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
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J. J. GOOD, M. D. J. M GEMMILL, M. D.

DRS. GOOD & GEMMILL HAVING entered into Partnership in the Practice of Medicine, respectfully tender their services to the Public in the several branches of their Profession.

Calls will be answered either day or night at their office —which is the same as heretofore occupied by Drs. Hirst & Good,—or at the Logan House.

Dr. GEMMILL REFERS TO
PETER GILBERT, M. D., Prof. Obstetrics in Penn'a Medical College, Philadelphia.
ROBERT SMITH, M. D., Prof. Institutes of Medicine in Penn'a Medical College.
JOHN NEILL, M. D., Prof. Surgery in Pa. Med. Col., and Surgeon to the Pa. Hospital, Philadelphia
J. B. Luden, M. D. Huntingdon, Pa
John McCulloch, M. D. "
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Wm M Lloyd, Esq., Hollidaysburg,
Dr. Cresswell, Jr. Esq. "
Samuel Milliken, Esq. Bell's Mills,
Geo B F Bell, "
John Bell, Esq. "
April 21st, 1859-3m

W. M. LLOYD & CO., ALTOONA, PA., HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.,
JOHNSTON, JACK & CO.,
BANKERS,
(Late "Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co.")
DRAFTS ON THE PRINCIPAL Cities, and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposite, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. Feb. 3d, 1859.

LANDS! LANDS!! LANDS!!! The undersigned is prepared to locate LAND WARRANTS in the Omaha and Nebraska City Land Offices.—Good selections can now be made near the large streams and settlements. The Lands of this Territory, now in market, are of the best quality.
☞ Selections carefully made. Letters of inquiry respectfully answered.
ALEX. F. McKINNEY,
CARROLL, Cass County, N. Ter.
July 14, 1859.-tf
REFERENCES:
Rev. A. B. Clark, Altoona, Pa.
Wm. M. Lloyd & Co., Bankers, Altoona, Pa.
McCrum & Dern, Editors, " "
Thos. A. Scott, Supt. P. R. R., " "
D. McIntyre, Esq., Huntingdon, Pa.

J. D. LEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW ALTOONA, BLAIR Co, Pa., Will practice law in the several Courts of Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Clearfield, Centre and adjoining counties.—Also in the District Court of the United States.
Collections of claims promptly attended to. Agent for the sale of Real Estate, Bounty Land Warrants, and all business pertaining to conveyancing and the law.
REFERENCES:
Hon. Wilson McCandles and Andrew Burke, Esq., Pittsburgh; Hon. Samuel A. Gilmore, Pres. Judge of Fayette Judicial District; Hon. Chenard Clemens, of Wheeling, Va.; Hon Henry D. Foster, Greensburg; Hon. John W. Killinger, Lebanon; Hon. Wm. A. Porter, Philadelphia; and Hon. George F. Hamelton, Pittsburg. June 16, 1859-1y.

DENTISTRY.—DR. S. KIMMELL, OPERATIVE & MECHANICAL DENTIST. Teeth inserted, from one to a full set, on Gold or Silver Plate.
Teeth filled with Gold, and warranted for ten years.
Teeth Extracted by the Electro Magnetic Machine without Pain.
All operations and work done cheaper than anywhere else in the county, and a deduction made, of the railroad expenses from Altoona to Hollidaysburg, from all operations amounting to five dollars and over.
☞ Office on Montgomery street, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Hollidaysburg, Pa. [Dec. 15, 1858-1y

W. R. BOYERS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, ALTOONA, BLAIR COUNTY, PA.
Will practice in the several Courts of Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon and Indiana counties.
Particular attention given to the collection of Claims, and prompt remittances made.
He speaks the German language fluently.
☞ Office, for the present, with J. M. Cherry, Esq., opposite Kessler's Drug Store.
Altoona, August 4, 1859.—tf

WM. S. BITTNER, SURGEON DENTIST.
OFFICE IN THE MASONIC TEMPLE. Teeth extracted without pain by the Electro Magnetic Machine. [Dec. 23, '58.-tf
☞ A Student wanted.

