Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 6. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1861. NO. 13.

INC FUND.

National SAFETY TRUST Company.

G FUND.—NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY.—CHARTERED BY THE VANIA.

RULES.

ceived every day, and in any amount large

r. interest is paid for money from the day

s always paid back in GOLD, whenever it without notice.

ceived from Executors, Administrators, others who desire to have it in a place of d where interest can be obtained for it.

received from depositors is invested in MORTGAGES, GROUND RENTS, and such other as the Charter directs.

Every day from 9 till 5 o'clock, and on ndays till 8 o'clock in the evening.

NNER, President.

RIDGE, Vice President.

ecretary.

DIRECTORS.

KER, FRANCIS LEE,
ER, F. CARROLL BREWSTER,
ER, JOSEPH B. BARRY,
TON, JOSEPH YERKES,
WNS, HENRY DIFFENDERFER.

S Street, S. W. Corner of Third St. Phila.

April 14th, '60-1y.

S IN SEASON!

The undersigned old customers and the public generally, turned from the East with his fall stock,

GAST OF THE KIND this place. He has every variety in

Size and Quality, of

HATS AND CAPS,

ll and Winter Wear.

es, shape, and qualities of Ladies and n's HATS and PLATS, to which the attention of anything in this line is special.

FURS! FURS!

largest and handsomest assortment of the Dalles of Altoona, embracing

S, MUFFS, CUFFS,

that line, for Ladies and Children, of opean manufacture, and of every quali-

t of anything in the above line, will it before purchasing elsewhere, as I am at the very lowest possible prices.

street, opposite the Lutheran church. 1860-tf. JESSE SMITH.

PUBLIC.—THE SUB-

ving taken the establishment heretofore Fries, would respectfully an- s of Altoona and vicinity, that he is

SALE AND RETAIL N WARE & STOVE STORE,

on Annie street, between Harrisburg and t Altoona, where he will keep constant assortment of everything in his line, le of on reasonable terms.

G & SPOUTING

atice. He also manufactures Leaders ich is said to be much superior to galvan.

shed a copper-smithing room to his es- Keep on hand an assortment of copper &c.

ork promptly attended to.

Patronage is respectfully solicited

STEPHEN WINTERS.

h, 1860.

LPHIA WATCH AND

DORE,

MBER OCCUPANT,

orner of Quarry Sts.

as leased the above will keep a large assortment of Gold of American, English and Swiss manufacture, celebrated makers. In addition to always on hand (and made to order) an Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Ware, ercest assortment of such goods as are Watches and Jewelry Store. Conrad, and three doors of the subscriber, ublic generally, are invited to call, and good article for their money. As I am ash business, goods will be sold very ed and Quick Sales is the motto of this

LEWIS R. BROOMALL,

Formerly O. Conrad.

, Second St., cor. of Quarry, Philada.

AT QUESTION WHICH the mind of every person get the best article for my to other matters, the subscriber begs to direct, but if you the line of

OR SHOES

examination of his stock and work on hand an assortment of Boots, Shoes, which he offers at fair prices. al attention to custom work, all of ed to give satisfaction. None but the employed

ops on Virginia street, immediately ing Store.

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

nd Grocery Store.

SCRIBER KEEPS CON-

hand

ed Bread, Cakes, &c.

BACON, FLOUR,

ROCERIES,

lot of SEGARS and TOBACCO.

JACOB RINK,

Virginia Street, below Annie Street.

HOE ESTABLISHMENT.

RESIGNED ANNOUNCE

of Altoona and vicinity that they have

ND SHOE SHOP

door above Winters' Tin Shop, East will keep on hand a good assortment their own manufacture.

otion given to making Ladies', Misses' vite a share of public patronage, can render entire satisfaction. -tf JOHN SIDNEY

L POLICE GAZETTE,

urnal of Crime and Criminals, and is widely circulated throughout tains all the Great Trials, Editorials on the Current Events, and Matters, not to be found in any

$2 per annum; $1 for six months, (who should write for the Police Gazette) and State where they reside.

To G. W. MATHILE & CO., ngr. of New York Police Gazette, Nassau Street, New York.

