Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 6. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1861. NO. 42.

MEDICAL AND CHEMICAL

REFORM.

ADVICE FREE.

New-York Benevolent Infirmary,

ESTABLISHED 1856.

And devoted to *The Cause of Medical Reform*; to the *Diffusion of Medical Knowledge for the Prevention of Disease*, and to the relief of those suffering and afflicted with Chronic and Virulent Disorders. To this end this Infirmary is allowed, to enable the sick and suffering throughout the length and breadth of our land, to avoid the *Poisonous Drugs, Extortion*, and *Ignorance of professed Physicians*, through which thousands and tens of thousands annually perish.

The following are some of the diseases we cure, not only at the Infirmary but in all parts of our country:

Consumption and Pulmonary Complaints, Fevers, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Eye and Ear Disease, Cancers and other Skin, Jaundice and Liver Complaint, Seminal Weakness, and all diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Organs, from whatever cause or whatever nature. Our object will be to benefit the afflicted by effecting in all cases a speedy cure. Our rule is to charge nothing for advice and written prescriptions; but will furnish when requested the very best medicines at the lowest rates.

These remedies are prepared in our own Laboratory, under the care of able Chemists, and are the most reliable known to science, including all the recent discoveries.

To all addressing us by letter, containing full account of symptoms and appearances of disease, age, occupation, &c., we will write a candid reply, with advice and directions where they can be sent by mail or express if desired. Send for one or more of our works and judge for yourselves. All published at the Infirmary, to aid these objects.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN,

containing simple remedies easily obtained for the cure of disease in all its forms, with full explanations of the causes, symptoms, diet, bathing and exercise. Price 50 cts.

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AND THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE.

A work on the cause, symptoms and treatment of all complaints peculiar to the sex, on marriage, its duties, results, and the results, on Children, their ills, and on the prevention of conception, with Invaluable Instructions to those on subjects of a private nature. Price 25 cents.

The Gentlemen's Medical Companion,

AND PRIVATE ADVISER.

A work for the old and young, embracing the Pathology, Treatment and Cure of all Diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Organs, and a warning voice of advice and counsel, such as is found in no other work. Price 25 cents.

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FOR EVERY ONE.

It exposes all the Humbugs, and the various Tricks to rob the sick and well. It illustrates the plans of the Quacks and Rogues to dupe every one. It guides the unwary through life, and shows up every swindle of the age. It shows how all kinds of Food, Medicines, Liquors and Drinks are adulterated, with the means of detecting the frauds. Price 25 cents.

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For those who wish to get well from that awful disease. Full description of all the remedies used for it, with a general statement of the results, and other useful information. Price 10 cents.

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Any of the above works will be mailed free, on receipt of price in stamps, or money; or the whole in a handsomely bound volume for ONE DOLLAR. No family should be without one. They are illustrated with beautiful engravings, and are the condensed experience of years.

AGENTS WANTED for the above works, who can make $150 a month. Send for a circular for agents.

To young of both sexes suffering from secret habits; perversion of mind; loss of power; nervous debility; loss of vital vigor; wakefulness; love of solitude; eruptions on the face, &c. *Send before it is too late*; before you suffer incurable damage to both body and mind.

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PREVENTIVE.

We are convinced that there are many parents of scrofulous, consumptive and diseased condition to whom a numerous offspring only brings suffering and poverty. To such we would say write, and we will send information of a sure, well-tested, and never-failing PREVENTIVE.

We will mail free, to any one applying for it,

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It is a large and beautiful paper, and contains the most valuable information on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness. The cause, effects and cure, showing the awful effects of the disease.

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On the Liver, Heart, Stomach and Skin.
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On the modes of Treatment now practised.
On the False Treatment of Diseases.
On the various Medical Humbugs.
On the Physiology of Marriage.
On the Common sense of Medicine.
On Diet, Exercises, and Ablution.
How the Physician should be.
How to prevent Pregnancy.
And many other things. SEND FOR IT.

This journal should be in the hands of every one.

J. RUSSELL, M. D., A. M., Chief Physician. S. S. MORRIS, Surgeon. Dr. J. Boyle, Chemist.

Office in New York, 154 Chambers street.
Office in Williamsburgh, South 8th and 5th streets.

Correspondents will please enclose two or three stamps for return postage, and address

DR. A. BERNEY, Secretary.
(Box 141.) Williamsburg, New York.

