSBURG BRANCH connects with Express East, Mail Train East and West and with Fast Line East.

The MARTINSBURG BRANCH connects with Johnstown Express East and West, Express Train West and Mail Train East.

Dec. 21, '56-tf] THOS. A. SCOTT, *Sup't.*

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

Mountain Lodge, A. Y. M., No. 281, meets on second Tuesday of each month, in the third story of the Masonic Temple, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Mountain Encampment, A. Y. M., No 10, meets on the fourth Tuesday of each month, in the third story of the Masonic Temple, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Altoona Lodge, I. O. of O. F., No. 473, meets every Friday evening, in the second story of the Masonic Temple, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Veranda Lodge, I. O. of O. F., No. 532, meets every Friday evening, in the third story of Patton's Building, on Virginia street, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Winnebago Tribe, No. 35, I. O. R. M., hold stated Councils every Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. Hall, in the Masonic Temple. Council Fire kindled at 7½ run 30th breath. W. A. ADAMS, *C. of R.* [June 25, '57-1y

Junior Sons of America, Camp No. 31, meets every Monday night in the third story of Patton's Hall, at 7½ o'clock P. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts—President, Hon. George Taylor.—Associates, J. Penn Jones, David Caldwell.
Prothonotary—Joseph Baldridge.
Register and Recorder—Hugh A. Caldwell,
Sheriff—George Port. Deputy—John McClure.
District Attorney—Benj. L. Hewit.
County Commissioners—James Hutchison, David M. Conn, J. R. McClarlane.
County Surveyor—James L. Gwinn.
Treasurer—S. Hoover.
Auditors—J. W. Tippery, S. Morrow, A. C. McCartney.
Poor House Directors—C. Guyer, George Weaver, Samuel Shiver.
Coroner—James Funk.
Superintendent of Common Schools—John Dean.

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—Jacob Good, J. M. Cherry.
Burgess—E. M. Jones.
Council—James Lowther, R. H. McCormick, John Dean, Peter Reed, Nelson Glanding.
President of Council—R. H. McCormick.
Clerk to Council—John McClelland.
Borough Treasurer—James Lowther.
School Directors—George. W. Patton, C. B. Sink, C. C. Wilson, Geo. W. Sparks, Joseph Moist, Wm. C. McCormick.
Treasurer of School Board—Wm. C. McCormick.
Chief Constable—Joseph K. Ely.
Tax Collector—John McClelland.
Auditors—O. D. Thomas, Thos. McMinn.
Assessor—John McClelland.
Assistant Assessors—Daniel Price, David Dehl.
Judge of Elections—East Ward—John B. Warfel.
" " West " Jacob Good.
" " North " Alexander Riling.
Inspectors—East Ward—E. A. Beck, Alex. Montgomery.
" West " J. H. Roberts, M. Claubaugh.
" North " Wm. Valentine, Wm. Reed.

LIQUORS.—A LARGE AMOUNT of well selected LIQUORS has been received at the "LOGAN HOUSE," Hollidaysburg, which will be sold at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. The man who wants has only to call. [Dec. 17, tf.

HENRY LEHR'S STORE IS IN John Lehr's old stand, nearly opposite McCormick's store, in North Ward. June 18, '57-1y.

FIGS, DATES, PRUNES, CITRONS and Currants in store and for sale by WM. N. SHUGARD, March 25, '58-1y] 191 North 3d street, Philadelphia.

ALMONDS, WALNUTS, CREAM Nuts and Filberts in store and for sale by WM. N. SHUGARD, March 25, '58-1y] 191 North 3d street, Philadelphia.

PURE WHITE LEAD AND ZINC Paint, also Chrome, Green, Yellow, Paris Green, dry or ground in oil, at [1-tf.] KESSLER'S.

MOVERING AND NEW ORLEANS Molasses, of fair prices, at June 18, '58-1y] HENRY LEHR'S.

GROCERIES.—A LARGE AND complete assortment of Groceries have just been received at the store of J. B. HILLEMAN.

Select Poetry.

THE DYING WIFE.

Though many a sorrow stricken heart may bleed afresh and many a manly eye grow dim with tears over the remembrances of a reality which the following beautiful lines will awaken, no one, we are sure, will blame us for publishing them:

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
Let me feel her sweet warm breath;
For a strange chill o'er me passes,
And I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure—
Scarcely given ere I go;
Feel her rosy dimpled fingers,
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,
But a blessed shore appears;
Kneel beside me husband dearest,
Let me kiss away thy tears.
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,
Strive from midnight until day,
It may leave an angel's blessing
When it vanishes away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
'Tis not long she can be there;
See! how to my heart she nestles,
'Tis the pearl I love to wear.
It in after years beside thee,
Sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music,
And her face than mine more fair.

