Altoona Tribune.

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

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McCRUM & DERN, Publishers and Proprietors

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,) $1.50
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 Man'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 2½ 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 7½ P. M. Sunday School at 9 o'clock A. M.

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

Baptist, D. H. Fike, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and also in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening.

African Methodist, Rev. Smyrna Cain, 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 Through, (Saturdays.)	8.00 "

MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern Through Mail at	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 "	"	8.45 "
Fast " East "	6.25 P. M.	"	6.45 P. M.
" " West "	10.00 "	"	10.05 "
Mail " East "	11.30 A. M.	"	11.40 A. M.
" " West "	6.45 P. M.	"	7.10 P. M.

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

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

Dec. 27, '56-tf] THOS. A. SCOTT, *Supt.*

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

Mountain Ledge, 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.

Morning Star Chapter, 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. 832, 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 Council 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.

Washington Camp, No. 54, J. S. of A., meets every Tuesday evening, in the 2d story of Patton's Hall.

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. Confer, J. R. McFarlane.
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.
Town Council—James Lowther, R. H. McCormick, John Allison, 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. Mason, Geb. W. Sparks, Joseph Moles, Wm. C. McCormick.
Treasurer of School Board—Wm. C. McCormick.
High Constable—Joseph K. Ely.
Tax Collector—John McClelland.
Auditors—G. 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—F. 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.

MOLASSES AND NEW ORLEANS Syrup Molasses, at fair prices, at
June 18, '57-1y] HENRY LEHR'S.

SALL "THE STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES AT [1-tf.] KESSLER'S.

Select Poetry.

THE INDIAN'S FAREWELL.

Farewell!—I'll seek the farthest verge
Of earth's remotest shore;
There let the Night bird sing my dirge,
When my lone wandering's o'er.

I'll sit upon the ocean brink,
And in its solemn moan—
Fit music for my broken heart—
Forget my distant home.

The white man's foot is on my track,
The bloodhound seeks the hare;
I'll quickly scale some barren rock,
For white men will not spare.

I'll dwell upon some craggy peak,
Where eagles make their nest;
Where ceaseless snows are drifting down,
My weary foot may rest.

Far, far from where my kindred sleep,
Beneath a frigid sky,
Where wintry blasts will freeze my tears,
I'll lay me down and die.

I'll look not to my native land,
But to that blissful shore;
Oppression there ne'er heaves the sigh,
The Indian weeps no more.

Select Miscellany.

The Old Man's Sad Story.

A TALE FOR DISOBEDIENT BOYS.

'What are you doing in the churchyard, old man, looking so gloomy and sad?'

'Ah! young master! I have enough to make me sad and gloomy, when I dwell on the days gone by.'

'O, are you thinking of days gone by? Well tell us some of their history?'

'I will tell you some of their history; but I could almost cry as I do it. Do you see that tombstone? There are those beneath it that I love. Ah! its sixty long years since I saw them, when I ran away from home.'

'Ran away from home! How was that?'

'It seems to me but as yesterday that I ran away from home. That was my home; that cottage there by the trees.—I was then but ten years old; it was my birth-day too. I got up at sunrise, while my father and mother were asleep. Many and many a time had I been undutiful to my mother, and unkind to my father; and the day before he told me how wrong it was. He spoke kindly and in sorrow, but my pride would not hear it. I would leave home.

'My father coughed as I went by his door, and I thought I heard my mother speak to him; so I stood a moment with my little bundle in my hand, holding my breath. He coughed again.—I have seemed to hear that cough in every part of the world.

'When I had unlocked the front door my heart failed me, for my sister had kissed me every night, and told me she had something to tell me in the morning. I knew what it was; she had been knitting me a pair of garters to give me on my birth-day. I turned my back, and opened the door of her little room, and looked at her; but my tears fell on the bed-clothes, and I was afraid it would wake her. Half blinded, I groped down stairs.

'Just as I had gently closed the cottage door, the casement rattled above my head, I looked up and there was my mother.—She spoke to me, and when I did not answer, she cried aloud to me; that cry has rung in my ears ever since, and in my very dreams.