ERS —80,000 BARRELS

made by the Londi Manufacturing suit purchasers. This is the ticket. $3 worth will manure the crop from one-third more seed than two weeks earlier, and, the ore seed nor land. A and full particulars, with the ling address to

MANUFACTURING CO. 130 South Wharves, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE.

LS, 50,000 LA- LDING MATERIALS, pply to JOHN SHO

D LARD OIL

Elaid, Carbon Oil, &c.

AT McCORMIC

assortment of Ready-

E OF ALL

and for sale

D TO 24, AND OUT

G. W. KEYSER

DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP CURES CONSUMPTION, CURES BRONCHITIS, CURES COLDS, CURES ASTHMA, CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LUNGS.

I INVITE ATTENTION to some of the most extraordinary cures by my

PECTORAL SYRUP.

They are at home and any one who has doubts can inquire of the persons who have been cured by it.

DR. KEYSER IS PREPARED AT ANY TIME TO EXAMINE LUNGS, WITHOUT CHARGE, FOR ALL THOSE WHO NEED HIS MEDICINE.

ATTEND TO YOUR COLDS.—A case of five years standing cured by

DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 11th, 1860.

DR. KEYSER:—My wife has been afflicted with a bad cough and difficulty of breathing for five or six years, which for several years back had gradually increased in violence. The complaint has been hereditary, and she had been treated by several physicians without any relief. In the case of her case I procured some of your Pectoral Cough Syrup. I bought the first than a fifty cent bottle, which relieved her very much; I then called and got a dollar bottle, which cured her entirely, and she has now no trace of the former disease, except weakness. I would remark that I used the medicine myself to a cold and cough. The medicine cured me by taking one dose. Testimony entire satisfaction with the medicine, and you have my liberty to publish this if you desire to do so.

WM. WILSON,
Alderman, Fifth Ward.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 18th, 1858.

DR. KEYSER:—Although not an advocate of Patent Medicines in general, it affords me great pleasure to recommend your Pectoral Syrup. As a medicine it is well worthy the attention of any person who may in any manner be affected with coughs, colds and hoarseness of any kind, and for the peculiar qualifications for removing all that disagreeable sensation attending a cold.

I have been more or less, in my life affected with the severest colds of hoarseness. At times my throat would become so closed as to prevent my speaking above a whisper, and by taking a few doses of the above Syrup it would relieve me entirely.

In recommending this medicine, I must unhesitatingly say that it is the best medicine I ever found, purporting to cure the above; nor should any family be without this remedy for diseases so prevalent.

Yours, most respectfully,
EDWARD J. JONES,
Cashier, Citizens' Deposit Bank.

STEUBENVILLE, O., March 14th, 1859.

I have used Dr. Keyser's Cough Syrup for a bad cough of several years standing, and can cheerfully say it is the best medicine for the same that I have ever taken.

J. W. PRICE.

COL. PRATT AND DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP.—DR. KEYSER—Dear Sir: Excuse the delay of my acknowledging the excellence of your Pectoral Syrup sooner. I take great pleasure in saying that it is all you say it is. IT KNOCKED THE NOISE OUT OF MY COUGH, and the worst one I was ever afflicted with; I have not used more than one half of the bottle, and can and do wish that all those who are afflicted would give it as fair a trial as I have done, and they will be proud to say, "It is no quack medicine." I would not suffer another such an attack for any consideration, or at any cost. I am confident I can breathe more freely than I ever did. I shall always acknowledge a debt of gratitude for inventing so excellent a remedy.—You are at liberty to use my name in the motto of this your power.

E. F. PRATT.

Messenger, Common Council, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PITTSBURG, May 11th, 1859.

P. S.—I am no stranger to my fellow citizens, and all who entertain doubts can consult me personally.

E. F. P.

READ THE TRUTH.—DR. KEYSER: I have a daughter who has taken several medicines for a bad cough, who has taken several medicines for a bad cough, without benefit—among them Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I purchased from you a bottle of your PECTORAL SYRUP, and before she had used half a bottle she was relieved. The second bottle cured her entirely of her cough.

JOHN DARIN,
Robinson street, Allegheny.

PITTSBURG, December 31st, 1858.

