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Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 5. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1860. NO. 25.

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.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (8 lines,)	50	75	1 00
Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (24 ")	1.50	2 00	2 50

Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

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Six lines or less,	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
One square,	2 50	4 00	7 00
Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
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Communications of a political character or individual interest will be charged according to the above rates.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above terms.

Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.

Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square.

D. S. 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.
April 21st. 1859-3m

W. M. LLOYD & CO.,
ALTOONA, PA.,
JOHNSTON, JACK & CO.,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.,
BANKERS.
(Late "Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co.")

DRAFTS ON THE PRINCIPAL Cities, and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Moneys 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 requested. ALEX. F. McKINNEY.
OREAPOLIS, 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. McMURTRIE, 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 P. Hamelton, Pittsburg. June 16, 1859-1y.

THE ROOT AND HERB DOCTOR, from Philadelphia, whose rooms have been so densely crowded at the Logan House, on former visits, can be consulted hereafter at the Altoona House, one day in each month, notice of which will be given in this paper. He will be in Altoona on the 13th day of July, 17th of August and 14th day of September, after which he will be absent two months, but will give notice through this paper when he will commence for the winter season again. He treats all diseases flesh is heir to. A stethoscopic examination of the Heart, Lungs and Throat free of charge. Thousands upon thousands have testified to the correctness of his testing diseases without asking any questions. He has had thirty years' constant practice among diseases of every nature. All diseases of a private nature strictly confidential. ☞ See hand-bills. Dr. W. LEVINGSTON.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—THE UNDERSIGNED has now on hand and will sell cheap at his store in the Masonic Temple, a large and complete assortment of BOOTS AND SHOES, ready made, or made to order, Overshoes, Ladies' Sandals, Gum Shoes, Cork Soles, and everything in his line of business, of the best quality and on the most reasonable terms. All custom work warranted.
Jan. 2, '56-tf.] J. SHOEMAKER.

FURNITURE WARE-ROOM.—THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has taken the ware-room two doors from the Branch Road, where he will keep on hand all kinds of
CABINET-WARE,
and attend to the duties of an UNDERTAKER.
Two good Cabinet-Makers and one apprentice wanted.
Altoona, Apr. 12. 1860. JAS. T. MOORE.

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, Merchandize, 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

WM. S. BITTNER,
SURGEON DENTIST.
OFFICE IN THE MASONIC TEMPLE. [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. O. D. Thomas.
Altoona, Sept. 30, 1858.-tf

REMOVAL.—A. M. KING, SHOEMAKER, informs the public that he has taken the Room next door to the *Tribune* Office, on Virginia Street, where he is prepared to manufacture every style of WOMEN'S SHOES, at reasonable prices, and in a substantial manner. [Mar.15,'60.-tf.

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER—JOHN STEHLE has taken a portion of the room occupied by A. M. KING, next door to J. W. Rigg's Tin Shop, and announces himself ready to get up Men's Boots & Shoes in good style and at low rates. [Mar.15,'60-tf.

CAUTION.—ALL PERSONS ARE hereby notified not to purchase or sell any lager beer kegs with the stamp of the ALTOONA BREWERY thereon, as such kegs never have been and never will be sold from the Brewery. All kegs containging said stamp will be claimed and taken, wherever found, by the proprietors of the Brewery to whom they belong.
July 28th 1859-tf. WILHELM & BRO.

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.

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

ALL THE STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES AT 1-tf. REEBLER'S.

Select Poetry.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

We lay before our readers the Lord's Prayer, beautifully paraphrased into an acrostic, by THOMAS STURGEVENT, Jr., a soldier in the 26th regiment, United States Infantry.