DR. WM. R. FINLEY RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the people of Altoona and the adjoining country.
He may be found at the office heretofore occupied by Dr. G. D. Thomas.
Altoona, Sept. 30, 1858.-tf

B. F. ROYER, M. D., Offers his professional services to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity.
The best of references can be given if required.
Office at residence on Branch street, East Altoona, three doors above Conrad's Store. April 28 '59-1y.

OYES! O YES!—GENTLEMEN draw nigh and hear. JOSEPH P. TROUT announces to the public, that he is ready to discharge his duty as Auctioneer whenever called upon. [Jan. 2 '56.

J. G. ADLUM, Notary Public, ALTOONA, BLAIR COUNTY, PA.
Can at all times be found at the store of J. B. Hileman.
Altoona, October 1, 1857.-1y

BLAIR COUNTY MARBLE YARD.—Messrs. Freeman & Hoover respectfully inform the Public that they have established a NEW MARBLE YARD, on the corner of *Allegheny and Front Streets*, in Hollidaysburg, where they will keep constantly on hand a full assortment of
CHOICE MARBLE,
and be prepared to execute orders for
Tomb Stones, Monuments, Table Tops,
&c., in a prompt and workmanlike manner.
Hollidaysburg, April 14, '59-6m.*

COAL! COAL!—THE UNDERSIGNED would respectfully inform the citizens of Altoona that he has taken the Coal Yard formerly kept by John Allison, and is prepared to furnish all kinds of Coal at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms, for cash or prompt monthly payments.
Sept. 22, 1859-3m. JACOB WAGNER.

SAVING FUND.
National SAFETY TRUST Company.
SAVING FUND.—NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY.—Chartered by the State of Pennsylvania.
RULES.
1. Money is received every day, and in any amount, large or small.
2. Five per cent. interest is paid for money from the day it is put in.
3. The money is always paid back in GOLD, whenever it is called for, and without notice.
4. Money is received from *Executors, Administrators, Guardians*, and others who desire to have it in a place of perfect safety, and where interest can be obtained for it.
5. The money received from depositors is invested in Real Estate, Mortgages, Ground Rents, and such other first class securities as the Charter directs.
6. Office Hours—Every day from 9 till 5 o'clock, and on Mondays and Thursdays till 8 o'clock in the evening.
HON. H. L. BENNER, President.
ROBERT SELFRIDGE, Vice President.
W. J. REED, Secretary.
DIRECTORS.
Henry L. Benner, Francis Lee,
Edward L. Carter, F. Carroll Brewster,
Robert Selfridge, Joseph B. Barry,
Samuel K. Ashton, Joseph Yerkes,
C. Landreth Myers, Henry Differderfer.
Office: Walnut Street, S. W. Corner of Third St. Philadelphia. April 14th, '59-1y.

WESTBRANCH FIRE, LIVE STOCK AND *HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANY*, OF LOCK HAVEN, PA.
R. A. O. KERR, AGENT, *ALTOONA, BLAIR COUNTY, PA.*
Capital, $300,000 | Premium Notes, $152,000
Chartered, 1856—Charter Perpetual.
Will insure against Fire and Sickness. Also, on first class Horses, Mules and Cattle at reasonable rates.
HEALTH DEPARTMENT.
The weekly payment of this Company to those incapacitated for active life by sickness or accident, equals the unusual deposit. For instance, by paying at the rate of

$ 5 00	per year,	draw weekly	$ 5 00
10 00	do	do	10 00
20 00	do	do	20 00
30 00	do	do	30 00
35 00	do	do	35 00
40 00	do	do	40 00
50 00	do	do	50 00

