MOTT'S
BEATE
RESTORATIVE
LS of IRON.

...chic preparation of Iron purified
by combustion in Hydrogen. Sanc-
Medical Authorities, both in Europe
and prescribed in their practice.
...usands daily proves that no prepa-
...npared with it. Impurities of the
...energy, pale and otherwise sickly
...necessity in almost every concei-

...ections, Emaciation, Dyspepsia
...Dysentery, Incipient Consumption
...Salt Rheum, Mismenstruation
...Complaints, Chronic Headaches
...Fevers, Pimples on the Face, de-
...debility, whether the result of acute
...ued diminution of nervous and mus-
...nic complaints, one trial of this re-
...cessful to an extent which no de-
...testation would render credible.—
...deep as to have become forgotten in
...ls, have suddenly re-appeared in the
...turned from a protracted travel in
...very signal instances of this kind are
...ferers, emaciated victims of apparent
...exhaustion, critical changes, and
...rvous and dyspeptic aversion to air
...the physician has no name.
...s of all kinds, and for reasons fa-
...the operation of this preparation of
...salutary, for, unlike the old ox-
...ne, without being exciting and
...regularly aperient, even in the
...stiveness without ever being a
...times a disagreeable sensation.
...among others, which makes it
...and permanent a remedy for *Piles*,
...ars to exert a distinct and specific
...local tendency which forms them,
...able as are its causes, a single box
...has often sufficed for the most
...the attendant *Costiveness*.
...even when advanced to Dysen-
...ding, and apparently malignant,
...ally decisive and astonishing.
...of flesh and strength, debilitating
...which generally indicate In-
...s remedy has allayed the alarm
...in several very gratifying and

...sis, this medicated iron has had
...effect of the most cautiously bal-
...dine, without any of their well-

...cannot be too confidently invi-
...torative, in the cases peculiarly

...ronic, and inflammatory—in the
...ededly—it has been invariably
...eviating the pain and reducing the
...the joints and muscles.
...it must necessarily be a great re-
...tive, and its progress in the new
...will probably be one of high re-

...covered in the whole history of
...of prompt, happy, and fully re-
...appetite, complete digestion, rapid
...with an unusual disposition for
...es, immediately follow its use.
...xes containing 50 pills, price 50
...druggists and dealers. Will be
...receipt of the price. All letters,
...ssed to
...E & CO., GENERAL AGENTS,
20 Cedar St., New York.

HERS

...king in the praise of
...EATON'S
...E CORDIAL,

...fails to afford instantaneous re-
...it acts as if by magic, and *one*
...u that what we say is true. It

...ORIC OR OPIATE

...relieves by *removing the suffer-*
...of by *deadening its sensibilities.*
...ds itself as the *only reliable* prep-
...CHILDREN TEETHING, DIARRHŒA,
...BOWELS, ACIDITY OF THE STOM-
...AD, and CROUP, also, for *soften-*
...mmation, regulating the Bowels,
...equal—being an *anti-spasmodic*
...cess in all cases of CONVULSION
...the life and health of your
...m from those sad and blighting
...ain to result from the use of nar-
...edies for Infantile Complaints
...DR. EATON'S INFANTILE CORDIAL.
It is perfectly harmless, and can-
...ate infant. Price, 25 cents. Full
...h bottle. Prepared only by
CHURCH & DUPONT,
No. 409 Broadway, New-York.

...D FOOD

...upon being
...LYZED

...the same essential elements and
...STANDARD. Analyze the Blood of
...Consumption, Liver Complaint,
...and we find in *every instance* cer-
...globules of Blood. *Supply* these
...made well. The BLOOD FOOD is
...ory—hence its astonishing suc-

...EPARATIONS

...ies of the Blood in different di-
...s. BRONCHITIS, or any affection
...LUNGS, inducing CONSUMPTION.
...No. for DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.
...CHRONIC COMPLAINTS, arising
...BILITY, and NERVOUS PROSTRA-
...LAINTS. No. 3 for DYSPEPSIA.—
...sorption it is TAKEN BY DROPS
...the circulation, so that what
...No. 4 is for FEMALE IRREGULARI-
...&c. See special directions for
...UPTIONS, SCROFULOUS, KIDNEY,
...No. 5. In all cases the di-
...llowed. Price of the *Blood Food*
CHURCH & DUPONT,
...409 Broadway, New-York.
...ladelphia, and G. H. KEYSER,

W. T. Murray, Hollidaysburg;
...ists throughout the country.

...LICE GAZETTE.—

...of Crime and Criminals is in
...widely circulated throughout
...ll the Great Trials, Criminal
...ials on the same, together with
...atters, not to be found in any

...annum; $1 for six months, to
...who should write their names
...te where they reside plainly
...W. MATSELL & CO.,
...New York Police Gazette,
New York City.