OUR Lord and King, who reign'st enthroned on high,
FATHER of light, mysterious Deity!
WHO art the great I AM, the last, the first,
ART righteous, holy, merciful and just.
IN realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
HEAVEN is the dwelling place of God our King,
HALLOWED thy name, which doth all names transcend,
BE thou adored; our great Almighty Friend,
THY glory shines beyond creation's space,
NAMED in the book of justice and of grace.
THY Kingdom towers beyond the starry skies;
KINGDOM satanic falls, but thine shall rise.
COME, let thy empire, O thou holy one,
THY great and everlasting will be done!
WILL God make known his will, his power display?
BE it the work of mortals to obey.
DONE is the great, the wonderous work of love,
ON Calvary's field he died, but reigns above,
EARTH bears the record in thy holy word.
AS Heaven adores thy love, let earth, O Lord;
IT shines transcendent in th' eternal skies,
IS praised in Heaven—for man the Saviour dies.
IN songs immortal angels laud his name,
HEAVEN shouts with joy, and saints his love proclaim.
GIVE us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give
US that food on which our souls may live;
THIS be our boon to-day, and days to come,
DAY without end in our eternal home;
OUR needy souls supply from day to day,
DAILY assists us and aid us when we pray.
BREAD though we ask, yet, Lord, thy blessing lend,
AND make us grateful when thy gifts descend,
FORGIVE our sins which in destruction place
US the vile rebels of a rebel race;
OUR follies, faults and trespasses forgive,
DEBTS which we can ne'er repay, or thou receive;
AS we, O Lord, our neighbors' faults o'erlook,
WE beg thou'dst blot ours from memory's book.
FORGIVE our enemies, extend thy grace
OUR souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race.
DEBTORS to thee in gratitude and love
AND in that duty paid by saints above,
LEAD us from sin, and in thy mercy raise
US from the tempter and his hellish ways,
NOT in our own, but in his name who bled.
INTO thine ear we pour our every need.
TEMPTATION'S fatal charms help us to shun.
BUT may we conquer through thy conqu'ring Son.
DELIVER us from all which can annoy
US in this world, and may our souls destroy.
FROM all calamities which men betide,
EVIL and death, O turn our feet aside,
FOR we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay;
THINE 'tis to rule, and mortals to obey.
IS not thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
THE whole creation knows no God but thee.
KINGDOM and empire in thy presence fall;
THE King eternal reigns King over all.
POWER is with thee—to thee be glory given,
AND be thy name adored by earth and Heaven.
THE praise of saints and angels is thine own;
GLORY to thee, the everlasting One,
FOREVER be thy triune name adored;
AMEN! Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!

CHOICE OF HOME.

Give me a home in the country,
Far from the din and strife,
The dust and the rattling commotion
That torture the city life.

Give me the fragrant lillies
That grow in the forest old,
Where the graceful fern and the wild-rose
A volume of beauty unfold.

Give me a seat in the shadow
Of a cool, vine-covered bower,
When the parched earth is glowing
With the heat of noon-tide hour.

I'll wander beside the water,
Down by the ruined mill;
I'll walk at the sunset hour,
Over the breezy hill—

And watch for the first appearing,
On high, of the maiden moon,
When a smile of love is playing
On the rosy face of June.

Then fragrant winds will whisper
A marvelous tale of mirth,
And insects a lullaby murmur,
Soft to the sleeping earth.

I have sighed when the leaves were dropping,
One by one from the trees,
And mourned when the willows were trembling
In fear at the chilling breeze.

And shadows creep down at the hill-side,
And told a mournful tale
Of the Frost-King that came at the sunset,
And fettered the stream in the vale.

And a troop of white-robed fairies
Come at the dead of night,
And hang upon all the branches
Garlands of jewels bright.

Now alone in the quiet country,
With nature face to face,
Wait I, till merry spring-time
Comes with a warm embrace;

To banish the wind and tempest
That war in the winter sky—
Bearing a loving message,
To Earth, from the Ruler on high.

"SOWING HIS WILD OATS."

"Sowing his wild oats"—aye! sowing them deep,
In the heart of a mother to blossom in tears,
And shadow with grief the decline of her years.

"Sowing his wild oats," to silver the head
Of the sire who watched his first pulse throb with joy,
And whose voice went to Heaven in prayer for "the boy."

