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for Infantile Complaints
A. KEYES'S INFANTILE CORDIAL,
perfectly harmless, and can-
Price, 25 cents. Full
Prepared only by
CHURCH & DUPONT,
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FOOD

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Analyze the Blood of
Consumption, Liver Complaint,
find in *every instance* cer-
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LICE GAZETTE.—
Crime and Criminals is in
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W. MATSELL & CO.,
New York Police Gazette,
New York City.

!—GENTLEMEN
JOSEPH P. TROUT announ-
ready to discharge the duty
lled upon. [Jan. 2 '60.

Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 5. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1860. NO. 31.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McCRUM & DERN, Publishers and Proprietors.

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

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Select Poetry.

NONE BUT THEE.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."—Psalm lxxiii; 15.

Lord of earth, thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned,
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
All that strikes the eye unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought,
Friendship—gem transcending price;
Love—a flower from Paradise;
Yet, amidst a scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth to thee?

Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer delight;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall part again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings;
O! that world is passing fair;
Yet if thou were absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest;
I was lost! thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child;
I was blind! thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away.
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O, if once thy smile divine,
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

Select Miscellany.

A STORY OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

In the far off Golden Age, which historians allude to and poets describe—in the beautiful valley of a small river which empties into the Caspian Sea, where roses bloomed in a perpetual Spring-time; where all sweet flowers filled the air with fragrance, and all the melodious birds with song—was gathered one of those happy groups of families into which mankind were divided in the first ages after the Deluge; before there were cities, kingdoms, wars, and the splendors, and vices and cruelties of a more advanced civilization.

The Vale of Roses glowed like a new paradise. The mountains, whose glittering peaks were like a jewelled crown, surrounded the valley, and shielded it from the cold blasts of the Siberian winds. Silver cascades dashed down the precipices through evergreen trees, flowering shrubs and long, pendent vines. The emerald-green sward that sloped down to the river was bespangled with a thousand gay and odorous flowers; red strawberries gleamed through the grass; the clumps of shrubbery were filled with delicious berries; and grape-vines loaded the trees with purple clusters. The choicest fruit grew spontaneously, and the upland terraces were covered with wheat and barley, sown by the lavish hand of Nature, for the food of man.

In this delightful scene were scattered groups of rustic cotages—small, simple, rude in structure, but so embowed with foliage and surrounded with spreading trees, and so in harmony with the landscape, that each cluster was a new picture of delight. Herds of cattle were lowing in the meadows, horses neighed in their rich pastures, and flocks of sheep and goats gave beauty and animation to the landscape. These were attended by shepherds and shepherdesses, dressed in simple but graceful robes, and crowned with flowers. With the lowing and bleating of the herds, mingled with the music of the distant cascades, the murmur of the summer breeze, the hum of bees, were mingled with the melodies of rude shepherd's pipes, and choruses of happy children at play. The old people—their venerable heads covered with silver locks sat in the shade of spreading trees, talking together of the days of their youth, or relating the traditions of their ancestors and the events of their own early days, to the young people who gathered around them full of affection and reverence.

In this happy valley of the almost forgotten past, the wisest governed by his counsels, and the most beautiful was queen. Where all were lovely as perfect health, freedom from care, and innocence, could make them, Tamar was the most beautiful, as her grandfather, Olem, was esteemed most sage. The mother of Tamar, who, in her youth, had held the place now filled by her daughter, was esteemed for her virtue and wisdom, as much as she had ever been admired for her loveliness. The beautiful Tamar was beloved by all—old and young. As she wandered along the romantic banks of the river in the dewy morning, the blue firmanent, with its embroidery of silver clouds, seemed but her canopy; the trees and shrubs nodded their homage; the flowers sent up their incense of perfume; the birds warbled their melodies for her delight; the very flocks stopped grazing to look at her; the horses neighed at her as she drew near them; sweet-eyed gazelles approached her without fear. In this harmony of nature she walked—its queen—robed in lustrous white, and crowned with choicest flowers.