DIRECTORS:
G C Harvey, Pres't, T T Abram, Vice Pres't,
Thos Kitchen, Sec'y, Wm Fearnen, Treas.,
D K Jackman, Peter Dickinson,
Wm White, Chas A Mayer,
Samuel Christ, John B Hall.
The Board of Directors submit the following testimonial from Governor Wm. F. Packer, showing the reputation of the Company at home:
WILLIAMSPORT, PA., August 5, 1857.
I am personally acquainted with the Directors and Officers of the West Branch Insurance Company at Lock Haven, Pa., and cheerfully bear testimony to their high character as business men. A company under their control will undoubtedly be safely and prudently managed, and all losses which it may sustain honorably adjusted.
May 5, 1859-6m

Commonwealth Insurance Co., *UNION BUILDINGS, 3d STREET,* HARRISBURG, PA.
W. R. BOYERS, AGENT, *ALTOONA, BLAIR COUNTY, PA.*
Chartered Capital $300,000.
INSURE BUILDINGS AND OTHER PROPERTY against Loss or Damage by Fire. Also against perils of the Sea, Inland Navigation and Transportation.
DIRECTORS.
Simon Cameron, Geo Bergner, W F Murray,
Geo M Lauman, Benjamin Parke, J K Boas,
William Dock, Wm H Kepner, Jno H Berryhill,
Eli Slifer, A B Warford, Wm F Packer.
James Fox,
OFFICERS:
SIMON CAMERON, President.
BENJ. PARKE, Vice President.
S. S. CARRIER, Secretary.
Sept. 29, 1859.-6m

PENNSYLVANIA INSURANCE COMPANY, of Pittsburgh.
W. R. BOYERS, AGENT, *ALTOONA, PA.*
Capital and Surplus over $150,000.00.
DIRECTORS:
Jacob Painter, A A Carrier, Geo W Smith,
Rody Patterson, A J Jones, Wade Hampton,
Henry Sproul, N Voeghtly, Robert Patrick,
C A Colton, I Grier Sproul, Jas H Hopkins.
This Company has paid losses from the date of its incorporation in 1854, up to May, 1859, to amount of $302,835.07, in addition to regular semi-annual Dividends of from 5 to 15 per cent., affording evidence of its stability and usefulness. *Losses Liberally Adjusted and Promptly Paid.*
A. A. Carrier, *Pres't.* I. Grier Sproul, *Sec'y.*

CITY INSURANCE COMPANY, *Office, 110 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,* PHILADELPHIA.
W. R. BOYERS, AGENT, *Altoona, Blair County, Pa.*
Charter Perpetual. Capital $200,000.
Organized 1851.
Insures from Loss by Fire:—Household Goods, Buildings and Merchandize generally.
Insures Lives—During the Natural Life or for Short Terms.
Inland Insurance—On Goods, by Canal, Lakes and Land Carriage. ROBERT PERRY, *Pres't.*
H. K. Richardson, *Vice Pres't.*
Geo. C. Helmbold, *Sec'y.* [Sept. 29, '59-6m

BLAIR COUNTY INSURANCE AGENCY.—The undersigned, Agent of the Blair County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, is at all times ready to insure against loss or damage by fire, *Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture and Property*, of every description, in town or country, at as reasonable rates as any Company in the State. Office with Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co. D. T. CALDWELL, *Agent.*
Jan. 27, '59-tf

LYCOMING COUNTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.—The undersigned, agent of the Lycoming Mutual Fire Insurance Company, is at all times ready to insure against loss or damage by fire, *Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture and Property* of every description, in town or country, at as reasonable rates as any company in the State. Office in the Masonic Temple.
Jan. 3, '56-tf] JOHN SHOEMAKER, *Agent.*

GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY.—Insurance on Real or personal property will be effected on the most reasonable terms by their agents in Altoona at his office in Anna St.
March 17, 1859. JOHN SHOEMAKER, Agent.