"Sowing his wild oats," to spring up and choke
The flowers in the garden of a sister, whose love
Is as pure and as bright as the blue sky above.

"Sowing his wild oats." Aye! cheeks shall grow pale,
And sorrow shall wither the heart of a wife,
When manhood thus squanders the prime of his life.

"Sowing his wild oats." Death only shall reap,
With his keen sharpened scythe; the fruits will be found
In the graveyard near by, 'neath that grass covered mound.

THE DIFFERENCE.

At church Joe says his manly heart
With true devotion swells,
Disproving that, as some assert,
He's led there by—the belles;
While Jane, the happiest of coquettes,
Whose eyes no sorrow dims,
Most piously employs her time
In looking for—*the hims.*

Select Miscellany.

A NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS.

Printers tell many queer, quaint, quizzical, and sometimes startling stories; and while they do a great deal in that way for the mere fun of the thing, it is not to be supposed that they are always joking—always fibbing it, merely for the sake of raising a laugh or creating wonder. In their numerous flittings, they mingle with many strange sights, and often encounter perils which to many would appear incredible.

We will relate a little story which we heard from the lips of a poor young fellow now dead and gone.

In the year 18—, we were assisting in the editorial department of a daily paper which was published in one of the small cities of New York; one night—or rather morning, (for editors, reporters and printers are compelled to keep all sorts of hours)—after the "forms" were "locked up," and everything was ready for a final adjournment to our respective boarding-houses, a proposition was made to visit a restaurant near by for the double purpose of having a smoke and refreshing the inner man with a little something good and pleasant to the palate.

Accordingly we repaired to the eating saloon, and while discussing the good things before us, we entertained each other by relating our adventures by sea and land.

"Did I ever tell you of that adventure I had in New Orleans?" asked Charley Rodman, a gay, dashing, good-looking, and really gifted young man.

"Guess not," was the response.

"Well, will you hear it now?"

"Certainly," fell from a half dozen lips.

"Vell, then, I was working on a morning paper in New Orleans, during the winter of 18—, and as I was going from the office to my boarding-house, about twelve o'clock one night, I was suddenly startled by the abrupt appearance of a female, who rushed before me and threw herself down in my path. I was just in the light of the street lamp, and she turned her face up to mine, I noticed that she was both young and beautiful.

"Save me, sir! save me!" she cried, clasping my legs frantically.

"Save you from what?" I demanded, as I raised her to her feet. "I don't see anything."

"Oh! sir, a brutal looking man was pursuing me, threatening my life and honor!" was the trembling, agitated reply. "Mother was taken sick, and I was forced to go out for medicine, and that's the way I came in the streets at so late an hour.—It couldn't be helped sir; though I never was out so late without company."

"Where do you live?" I inquired fairly facinated by the girl's beautiful face and soft voice.

"Not far from here, sir, only around the street," said the girl; "but I am afraid I shall meet that man again. Oh, sir, if you will only see me safe at home I shall be deeply indebted to you."

"Certainly I will," was the response; "but still there don't appear to be any person in pursuit of you."

At that moment I heard the clatter of feet down the street, and turning my face in that direction, I saw a man approaching the spot where we were standing at a rapid run.

The girl looked in the same direction and at the same time I did.

"There he comes now!" she exclaimed in a deep fearful whisper, at the same time tightly clutching me by the arm.

Suddenly turning away from me, the girl darted up the street.

"Stop, young lady!" I cried. "I will protect you—you need not fear."

This was rather a loud promise under the circumstances, but I did not stop then to consider what I had said.

The girl did not heed me, but dashed on, and involuntarily I followed in her steps. After running a couple of blocks, she stopped and looked back at me In a few moments I reached her side, and by that time the man was not far behind.

"You had better come into the house," she said, nervously, "for I am sure that man is very evil designing, and may do you some harm."

As she spoke she mounted the steps of a very ancient looking dwelling, and violently rang the bell. I followed her, not exactly from prudential motives, but because I wanted to see more of her and because I was fond of adventure of any kind.