If a cherub call the 'Father!'
Far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born! Oh, my husband!
Turn not from the motherless,
Tell her sometimes of her mother—
You can call her by my name!
Shield her from the winds of sorrow;
If she errs, oh! gently blame.

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping;
I will answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets,
When my voice in blessings falls.
Her soft, black eyes, will brighten
And wonder whence it came;
In her heart, when years pass o'er her,
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal
Walks between two angels here;
One records the ill'but blots it,
If before the midnight drear.
Man repenteth—if uncancelled,
Then he seals it for the skies;
And the right-hand angel weepeth,
Bowing low with veiled eyes.

I will be her right-hand angel,
Scaling up the good for Heaven;
Striving that the midnight watches
Find no misdeed unforgiven.
You will not forget me, husband.
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod?
Oh, love the jewel given us,
As I love thee—next to God.

Select Miscellany.

A MARRIAGE OR A DUEL.

There is a deal of talk in the Parisian world about a marriage which has just taken place It is the denouement of rather rather a romantic adventure.

Sir Edward S——, a baronet, twenty-eight years of age, of an aggreeable appearance, fine family, with an income of 25,000 livres, was terribly afflicted with ennui, and with that English malady, the spleen. Nothing surprising in that Byron would have had the spleen and would have blown out his brains, had he remained in England. Happily for him he could live in Italy, die in Greece, and he was saved by the Mediterranean, that smiling and poetic sea, which saw the birth of Venice, and the dangerous enchantments of which Othello compares the perfidious graces of his wife. That sea was needed for the sumptuous vessel of Lara.

Sir Edward, then, was dying of ennui. The blondes of England had no attraction for him. All the marriageable young ladies and their mothers addressed their most provoking smiles to him but without effect. Sir Edward decided to fly from England. He went on board the first steamer he saw, without even inquiring the destination. The steamer sailed and some hours afterwards entered the port of Ostend. He walked along the wharf where every day assembled bathers from all countries. There he met the Viscountess de V——, a young widow and of charming and perfect Parisian beauty. He saw her, and immediately loved her. Too essentially English to dare to speak to her, he contented himself with following her.—He stopped at the same hotel with her. He followed her everywhere; and everywhere she perceived him, almost her shadow. This dumb homage fatigued her.—All her efforts to escape it were in vain. At last she determined to fly from her impassioned adorer. She warned no one of her resolution, rose at five in the morning, had her trunks put on a coach, and started for the railroad which would take her to Brussels. She found Sir Edward in the same coach.

At Brussels, instead of going to Paris she had herself driven all about the city, and then took the cars for Cologne.—There she again found Sir Edward, who still maintained the most respectful silence—he had not been introduced.

At Cologne the Viscountess stopped with a lady friend, who possessed a charming residence. She passed two days, departed in the middle of the night, and took the train for Strasburg. She this time did not see Sir Edward; doubtless he had lost all traces of her. At Strasburg she had a brother, the young Count de P——, sub-lieutenant in the huzzars, whose regiment was garrisoned there.—He could deliver her from the indiscret Englishman.

At Strasburg, however, she learned that her brother had obtained leave of absence and had quitted the city. So she went to the Hotel d' Angletere, and in order not to risk the arrival of Sir Edward she engaged all the rooms until the next day, up to the very moment of her departure.—She had hardly entered her room after having made this agreement with the landlord when Sir Edward arrived, and asked for a room.

'Impossible! I have not one vacant!'

'How! not one even?'

'Not one.'

'But this vestibule—it has not been let!'

'No, sir.'

'Very well, I'll take it. I'll pay you ten guineas a day. This is my first day.'

'Well,' said the landlord incapable of resisting this argument, 'if the lady has leased all my rooms she has not leased all my entries. It is a bargain."

Left alone, Sir Edward walked up and down before the room of the Viscountess. Suddenly the door opened and she appeared. She was thunderstruck on preceving him, but, carried away by impatience asked, 'Once for all, sir, will you tell me why you are so obstinately bent upon following me?'

The Englishman very respectfully thanked the Viscountess for having designed to commence a conversation with him who never would have dared to begin, and by his peserved and impressive replies so much embarassed the lady, that she finally told him that she was married, and to rid herself of his presence presented to him a fellow traveler, stopping at the hotel, as her husband. Sir Edward when she left him was in despair, but then consoled himself by thinking, 'I will kill her husband."

And so he sought a quarrel with the pretended husband, who, being something of a coward gave up his marital rights at the sigbt of two pistols politely offered him.

'I thought that I was dealing with a true husband,' said Sir Edward.

'Do not rejoice so much at it,' remarked an unknown person, who intruded upon the conversation at that moment.

'And why?' asked Sir Edward.

'Because you are now dealing with a true brother,' was the answer.

The unknown man was in fact the brother of our heroine. Detained at the moment of his departure, he had returned to dine at the hotel when the landlord told him the story of the Viscountess pursued by the Englishman.