LEVI RILING, IMPORTER OF
WINES, BRANDIES, GINS, &c.
Allegheny Street, North Ward, ALTOONA, PA.
A large stock of all kinds of LIQUORS of the very best Brands, will be kept constantly on hand, and will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, at prices as reasonable as they can be had anywhere in the country. [May 12, '59-tf

UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE Company. Agency, Anna Street, Altoona.
March 17, 1859. JOHN SHOEMAKER, Agent.

BLANKS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS neatly and expediciously executed at this office.

Original Poetry.

THAT RIDE.

The following original effusion contains many good points and is a decided hit. The author evidently possesses superior power of verification and should by all means cultivate the talent which this *Jeu D'esprit* reveals. While it will be read with peculiar interest by the favored participants in "That Ride," it will no doubt be found to tell the story of many a similar disaster. We are however requested to state, in behalf of the "great sewed up," that the ingenious theory advanced by the Poet as to the cause of the accident is entirely unsound. On the contrary, the gentleman asserts most positively, (although the lady is understood to entertain slight doubts on this point,) that the attempt referred to by the Poet was much more successful than the effort made by the poet:

'Twas on a calm October's day,
Four gentlemen of leisure
Escaped from smoke and care away,
Intent on "fickle pleasure."
Yet not on foot, pray rest assured,
Oh no! their plan was better:
Each one a lady had secured
Where he alone could get her.
'Tis not of all, but certain two
I particularly desire
A story to relate to you
In every part entire.
Their horse, the best they could procure,
Their buggy full of *grace*,
With every bolt and wheel secure
And sound in every place.
With "Young America" imbued
They goad their fiery steed,
Determining at all events
That they would take the lead,
But reasoning without their host
As many do I fear,
They were compelled to yield their post
And fall back in the rear.
This did not suit the lady's *Will*,
Or flatter fond ambition,
To rest patiently or still
In this *disgraced* condition
And every opportunity they sought
To mend this grievous loss
They hoped some road would heave in sight,
Which they might cut across.
And soon as though some unseen power,
(Satan's power it proved,)
Had understood their mute desire
And been with pity moved,
Had the road so much abridged
By many hundred rods
Which they may take advantage of
And be ahead by odds.
Their eyes now sparkle with delight,
Exultantly they shout,
As though they'd conquered in the fight
And put their foes to rout.
But o'er the echoes died away,
Their fate was surely fixed,
Their buggy had been overturned
And they with dust were mixed;
Their restive steed from buggy freed,
Regardless of their plight,
Bounds off again at lightning speed,
And soon is out of sight.
Hoops, bonnets, hats and breeches too
Were all that suffered harm,
Except a jar the lady got.
You may be sure that there was one,
If there was not one *more*
Who when she found no harm was done,
Laughed out a long encore.
Yet there the hapless couple stood,
The pictures of remorse,
Their upturned gig beside them stood,
But there stood "nary horse,"
Behind the buggy of a friend,
Their buggy they did lash on
And went their journey to the end,
Impromptu Railroad fashion.
Perhaps you're ready to inquire
By whose neglect or fault
This hapless pair were made to turn
This uncouth Somersault.
Now if you'll promise not to tell
(Although I was not there,)
I will relate as best I can
My views of this affair.
Tis said this brave "Don Whiskerando"
In extacy of bliss,
Did make a smack which sounded much,
As though it were a kiss.
The horse unused to such a sound
Or such a demonstration,
Wheeled himself right square around
To see the operation.
This would produce, you will perceive
Just such mischief as this,
And when he thought to kiss the miss
He only missed the kiss.
Now then my story I have told,
Pray promise don't reveal it,
Thrice they with one accord agreed
By all means to conceal it.

Select Miscellany.

PREACHERS IN THE WEST.—The Rev. Peter Cartwright, "the Pioneer Preacher of the West," recently addressed a large audience in Philadelphia, giving incidents of his life. He discoursed as follows concerning the preachers now sent to the West, in contrast with those of earlier days:

"Of late years, my friends, another breed of preachers is transferred to us; these are the hysterical, dyspeptic, sore-throat, blue-gingerfied sort of preachers. They travel among you; they are unacceptable; they are useless lumber; and lo! their zeal all at once moves (like a seventy-four rigged for England) to go to the West, and "help the West." We don't want any such cattle. I tell you now, in my seventy-fifth year, I can outpreach and outwork dozens of those old dyspeptic things."