'As I hurried away, I felt, I suppose, as Cain felt when he murdered his brother. My father, my mother, my sister had been kind to me; and I had been unkind to them, and in leaving them, I felt as if I had been murdering them all.

'Had I been a robber I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say this for? I *was* a robber! I was robbing them of their *peace*. I was stealing from them what the whole world could not make up for them; yet on I went. O, that I could bring back that hour! It's sixty years ago; it seems but as yesterday!

'Well my poor old man, where did you go: and when did you come back again?'

'Go? I went to sea, and was out an over the world for ten years. After ten long years I came back again, I hoped to see my home and the dear ones I had left: for I was sorry enough by that time.

'I came back. The hills looked as purple as they did when I used to climb them. The rooks were cawing amongst the elms by the church. I wondered whether they were the same rooks. Then I came to the corner of the hedge, and the old seat where my father used to sit, but there was no signs of him there. A little further on was the patch of ground which my sister called her garden, but she was not walking in it. Yonder was the bedroom window, but my mother was not looking out of it. O, how I thought of her last cry!

'I saw how it was. There are none of them here, thought I, or things would not look as they do. Father would never let the weeds grow in this fashion, or let the thatch fall in; mother and sister would never suffer that straw through the broken panes. I'll rap at the door anyhow. Hark! how hollow it sounds. Nobody stirs. All is silent as the grave. I'll peep in said I to myself, at that window. Ah! it's an empty house, that's clear.—How could it be otherwise? I had borne many a hard day on the deep, but I could not bear this.

'The elderberry was in blossom, just as it was when I ran away; and the woodbine was as fresh as ever, running up to the window out of which my mother called me.'

'But it was of no use in stopping here; I'll cross to the church-yard, thought I, and see if the clerk lives where he did.—But perhaps he wouldn't know me. My cheek was like a rose when I went away, but the sun has made it another color now. Why this is a new gate. How narrow the path is between the graves; how full the churchyard is of them. There is the old sun-dial standing there yet. The last time I was in that church my father was with me: I remember the Vicar preaching upon the text, 'my son, hear thou the instructions of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.' O what a curse we bring upon us, when we despise God's holy word."

"There was my uncle's grave under the old yew tree, I stepped aside to look at it; there was the grave stone. Why, thought I, it's written now all down to the bottom. 'In memory of Humphrey Haycroft',—that's my uncle. What's the next? and Walter Haycroft, his brother'—why that's my father! my poor father—'and Mary his wife.' Oh! my mother and my father, I exclaimed, are you both gone? My eyes burst out in tears. I had never wept like that before."

"But there was another name yet, and I saw it was freshly cut. It was 'Esther Haycroft their daughter;' alas! my sister, too—all, are gone! What did they think of me when I left them? O, how unhappy must I have made them! what a wretch I am! why did not the sea swallow me up when I was wrecked? I deserved it."

'Well, old man enough, you seem very miserable indeed. Thank you for your sad story; I shall not soon forget it. I understand now why you come into the churchyard, sad and gloomy, looking at the graves; it has made me sadder than I was.

'I hope it will make you wiser, too, young sir; learn by my sad history.—Father and mother are sacred things, don't abuse them: You'll be judged if you do: 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.

'But yet I recollect my poor dear mother pointing me to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. 'There is no refuge beside,' said she, 'Christ is able and willing to save.' I don't understand this then; but I hope I do now.'

A Good One--Hog In! Hog Out!

A good one is told of a worthy Deacon in the city of S——, in Northern Ohio.—The Deacon was the owner and overseer of a large pork-packing establishment. His duty it was to stand at the head of the scalding trough, watch in hand, to "time" the length of the scald. "Hog in!" when the just slaughtered hog was to be thrown in the troughs, and "Hog out!" when the watch told three minutes. One week the press of business compelled the packers to labor unusually hard, and Saturday night found the Deacon completely exhausted. Indeed, he was almost sick the next morning when church time came, but he was a leading member, and it was his duty to attend the usual service if he could. He went. The occasion was one of unusual solemnity, as a revival was in progress. The minister preached a sermon well calculated for effect. His peroration was a climax of great beauty. Assuming the attitude of one intently listening, he recited to the breathless auditory:

"Hark! they whisper, angels say"—

"*Hog in*," came from the Deacon's pew, in a sentorian voice. The astonished audience turned their attention from the preacher. He went on, however, unmoved—

"Sister spirit, come away!"