Nov. 15, 1860.—1y

THE ROOT & HERB DOCTOR,

FROM PHILADELPHIA,

WHO HAS HAD 30 YEARS CONSTANT practice, can be consulted at the Altoona House, Mr. John Wood's, viz.:—*On the 7th of June, the 8th of July, and the 7th of August*—he will then vacate for 3 months. Notice will be given in this paper when he commences his Winter's Term again.

He treats all diseases that flesh is heir to. He invites all females who may be suffering with diseases peculiar to their sex, to call and examine his new mode of treatment, as thousands have been restored to health who have been abandoned by others. He is in possession of perfect instruments for sounding the lungs and chest and is therefore able to determine the exact condition of the vital organs—consequently can treat such complaints with greater safety and certainty than it is possible for those who guess at the disease and experiment for its cure. He believes that for every malady, there is found in our soil a sure and never-failing remedy.

Patients can receive treatment for $5 per month, except in cases of Cancers and Tumors, they vary from $10 to $100. Examination free. DR. W. LEVINGSTON.

N. B.—See Handbills. [May 8, '61.

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Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry.

Office nearly opposite C. Juggard's Store, Virginia st., Altoona, Pa. [May 16, '61-tf.

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...RD OILS, CAM... ...arbon Oil, &c., at ... KESSLER'S.

...GORMICK'S Store ... of Ready-Made Clothing. Nov. 28, '61.

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.

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Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.

Obituary notices exceeding ten lines fifty cents a square

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. W. LEE SPORSWOOD, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.—Sabbath School in the same room at 2 o'clock P. M.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—Rev. C. L. EHRENFELD, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.—Sabbath School in same room at 9 o'clock A. M.

BAPTIST—Rev. A. H. SEMOWER, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M.

UNITED BRETHREN—Rev. SAMUEL KEPHART, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting in the Lecture Room every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School in the same room at 9 o'clock in the morning.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—(No regular Pastor.)—Preaching on Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC—Rev. JOHN TUIGG, Pastor—Divine services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

GERMAN CATHOLIC—Rev. ——————, Pastor.—Divine services every Sabbath morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

AFRICAN METHODIST—Rev. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, Pastor.—Preaching every Fourth Sabbath in each month. Prayer Meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

RAIL ROAD SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 4, 1861, TRAINS will arrive at and leave Altoona Station as follows:

Express Train East arrives	9,55 P. M.,		leaves	9,55 P. M
" " West "	8,20 A. M.		"	8,40 A. M.
Fast " East "	3,10 A. M.		"	3,15 A. M.
" " West "	8,55 P. M.,		"	9,10 P. M.
Mail " East "	11,22 A. M.,		"	11,40 A. M.
" " West "	1,55 P. M.,		"	2,15 P. M.

The HOLLIDAYSBURG BRANCH connects with Express Train and Fast Line West, and Mail Train East and West.

INDIANA BRANCH TRAINS connect with Johnstown Accommodation Trains East and West, Express West, and Mail train East and West.

ENOCH LEWIS, *Gen'l Supt.*

MAILS CLOSE AND OPEN.

MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern Way	11 00 A. M.
Western Way	8 00 "
Hollidaysburg	8 00 A. M. & 11 00 A. M.
Western Through	7 00 P. M.
Eastern Through	7 00 "

MAILS ARRIVE.

Hollidaysburg	8.15 A. M. & 11 15 A. M.
Western Through	3 10 A. M.
Eastern Through	8 20 "
Western Way	11 22 A. M.
Eastern Way	1 55 P. M.

OFFICE HOURS:—During the week, from 6 45 A. M. till 7 00 P. M. On Sundays, from 7 45 till 9 00 A. M.

GEO. W. PATTON P. M

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 281, A. Y. M., meets on second Tuesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock P. M., in the third story of the Masonic Temple.

MOUNTAIN R. A. CHAPTER, No. 189 A. Y. M., meets on the first Thursday and third Monday of each month, at 7½ o'clock P. M., in same room as above.

MOUNTAIN COUNCIL, No. 9, A. Y. M., meets on the first Monday of each month, at 7½ o'clock P. M., in same room as above.

MOUNTAIN COMMANDERY, No. 10, A. Y. M., meets on the fourth Tuesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock P. M., in same room as above.

ALTOONA LODGE, No. 473, I. O. of O. F., meets every Friday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in the second story of the Masonic Temple.

VERANDA LODGE, No. 552, I. O. of O. F., meets every Tuesday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in third story of Patton's Building, on Virginia street.

WINNEBAGO TRIBE, No. 35, I. O. R. M., meets every Tuesday evening in the second story of Masonic Temple. Council fire kindled at 7th run 30th breath.