A GREAT CURE BY DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP.—I live in Peebles township, Allegheny county—had a coughing and spitting, which commenced about the 4th of February last, and continued eight months, I employed the best physicians in the country, and my cough continued unabated until early in October. At that time I was advised to try your PECTORAL SYRUP, which I did, and after I had taken one bottle I was entirely free from the coughing and spitting. I had despaired of ever getting well, and I think it should be known that this valuable remedy will do for others what it has done in my case.

JOHN C. LITTLE, Peebles township.
Witness—B. M. KERR.

PATTON TOWNSHIP, April 11th, 1857.

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Some time ago, an old neighbor of mine was very ill with a bad cough which every one supposed to be consumption. His relatives told me he had taken every remedy they heard of without benefit; his brother came to see him die, and all were confirmed in the belief that he could not live. I had about the third of a bottle of your Pectoral Syrup, which I gave him, and it entirely cured him, to the astonishment of all. What makes the case more remarkable, is the extreme age of the man, he being about eighty years old. I have no doubt the Pectoral saved his life.

JOHN M'GINNIS.

DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP IN BLAIRSVILLE.—Please send me another supply of your valuable "Pectoral Syrup." Almost everybody around us has the cold and are inquiring for "Dr. Keyser's Pectoral Syrup." We have sold sixteen bottles last week, and are now entirely out. Mr. Alter and Mr. P. Maher, both of Blairsville, Pa., tell us they would not be without it in their families. In fact, all who use it once want it again.

J. S. WATTERSON & SON'S.

January 30th, 1860.

ANOTHER NEW CERTIFICATE—DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP.—I have been troubled with a cough and cold for several weeks—so bad was it that I could not sleep. I had the advice and prescriptions from three of the best physicians in the city, whom I could name, but do not do so. I finally procured a bottle of your Pectoral Syrup, which cured me entirely. Signed,

J. W. SIMONTON.
233 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 6th, 1860.

"STOP THAT COUGHING."—"How can I do it?"—Go to Keyser's on Wood street and get a bottle of his Cough Pectoral, and if that don't cure you, your case must be desperate indeed." This is a specimen of the colloquy one hears almost every day in cold catching seasons of the year. As we can, from actual experiment, cheerfully concur in the adviser's admonition as above, for we have tried the "Pectoral" in a most stubborn case, with entire success. Near two weeks ago we went to Pittsburg with one of the most distressing contrary, mulish, unsatisfiable coughs we have ever experienced since our advent upon this mundane sphere. We coughed steadily and laboriously for one whole week, in hopes of tiring it out, but it was no go. In fact it seemed rather to improve by practice and to have acquired strength, potency and distressibility by the operation. In this state of the siege, we coughed our way to Keyser's, 140 Wood street, procured a fifty cent bottle of the Pectoral, took it according to directions, and in forty-eight hours we were master of the field, the enemy having unconditionally surrendered after a brief but unequal conflict with so formidable an adversary as Keyser's Cough Pectoral.—Brownsville Clipper, Dec. 14th, 1859.

DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP is prepared and sold by DR. GEO. H. KEYSER.
140 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa.

TOOTHACHE REMEDY.—

A SURE CURE.

Prepared and sold by DR. G. H. KEYSER,
140 Wood street, Pittsburg.

Price 25 cents, for sale by G. W. KESSLER, Altoona.

Altoona, Jan. 21, 1861—3m.

THE PEOPLE'S COOK BOOK.

MODERN COOKERY in all its branches, by Miss ELIZA ACTON. Carefully revised by Mrs. S. J. HALE.

It Tells You How to choose all kinds of meat, poultry, and game, with all the various and most approved modes of dressing and cooking beef and pork; also the best and simplest way of salting, pickling and curing the same.

It Tells You All the various and most approved modes of dressing, cooking, and boning mutton, lamb, veal, poultry, and game of all kinds, with the different dressings, gravies, and stuffings appropriate to each.

It Tells You How to choose, clean, and preserve Fish of all kinds, and how to sweeten it when tainted; also all the various and most approved modes of cooking, with the different dressings, sauces and flavorings appropriate to each.

It Tells You All the various and most approved modes of preparing over fifty different kinds of Meat, Fish, Fowl, Game, and Vegetable Soups, Broths, and Stews, with the Relishes and Seasonings appropriate to each.