...urance and Trust Co.
...ck, $500,000.

...laut St., S. E. corner of
...Phila.
...AGENT, ALTOONA,
...E USUAL MUTUAL RATES,
...ES, AT ABOUT 20 PER CENT.
...INANCE RATES, THE LOW-
A. WHILLDIN, *Pres't.*
[Oct, 27th, 1859-1y.

...OUNTY MUTUAL

...AGENCY.—The undersigned,
...al Fire Insurance Company, is
...against loss or damage by fire,
...rniture and Property of every
...ntry, at as reasonable rates as
...Office, in the Masonic Temple.
...OHN SHOEMAKER, *Agent.*

...BITTNER,
...N DENTIST.
...HE MASONIC TEM-

[Dec. 23, '58.-tf.

...INLEY RE-

...his professional
...oona and the ad-
...office heretofore oc-

...!—GENTLEMEN

...JOSEPH P. TROUT announ-
...s ready to discharge his duty
...called upon. [Jan. 2 '56.

Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 5. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1860. NO. 35.

BUY YOUR BOOTS & SHOES

At the People's Shoe Store.

STEWART & THOMPSON

Take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country that they have just received, at their store on Annie street, two doors below the Post Office, a large and handsome assortment of BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS, for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children's wear, of all sizes and kinds. Their stock is of neat finish and excellent manufacture, which they will sell for CASH only, at least 25 PER CENT. CHEAPER than the same can be purchased elsewhere—as will be seen by referring to the following price list:—

Men's fine calf Boots,	$3 25 to $3 50
Men's fine kip Boots,	2 75 to 3 25
Boy's kip Boots,	1 75 to 2 00
Youths'.	1 75
Men's Calf Gaiters,	2 00
Men's Oxford Ties,	1 62 to 2 00
Men's Brogan's,	1 12 to 1 65
Boys' Brogans,	75 to 1 20
Youths' Shoes,	62 to 87
Children's Shoes,	25 to 65
Ladies' Congress Gaiters,	1 50 to 1 65
Ladies' Lasting Gaiters with heels,	1 37 to 1 50
Ladies' Superior Lasting Gaiters,	1 85
Ladies' Morocco Boots with heels,	1 30 to 1 55
Ladies' Morocco Boots without heels,	1 25 to 1 37
Ladies' Goat Boots with heels,	1 25
Ladies' Calf Boots with heels,	1 20 to 1 25
Misses' Calf Boots with heels,	75 to 1 00
Misses' French Morrocco Boots, with heels,	1 25

Having bought our goods for cash, they were put at the lowest figure, and by doing an exclusively cash business customers are not made to pay for bad debts hence our low prices.

And if you want a good and fashionable Boot or Shoe made, leave your measure and they will have it made at short notice. Repairing done in the neatest manner, and on reasonable terms.

We respectfully solicit a liberal share of public favor.

Sept. 13, 1860.-tf.

Literary Emporium and News Depot

CONFECTIONARY, SEGAR, TOBACCO,

JEWELRY & VARIETY STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER CONTINUES to keep constantly on hand all the best literary papers and periodicals, daily papers from Philadelphia, New York and Pittsburgh, together with a good assortment of Books. All the School Books used in this place and vicinity always on hand.

Also, a choice lot of Confectionaries, and knick knacks of all kinds for children, Also the best Tobacco & Segars to be had in town, together with a fine assortment of Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Rings and other articles of Jewelry. Call and examine. H. FETTINGER.

Altoona, July 26, '60-1y. *No. 1 Altoona House.*

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.

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.

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 Count 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.

S. M. WOODKOK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ALTOONA, BLAIR CO., PA.,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE SEVERAL Courts of Blair, Cambria and Huntingdon counties.