ALTOONA DIVISION, No. 311, S. of T., meets every Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the second story of the Masonic Temple.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor—Andrew G. Curtin.
Secretary of State—Eli Slifer.
Attorney General—William M. Meredith,
Auditor General—Thomas E. Cochran.
Surveyor General—William L. Wright.
Adjutant General—E. M. Biddle.
State Treasurer—Henry D. Moore.

BLAIR COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts.—President Judge, Hon George Taylor. Associates, Samuel Dean, Adam Moses.
State Senator—Hon. Lewis W. Hall.
Assemblyman—Thaddeus Banks.
Prothonotary—Anthony S. Morrow.
Register and Recorder—Hugh A. Caldwell.
Sheriff—Samuel McCamant. Deputy—John Marks.
District Attorney—Benjamin L. Hewit.
County Commissioners—George L. Cowan, George Koon, James M. Kinkead.
County Surveyor—James L. Gwin.
Treasurer—John McKeage.
Poor House Directors—Peter Good, William Burley, David Aurandt.
County Auditors—A. M. Lloyd, Robt. M. Messimer, L. L. Moore.
Coroner—A. J. Freeman.
Superintendent of Common Schools—John Mitchell.

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Justices of the Peace—Jacob M. Cherry, John McClelland.
Burgess—John Allison.
Town Council—A. A. Smyth, Daniel Laughman, John McDowell, R. Greenwood, C. R. Hostetter, N. J. Mervine.
Clerk to Council—S. M. Woodcok.
Borough Treasurer—Daniel Laughman.
School Directors—Geo. B. Cramer, John Shoemaker, J. B. Hileman, Wm. Boyden, James Lowther, E. A. Beck.
Treasurer of School Board—J. B. Hileman.
High Constable—Joseph K. Ely.
Collector of State, County, Borough and School Tax—Jos. K. Ely.
Auditors—John Lowther, C. J. Mann, Alex. McCormick.
Assessor—John McClelland.
Assistant Assessors—Jacob Hesser, J. L. Reifsnyder.
Judge of Elections—East Ward—William Maloney.
" " West Ward—John L. Piper.
" " North Ward—Christian Whistler.
Inspectors—East Ward—D. M. Greene, John Hooper.
" West Ward—J. K. Bellman, Robt. Pitcairns.
" North Ward—Robt. McCormick, John Condo.

Select Miscellany.

SKETCHES BY A NORTHERN RANGER.

A SCOUT'S ADVENTURE.

We had reached the entrance of a narrow pass which led through some rugged hills. Our party was small, but its members were determined men, none of whom were novices in scenes of danger. We marched in silence that was broken only by the murmured whispers of the men, the cries and fluttering of birds, or the quick plunge of some small animal through the thick foliage, which, from the very edge of the path we were pursuing, spread amid lofty trees thinly scattered on the hill.

Day was near its close. We were distant some miles from the camp, and the enemy might be in possession of the defile in overwhelming numbers. It was determined that we should keep in compact order until we had got well beyond the entrance of the pass, when, as it became more obstructed or torturous, we should advance singly, taking advantage of every bush, rock or inequality in the surface of the ground, ready for the foe, and reckless of his numbers.

The foliage became thicker as we advanced and as evening fell. On our right was a dense thicket, which we reached after having lost sight of the entrance to the defile in our rear. This thicket reached from the foot of the gorge to the summit. Each step became firmer but more cautious. There was no whispering now, and every breath was guarded. We were far in the glen—on one side gray rocks, lofty trees, flowering plants and creepers in wild confusion spreading over the abrupt sides of dark, fantastic hills, broken at intervals by huge chasms that gleamed wildly in the rays of the declining sun; on the other side, the impenetrable thicket was buried in gloom.

Still steadily and stealthily advancing, each man with his rifle grasped easily in his hand, glancing quickly to the right and left, with unwearied energy crept along the glen. A whistle, quick and clear, sent its wild sound thrilling through every heart and ear. There was a sudden halt in our little troop. All was breathless suspense. That was no bird's cry.—No throat but a human one ever gave out a note so threatening. "What was it?" passed in a still, rapid whisper among us. "Guerillas!" "Hush!" We listened long and breathlessly, and warily peered on every side. Not a man of us visible but to his fellows. Crouched with our very hearts beating, on the earth, covered by the friendly bush, we lay for many minutes in the hope of hearing the whistle repeated. All was as still as though the spot had never known its wild solitude broken by the foot of man or disturbed by his passions, his schemes or his ambition.