"*Hog out!*" shouted the Deacon—"*Tally Four!*"

This was too much for the preacher and audience. The latter smiled, some snickered audibly, while a few boys broke for the door, to "split their sides" laughing, outside, within full hearing. The preacher was disconcerted—sat down—arose again—pronounced a brief benediction, and dismissed the anything else than solemn minded herrers. The Deacon soon came to a realizing sense of his unconcious interlude, for his brethren reprimanded him severely; while the "boys" caught the infection of the joke, and every possible occasion afforded an opportunity for them to say, "*Hog in!*" "*Hog out!*"

'Sarah,' said a young man the other day to a lady of that name, 'why don't you wear earrings?'

'Because I havn't had my ears pierced.'

'I will bore them for you,' said he.

'I thank you sir; you have done that enough already.'

Signing the Pledge.

Rev. John Abbot, the sailor preacher, relates the following good story of one of his converts to Temperance:—

Mr. Johnson, at the close of a cold water lecture, intimated that he must sign the pledge in his own way, which he did in these words:

"I, William Johnson, pledge myself to drink no more intoxicating liquor for one year."

Some thought he wouldn't stick three days, others allowed him a week, and a few gave him two weeks; but the landlord knew him best, and said he was good stuff, but at the end of the year, Bill would be a good soaker. Before the year was quite gone, Mr. Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbot, "Bill aint you going to renew the pledge?"

"Well, I don't know Jack, but what I will; I have done pretty well so far; will you let me sign it again my own way?"

"O, yes, any way, so that you won't drink rum."

He writes:

"I, William Johnson, sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if living at the end of that time, I intend to take out a lease for life."

A day or two after, Johnson went to see his old landlord, who eyed him as a hawk does a chicken. "Oh, landlord," whined Bill, accompanied with sundry contortions of the body, as if enduring the most excruciating torment, "I have such a lump on my side!"

"That is because you have stopped drinking; you won't live two years longer at this rate."

"If I commence drinking will the lump go away?"

"Yes. If you don't you will have another just such a lump on the other side."

"Do you think so landlord?"

"Come, Bill," said the landlord, "let us drink together," at the same time pouring the red stuff from a decanter into his glass—gug, gug, gug.

"No," says Johnson, "I can't for I have signed the pledge again."

"You ain't though! You are a fool."

"Yes, that old sailor coaxed so hard I couldn't get off."

"I wish the devil had the old rascal.—Well, how long do you go this time?"

"For nine hundred and ninety-nine years." Whispered Bill.

"You won't live a year."

"Well, if I drink, you are sure the lump on my side will go away?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I won't drink; here's the lump," continued Bill, holding up something with a hundred dollars in it; "and you say I will have more such lumps—that's what I want!"

The Teacher.

Mr. Wayland says; "if a teacher can do no more than repeat the questions at the bottom of the page, and hear the ready made answers, he had better quit the business."

How many teachers in this and other counties would have to leave the business if this test were applied? But, says one, what are the questions there for, if not to be asked? Simply as a guide to the teacher, to enable him the more readily to present the whole subject in his own style, and after a manner of questioning that shall be suited to the condition and circumstances of the class.