Having had several years' experience in the practice of the Law, he expects to merit public patronage.

Office on Virginia Street, in the room lately occupied by J. D. Leet, Esq. [Sept. 6, 1860.-tf.

[illegible] 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

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.

The Root and Herb Doctor,

OF PHILADELPHIA, HAS LEFT for the Rocky Mountains, for a new supply of Roots. He will return again and can be consulted at John Wood's Hotel, Altoona, on the 21st day of November and on the [illegible] day of December. Also, one day in each month for several months thereafter, notice of which will be given in this paper. DR. W. LEVINGSTON.

Sept. 20, 1860.

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

J. G. ADLUM,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

ALTOONA, BLAIR CO., PA.

Can at all times be found at the store of J. B. Hileman.

October 1, 1857.

DRS. CONRAD & CAMERON RESPECTFULLY offer their professional services to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity. Office on Railroad street, two doors east of the Red Lion Hotel, where they may be consulted at all hours, except when professionally engaged.

Sept. 6, 1860.-tf

FOR SALE.—A HOUSE AND LOT, desirably located in the Borough of Altoona. Apply to JOHN SHOEMAKER.

Altoona, Feb. 9, 1860.-tf.

UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE Company. Agency, Anna Street, Altoona.

March 17, 1859 JOHN SHOEMAKER, Agent.

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

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Original Gift Book Enterprise.

The largest in the world; permanently located at 439 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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Having purchased the spacious Iron Building, No. 439 Chestnut Street, and fitted it up with every convenience to facilitate my business, particularly that branch devoted to COUNTRY ORDERS; and having a larger capital than any other party invested in the business, I am now prepared to offer greater advantages and better gifts than ever to my customers.

I will furnish any book (of a moral character) published in the United States, the regular price of which is One Dollar or upwards, and give a present worth from 50 cents to $100 with each book, and guarantee to give perfect satisfaction, as I am determined to maintain the reputation already bestowed upon my establishment.

Strangers visiting Philadelphia are invited to call and judge for themselves. G. G. EVANS.

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RELIABLE GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE,
No 439 CHESNUT STREET,
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where all books are sold at the Publisher's prices, and you have the advantage of receiving a handsome present,

WORTH FROM 50 CENTS TO 100 DOLLARS WITH EACH BOOK.

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GEO. G. EVANS'	Punctual business transactions have received the approbation of over 6,000,000 citizens of the United States, each of whom have received substantial evidence of the advantages derived by purchasing books at this establishment.
GEO. G. EVANS	Has done more than any other publisher or bookseller in the United States towards diffusing knowledge to the people. By this system many books are read that otherwise would not have found their way into the hands of readers.—*Frank Leslie's Newspaper.*
GEO. G. EVANS	Keeps constantly on hand the most extensive stock, the greatest assortment of Books, and circulates free to all who may apply, the most most complete catalogue of Books and Gifts in the United States.
GEO. G EVANS	Has advantages offered by other publishers and manufacturers which enable him to furnish his patrons with a finer quality and better assortment of gifts than any other establishment.
GEO. G. EVANS	Publishes nearly Two Hundred Popular and interesting Books, therefore, as a publisher, he is better able to offer extra premiums and commissions.
GEO. G. EVANS	Guarantees perfect satisfaction to all who may send for books.
GEO. G. EVANS'	New classified catalogue of books embrace the writings of every standard author in every department of literature, and gives all the information relative to the purchasing and forwarding by Mail or Express of books ordered from his establishment, together with full directions how to remit money.
GEO. G. EVANS'	Catalogue of Boooks will be sent gratis and free of expense to any address in the United States.
GEO. G. EVANS'	Inducements to Agents cannot be surpassed. The most liberal commissions are offered, and by soliciting subscriptions to books in the manner proposed, 20 books can be sold in the same time that it would take to sell one on the old fashioned subscription plan. Send for a classified Catalogue, and every information will be given in reference to agencies. Select your books, enclose the amount of money required, and one trial will satisfy you that the best place in the country to purchase books is at