☞ Never go back—never. What you attempt, do it with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospects is somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul and kindle a flame that nothing but the strong arm of death can extinguish.

☞ Envy increases in exact proportion with fame; the man that makes a character makes enemies. A radient genius calls forth swarms of peevish, biting, stinging insects, just as the sunshine awakens the world of flies.

☞ About the only person we ever heard of that was not yet spoiled by being Lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

THE INDIAN DUEL.

Among the many hardy Canadian Frenchmen in the employ of the old "Northwest Fur Company," was one Francois Germaine, voyageur, who had established a notoriety for courage and physical strength; and like many others of his class, he was sometimes vain of his extraordinary powers, and fond of exhibiting them to his associates.

He would load his brawny shoulders with packs which his comrades could scarcely lift from the ground, and without evincing the smallest degree of fatigue, would march with them day after day, through the wilderness towards some of the company's forts, often leaving his lightly loaded companions far in the rear.

It was no uncommon thing for Francois, who was a most kind-hearted and generous fellow, to linger in the camp in the morning an hour or two after his comrades had started, take the trail they were following, and after a few hours pass them quietly, without being discovered by them, and after traveling until the middle of the afternoon, stop at some convenient spot for encamping. He usually selected some water course, which he judged his friends would reach about night fall, and striking camp, would surprise them with a well prepared supper of venison or other game, which he had prepared against their arrival.

On a certain occasion, when ascending the Boisces Sioux river alone in his canoe, he was attacked by a large party of Sioux Indians, who, after sinking his canoe by perforating its bottom with their rifles, and making a desperate fight of it, succeeded in making him prisoner. His reputation for courage and strength had reached them, and before putting him to torture they determined to test his powers.

Accordingly, they took him to the edge of the cliff, some two hundred feet high, beneath which ran the river, and, after hastily preparing a rope of bark, and fastening one end of it to a large stone at the base of the cliff, they directed him to raise it where they were collected in a group to witness the feat.

Germaine, whose judgment and self reliance never for a moment deserted him, readily consented to humor the Indians, but declared the thing was impossible with so short a rope. The Indians, who had brought the free end of it to the top of the bank, insisted that it was all sufficient, besides being strong enough to raise a weight twice that of the stone. Still Germaine persisted in declaring that the rope was not long enough by many feet, and at length refused to gratify their curiosity unless his demand was complied with, and the rope lengthened to suit him.

Seeing that unless they indulged his caprice they would be deprived of this portion of their anticipated sport, the Indians yielded, and, collecting more bark, added the requisite number of feet to the rope. All being now right, the Frenchman was ordered to lift the stone. But Francois deliberately proceeded to knot the end lasso-wise, and gathered it in a coil at the edge of the cliff, after first clearing the ground of brush and broken limbs, which might interfere with his free run.

The stone, which was of several hundred weight, was a heavy lift for even Germaine, and he exerted all his powers to start it from its bed. But when once started, the labor of it was comparatively lighter. After he had drawn it up a few feet he was ordered to lower it again, when four of the most stalwart tried their united strength upon it, but they could not budge it an inch.

Again Germaine was ordered to hoist it to the top of the bank. With the outlay of all his muscular force, he obeyed; and, as it moved slowly along the face of the cliff, the Indians, in their excitement, gathered in knots upon the very verge, and looking downwards, watched its ascent. Slowly it moved over the rough projections of the limestone strata, detaching sometimes in its progress huge masses of stone, which tumbled with heavy plunges among the broken portions that filled the river below.