Among all the youths who admired fair Tamar, two of the worthiest aspired to the favor of her love. Arnette was one of the bravest as well as one of the noblest of the youths of the valley. No foot was swifter in the race—no arm stronger in the flood. He could climb the precipice with the mountain goat; his arrow pierced the heart of the spotted leopard or the fierce wolf, that came to prey on the flocks of the valley.

His cousin Jaleph was scarcely inferior to him in manly sports. They had grown up together, and loved each other like brothers. Arnette was dark—Jaleph fair. Arnette's black, and clustering locks were like the raven's wing; Jaleph's shone like the golden sunshine on the sea. Arnette's deep brows: Jaleph's reflected the hues of the cerulean heavens.

Both were brave, and strong, and heroic. If Arnette had more strength and dignity, Jaleph had more skill and grace. One more statelier in his walk; the other more aerial in the dance.

Both loved Tamar. In a thousand ways, each told his love. Arnette presented her with a gorgeous plume of the bird of paradise: Jaleph wove for her a garland of matchless beauty, made of shells and flowers. Arnette trained for her a horse fleet as the antelope, Jaleph learned to play the melodies which filled her innocent slumber with enchanting dreams.

So beloved, Tamar was very happy. No one could tell which swain she favored. Had each one been her brother, she could not have been more kind. The aged people, who had loved all their children, looked on and shook their heads; for they saw that this must end, and they feared it might end in sorrow.

The time came when Tamar also saw and felt that the noble cousins loved her with more than a brotherly love. Arnette, the more impetuous, first declared his passion.

"Tamar," he said, "beautiful Tamar, I love thee!"

"Dear Arnette," breathed from the open heart of the innocent maiden.

"Wilt thou be mine?"

Her lovely face which had been radiant with happiness, was clouded now with doubt and perplexity. Arnette saw, and asked again in deep subdued tones, "O beautiful one! wilt thou be mine?"

The queenly girl covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Jaleph at that moment came upon them, holding in his hand an offering of flowers. He stopped a moment in surprise at the dark brow of Arnette, and the tearful distress of his beloved Tamar. He grew pale, as his heart told him the decisive hour had come.

With the frankness that belonged to the age of heroic innocence—before centuries of selfishness, rapacity, poverty and crime had marred the bodies and deformed the souls of men—he held out one hand to his rival, and the other to the beautiful one they both adored.

"I, too, love you, beautiful Tamar!" said the youth with the blue eyes and golden hair.—"God of our fathers, witness my deep love! Here we stand! Choose between us!"

A pang shot through the heart of each, but they stood, each nobly resigned to the fate that awaited him.

Tamar looked on each. So long had she loved both, with the pure love of saintly maidenhood, that the deeper love now proffered only perplexed and distressed her. How could she take herself from either? How hurt one, when both were so dear?

"Arnette! Jaleph! why ask me to choose? Are we not happy? So let us remain."

The young men looked in each other's saddened eyes, and felt that it could be so no longer. The happy time had passed.

As the group stood, hand-in-hand, in the glow of sunset, the mother of Tamar came, in her sweet, matronly dignity, to greet them.

"What is this, my children?" she asked in alarm, as she saw their sorrowful faces and her daughter's falling tears.

"Dear mother," cried Tamar, "how can I choose between those I love?"

The mother smiled, but the smile was not free from sadness.

"My daughter," she replied, "there must be one whom we love above all others."

"Mother, mother," said the poor girl, as she burried her face in her bosom, "both have been so kind, so noble, so loving to me all my life, how can I hurt one or the other?"

Again the sad smile.

"Come with me, my daughter; you, my children, go. In seven days Tamar shall answer you."

They kissed the mother's hand, held out to them. They looked tenderly at the weeping girl, and walked away, hand-in-hand. There was no rancor or jealousy in their noble hearts.

It is true each one felt that the happiness of his life was at stake. To fight for the possession of the object of their love, however, was a mode of settling their rival pretensions left to the darkness and ferocity of succeeding ages, when the earth should be stained with crime and blood.