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Books of Fact!
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Books for the Old Folks!
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Books for Husbands!
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Books for Lovers!
Books for Sweethearts!
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Books of Humor!
Books of Poetry!
Books of Travel!
Books of History!
Books of Biography!
Books of Adventure!
Books about Sailors!
Books about Soldiers!
Books about Indians!
Books about Hunters!
Books about Heroes!
Books about Patriots!
Books for Farmers!
Books for Mechanics!
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T. S. ARTHUR'S Popular Tales!
DR. ALCOTT'S Family Doctor!
MRS. HENTZ'S Novels!
MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S Novels!
COOPER'S Novels!
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All the writings of every standard author in every department of literature, in every style of binding, at the publisher's lowest prices, and remember that you pay no more then you would at any other establishment, and you have the advantage of receiving an elegant Present, which oftentimes is worth a hundred fold more than the amount paid for the book.

SEND FOR A CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,

Order any book that you may want, remit the retail price, together with the amount required for postage, and one trial will assure you that the best place in the country to purchase books is at the Gift Book Establishment of

GEORGE G. EVANS,
Originator of the Gift Book Enterprise,
No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,
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AGENTS WANTED,

To whom greater inducements than ever are offered.

Any person, either male or female, who is desirous of engaging in an

HONORABLE AND PROFITABLE BUSINESS,

Requiring but little time and no outly of money, and by which they can obtain gratis

A Valuable Library,
A Fine Gold Watch and Chain,
A Handsome Service of Plate,
An Elegant Silk Dress Pattern,
A Splendid Set of Jewelry,

Or any other choice articles enumerated in the List of Gifts can do so by acting as an Agent for this establishment.

Any person, in any part of the country, can be an Agent simply by forming a club, sending a list of Books, and remitting the amount of money required for the same.

Send for a catalogue, which contains all the desired information relative to agencies and the formation of clubs; and to insure prompt and honorable dealings, address all orders to

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GEORGE G. EVANS,
PROPRIETOR OF THE OLDEST AND
LARGEST GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE
IN THE WORLD,
Permanently located at No. 439 Chestnut Street, Philada.

Sept 6, 1860.-6m.

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.

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
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
Half a column,	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column,	14 00	25 00	40 00
Administrators and Executors Notices,			1 75
Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change,			10 00
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines with paper, per year,			5 00

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.

Select Poetry.

THE MECHANIC.

There he goes with steady tread,
Toiling for his honest bread;
Sleeves uprolled and cheek high flushed,
While the city still is hushed.
Oh! the strong mechanic!
The sinewy armed mechanic!
With his broad chest swelling to the stroke,
Of the hammer against the lusty oak,
Driving the nail with a hearty will,
Whistling or carolling, never still,
But even in labor doing His will,
Who loves the noble mechanic.

Etna smoke and Versuvius flame,
Oft are the allies of earth-born fame,
But to hew the rock from the vaunting cone,
And to change to blessings the flinty stone.
These do the mechanic!
The sinewy armed mechanic!
Giving his babes what God gave him,
Force of muscle, and vigor of limb,
Scorning the fear that his boys shall be,
The pampered weaklings of luxury,
Or his girls fair puppets for men to see;
The brawney backed mechanic.

But mind! I speak of the *real* thing,
Not of the kind who laugh and sing,
And shout at the travern and curse about,
And who care neither for themselves nor God;
But the true, the earnest mechanic,
The clean, white-souled mechanic!
The man who polishes head and mind,
While he frames the window, and shapes the blind,
And he utters his thoughts with an honest tongue,
That is set as true as his hinges are hung,
This is the nobleman, among
The noble band of mechanics.

God the Maker—I reverent say—
He is a worker by night and day,
Framer of skies, and builder of hills,
Making worlds by the space he fills,
He is the Master mechanic!
Making a palace of every star,
Fashioning out of the air, a car
For the sun to speed on his royal way,
Over the fire white track of the day,
Yes, God has labored—labors away—
Take cheer, then, noble mechanic!

Select Miscellany.

TWO HOURS WITH A MADMAN.

It happened one time that in travelling across a tract of country where I had business, I got benighted, and about 8 o'clock, my horse and myself being tired and pretty near worn out, I drew rein before the door of a comfortable looking farm-house, and dismounting, knocked at the door with the handle of my whip. It was opened by a little girl who stood in the door way, holding a candle in one hand, and keeping back her thick curly hair with the other, while she looked at me half shy, as if demanding my business.