Almost instantly the door was opened, when I followed the young woman inside. An old hideous-looking negro woman stood in the hall just beyond the door, holding a lamp in her hand.

"Why, what's the matter Caroline?" demanded the hag.

"Shut the door quick, I've been waylaid by a ruffian!" responded she excitedly. "This way, sir," she added, addressing me, at the same time opening the parlor door, and pointing into the room.

I bowed and passed in, and at the same time I heard the front door closed and locked.

"Excuse me for a moment, sir, while I speak to my mother!" pursued the young girl The next moment, before I had time to reply, the door was closed and I was left alone.

I walked to a sofa, a light was burning in the room, and sat down. Then I took a survey of the apartment. The furniture had been good in its day, but then much worn and battered.

A few minutes afterwards, the satanic looking negress opened the parlor door, and poked her face into the room.

"Miss Carline quests the gentleman to walk up stairs."

I began to think the proceedings rather strange, but still reckless spirit induced me to follow the negress.

Up two pair of stairs and to the door of a back apartment she led me. She knocked and the door opened.

"Walk, in sir, if you please," she said, very defferentially.

I stepped into an apartment that had no windows in it, and was confronted by a huge burly negro man. At the same moment I heard the door closed and locked, and for the first time began to think seriously of danger.

"Fork ober sar!" exclaimed the negro abruptly and threateningly.

I carried quite a valuable watch, and had a considerable amount of money about me, for that night I had been paid off at the office and a really clever sum was standing to my account. I knew I had been drawn into a den of thieves, but internally resolved not to lose my property without making an effort to save it, let the consequences be what they might.

"Do you mean to rob me?" I demanded resolutely.

"Spect I do?" was the unmistakeable reply.

"I warn you!" said I, my blood boiling up, "that I shall not patiently submit to any such an outrage."

"Don't 'spect you will, sar," responded the negro, as he displayed a murderous looking knife, "but we neber do anything by halves. We neber lets any one that comes here go way again—'cause they might tell tales."

"Would you murder me, you black thief?" I cried, passionately.

"'Spect I would," replied the cut-throat with a broad grin. "I'se used to that sort of business, and don't mind it a bit."

I was now fully alive to the fact that I was in a very dangerous situation, and, to tell the truth, I felt dreadful nervous about it. What to do I knew not. That the girl I had encountered was probably a quadroon, and certainly a decoy, and that I had been led to the house to be plundered, and perhaps murdered, I had every reason to believe.

"Come, sir, fork ober, den jump down dar!"

The rascal must have touched a spring somewhere, for, as he spoke, a trap-door flew open in the centre of the floor.

I looked at the the trap and then at the negro, in doubt as to whether I had heard aright.

"If yer jump down, sar, ye'll sabe me de trouble of frowin' yer down!" he added fiendishly.

"You bloody rascal!" I cried madly, "do you think I'll deprive myself of life just to gratify you?"

"You won't do nuffin, hey!" cried the negro, springing at me like a wild beast; "den take dat!"

The villain made a slashing cut at me, but with a single bound I sprang clear to the other side of the trap and escaped the deadly blow.

Boiling over with diabolical rage, the accursed cut-throat again sprang at me, bounding across the pit with the spring of madness. As his feet touched the edge, upon which I was standing, I involuntarily put out my hands towards him, and shoved him back. I hardly intended to throw him down the pit, but down he went, in a moment disappearing out of my sight.

I did not stop to learn the villain's fate, for I judged that I should have more such work on my hands before I got out of the house, if indeed, I ever succeeded in making my escape from this den of infamy.

Instantly after the fall of the negro, I ran around the pit, and sprang towards the door. Just as I reached the door, however, and was taking hold of the knob, some one turned it on the other side. I sprang up against the wall, and in a way that would keep me out of sight of any one that might enter. The next moment the door opened, and a head was thrust in the room. Without waiting to see who it was, and taking it for granted that all in the house were arrayed against me, I doubled my fist and with all my strength instantly dealt a blow at the head, that bro't the person at full length on the floor. The same moment showed me that it was the negress.