Arnette and Jaleph were together, as ever, in their light labors and their manly pastimes.—Two days had passed, and they were swiming in the river. Whether exhausted by exercise or weakened by emotion, Jaleph could not swim with his usual strength. Soon his golden locks were seen to sink beneath the waves. His sinewy arms grew powerless. A cry from the shore alarmed Arnette. He looked for his cousin and the next moment he plunged beneath the surface. In a few moments he bore him to the shore, where he soon recovered.

Again, they were hunting the leopard in the mountains. Jaleph fell, and the wild beast sprang upon him. The lance of Arnette pierced the fierce animal's heart, and saved his rival from death.

The seventh day approached. Neither had spoken to Tamar. They had but seen her at a distance. Each had refrained from every offering or sign of love. Their loyal hearts would not permit them to take advantage of each other.

On the eve of the seventh day, they met in the assembly that gathered to prepare the morrow's festival.

Tamar had decided. Her heart, questionedi n solitude, declared for the golden haired musician But her love and pity for Arnette, her appreciation of his noble qualities, and her thankfulness to him for twice saving the life of her chosen one, made her look at him with such a look of admiration and gratitude, that Jaleph's heart sank within him. He went forth and wept.

It seemed plain to him that the question of his life was decided. He would not wait for the morrow. Revealing his plan to one faithful friend, we went forth in the darkness, and bade adieu to the happy valley.

When the morning came, Arnette repaired to the lovely cottage of Tamar. She was pale, but more than ever beautiful. As she saw Arnette, she looked round for his cousin. She grew paler as he came not, and was nowhere to be seen. It was the appointed hour. Arnette, too, looked round, with visible concern.

"Arnette," said the mother, "my daughter has decided. She will give her hand to him her heart hath chosen. But where is Jaleph?"

"I know not!"

"You know not? He should be here!—What has become of him? Where is he!"

"Alas, I know not!" said the heroic youth, grieved to the heart with the suspicion which these quick questions conveyed.

"Mother!" cried the pale and trembling girl, "be not unjust to Arnette. Twice has he saved the life of Jaleph since we last met."

The confident of Jaleph came, and whispered to Tamer that her lover had gone. The roses that had left her cheeks now fled from her lips; she sank fainting on the flowery sod.

"What is all this?" cried Arnette.

He was told that Jaleph had fled, and why.—And he knew, all too well, that he who had fled from his fate despairingly was the chosen love of the beautiful Tamar, now lying in her mother's arms.

Arnette knelt down by her side, pressed his lips upon her beautiful forehead, and said to her mother, "I will bring him to her, or never see her more!"

In a week from that day, the brave Arnette led his cousin to the cottage of Tamar, and, placing their hands together, said "Take him, Tamar, he is thine! He fled that I might be happy; I have found him, that thou mayest be happy with him thou lovest. Let me be the brother of both!"

The arms of both were twined around him.—Who shall say that he was not as happy in his generous self-sacrifice as they in their mutual love?

The Golden Age lives in dim traditions and poetic dreams. It lives also in every heart that is generous and noble. He who can love without selfishness is a hero of the GOLDEN AGE.

☞ "If I catch yees near my house again I'll break your neck, ye rascal," said one Irishman to another.

"But you asked me yourself."

"But I didn't ask yees to make love to my wife, you scoundrel."

"I haven't made love to your wife; you are laboring under some mistake."

"Don't tell me that now; didn't I see you wid my own eyes trying to come the blarney over her?"

"But I tell you I didn't do any such thing; I don't care that for your wife," giving his fingers a snap at the words, "nor that."

"Yees don't care for her, hey? She's as good a woman as you are, any day, ye dirty blackguard, and if yees speak disrespectful of her, I'll be after tachin' ye better manners."

MRS. PARTINGDON'S LAST.—Reading the newspaper praises of Jenny Lind's benevolent disposition, Mrs. P. came to the complimentary expression in regard to "fellow-feeling in her bosom" which the Swedish nightingale cherished towards the unfortunate and needy. Involuntary raising her spectacles, and looking the very personification of amazement, the good old lady repeated:

"A fellow feeling in her bosom! La me, if that ain't just the way the fellers used to do when I was a girl!"