"My dear," I answered to that questioning look, "is there any one in the house besides yourself?"

"Yes, there is," she answered; "father and mother, and the boys."

"Well ask your father to come here a moment, I want to speak to him."

She retreated and entered the room behind her, and in about a half a minute the farmer came out. I made known my business, explained that I had been overtaken by night, that my destination was several miles distant and that my horse as well as myself were unfit for further traveling until we had procured food and rest.

With the hospitality common to all farmers, especially American, my host for the night bade me welcome, conducted me into a large kitchen, with a floor so white that you involuntarily pitied the hands and arms that had brought it into such a state of cleanliness, and bade me seat myself before the blazing fire while supper was being got ready; and then, not forgetting my horse, he told one of the boys to feed him and take him to the stable.

After supper, as I felt unusually tired, I asked to be shown the place where I was to pass the night, and was conducted to a comfortable room with a downy bed, white counterpane and curtains, upon the second floor, by my host himself; after bidding me good night, he left the candle with me and departed, closing the door after him.

Tired and sleepy as I was, I hurriedly undressed, went to bed, and in five minutes was soundly sleeping. A grinding sound awoke me—at what time I don't know—but the moon, which did not rise till very late, was fully up, its bright rays streaming through the window, from which I had purposely looped back the curtain, so that the first streak of daylight might wake me, as I was anxious to proceed on my way. There, sitting full in the moonlight was a man with a long carving knife in his hand, which he was sharpening upon a piece of grindstone, which I now perceived made the sound that had awakened me. I thought surely I was dreaming; or, if I was awake, what in the name of heavens meant what I saw? And still the man leisurely ground the blade of the knife, and in a perfect stupor of amazement I lay perfectly quiet with wide open eyes looking at him.

In a few minutes he stopped grinding, and passing his finger carefully along the edge of the knife he nodded and shook his head knowingly, to intimate to himself that he had brought the blade to a proper degree of sharpness. My blood ran cold; a kind of panic seized me when I saw that action and the cool calculating smile with which he held the knife up between him and the moonlight, looking at it with the air of a connoiseur. Then he leisurely got up, stepped over to the table where I had left the candle stick and commenced looking around for something—a match, I conjectured.

While his back was turned, the idea of slipping from the bed and bolting for the door suggested itself to me; but before I had time to act upon it, the match was found, and holding the candle in one hand, the match in the other, and the handle of the knife between his long, wolfish teeth, he came over towards the bed.—He lit the candle and then took the knife from between his teeth, and took firm hold of the candle in his hand. He bent over me flashed the light full upon my eyes, and perceiving I was awake, exclaimed, with a wild kind of laugh:

"Ha! ha! Awake, eh?—Ha! ha! Glad of it sir; I meant to awake you, if you hadn't done it yourself. I consider it cowardly to kill a sleeping man."

And he laughed at me again, and peered into my face with his red-hot burning eyes.

I could see at once that he was mad, and I saw the horror of my situation was increased.—At first I had thought—but now, I knew that he was a mad man from his own words, he intended to murder me, and I felt that little short of a miracle would save me.

After he had taken a good look at me, he sat down upon the bed and to my intense horror began slowly running his finger, with great care along the edge of the knife—evidently he had no intention of suffering by the experiment.—And then he said.

"I don't intend to kill you just now—perhaps not for an hour—but I guess that's about the longest you have to live. First, I mean to have a talk with you. Do you happen to know where I came from?"

I did not, indeed, and I told him so, wishing within myself, with all my heart, that he would take it into his crazy brain to find his way back there, and leave me to sleep in peace.

"You don't know, eh? Well, I don't mind telling you. Don't you see that spire away there to the left?"

No, I didn't see the church spire, nor anything else in the world at that moment, but the burning eyes of the maniac. So I told him I didn't see the object he spoke of.

"Don't see it eh? How blind? Why see there?" And to aid me in discerning this imaginery object, he rose and went towards the window and looped the blind still further back. There—do you see it now?"

"No," I said, "I don't see yet;" and I hoped he would try to pull the curtain still further back, or pull it down, or something—anything to divert his attention from me a moment longer, that I might leap from the bed and then bolt out of the room.