It Tells You All the various and most approved modes of cooking Vegetables of every description, also how to prepare Pickles, Catsups and Curries of all kinds, Potted Meats, Fish, Game, Mushrooms, &c.

It Tells You All the various and most approved modes of preparing and cooking all kinds of Plain and Fancy Pastry, Puddings, Omelettes, Fritters, Cakes, Confectionary, Preserves, Jellies, and Sweet Dishes of every description.

It Tells You All the various and most approved modes of making Bread, Rusks, Muffins, and Biscuit, the best method of preparing coffee, Chocolate, and Tea, and how to make Syrups, Cordials, and Wines of various kinds.

It Tells You How to set out and ornament a Table, how to Carve all kinds of Fish, Flesh or Fowl, and in short, how to so simplify the whole Art of Cooking as to bring the choicest luxuries of the table within everybody's reach.

The book contains 418 pages, and upwards of twelve hundred Recipes, all of which are the results of actual experience, having been fully and carefully tested under the personal superintendence of the writers. It is printed in a clear and open type, is illustrated with appropriate engravings, and will be forwarded to any address, neatly bound, and postage paid, on receipt of the price, $1.00, or in cloth, extra, $1.25.

$1000 A YEAR can be made by enterprising men everywhere, in selling the above work, our inducements to all such being very liberal.

For single copies of the Book, or for terms to agents, with other information, apply to or address

JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher,
No. 617 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 7, '60.—3m.

GREAT WORK ON THE HORSE.—THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES: By ROBERT JENNINGS, V. S., Professor of Pathology and Operative Surgery in the Veterinary College of Philadelphia, etc., etc.

Will Tell You of the Origin, History and distinctive traits of the various breeds of European, Asiatic, African and American Horses, with the physical formation and peculiarities of the animal, and how to ascertain his age by the number and condition of his teeth; illustrated with numerous explanatory engravings.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

Will Tell You of Breeding, Breaking, Kindness, Feeding, Grooming, Shoeing, and the general management of the horse, with the best modes of administering medicine, also, how to treat biting, kicking, rearing, shying, stumbling, crib biting, restlessness, and other vices to which he is subject; with numerous explanatory engravings.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

Will Tell You of the causes, symptoms, and treatment of strangles, sore throat, distemper, catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, broken wind, chronic cough, roaring and whistling, lampas, sore mouth and ulcers, and decayed teeth, with other diseases of the mouth and respiratory organs.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

Will Tell You of the causes, symptoms and treatment of worms, bots, colic, strangulation, stony concretions, ruptures, palsy, diarrhœa, jaundice, hepatirrhœa, bloody urine, stones in the kidneys and bladder, inflammation and other diseases of the Stomach, bowels, liver and urinary organs.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

Will Tell You of the causes, symptoms and treatment of bone, blood and bog, spavin, sweenie, ringbone, strains, broken knees, wind galls, founder, sole bruise and gravel, cracked hoofs, scratches, canker, thrush and corns; also, of megrims, vertigo, epilepsy, staggers and other diseases of the feet, legs and head.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

Will Tell You of the cause, symptoms and treatment of fistula, poll evil, glanders, farcy, scarlet fever, mange, surfeit, locked jaw, rheumatism, cramp, galls, diseases of the eye and heart, &c., &c., and how to manage castration, bleeding, trephinning, roweling, firing, hernia, amputation, tapping, and other surgical operations.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

Will Tell You of Harey's method of taming horses; how to approach, halter, or stable a colt; how to accustom a horse to strange sounds and sights, and how to bit, saddle, ride and break him to harness; also, the form and law of WARRANTY. The whole being the result of more than fifteen years' careful study of the habits, peculiarities, wants and weaknesses of this noble and useful animal.

The book contains 584 pages, appropriately illustrated by nearly One Hundred Engravings. It is printed in a clear and open type, and will be furnished to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price, half bound, $1.00, or, in cloth, extra, $1.25.

$1000 A YEAR can be made by enterprising men everywhere, in selling the above, and other popular works of ours. Our inducements to all such are exceedingly liberal.