It is often the case, that one printed question at the bottom of the page can be very profitably divided into several, leading in many other interesting topics connected with the subject, thus extending the range of thought, and opening up fields that would be otherwise untrodden. When this one question (after a division) has been disposed of, the next printed question brings the teacher back again to the subject matter of the lesson. The ingenious and successful teacher seldom ever uses the questions on the page. They are to him suggestions.—*Chester County Times.*

SERMONS.—A correspondent of the *Presbyterian*, thinks that sermons in length should be as follows—"Short sermons, 25 minutes, orthodox sermons, 35 minutes; long sermons, 50 minutes; preposterous sermons, 60 minutes. When a sermon reaches 35 minutes, it has 'passed a Rubicon;' each additional minute is equal to two, till the hour is exhausted; thereafter the increase is in geometrical progression, and the English language does not furnish adjectives sufficiently expressive to describe sermons beyond the 60 minutes. Orthodox sermons may be either long or short, but never preposterous."

☞ An old toper bet he could when blindfolded tell each of the several kinds of liquors. When brandy, whisky, gin and other drinks were prerentad to him, ne pronounced correctly what they were. At length a glass of pure water was given him; he tasted it, paused, tasted it again, considered, and shook his head. "Gentlemen, I give it up, I am not used to these sorts of liquors."

Little Bettie.

'Hand me some water, Buddy, won't you?'

'In a minute, Bettie.'

And Bettie's fervorish cheeks were pressed again to the pillow, and little Harry's hands went on as busily as ever with the trap he was making, and he at length entirely forgot the request.

'Please get it now, Buddy,' he at last heard, and scattering knife, trigger and strings, in his haste, he was soon holding a cup to the crimson lips; but she turned her head languidly from it.

'Not this, please, but some fresh and cold from the well,' she said.

'Oh, don't be so particular Bettie—this is fresh, and I am so busy I can't go now. Won't this do?'

She no longer refused, but quietly took the cup which he offered; and it was the last, *last* time she ever called upon her brother for an act of kindness. Ere another day had passed, she stood beside the River of Life, and drank of its cool waters, never to thirst again. And of all who wept over that little brown coffin, as it lay upon the table before the pulpit, there were none who shed more bitter tears than that little boy, who could not forget that he refused the last request of his little sister.

Little children, are you kind to one another, or are you cross, selfish and fretful? Remember, then, the time may come when they may be beyond your reach;—and then, oh how gladly would you give all you possess to have them back again! You might gather all your books and toys—everything for which you are now so willing to contend; but all you could do with them would be to place them on the grave of one you had wronged. It would not bring them back. Henry was a kind-hearted boy, and dearly loved his little sister, and she had only been sick a little while, so that he did not consider her dangerously ill. But this was no comfort to him when she was gone.

'Oh, mother!' he would say, 'if I had only brought that water for her, I could bear it; but now she is where I can never, never wait upon her again!'

Think of this when you are tempted to quarrel, to be selfish or unkind; for do you know if one of you should die, the rest would remember every act of unkindness, every bitter word which had fallen from your lips? But then it would be too late to recall it—too late to ask forgiveness.—*N. O. Press.*

THE GRAND END OF SOCIETY.—Property continually tends to become a more vivid idea than right. In the struggle for private accumulation, the worth of every human being is overlooked. The importance of every man's progress is forgotten. We must contend for this great idea. They who hold it must spread it about them. The truth must be sounded in the ears of men, that the grand end of society is to place within the reach of all its members the means of improvement, of elevation, of the true happiness of man. There is a higher duty than to build almshouses for the poor, and that is to save men from being degraded to the blighting influence of an alms house. Man has a right to something more than bread to keep him from starving. He has a right to the aids, and encouragements and culture, by which he may fulfill the destiny of a man; and until society is bro't to recognize and reverence this, it will continue to groan under its present miseries.—*Channing.*

A LEGAL POINT.—A few mornings since one of our lawyers was startled from his dreams of rich clients and fat fees by a loud knocking at his office door. He opened the door, when "a gentleman of Africa," commonly known as Mariposa Jack, stood before him.

"Look here, Judge," said he, "I want your opinion on a law pint."

"Well, go on."

"S'pose a man brings some eggs to town and hires anoder nigger to sell 'em, an' dat nigger can't do it and he gibs 'em to me an' I lose de money, kin he do any ting wid me?"

The learned counsel, putting on his wisest look, informed him that he knew of no law to punish him.