I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM.

The following sketch of an event or two in real life should be read by every one. It contains a moral worth treasuring in the memory:

"I'll never forgive him—never!"

"Never is a hard word, John," said the sweet-faced wife of John Locke, as she looked up for a moment from her sewing.

"He is a mean dastardly coward, and upon this Holy Bible I—"

"Stop, husband. John, remember he is my brother; and by the love you bear me, forbear to curse him. He has done you wrong, I allow, but oh! John, he is very young and very sorry. The momentary shame you felt yesterday, will hardly be wiped out with a curse. It will only injure yourself, John. Oh! please don't say anything dreadful!"

The sweet-faced woman prevailed; the curse that hung upon the lips of the angry man was not spoken; but still he said, "I'll never forgive him—he has done me a dreadful wrong."

The young man who had provoked his bitterness, humbled and repentant, sought his forgiveness in vain who, in a moment of passion, he had injured almost beyond reparation. John Locke steeled his heart against him.

In his store sat the young village merchant, one pleasant morning, contentedly reading the morning paper. A sound of hurried footsteps approached; but he took no notice of it until a hatless boy burst into the store, screaming at the top of his voice, "Mr. Locke, Johnny is in the river—little Johnny Locke."

To dash down the paper, and spring for the street, was the first impulse of the agonized father. On, on, like a maniac he flew, till he reached the bank of the river, pallid and crazed with anguish. The first sight that met his eye was little Johnny, lying in the arms of his mother, who, with her hair hanging dishevelled around her, bent wildly over her child. The boy was just saved. He breathed, and opening his eyes, smiled faintly in his mother's face; while she, with a choking voice, thanked God. Another form lay insensible, stretched near the child.—From his head the dark blood flowed from a ghastly wound. The man against whom John Locke had sworn eternal hatred, had, at the risk of his own life, been the savior of the child. He had struck a floating piece of drittwood as he came to the surface with the boy, and death seemed inevitable.

John Locke flung himself down on the green sward, and bent over the senseless form. "Save him," he cried, huskily, to the doctor, who had been summoned. "Restore him to consciousness, if it be only one little moment; I have something important to say to him."

"He is reviving," replied the doctor.

The wounded man opened his eyes; they met the anxious glance of his brother-in-law, and the pale limbs trembled forth, "Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes; God is witness, as I hope for mercy hereafter, I freely forgive you, and in turn ask your forgiveness for my unchristian conduct."

A feeble pressure of the hand, and a beaming smile were all the answer.

Many days the brave young man hung upon a slender thread of life; and never were there more devoted friends than those who hovered over the sick bed. But a vigorous constitution triumphed, and, pale and changed, he walked forth once more among the living.

"Oh! if he had died with my unkindness clouding his soul, never should I have dared to hope for mercy from my Father in Heaven!" said John Locke to his wife, as they sat talking over the solemn event that had threatened their lives with a living trouble. "Never—now I have tasted the sweetness of forgiveness—never again will I cherish revenge or unkindness towards the erring; for there is new meaning to my soul in the words of our daily prayer, and I see that I have only been calling *judgments upon myself*, while I have impiously asked, "Forgive us our trespasses, *as we forgive those who trespass against us.*"

REFUSES TO BE COMFORTED.—"Come, come, my dear madam," said a doctor, "there is evidently something wrong; make a *confidante* of me."

"Well, doctor, it was always my great ambition (sob) to be the wife of a dry goods merchant, and now I have thrown myself away upon a hardware (sob) dealer, and although the dear fellow is as kind as he can be, (sob), and brings me home any quantity of scissors, and files, and door-knobs and things, yet what are these to the (sob) wounded spirit that expected oceans of brocades and pointed lace? (Sob, sob, sob.)

A GOOD HIT.—An invalid once sent for a physician, and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, aches, &c., he thus sums up:

"Now, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike the true cause of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it."

"It shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a decanter of gin that stood on the sideboard.

A HARD HEAD.—In Cincinnati an Irishman become angry at a darkey and broke seven or eight bricks upon his head without doing him the least injury. The negro, who was perfectly cool during the operation, exclaimed: "Struck away, white man—dis chile don't mind dem pebples no how! yah! hah!"