I was already sitting up, and to glide down upon the floor was the work of an instant; but that moment the madman, annoyed that I couldn't see the church spire, dropped the blind, turned around quickly, muttering—"blind, blind;" and instantly comprehending my intention to escape, bounded towards me with a spring like a wild cat, and catching hold of me with his bony hand, waved the gleaming knife over me in such close proximity to my face, as to be anything in the world but pleasant.

"Oh, you will, will you? Just lie down there—still now—still, or I'll kill you before even the half hour is up. Lie down!"

And with herculean strength he lifted me up with his one hand—and I was no feather in weight, I can tell you—and bounced me down with a force that shook the whole bed.

I did lie down, and seeing that I was inclined to obey, he directed my attention to the window again, by inquiring:

"Do you see the church spire, now?"

I didn't see it any clearer than before, it being slightly impossible, as no church spire existed within ten miles. But I saw that the maniac was getting irritated at my want of capability to see what did not exist, so I thought it might be as well to keep upon good terms with him, and to his question this time I admitted I did see the spire.

"Ah, good, good. Well, under that spire is a church and around the church is a grave-yard. There I live, and there I came from. It's very lonesome sleeping there in the damp, cold ground; and the grave worms—ugh! to feel them creeping along, over one's skin—so slimy, and slippery, and cold, banqueting upon the warm flesh of the dead! They say the dead are cold; it's a lie, sir, a lie!—Feel my flesh; is it cold?"

He bared his skinny arm and forced me to lay my hands upon it.

"There is that cold?"

I told him no.

"Is it warm?"

I replied that it was, and he continued:

"They make it cold—the grave worms do.—They make it cold and slimy as they crawl over it. Did you ever feel the grave-worms on your flesh?"

I shuddered with disgust as I told him, "No."

"You didn't, eh? Lucky dog, lucky dog! But you're not dead yet; wait awhile, and you'll feel them, just as I do, pretty soon."

And he whirled the carving knife round and round his head, and then brought it down with a sudden swoop till he grazed my throat.

With a groan of agony, not for the slight scratch, but the horror of mind under which I was, I recoiled from the glittering blade, shuddering as if I would have sunk down through the bed—down, through the floor. With a loud laugh the maniac observed my terror, and then he said.

"Frightened, eh? Frightened! I will not kill you for half an hour yet. I'm going to experiment upon you. I think I will bleed you to death, just to try how long it will take you to die, eh? What do you think of it?"

What did I think of it? My God! I thought nothing, only that I would soon be dead, or mad as my companion, if some deliverance was not soon opened up. I never prayed much—God forgive me! but just then, I breathed something, I scarcely knew what, for aid, for deliverance. I knew that I dared not attempt to escape. My first movement would have been the signal for my death blow; and if I called aloud, I might not awaken any one in the house, but merely infuriate the madman to such an extent he might immediately butcher me. What under heaven to do I knew not, and if the maniac, in his desire to "experiment," should open a vein, I would inevitable bleed to death. Meantime he was waiting for an answer to his question, and repeated, rather angrily,—

"What did I think of his proposal to bleed me to death?"

I was about answering something desperate, and giving myself up for lost when a bright idea flashed across my troubled brain. Oh, how devotedly I thanked heaven that I had read the "Arabian Nights" in my boy-hood! There was my idea, which as yet, only heaven knew whether it would be successful or not: I would tell him stories, and beguile his fancy till morning, and then surely, I would have some means of escape. I answered his question by another.

"Suppose I tell you a story about bleeding to death—or rather about a man supposed he was being bled to death, and died from the fright?"

"Died from the fright, eh? Let us hear it."

Very gladly I began, making it long, and adding as much as I possibly could to the original, which was something I recollected long ago to have heard about some one who wished to "experiment," and had a man blindfolded, his arm bandaged, and gently pricked, but not sufficiently to bring the blood, and then heard the regular drop, drop of blood—or what he supposed to be his own blood, though in reality only water, till he died from the mere supposition that he was being bled to death. I forget the story now, but is familiar to every one. When I concluded, I suggested to the maniac that he should try this model experimenting, and see how long I would take to be frightened to death.