The hag was entirely insensible, and I forthwith dragged her into the room and shut the door. At length my attentive ear caught the sound of light footsteps outside, and a moment afterwards the door was opened. This time it was my beautiful deceiver who appeared. The first object her eyes seemed to encounter was the prostrate form of the negress, and with an exclamation of astonishment she darted into the room.

Quick as lightning I placed my back against the door. The movement at once attracted the girl's attention to me.

"Now, my lady!" I hissed out—for I was excited—"you and I must have an understanding. You led me into this infernal den by your tricks, and you have got to show me the way out of it, or by all my hopes, yonder black pit shall be your grave. Any way I may lose my life, and I am as deperate as a man can be.—You see the old hag cannot help you just now!" I added, pointing to the still insensible negress; "and the villain who was here, and would have taken my life, lies at the bottom of the pit."

The girl looked bewildered and exclaimed:—

"I could not help it, sir. Indeed I am forced to do so,"

"That matters not to me," I added, incredulously, "can you conduct me out of this house?"

"Yes, sir," was the eager reply.

"Then lead on," I added, pointing to the door. "But mark you, if I see a sign of treachery, or notice the least effort to create an alarm, I'll tear you limb from limb!"

I was strong and wild, and meant what I said, and the girl saw it.

"There is no one else in the house, I assure you," she responded.

"Lead the way," I said, hardly crediting what she said.

The girl passed from the room, when I locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and followed close behind her. No lights were visible anywhere except in the room we had just left; but keeping her in front of me, and within reach of my hand, I stepped along. In a few moments we reached the front door. The girl stopped a moment and got a key from some hiding place, the next moment, however, she opened the door, and I sprang outside—thanking God for my preservation.

Without a word, even without a look behind me, I started away, hardly conscious of the direction I pursued. I found my way to my boarding house, however, and at the earliest hour practicable, laid the whole matter before the authorities.—Finally I led a party of police to the den. Not being able to obtain admittance in the usual manner, the doors were forced.—Everything in the house remained undisturbed, but not a soul was to be found high or low. The traps, however, were soon discovered, and it was found, upon examination, that there was a succession of traps, which conducted to a deep murky pit, in the cellar. The house had evidently been the haunt of robbers for a long time.

At the bottom of the pit we found the mangled and mutilated remains of the negro, and a heap of fleshless bones. I shuddered to think what might have been my fate, and congratulated myself on my fortunate escape. I had evidently been more favored than many others. That is all, gentlemen."

"A very good story, very well told," said I, as Rodman concluded.

"And true, gentlemen, whether you believe it or not."

Carrying the Turkey Home.

Chief Justice Marshall was a great man—but great men are never proud. He was not too proud to wait upon himself. He was in the habit of going to market himself and carrying home his purchases. Often he would be seen going home at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a fashionable young man from the North, who had removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his turkey.—Judge Marshall stepped up and asked where he lived. When he heard he said, "That is my way; I will take your turkey home for you." When they came to the house, the young man asked, "What shall I pay you?" "Oh, nothing," said the Judge, "you are welcome; it was all in my way, and it was no trouble to me."

"Who is that polite old man, who has brought home my turkey for me?" asked the young man of a bystander. "Oh," said he, "that was Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did HE bring home my turkey?"

"I suppose he did it," said the bystander, "to teach you not to feel above attending to your own business."

☞ Eternity has no grey hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages; but time writes no wrinkles on eternity! Stupendous tho't! The ever-present, unborn, undecaying, and undying—the endless chain, encompassing the life of God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces—they are but gilded sepulchres; its pleasures—they are but as bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its way will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbids the approach of night.

Blue Monday---A Sketch for Housekeepers.