DYSENTERY.

Multitudes of lives are lost by ignorance of the nature of simple diseases at their appearance. Diarrhœal discharges always afford a feeling of relief without pain, necessarily, or blood. Dysentery, on the contrary, is always attended with painful gripings, with distressing and ineffectual straining, and more or less blood.

In dysentery, too much blood is throw in upon the bowels, and nature attempts to relieve herself by passing it off. If she is interfered with, and the mouths of the little tubes which are throwing off the blood are suddenly closed up by stytics, such as alum, or sugar of lead, or logwood and the like, or by opiate in any form, which, in effect operate in the same way, then the blood takes another direction, and goes to the brain, oppresses it, weighing down all the powers of life, and there is delirium, stupor, death. These are vital facts, known to all educated physicians, and yet the very first effort made in the cure of dysentery is to stop the blood, and its diminution is considered encouragin by the ignorant. There is intolerable heat and thirst in dysentery; this heat extends from the tip of the tongue all through the body; this attracts more blood, just as a mustard plaster attracts blood. The true cure is to cool the internal surface of the bowels, and nature calls ravenously for this cooling; yet every swallow of ice water increases the pain; but ice broken into pieces small enough to be swallowed whole and taken to the fullest capacity of the patient, cools off the inner surface of the intestinal canal just as certainly as small lumps of ice constantly placed on a red hot surface will at length cool it. As an aliment, raw beef in the shape of mince meat, given in quantities of two table spoonsfulls four times a day, facilitates the cure, while it sustains the patient.

Dysentery is very generally caused by sudden cooling of the skin, especially after exercise; or in weakly persons a sudden change in the weather is all-sufficient, particularly when with a greater coolness there is a raw dampness in the atmosphere. Thus it is that this serious ailment is so common in the fall of the year; mid-day being hot, and the cool nights closing abruptly the pores of the skin, which the heat of the day had relaxed. The best preventatives are wearing woollen flannel shirts, and having fires kindled in the family room at sundown, especially in valley situations, and those otherwise damp, beginning these on the first cool night of the fall.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A NEW MYSTERY.

A Wisconsin paper, the Taylor Falls *Reporter*, tells the following story, and vouches for its accuracy. The editor says that strange as the facts may appear, he does not doubt their truth in any particular, as they are well authenticated by many witnesses, in whose veracity he places implicit confidence:—

On Tuesday, while Mr. Corey and his two sons were at work in a field near his house, their attention was arrested by smoke which appeared to rise from his stable. They hurried to the barn as quickly as possible, and discovered a pile of straw near by on fire. This was immediately extinguished, and as they were returning to the field, the stable caught at different places, which, by considerable exertion, was put out. Before, however, they had left the premises, another fire was discovered underneath the granary in a pile of boards. The bottom board was nearly burned through, but the others were not even scorched. After this was put out Mr. Corey sent one of the boys into the house to ascertain whether all was safe there. He immediately came out and told his father that the house was on fire. Mr. Corey immediately ran up stairs, where he found some clothes that his wife had laid away the day before burning.—They were thrown out of the window, and from that time until late at midnight the fire broke out all over the house. First a paper would catch, then a mosquito bar, then a straw bed, etc., and it was only by the utmost exertions of Mr. Corey, aided by two gentlemen, Messrs. Hale and Treadwell, that the building was saved The fire continued at intervals until Sunday, 1st ult., and attracted many visitors. We shall not attempt to give any cause for this wonderful freak of nature, but will leave the question to be solved by some of our philosophers. These facts, as we learn them from an eye-witness are true; and if any one can solve the mystery we we shall be glad to hear from them.

☞ A cross-grained and surly man, too crooked by nature to keep still, went over to his neighbor, Mr. F——, and addressed him thus; "This piece of fence is mine, and you shant have it."

"Why," replied Mr. F——, you must be mistaken, I think.

"No, no, it's mine and I shall keep it."

"Well," said F——, "suppose we leave it to any lawyer *you* shall choose."