'Sir,' asked the huzzar, 'is this story true?'

The Englishman confessed that it was.

'Can you offer an excuse for such conduct?'

'Yes, sir, my excuse is the purity of my intentions. I am called Sir Edward S——. I have wealth and family. I have the honor to ask of you your sister's hand.'

'My dear sir, I can only transmit your proposition to her. But I make you judge of one point, if my sister don't accept your proposal, does not your conduct to her entitle me to seek satisfaction.'

'Certainly, sir. In five minutes I will return to know your sister's answer, and if she refuses my offer, I place myself at your disposal.'

'Very well, sir, you are a gentleman,' said the officer, extending his hand to Sir Edward. 'I will speak to my sister, and desire her to accept your offer.'

In fact the officer proposed to his sister to marry Sir Edward, the Viscountess having only the bad impression of the young baronet caused by his persecution, avowed that he was young, good looking, a desirable match—but she refused him.

The officer informed Sir Edward of the fact.

'Very well, sir,' replied the Englishman, 'I am at your orders. You have the choice of arms.'

'Pistols! in half an hour I will come to you with seconds.'

But the Viscountess, who doubted the issue of a business in which her brother had interested himself, heard those words and came to them very decided to prevent a duel.

On preceiving her, Sir Edward said that he was about to depart on a long journey, and that he should no longer have the pleasure of seeing her. He begged her to pardon the impetuosity of his conduct, and trusted that she would not preserve a disagreeable remembrance of him.

The Viscountess re-assured him in that respect. Then she spoke to him of the duel—she had heard everything—she did not wish a duel and there should not be a duel.

'Why not? said Sir Edward. Calm yourself, madame. In a duel between two men who love you, there is only danger for him whom you do not love.'

The lady did not understand this, but she did not wish the duel to take place.—While she feared for her brother, she did not care to cause the death of Sir Edward, however, indifferent he was to her. But Sir Edward declared that he would rather die than decline a duel, which would be a baseness on his part. So that finally the Countess cried:

'Well, since there is no other means to stop this duel, learn, cruel man, that—that—that—I love you!'

Sir Edward fell on his knees, and the huzzar discharged his two pistols in the air, exclaiming, 'The family honor is satisfied!'

Accordingly the marriage took place last week. There was a rumor that Alexander Dumas was about to dramatize the incident. Perhaps he has already done so!—*Boston Gazette.*

Terrific Adventure in the Mammoth Cave.

At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark and deep and terrible, known as the Mælstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe, whilst Bengal lights were thrown down it to make its depth visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the cave if he would decend to the bottom of it; but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago a Tennesse professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared to do, and, making his arrangement with great care and precaution, he had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet, but at that point his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville, whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave with Professor Wright, of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the danger and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Mælstrom.—Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength expressly for the purpose. The rope and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of proposed exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the rope, with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus dislodged, and the long continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head to protect it as far as possible, against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened around his body took his place over the awful pit and directed the half dozen men, who held the end of the rope, to let him down into Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard from his own lips an account of the descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock were whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top, he saw a ledge, from which, as he judged from appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit, went rushing down the abyss, and as he descended by the side of the falling water and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished; but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about 18 feet in diameter, with a small opening ot one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black silk silex, of immense size, vastly larger than were ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations, as pure and white as virgin snow. Making himself heard, with great effort, by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit. Reaching the mouth of the cave, he swung himself, with much exertion into it, and, holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach.

The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him.—Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and, by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth. Returning to the mouth of this avenue, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but, not being able to swing himself into it, he fastened the rope around his body, suspened himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top.

The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope, being ill adjusted around his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril. When he was 90 feet from the mouth of the pit and 100 from the bottom, swaying and swinging in the mid-air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued. To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and the party above, though almost exhausted by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Professor Wright, from over exertion and excitement fainted, and remained for a time insensible.

The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Mæstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ An old Dutch Justice of the Peace did up a marriage in this way:

He first said to the man; "Vell, you wants to be marrit, do you? Vell, you lovesh this woman so goot as any one you have ever seen?"

"Yes," answered the man.

Then to the woman—

"Vell do you love dis man so better as any man you ever seen?"

She hesitated a little, and he repeated—

"Vell, do you love him so vell as to be his wife?'

"Yes yes," she answered.

"Vell, that is all any reasonable man could expect. So you are married; I pronounce you man and wife."

The man asked the Justice what was to pay.

"Nothing at all, nothing at all, you are welcome, if it will do you any goot!"