"Yes, yes, he answered, with a sly, cunning laugh; "very good, very good," and seeing thro' the device, with the cunning of madness, he laughed again as he said—"Very good, sir, very good. And you would take till morning to die, and meanwhile I want a companion in the church yard yonder; down among the grave worms. Come, bare your arm, and let me do as I said. I'll bleed you I intended to have taken your head off first, but I've changed my mind, because I wouldn't like to have a headless companion. Bare your arm."

God! what was I to do! I felt my brain seethe and whirl, as though I, too were going mad. With a desperate effort to be calm, I said.

"Suppose I tell you another first?"

"Oh, no you can tell while you bleed."

"But I shall want to watch the blood flow too," I said, with an effort to refrain from shuddering.

"True, true," he said. "Well, let's hear your story—quick, begin."

I waited for no urging. I was too glad to find him in the humor to listen; so I began to relate every story I could think of—as soon as one was done beginning with another—and in this manner nearly two hours passed. As I was about to begin another story, he stopped me peremptorily.

"No more; no more! I won't listen! I've listened too long already, and I've no time to bleed you either! I may take off your head as I first intended disagreeable as it is to have a headless companion?"

Around and around his head again went the glittering knife, coming down in a direct line with my throat; and then as he drew the edge, sharp as a razor, touched my skin, I forgot the prudent consideration that had hitherto kept me silent, and gave vent to my horror and terror in a cry so loud and long, so shrill and ear-piercing, that the maniac started back in affright, and actually trembled at the unearthly sound. No wonder! I tremble this moment myself, when I think what an awful cry it was; and I almost fancy I can still hear the sound of it, when I close my eyes, and shudderingly look back to the hour.

The effect upon the madman was not of long duration. A third time he waved the knife around his head, and was just preparing forward when the farmer and his eldest son burst into the room. The effect that these new actors upon the scene produced upon the madman was strange and almost incredible. The knife remained uplifted, the hand in which it was held seemed suddenly petrified and unable to move. He cowered beneath the gaze of the farmer, as the child mith do under the eye of the master, and without the slightest resistance, allowed the knife to be taken from his hand and himself quietly lead from the room by the farmer and his son.

Then, when I was left alone, the reaction after all my terror, horror, and excitement, overpowered me, and I sank back upon the bed almost insensible. Thank God for my escape and hardly conscious of my feelings and actions, I lay quite still, awaiting what was to follow. I felt that there was no further cause for alarm, and in a dreamy sort of a way I tried to account for the adventure.

I looked around upon the room, and all so seemed like a dream that I could almost have persuaded myself that I was a victim of an unpleasant illusion; but then, to bring me back to the realities of all that had transpired, there was still the light burning upon the table, and I knew I had put out the light before retiring; and another proof that I was awake, and had been for a couple of hours past, was the scratch upon my throat, where the knife had grazed it, and I shuddered to think how nearly my thread of life had been cut in two.

Presently the farmer and his son returned, and I was informed that my terrible and most unwelcome visitant was an unfortunate brother-in-law of the farmer, who had been crazed for some years past; that during certain seasons, especially at that phase in which the moon then was, he was quite mad and dangerous, though at other times harmless. Unfortunately for me, his door had been neglected that night, and instead of being locked had been left open. I listened to all these explanations, and received my host's apologies and expressions of regret for my disturbance and peril, by making a mental vow never to sleep with the door unlocked in a strange house, and if ever placed so that I should be obliged to crave the hospitality of strangers, to make particular inquiry whether any mad person, brother-in-law, or other, dwealt in the house.

Witty Perversion.—A minister had a quarrel with one of his parishioners by the name of Hardy, who showed considerable resentment.—On the succeeding Sunday the divine preached from the following text, which he pronounced with great emphasis, and with a significant look at Hardy, who was present:—"There is no fool like the fool-Hardy."

Ignorance.—Ignorance is often the source or the most intrepid action, and the most implicit faith; since there are none so fearless as those who have not light enough to see their danger; and none so confident as they who have not sufficient knowledge to discover their own error.

☞ Christ is the sun, and all the watches of our lives should be set by the dial of his motion.