"I won't leave it to any lawyer," said the other.

"Well," continued F——, "shall we leave it to any four men in the village, that *you* shall select?"

"No; I shall have the fence."

Not at all discomposed, F—— said: "Well, neighbor, I shall leave it to yourself to say to whom it does belong—to you or to me.

Struck dumb by the appeal, the worthy man turned away, saying:

"I don't have anything to do with a man that won't contend for his own rights."

TO THAT YOUNG LADY.

"Say nothing, do nothing, which a mother does not approve and you are on the certain road to happiness."—ANON.

Have few confidants, and let your mother be the principal one. "Fudge," you say, with a curling lip, or an upturned nose, "a pretty doctrine, indeed—let my mother into my private affairs? I think I can keep my own secrets and if not, she is not the one to whom I would entrust them." Let me tell you one thing, Miss. The young lady who makes her mother her confident has rarely, if ever, been known to go astray. Whatever explanation may be given (and it is easily explained,) the fact is certain—such a one is secure against the wiles of the tempter. On the other hand, she who shuns the counsel and confidence of her mother is almost certain, at least is in great danger, of being led astray. Seek, then, a mother's counsel, and never, as you value your temporal salvation, at least, never listen for a moment to one who says, "Don't tell your mother." To all such say at once, "Don't tell me anything that you are not willing to have my mother know."—Young ladies, there is safety for you in that course.

A word of advice to mothers. In the training of your children, endeavor by all means to gain their confidence. Begin early, and manage in such a way as to induce them to come to you, at once, for counsel in all their difficulties. In order to do this, take an interest in all their little troubles and perplexities, especially when they come to you for counsel or sympathy. Do not put them away with a "pshaw," "get away," "I can't be troubled with you," &c., &c., but answer their reasonable inquiries, encourage them to bear their little troubles, counsel them in difficulty, &c., and you will soon find them growing in confidence and affection. If you think this to much trouble, when they are young, you cannot expect them to confide in you as they become older. This subject deserves further consideration. It will probably be resumed.—*Prairie Home.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR COMMAS.—A new York paper in announcing the wreck of a vessel, near the narrows, says:

"The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-fourths of the cargo and the captain's wife."

In another paper we find the following advertisement:

"FOR SALE.—An excellent young horse; would suit any lady or gentleman with a long silver tail!"

A good Methodist preacher once got off the following:

"As I was riding along one of those beautiful Western prairies with my dear old wife, who has since gone to heaven in a buggy."

A GOOD STORY SPOILED.—A cynical individual on reaching a pathetic story in one of the papers lately, noted in his memorandum book as follows:

Somebody whistled. Teacher calls up big boy on suspicion.

Big boy comes up and holds out his hand, sullen and savage.

Noble little boy comes manfully forward, and says:

"I am the boy what whistled, sir," at the same time extending his hand.

Teacher simmers down, and lets 'em both off.

(Mem—Noble little boy thought teacher wouldn't lick him if he told the truth, but knew big boy would lick him if he didn't.)

A SECRET FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS.—The treasurer of Amherst College has lately received from Mr. Daniel Sears, of Boston, a heretofore liberal benefactor of the College, a small and carefully sealed box, with the instruction that it is not to be opened for one hundred years, on pain of a forfeiture of the gift which it contains. Speculation is at fault as to the contents and the reasons for the accompanying condition. The shrewdest guess is that the box holds deeds of real estate in Boston, now under lease for one hundred years, but then to be transferred to the college. But let us be patient till 1960, and then we shall all know, says the Springfield *Republican.*

A GOOD REASON FOR LAUGHTER.—M. de Balzac was once lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the thief.

"I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day."

The thief "evacuated Flanders" at once.

☞ The arm of a pretty girl, wound tight around your neck, has been discovered to be an infallible remedy in case of sore throats. It beats pepper tea all hollow.

☞ Never flatter yourself that you have obtained the perfection of politeness, unless you can pull a man's nose without giving him offence.

☞ Never go to bed with your feet sticking out of the window, particularly when it is raining or freezing.