For single copies of the book, or for terms to agents, with other information, apply to or address

JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher.
Nov. 8.—3m No. 617 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEAUMAN'S POCO METALIC PAINT,

EQUAL TO RED LEAD AND 75 per cent. cheaper—stands 320 degrees heat—warranted water proof and will neither fade nor wash. For

STEAM BOILERS AND PIPES, GAS HOLDERS, RAIL ROAD BRIDGES AND CARS, PLASTER, IRON AND BRICK FLONTS, TIN ROOFS, HOUSES, BARNS, FENCES, WAGONS, SHIP DECKS, PLUMBERS' JOINTS, IRON FOUNDERS PATTERNS,
&c., &c., &c.

For graining and staining equal to Turkish Umber.

COLORS are Umber Brown Lake, Olive Indian Red and Black.

One responsible agent wanted in every town and city in the United States. Terms accommodating. For Circulars, &c., apply to or address

WM. L. HOUPT.
March 21-6m. No. 132 N. 4th street, Philadelphia.

GLEN-ECHO MILLS,
GERMANTOWN, PA.
McCALLUM & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS,
IMPORTERS & WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Carpeting, Druggets, Oil Cloths,
MATTINGS, &C.

WAREHOUSE, No 509 CHESTNUT STREET, (opposite the State House,) PHILADELPHIA. [mar21,'61-1y.

CONFECTIONERY
AND OYSTER SALOON.

THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD INFORM the citizens of Altoona and vicinity that his CONFECTIONERY, NUT and FRUIT STORE, is always supplied with the very best articles to be had, and in great variety. He has also an

OYSTER SALOON

attached to his store, in which he will serve up PRIME OYSTERS, in all styles.

He has always on hand a lot of

CHOICE MINCE MEAT.

He is at all times prepared to supply cakes, candies, &c., for pic-nics and other parties. He invites a share of public patronage, believing that he can render full satisfaction to all.

Remember, his store and saloon is on Virginia street, two doors below Patton's Hall. OTTO ROSSI.

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

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McCRUM.....H. C. 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 50
Three " (24 ")	1 50	2 00	3 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.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG OF STARS.

BY HARRY RIVERS, A FORETOPMAN.

I've roamed for many a lengthy mile,
Upon the stormy seas;
I've seen full twenty banners float
All proudly on the breeze—
That standard, too, Great Britain's pride,
The boast of England's tars—
Yet none could thrill my heart but thee,
My Country's Flag of Stars!

Brazil's gay flag of gorgeous dyes;
The banner of old Spain;
E'en Gallia's bunting as it flies,
Is not undimm'd by stain;
Their lustre has been sullied oft
At home, by deadly jars;
But thy bright azure fields are pure,
My Country's Flag of Stars!

In some famed foreign ports I've seen
The flags of half the world—
To celebrate a gala-day—
Their bunting all unfurl'd,
With throbbing heart, I glanced my eye
Along the tapering spars,
Until my gaze was fixed on thee,
My Country's Flag of Stars!

And, when thy stripes and azure field
First met my eager sight,
My bosom heaved, my heart it thrilled,
With feelings of delight.
I hailed it as the cynosure
Of our Columbia's tars;
The banner of the brave and free,
My Country's Flag of Stars!

And where's the heart possessing but
One spark of freedom's zeal,
That would not, gazing on thy folds,
A patriot's spirit feel?
The veteran too, as he looks down
Upon his ancient scars,
That would not hail thee with delight,
My Country's Flag of Stars?

Select Miscellany.

HOME INFLUENCE.

'Who's that, I wonder,' said Mrs. Seaburn, as she heard a ring at the basement door.

'Ah, it's Marshal,' returned her husband, who had looked out of the window and recognized the grocer's cart.

'And what have you sent home now Henry?'

But before Mr. Seaborn could answer, the door of the sitting room was opened and one of the domestics looked in and asked—

'What'll I do wid the demijohns, mum?'

'Demijohns?' repeated Mrs. Seaburn.

'Let them sit in the hall, and I'll attend to them,' interposed the husband.

'Henry, what have you sent home now,' the wife asked, after the domestic had left the door.

'Some nice old brandy,' replied Henry.