Hand over hand the Frenchman toiled at his task, but with his keen gray eyes taking in all about him. He had raised the huge weight one-third of the distance, when the stone, catching against a jutting ledge of superincumbent shale, defied all his gigantic strength to raise it higher. As he struggled to overcome this resistance, the Indians gathered closer and closer upon the verge of the cliff, and watched the effect of the herculean efforts of the prisoner.

At this moment, stopping the rope partially over the top of a stunted cedar bush, and holding the strain upon his left hand, he reached forward, and gathering up the coiled portion in his right, he gave it one wide swing over his head, which opened its broad, running noose, and, with a skillful cast, that would have done honor even to a Mexican herdsman, let it drop over the largest knot of excited savages, as they were gazing below. The fatal circle, true to the design of the brave Francois, encompassed no less a number than six of his enemies, and, letting go his hold, the rock, with a noise like thunder, rolled headlong into the abyss, dragging, with lightning speed, the six howling savages after it.

So sudden and awful was this frightful denouement that the surviving Indians, some thirty in number, were for many minutes horror struck, and regardless of all else about them.—During the excitement and confusion, the voyageur, seeing the way clear, made good his escape, and, when the Indians at length turned to wreak their vengeance on their captive, he was already out of sight, and flying with the speed of a wild deer. The swiftest runners were sent in pursuit, but they soon gave up the chase as useless, and the fortunate Francois returned in safety to his comrades at Lake Traver. The spot where this incident occurred is well known to the hunters and Indians of that region, and still retains the name of "Francois' Cliff." Upon the smooth surface of the limestone, near the water's edge, the Sioux have commemorated the event by rude carvings, representing six warriors in the act of tumbling headlong from the edge of the precipice to the river below.

This affair the brave Germaine used to relate with much sang froid; but the story which the good natured Frenchman loved best to tell was his duel with the noted chief of the Chippewas, named Me-ne-ke-wa, the "Big Man."

It seemed that Germaine's fame was not confined to the whites and half-breeds in the employ of the company, but had reached to the most distant tribes who had dealings with the posts, and the Indians, having great respect for strong and brave men, frequently spoke of him among themselves. Even the red beauties of some of the tribes expressed a desire to become acquainted with this modern Hercules, for the Indian maidens, like their sex in general, admire manliness wherever it is to be found.

It was through these that Me-ne-kee-wa came to hear of the brave and muscular Francois, and his jealousy became immediately excited.—This chief, whose band had their home on the east side of the Mississippi, in what is now the State of Wisconsin, was reputed the strongest man among the Indians, and he could not endure the idea of a rival, even among the Che-mo-ke-mums, (pale faces.) His claim as the strongest as well as the bravest, had never been disputed, and he chafed like a wild boar when his warriors and women talked of the feats of the noted voyageur; and he determined to visit the posts of the fur company till he encountered one he began to regard as a rival. For months he made his appearance at the different stations, without accomplishing his object for Francois was always upon the move from point to point, in the pursuit of his occupation. Indeed, it was but rarely that he was found at the trading posts.

At length, however, Me-ne-kee-wa was so fortunate as to get on the track of the famous voyageur, and he determined to test his courage and physical powers in single combat.

One morning, as Francois issued from the post, at which he had arrived only the evening previous, he was encountered by a powerful Chippewa, who advancing unceremoniously to him, and measuring him with his eagle eye from head to foot, enquired:

"Are you Germaine?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Francois Germaine?"

"Yes."

"Germaine, the big Che-mo-ke-mum?" persisted the Indian.

"So I have sometimes been called," returned the white man.

"Well, you know me?" asked the stranger.

"No—who are you, and what do you want of me?"

"I am Me-ne-kee-wa—chief of the Big Bear band of Chippewas," replied the Indian, as he raised himself at least a head taller than the Frenchman—"and I want to fight the big Che-mo-ke-mum! You brave man?"

"Yes," replied Francois, "brave enough for you or any other Indian."

"Ugh! ugh!" grunted the chief, contemptuously. "White man will you fight?"

"Yes."

"When?" asked the Indian.