A Child's Laughter.—Is there anything like the ringing laugh of an innocent, happy child? Can any other music so echo through the heart's inner-chambers? It is sympathetic, too, beyond other melodies. When the father is absorbed over his book, which seems to concentrate every faculty, he hears the little boy laughing in his sports, and laughs also, he knows not wherefor. The bright being continually gathering intelligence, casts around us gems of thoughts and pearls of affection, till our path seems paved with precious stones from Heaven's treasury. No day of storm is dark where he is—no wintry evening long. A young child is a full fountain of delight to the house and heart.

A Young Man in a Bad Way.—A sentimental swain of our acquaintance grows romantically ecstatic when the name "woman," is mentioned and says:

There is a "something" than which there is nothing more bewitching; nothing more sweet on the face of God's green earth; a "something" that steals upon and entrances the ear like the sound of flutes dancing over water on a moonlight night; that something is the answering voice of the girl you know it's "all right." (Poor fellow, we know what's the matter with him—he's a goner.)

A Singular Surgical Operation.—A man named Berry, residing at Petersburg Va., was suffering intense pain, last week, from a felon on his hand. On the 7th inst., he seated himself by the track of the Petersburg railroad, and when the train approached, coolly laid his hand on the rail, the cars passing over and severing it from the wrist. The consequence is, that he will have to undergo a second amputation, at the hand of a surgeon.

Most Strange.—A man was once relating a story of being on a locomotive that struck a cow standing on the track, and threw her several rods into a field, where she lit squarely upon her feet, with her head toward the train, and strange to tell wasn't hurt a mite.

'But didn't she look scared?' enquired a listener.

'Well, I don't know whether she was scared or not, but she looked a good deal discouraged.'

☞ It is said to be dangerous to be working with a sewing machine, near a window, when there is a thunder storm.—*Exchange.*

It is dangerous to sit near some sewing machines when there is no thunder storm. At least we have found it so.

☞ Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength. When not used rightly it only serves to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is greatest whose strength carries up the most by the attraction of his own.

Rules for the Journey of Life.

The following rules from the papers of Dr. West, were according to his memorandum thrown together as general way marks on the journey of life:

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to be.

Never to show levity when people are professedly engaged in worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Never on any occasion to retaliate.

Always to take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing with me in political and religous opinions.

Not to dispute with a man more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor an enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest, so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Not to obtrude my advice unasked.

Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanity or vices.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions; especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct and note my feelings.

On all occasions to have in prospect the end of life and future state.

Christian Cheerfulness.

Christian cheerfulness is honorable to God and of happy influence to man. Let the cheering and tranquilizing power of the Gospel break forth and shine from your character. Jeremiah sung psalms in the dungeon. John beheld the brightest visions of the New Jerusalem in Patmos; Bunyan, in later days, composed his Pilgrim in confinement. Luther translated the Bible while in prison. There is very expressive power in Christian happiness, on those who see it from without.—It is a sunshipe amid dripping clouds; a Sabbath heart in a weekday body; and Sabbath speech amid the dialects of Babel. It is brightest when all around is blackest. When our natural affections cease their music, we then hear sung out of the sky unutterable melodies which ear hath not heard: when the world is all gloom, a regenerated soul treads glories out of every pebble, and sees the stars as arteries along which pulsations of felicity reach him.—He can say with Habakkuk, 'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines, the labor of the slave shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the field, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation.'

☞ "Brudder Pete, did you see him see de log afore you saw him saw it?"

"Pete.—"De uninterlectual stupendity of some niggers is perfectly incredulous! Why, I seed him saw it afore I saw him see, it's a consequential ensurance dat he saw he saw'd it afore he saw he seed it; but he couldn't help seein, he saw it afore he saw he saw'd it; for ef he saw de sawin, afore he saw de seein', consequinchilly he must a saw'd it afore he seed it, which is absurdedly—darefore, I must a seed it afore I saw it; *quoddy rat demonstratum.*

☞ Justices' of the Peace have great trouble to make Chinamen comprehend the solemnity of an oath, but a "Squire" at Mud Springs, Californin, has found out how to make the yellow idolators shake in their boots. He recently "swore" one thus: "You do solemnly swear in the presence of God Almighty, that you will tell the truth in the case now on hearing, and if you don't, you hope to be drowned on your way to Canton, and go to hell and be damned."

☞ A bevy of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got grammar, geography, arithmetic, etc. The next got reading, spelling and definitions. "And what do you get, my little soldier?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow who was at that moment slyly driving a ten-penny nail into a door pannel. "Me?—oh I gets readin', spellin' and *spankings.*"

Meanness.—When you see a man in business, who will not advertise or take a newspaper, look out for a mean penurious skinflint, too tight to enjoy good health, and who holds a penny so near his eyes that he can't see a dollar.

☞ Speaking of cheap things—it costs but a trifle to get a wife, but doesn't she sometimes prove "a little dear!"

☞ A horse dealer, in describing a used up horse, said he looked "as if he had been editing a daily newspaper."

☞ In the school of the world as in that of love, we must begin by practising what we wish to learn.