Cora Seaburn glanced at the clock and then looked down upon the floor. There was a cloud upon her fair brow, and it was very evident that something lay heavily upon her heart. Presently she walked to the wall and pulled the bell cord and the summons was answered by the chambermaid.

'Are George and Charles in the room?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Tell them it is school time.'

The girl went out, and in a little while two boys entered the sitting room with their books under their arms and their caps in their hands. They were bright, happy, healthy little fellows, with goodness and truth stamped upon their rosy faces, and the light of free consciences gleaming in their sparkling eyes. George was thirteen years of age, and Charles eleven, and certainly those two parents had reason to be proud of them. The boys kissed their mother, gave a happy good morning to their father and then went away to school.

'Cora,' said Mr. Seaburn, sometime after the boys had gone, 'what makes you look so sober?'

'Sober,' repeated the wife, looking up.

'Yes. You have been sober and mute ever since the grocer came.'

'Do you want me to tell you why?'

'Of course I do.'

'Well, Henry, I am sorry you have had that spirit brought into the house.'

'Pooh! What's the use of talking so, Cora? You wouldn't have me without it, would you?'

'Yes.'

'Why? What do you mean?'

'I mean that I would cut clear from the stuff now and forever.'

'But—Cora—you are wild. What should we do at our dinner parties without wine?'

'Do as others do—have it not.'

'But—mercy!—what would people say? Are you afraid I—but no—I won't ask a foolish question.'

'Ask it Henry. Let us speak plainly now that we have fairly commenced.'

'Well, I was about to ask if you were afraid that I should ever drink too much?'

'That is not a fair question, Henry. I was not thinking of that at all. But I will answer it by and by. You have no fixed appetite for it now?'

'Of course not.'

'Then it would not cost you any effort of will to abstain from its use.'

'Not a particle.'

'And you only have it in your house, and serve it to your friends, and drink it yourself because it is fashionable, or in other words, you do it because others do it.'

'I do it because,' said Mr. Seaburn, hesitating some in choice of language—'because it would appear very odd and niggardly, and very fanatical without it.' This last was spoken emphatically.

'But,' pursued Mrs. Seaburn, with the calmness and assurance of one who feels the sustaining influence of right, 'you would not do what you were convinced was wrong out of respect to any such considerations, would you?'

'You know I would not, Cora. This question of temperance, I know, is a good one in the abstract, and I am willing to live up to it as I understand it; but I am no tee-to-tal-ler.'

'Henry,' said his wife, with an earnest look into his face, 'will you answer me a few questions, and answer them honestly and truly, without equivocation or evasion?'

'Bless me! how methodically you put it, Cora; but I will answer.'

'Then, first—Do you believe you or your friends are in any way benefitted by the drinking of intoxicating beverages at your board? That is, do you derive any real benefit from it!'

'No; I can't say that we do.'

'Do you think the time has ever been, since we were married, when we actually needed wine in the house, either for our health or comfort?'

'Why, I think it has administered to our comforts, Cora.'

'How?'

'Oh, in many ways.'

'Name one of them.'

'Why the enjoyment of our guests.'

'Ah! but I am speaking of ourselves, Henry—of you and me and our little family. Has it ever administered to our comforts?'

'No, I can't say that it has.'

'And if it was banished from our house to-day, and forever, as a beverage, would we suffer in consequence?'

'Certainly. What would our friends—'

'Ah! but stop; I am only speaking of my own affairs, as shut out from the world by our bedside. I want all extraneous considerations left out. Should we as a family, suffer in our moral, physical, social or domestic affairs in the total abstinence from this beverage?'

'No; I don't know that we should.'

'Then, to you, as a husband, and a father, as a man, is it of any earthly use?'

'No.'

'And it would cost you no effort, so far as you alone are concerned, to break clear from the habit?'

'Not a particle.'

'And now Henry,' pursued the wife, with increased earnestness, 'I have a few more questions to ask. Do you think the drinking of intoxicating beverages is an evil in this country?'

'Why, as it is now going on, I certainly do.'

'And isn't it an evil in society?'

'Yes.'

'Look over this city and tell me if it is not a terrible evil!'

'A terrible evil grows out of the abuse of it, Cora.'

'And will you tell me what good grows out of the use of it?'