"Any time," answered the Frenchman; "now, if you choose."

"No, not now," returned the Chippewa. No one here to see big fight. Meet me yonder, at sunrise to-morrow morning," and he pointed to a mound near by, "with your scalping-knife in your right hand, and our left hands shall be tied together. He who kills the other shall be bravest. What say you, white man, will you fight me so?" and the warrior again measured his rival from head to foot, in an exulting manner.

Francois was anything but a "fighting man," and though of dauntless courage, and possessing all the strength for which he had become famed, he did not desire to test them in this savage manner; but, as nothing short of blood would satisfy our strange challenger, he replied:

"I will meet you as you desire."

"Enough, white man," and the stalwart warrior turned abruptly on his heel and left Germaine to pursue his walk and the train of reflections which this novel challenge to mortal combat would naturally arouse in the breast of a brave and humane man.

As soon as it became known within the palisades that their favorite, the brave Francois, had been dared to mortal combat by the savage chief, his friends became extremely anxious about the result. The agent, unknown to the Frenchman, sent out to negotiate with Me-ne-ke-wa, and by presents endeavored to dissuade him from the fight, upon the ground that, should it result in his death, which most probably it would, it might be the cause of unfriendly feelings between his people and the whites. But the haughty chief, conscious of superior skill in the use of his murderous weapon, would listen to no terms of compromise.

"I have journeyed," said he to the trader, "many moons to find your big Che-mo-ke-mum, whom my women have thrown into my teeth long enough. I am the best man, and I will prove it to my braves, and they may go back and tell the squaws that Me-ne-kee-wa has no rival on all the green earth. If the Frenchman is afraid to meet me in a fair fight, on his own ground, let him come out, and like a crouching wolf confess it."

Seeing that it was useless to talk further with the vain bully, they determined to interfere no longer, but trust to the cool bravery and strength of Francois in the coming fight.

As the morning light broke through the fleecy clouds that floated on the horizon, the people of the post were astir; the sentinels stationed upon the enclosure saw, by a body of Indian warriors that was collecting on the neighboring mound, that the proud chief was assembling his witnesses to the combat which was to establish his title to the bravest of the brave; for he had no doubt of success. What did the white man know about the use of the scalping knife? And, even if he did possess superior muscular strength, what would it avail him against the quick eye of the Indian, and his rapid strokes? Flattering himself thus in the advantage which he supposed he possessed, he awaited the arrival of his antagonist.

It was not long that he had to wait; for as the first warm rays of the morning sun streamed over the prairie and lighted up the top of the crowded mound, the gates were opened, and Francois, attended by his friends, passed rapidly through the dewy grass, and, ascending the eminence, stood face to face with his challenger.

They stood for a moment silent—gazing sternly into each other's eyes—each waiting for the other to make the first solution. At length Me-ne-kee-wa, giving vent to an insulting "ugh!" "ugh!" and glancing over the ranks of his circling warriors, with an expression that was intended to say—"See, my braves how the Che-mo-ke-mum already quails!" demanded hastily:

"Did you come to fight?"

"Of course I did," was the reply.

"But last night your heart failed you, and you sent your people to buy your cowardly life with a blanket and a drink of fire-water!"

"It's a lie!" and the incensed Frenchman, leaping upon the insulting bully, caught his hooked nose between the thumb and fore finger of his right hand, and nearly tore it from his face.

The Indian, with a howl of wrath, clutched the hilt of his knife, but before he could draw it his his arm was caught by several of his warriors, who, restraining him for a moment, demanded that the fight should instantly proceed.

Still smarting with pain, his dark eye flashing with anger, and with the growl of a tiger, the Indian advanced to his anticipated victory and revenge. Brandishing his knife, he called on the pale face to sing his death-song, for he would soon send him to the hunting-grounds of the spirit-land.

The Frenchman, whose plan of action had been decided, and who knew that in the struggle it was to be either quick victory or death, drew his keen-edged knife, and, meeting the Indian upon the apex of the mound, presented his left hand to his, and signed for the attendants to tie them together.