Clouds just as gray as lead. I warrant it will rain—it always rains on Monday—I wish there was'nt any such day in the calendar. I believe it was only invented to punish Eve for eating that miserable apple! Now, here are those trowsers to be mended—a good half hour's work, and Mr. Sage hurrying me the whole time, till I'm so nervous I don't know whether I have got a needle or a crow-bar. He never finds out that anything wants mended except on Monday mornings—the very day I'm hurried and worried to death.—*He* don't see why Monday is worse than the rest of the week, he says—I wish he had to stay at home and superintend the washing for once!

"Starch is gone, men!" Of course it is, that's just Irish calculation. Why couldn't you have told me of it on Saturday, Biddy? Now I wonder what I'm to do! For mercy's sake what is all that screaming? Tommy fallen down stairs and bumped his head? My children *always* select Monday mornings to tumble down stairs in! Where's the champhor bottle? Who's that knocking as if he meant to burst the basement doors in? The ice man? Tell him I'm busy; I'll pay him to morrow. He won't wait. O, dear me, now there's got to be a scratch for my portemonnaie. Does anybody know where it is? What's that Tommy? The last you saw it, the baby was trying to swollow it? O, here it is, under the cradle. "What will I plaze to order for dinner?" Goodness gracious! I believe I shall go distracted! I don't care if we never have any dinner Beef and greens I suppose, they're the least trouble of anything. What does make the baby so fretful? It seems as if he knew it was "blue Monday." "There isn't any bread, men, and the baker hasn't been here this morning!" I *declare*, I will discharge that man; he's no business to fail us on Monday morning. What's the trouble now? Biddy and Norah have quarreled about the soap down stairs, and Biddy says she won't stay in the house another minute. Was ever a poor creature so beset with troubles before? Now I've just got to lay everything aside, and go down to play cook myself, while baby swallows buttons and needles and such things, and Thomas raises Bedlam generally. Perhaps I can keep him quiet for a few minutes, with a bowl of bread and milk. The cat has knocked the milk pitcher over? Well, that corresponds with the rest of the day charmingly. Raining hard; I might have prophesied it, and all the fine clothes out on the line. Mercy on us, two o'clock! why, where has the day slipped to? Mr. Sage will be home in fifteen minutes, clamoring for his dinner, and everything behind time!

There, that's just like you, Sage! I suppose you think its manly and generous to snarl like a cross dog, because there's nothing but beef and greens for dinner.—You never did like 'em? Sage I don't believe you know what you do like on Mondays. You wish Mondays were abolished? So do I Sage: and I wish cross husbands were too! you seem to suppose I have no trials! There he's gone; and I know I have been pertish and lost my temper—but who could help it I'd like to know. I am always half crazy on Mondays Poor, dear Sage; I know he can't eat greens—he shall have something hot for supper, if I have to cook it myself.—If there's any one thing that tries a woman's temper more than another, it is blue Monday.

A CITY LASS.—Two young ladies of the city were lately spending the summer in northeastern New York. During their visit they took several long rides with the daughter of their host about the country. On one of those occasions—as they had been travelling some distance, and the day was warm, and a trough of running water stood invitingly by the road-side—they concluded to give the pony a drink. One of the city ladies agreed to get out and arrange matters for this purpose. The others remaining in the carriage and deeply engaged in conversation, for some time paid no attention to the proceedings of their companion. When, at length, surprised by the long delay, they turned to ascertain the cause, they discovered her endeavoring to unbuckle the crupper, (the name of the strap which passes round the horse's tail.) In amazement they inquired, "What in the world are you doing that for?" She naively replied, "Why, I'm unbuckling this strap to let the horse's head down so he can drink!"

GROWTH OF YOUNG AMERICA.—Every day we see proofs of this encouraging fact. Here is one of the latest instances of rapid developments:—

"Have you been to the public Library?" asked a youth of his father the other day.

"No I have not," said the father.

"You had better call and see it," the youth continued. "Just mention my name to the librarian, and he will show you every attention."

☞ If a tree were to break a window, what would a window say? Tree-mend-us.