'Really, love, when you come down to this abstract point, you have the field.—But people should govern their appetites. All things may be abused.'

'Yes. But will you tell me the use—the real good—to be derived from drinking wine and brandy?'

'As I said before, it is a social custom, and has its charms.'

'Ah! there you have it, Henry. It does have its charms as the deadly snake is said to have., and as other vices have. But I see you are in a hurry.'

'It is time I was in the store.'

'I will detain you but a moment longer.'

'Henry. Just answer me a few more questions. Now call to mind all the families of your acquaintance; think of all the domestic circles you have known from your school boy days to the present. Run your thoughts through the various homes where you have been intimate. Do this, and tell me if in any one instance you ever knew a single joy to be planted by the hearthstone by the wine cup? Did you ever know one item of good to flow to a family from its use?'

'No; I cannot say that I ever did—not as you mean.'

'And now answer me again. Think of those homes once more. Call to memory the playmates of your childhood, think of other homes, think of the firesides where all you have known them dwell, and tell me if you have seen any sorrow flow from the wine cup. Have you seen any griefs planted by the intoxicating bowl upon the hearthstone!'

Henry Seaburn did not answer, for there passed before him such grim spectres of sorrow and grief that shuddered at the mental vision. He saw the youth cut down in the hour of promise; he saw hearts broken; he saw homes made desolate; he saw affection wither up and die; and saw noble intellect stricken down!—Good Heavens! what a sight he saw when he unrolled the canvass of his memory.

'Henry,' whispered the wife, moving to his side, and winding one arm gently around his neck, 'we have two boys They are growing to be men; they are noble, generous and warm-hearted; they love their home and honor their parents; they are here to form those characters, to receive those impressions which shall be the basis on which depends their future weal or woe. Look at them! Oh, think of them. Think of them doing battle in the great struggle of life before them. Shall they carry out from their home one evil influence? Shall they, in the time to come, fall by the wayside, cut down by the demon of the cup, and in their dying hour curse this example whence they derived the appetite? Oh, for our children—for those two boys—for the memories we would have them cherish of their home—for the good old age they may reap, let us cast the thing out now and forever.'

Cora kissed her husband as she ceased speaking, and then he rose to his feet—but he made no reply.

'Henry, are you offended?'

'No,' he said. He returned her kiss, and without another word, he left his house and went to his store.

How strangely did circumstances work to keep the idea his wife had given him, alive in his mind. That very morning he met a youth, the son of one of his wealthy friends, in a state of wild intoxication; and during the afternoon he heard that young Aaron G——had died at sea.—He knew that Aaron had been sent away from home, that he might be reclaimed.

After the bank had closed, and as Henry Seaburn was thinking of going to his dinner, he received a note through the penny post. It was from a medical friend, and contained a request that he would call at the hospital on his way home. It was not much out of his way, and he stopped there.

'There is a man in one of the lower wards who wishes to see you,' said the doctor.

'Does he know me?' asked Seaburn.

'He says he does.'

'What is his name?'

'He won't tell us. He goes by the name of Smith, but I am satisfied that such is not his name. He is in the last stage of consumption and delirium. He has lucid intervals, but they do not last long. He has been here a week. He was picked up in the street, and brought here. He heard your name, and said he knew you.'

Mr. Seaburn went to the room where the patient lay, and looked at him; surely he never knew that man! 'There must be some mistake,' said he.

The invalid heard him, and opened his eyes—such blood-shot, sunken eyes!

"Harry," he whispered, trying to lift himself upon his elbow, 'is this Harry Seaburn?'

'That is my name.'

'And don't you know me?'

'I am sure I do not.' And Harry would have said that he did not wish to, only the man seemed so utterly miserable that he would not wound his feelings.

'Have you forgotten your old playmate in boyhood, Harry—your friend in other years—your chum in college?'

'What!' grasped Seaburn, starting back aghast, for a glimmer of the truth burst upon him, 'this is not Alec Lomberg?'

'All that there is left of him, my Hal,' returned the fellow, putting forth his wasted skeleton hand, and smiling a quaint, quivering, dying smile. 'Ah! PAUCI PECCAVI.'

'Alexander Lomberg!" said Harry, gazing into the bloated, disfigured face before him.