This done, they stood gazing an instant into each other's unquailing eyes and then, like Roderic Dhu and Fitz James,

"Each looked to sun, and sky, and plain,
As what they no'er might see again."

The next moment the Indian sprang to the length of his imprisoned arm, and, with the swiftness of lightning, raising aloft his glancing blade, struck fiercely down upon his antagonist. But Francois, whose quick eye was regarding every motion of his foe, was prepared for him, and, dropping his own knife to the ground, caught the descending right arm of the savage in his vice-like grasp, and, with a sudden wrench, crushed the bones of his wrist like dry weeds. The Indian, with a yell of anguish which rang out wildly over the prairie, relaxed the hold of his knife, and the bloodless weapon fell with its point buried in the ground at his feet. At the same instant the chief felt his wrist within the powerful gripe of the other hand of the Frenchman, and trembling with pain, cried out:

"Hold! hold! You are a braver and a stronger man than I am—let us shake hands and be friends forever."

Francois desisted, and lossing the thong which bound them together, frankly presented his hand to the sound one of the Indian's, who pledged himself to acknowledge thereafter, that there was one Che-mo-ke-mum a bigger man than Me-ne-kee-wa: and, ere the sun was an hour high, the crest-fallen bully, with his mortified braves, was already on his way towards the great river.

A Parable.

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects and said to him:

"What is your employment?"

He said:

"I am a blacksmith."

"Go home," said he, "and make me a chain of such a length."

He went home; it occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the while he was making the chain, only the trouble and pain of making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said:

"Go and make it twice as long."

He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away.

Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again, and the monarch said:

"Go make it still longer."

Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And when he brought it up at last, the monarch said:

"Take it, and bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire."

There were his wages for making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servants of the devil! Your master, the devil, is telling you to make a chain.

Some of you have been fifty years wielding the links of the chain; and he says, "Go and make it longer still."

Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; next Sunday you will be drunk, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action, and so will keep on making fresh links to this chain, and so when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, "More links on still!" And then, at last, it will be "Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire;" "For the wages of sin is death." There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet; but if God makes it profitable, it will do you good. You must have strong medicines sometimes, when the desease is bad. God apply it to your hearts.—*Spurgeon.*

☞ An avaricious [illegible], in Brussels, gave a large dinner recently. Just as the guests sat down, a piercing shriek was heard in the courtyard. The host hurried out, and returned pale, affrighted, and his hands covered with blood. "What is it?" was the inquiry. "Alas!" he said, "a poor workman, father of a large family, has met with a terrible accident. He was knocked down by a cart and grieviously wounded. Let us aid him." A collection was taken up, and the guests contributed 1200 francs.—Generous souls! It was the miser's ruse to make them pay for the dinner.

☞ A beggar importuned a lady for alms; she gave him a shilling. "God bless your ladyship!" said he, "this will prevent me from executing my resolution." The lady, alarmed, and thinking he meditated suicide, asked what he meant. "Alas, madam," said he, "but for this shilling; I should be obliged to go to work."

☞ Men sometimes think that the high cliffs of sorrow will darken their streams of life forever; but suddenly the green and undulating meadows spread far away in pastoral beauty, and the dasies bloom along the banks where the willows hang with bending gracefulness.

☞ Many persons, when they find themselves in danger of shipwreck in the voyage of life, throw their darling voices overboard, as other mariners their treasures, only to fish them up again when the storm is over.

☞ A little girl, nine years old, having attended a soiree being asked by her mother, on returning, how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am full of happiness; I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

☞ You win a woman by appealing to her impulses; you win a man by appealing to his interests. It is all the difference between a compliment and a bribe.

☞ Thought like flashes of lightning to a dark night, picks out scenes which were before latent and obscure, and recalls vividly remembrance of the past.

☞ Mahammedans say that one hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer. One act of charity is worth a century of eloquence.