"Yah, yah!" chuckled Jack, "I know'd he could'nt in de fust place—kase de—kase—de eggs was rotten any how. Judge, when duz you want your boots blacked?"

POKING FUN AT A CONDUCTOR.—The conductor who was discharged from the employment of one of the Ohio Rairoads some time ago for inviting a friend to ride over the road with him, as he did not like to ride in the train alone, has been re-appointed by the superintendent. He is again the hero of another adventure, which has been made public. On a recent trip the train of which this conductor has charge overtook a cripple limping along by the side of the track, when our hero the conductor kindly invited him to get on and ride. The wooden legged man thanked him, and replied that he would rather not as he was in a HURRY! That conductor thinks seriously of throwing up his commission.

A Caution to Young Men.

A young medical student from Michigan, who had been attending lectures in New York for some time, and considered himself exceedingly good looking and fascinating, made a deadly onset on the heart and fortune of a blooming young lady who was boarding in the same house with him. After a prolonged siege the lady surrendered. They were married on Wednesday morning. The same afternoon the "young wife" sent for and exhibited to the astonished student a "beautiful little daughter," three and a half years of age.

"Good Heavens! then you were a widow," exclaimed the astonished student.

"Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia, my youngest; to-morrow, Augustus, James and Reuben will arrive from the country, and then I shall have all my children together once more."

The unhappy student replied not a word; his feelings were too deep for utterance. The next day the "other darlings" arrived. Reuben was six years old, James nine, and Augustus a saucy boy of twelve. They were delighted to hear they had a "new papa," because they could now live at home and have all the playthings they wanted! The "new papa," as soon as he could speak, remarked that Augustus and James did not much resemble Reuben and Amelia.

"Well, no," said the happy mother, "my first husband was quite a different style of man from my second—complexion, temperament, color of hair and eyes—all different."

This was too much. He had not only married a widow, but was her third husband, and the astonished step father of four children.

"But her fortune," thought he, "that will make amends." He spoke of her fortune

"These are my treasures," said she, in the Roman matron style, pointing to her children.

The conceit was now quite taken out of the Michigander, who finding that he had made a complete goose of himself, at once retired to a farm in his native State, where he could have a chance to render his "byos" useful, and make them sweat for the deceit practiced upon him by their mother.

AN INDIGNANT WOMAN.—A lady thus expatiates upon a delicate topic:—

"A woman who loves unsought, deserves the scorn of the man she loves.

Heaven forgive me! but may the man who penned that paragraph never see another bonnet! May no white dimpled arms encircle his cravat, or buttons vegetate on his shirts. May no rosy lips ever press his moustache, and the fates grant that his dickey strings break short off every morning. May no woman's heart learn to beat faster—except with indignation—at the mention of his name, and may his stockings always need darning.—And when his nerves are all unstrung by disease, and his head throbs with pain, as though an earthquake were brewing in it, may he have nothing in his sick chamber but boot heels, and see not one inch of muslin or calico.

☞ An editor of a country paper thus humorously bids farewell to his readers: "The Sheriff is waiting for us in the next room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic. Major Nab'm says we are wanted and must go. Delinquent subscribers, you have much to answer for. Heaven may forgive you, but I never can!"

THE WIND.—When the wind moves at the rate of one mile an hour, it is hardly perceptible, at two miles an hour it fans us as the gentle zephyr. From ten to twenty, it becomes high, and thirty to fifty characterize storms from light to dark, at eighty miles an hour it becomes a hurricane, and one hundred a tornado.

☞ An eccentric, wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, on which was painted the following: 'I will give this field to any man who is contended.'

He soon had an applicant.

'Well, sir, are you a contended man?'

'Yes, sir, very.'

'Then what do you want with my field?'

The applicant did not reply.

☞ If a man has failed to estimate the affections of a true hearted wife, he will be very likely to mark the value of his loss when the heart which he loved is stilled by death.

☞ "Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence. "Whith all my heart," was the soft response.

☞ Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on the earth will kill it.

☞ Poker Sharp says his wife is equal to five "fulls"—beauti-ful, duti-ful, youth-ful, aw-ful, and arm-ful.