'You wouldn't have known me, would you Hal?'

'Good heavens! no!'

'I know I am altered. Ah, Hal, sic transit gloria mundi.'

'But Alec,' cried Seaburn, 'how is this? Why are here?'

'Rum, Hal, RUM! I'm about done for. But I waited to see you. They told me you lived not far away; and I would call upon one friend before I died.'

'But I heard you were practising in your profession, Alec, and doing well.'

'So I did well when I practiced, Hal. I have some pleas, but I have given up all that.'

'And your father, where is he?'

'Don't mention him, Hal. We've broken, I don't know him! he taught me to drink! Aye, he taught me! and then turned the cold shoulder to me when he thought I drank too much. But I am going, Hal—going, going.'

Henry Seaburn gazed into the horrible face, and remembered that the owner had been the son of wealthy parents; the idol of a fond mother; the favorite at play and at college; a light of intellect and of physical beauty, and a noble, generous friend. And now, alas!

'Alec, can I help you!'

'Yes,' and the poor fellow started high from his pillow, and something of the old light struggled in his eye. 'Pray for me, Hal; pray for my soul; pray that I may go where my mother is. She could not have done it had she lived. Oh, she was a good mother, Hal! Thank God, she didn't live to see this! Pray for me, pray, pray. Let me go to her?'

As the wasted man sunk back, he fell to weeping, and in a moment more one of his paroxysms came on, and he began to rave, he thought Henry was his father, and he cursed the habit that had been fastened upon him under that father's influence. With an aching heart he turned and left the hospital. He did not go home to dinner then, he walked down town and got his dinner there. At night he went to the hospital again. He would inquire after his friend, if he did not see him.

'Poor fellow,' said the physician, 'he never came out of that fit; he died in half an hour after you went out!

It was dark when Henry Seaburn reached his home.

'You didn't tell Bridget where to put those demijohns, Henry, said his wife.

She did not notice his face for the gas was burning but dimly.

'Ah! I forgot. Come down with me, Cora, and we'll find a place for them.'

His wife followed him down in the basement, and one by one he took the demijohns and carried them into the rear yard, and there emptied their contents in the sewer. Then he broke the vessels in pieces with his foot, and bade Bridget have the dirt man take the fragments away in the morning. Not a word had he spoken to his wife all the time, nor did she speak to him. He returned to the sitting room, where his boys were at their books, and took a seat upon one of the tete-a-tetes.—He called his wife and children about him, and then told the story of Alexander Lomberg.

'And now, my loved ones,' he added, laying his hands upon the heads of his boys, 'I have made a solemn vow, that henceforth my children shall find no such influence at their home. They never shall have occasion to curse the example of their father. What say you, my boys, will you join me in the sacred pledge?'

They joined him with a glad, gushing willingness; for their hearts were full, and their sympathies all turned, by a mother's careful love, to right.

'And you, Cora?'

'Yes! yes?' she cried; 'and may the holy lessons of this hour never be forgotten. Oh, God, let it rest as an angel of mercy upon my boys. Let it be a light to their feet in the time of temptation.—And so shall they bless throughout life the influence they carry with them from their home.'

THE NEXT THING TO AN ANGEL UPON EARTH.—A London paper says that a gentleman walking over Knightsbridge, on Sunday, overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared to have returned from a pleasure trip into the country: Woman—"Blow me, Bill, how I do feel,—I am as miserable, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world is this! I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now that I am born, I wish myself dead again." Man—"Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?" Woman—"Why, don't I tell yer I'm as miserable as a rat?" Man—"Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would you have? You was drunk on Monday, and you was drunk again on Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you haven't had pretty near enough to-day. If that aint enough of pleasure for yer I don't know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel here on earth."

A couple of travelers stopping at the Hotel Francais, in the city of Cordova, the capital of the Argentine Confederation, were surprised and amused by noticing on the bill of fare, "Eggs on horseback." Determined to know what it meant, they called for the equestrian dish, when it was steak with two eggs on the top.

The following is the inaugural message of Mayor Moody, of Belfast Maine: "Gentlemen of the City Council, I presume that those who voted for me on Monday last, knew that I was not a talking man but a working man, and now, gentlemen, I am here ready to go to work."