One Hundred Years Ago.—One hundred years ago, there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois territories. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the country around the mountains of the moon.—It was not until 1799 that the "Hunter of Kentuck," the gallant and adventurous Boone, left his home in North Carolina, to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first pioneer of Ohio did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago, the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single handed contest with Russia, Austria and France—the three great powers of Europe combined. A hundred years ago, Napoleon was not born, and Washington was a young and modest Virginia colonel; and the great events in the history of the two worlds, in which these great but dissimilar men took leading parts, were then scarcely foreshadowed.

A hundred years ago, the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire; and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which, within a score of years thereafter, established the greatest Republic of the world. A hundred years ago, there were but four newspapers in America—steam engines had not been imagined and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conception of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that to the century which has passed, has been allotted more important events, in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation.

☞ A good story is told of a Washington county man, who on his way to Cincinnati became somewhat elevated by sundry "drinks," but as good luck would have it, found a boat at the wharf and was quickly on his way:

Soon after leaving the wharf, a man came around for his fare. Horrall handed out a five dollar bill, and received four dollars and ninety-five cents in change. He rammed it into his pocket-book with great eagerness, supposing the clerk had made a mistake. That done, he leaned back into his chair and fell asleep. A little while and he was plucked awake by the same man, who again demanded fare. "Discovered the mistake," thought he, holding out a handful of change. The man, as before, took only five cents, and Horrall again went into a doze. Ere he had got fairly to dreaming of home and friends far away, around came the collector again, and thus it went on for a long time.

At last Horrall thought it very inconvenient, and concluded to vote the collector a nuisance, and give him a bit of advice besides; so, said he—

Is (hic) this a da-n-ger (hic) ous bo (hic) boat?"

"By no means," said the man. "Bran new."

"Then, by gummy, (hic) why do (hic) don't you collect all the fa (hic) at once—not bother a fel (hic) heller for it every mile as it (hic) comes due?"

"Really," said the man, "where do you think you are going?"

"Cincin (hic) hinnati," said Horrall.

"Cincinnati," said the polite conductor; "why, you must be sadly out of your reckoning. This is the ferry-boat, and all this afternoon you have been riding to and fro between New Albany and Portland."

That night Horrall staid in Louisville.

Comforters out of Newspapers.—Soon after the advent of chilly nights, finding the extra covers too heavy, and remembering the suggestion of a year ago, I took off a weighty coverlid and substituted a half dozen copies of a popular weekly. I never slept more pleasantly. I mentioned it to some of my acquaintances, who, on trial of the past two weeks, pronounced it effectual I used it on the beds in my house, and as nothing can be cheaper, I feel authorized to recommend it for general use. I had the curiosity to weigh the newspapers in use on my three beds, and the amount of all was only three pounds. The papers can be spread loosely, overlapping one another, though for convenience I have pasted the edges together. How trifling is the cost, and how easily obtained! A pound or two of old newspapers can be procured for four cents a pound, and if spread between two light covers to retain them in their place, will keep a person comfortable whether he be rich or poor. The experiment can easily be tried.—*Evening Post.*

The Infant.—A lovely child lay sleeping, the moonbeams kissed its forehead, and in every ray of light an angel sported. No wonder they should leave their Eden home to linger awhile on earth to gaze upon aught so lovely. Pure as a snow wreath which mantles the Alpine hills, or the lily with its brow bedecked with pearls, was this infant—sin had ne'er touched it. Its little heart was far from guile as was the seraph's which looked down upon its beauty. Nor were the angels alone gazing; no, no, a fond mother watched it, and as the moonbeams played around its cheek, she thought of the innocency which dwell within the heart of her cherished infant.

A Lady's Opinion.—In a novel at a circulating library, this passage is marked and much thumbed: "There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in heaven."

"That's my view exactly," sighed Miss Josephene Hoops, as she laid down the volume. "In fact, I think there's nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he ain't conscientious!"

☞ A bevy of children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest reading, spelling and definition.

"And what do you get my little one?" said the father to a rosy cheeked little fellow, who was at the time slily driving a tenpenny nail into the door panel.

"Me? Oh, I gets readin', spellin' and spanking."

☞ The most intense mode of expressing contempt in Milwaukie, is to exclaim, "Go, I have no more to say! I scorn you as I do a glass of water!"

☞ God esteems men's deeds by their minds, and not their minds by their deeds.

☞ Sin may *rebel*, but it shall never *reign* in any saint.