Still we listened, but in vain. No other sound was heard. Why was there no other signal? Was it a solitary wanderer, who sent that shrill cry forth through the stillness, in mere wantonness, and with no other motive than that of breaking its monotony? Not so. There was a significance in that sound that breathed war and defiance as plainly as if it had come from the blast of a trumpet. "Up and moving, men!" came in low tones from the lips of the sergeant in command. "Let 'em try it again."

Our march was resumed as before; but we stepped more stealthily, listened with painful attention, and glared on every side with the intensity of bloodhounds. The defile took an acute turn to the right, and on the left was a naked space, extending for some yards, devoid of all verdure but the gray moss clinging around the gray rocks.

We began hastily to cross this uncovered space, when there was a report of many pieces, whilst red flashes from rocks and bushes in the front gleamed savagely and suddenly upon us. For a moment we were staggered. Then with a shout we rushed forward to unearth the ambushed foe. Again the fire was repeated, with the muzzles of their rifles within a few feet of our faces. I gazed round for an instant, (after discharging my piece at one fellow, and with my bayonet transfixing another to the soft sandy rock, against which he fell,) and perceived none of my party by my side. But the thick smoke and rapidly falling darkness that now ruled, in conjunction with shots, yells and groans, in the surrounding glen, made everything invisible beyond the length of the arm.

At that instant I felt a sudden pang; a dizziness, a blackness like death, came on me; I clutched wildly at the sulphurous air, reeled and fell.

When I recovered my senses, I discovered that I was lying on my side, bleeding slightly from a flesh wound in the thigh. I had bled profusely, before recovering, for I was saturated in half-concealed gore. Raising myself on my elbow. I looked around for my comrades. The moon was shining with all the softness of her beauty on the spot. I counted five bodies lying within a compass of almost as many yards. I endeavored to discover their uniforms, but could not at that distance. I rose slowly, and with much difficulty reached the nearest. He was dead, with a blue hole in the centre of his forehead, through which the bullet had passed and the blood still slowly oozed. I crawled to the next one; he, too, was past all earthly aid. So on to the third, fourth and fifth. The bullet had done its full work on all. These had been my comrades a few hours before, eager to deal destruction upon foes, and careless of the fate that met them. I was the sixth and last of the party.

But where was the enemy, or what had been the enemy? I heard no sound, and the moonlight falling directly upon the dead men and the gray, weird-like rocks, produced an effect that was sickening and horrible. I remembered the man I had slain. I searched for his body, but it was gone. I also searched for others of the enemy, but could find none; all had disappeared.

There were no dead left on that battle-ground but the five fallen scouts. Yet it was obvious that others had perished there, from the blood lying in little pools among the rocks, behind which the ambushed foe had lurked and poured upon us his deadly fire.

My wound began to bleed afresh, which brought a faintness upon me, and I sank to the earth. A burning thirst was consuming me, and I groaned in agony.

After a little while I made another effort to rise, but failed; and then falling back, as calmly as possible, I yielded to my fate. I thought of past days, when, in early youth, no cry for blood had yet awakened that inherent ferocity that lurks unseen in the heart of man, until the fearful scent rouses it as it does the bloodhound, and it springs forth with a swiftness that appals, and a strength that desolates.

A CAPTURE.

My reverie was broken by the sound of voices. Then came that of approaching footsteps. As it drew nearer a new life seemed to quiver through my veins, like a fresh gush of virgin spring. The most savage foe, to whom the torture of a captive was an unapproachable delight, advancing upon me with the menaces of a demoniac, would at that moment have been welcome as an angel of light in comparison to the loneliness, the woe, of that dismal glen and its bloody and unburied dead.

In a few moments a dozen armed men were on the spot, leaning upon their rifles and gazing round upon the dead. Some stooped and scanned the bodies with careless scrutiny others merely stirred them with the foot, or turned them over with the muzzles of their guns, with the brutal indifference which bloodshed engenders in the heart.

"They're dead. Let them rot!" said one, who appeared to be the leader of the party.

"Not all dead," I replied.

Had a voice actually issued from the tomb, as mine undoubtedly seemed to do, its effect would not have been much more startling. Each man, for the moment, seemed changed into a statue. Then the whole group simultaneously moved toward me.

"That's the fellow that bayonetted Ike," exclaimed one of them, cocking his revolver and thrusting the muzzle between my teeth.

In another instant I should have been in eternity, but for the sudden jerking back of my would-be destroyer's arm by one of his own comrades, who calmly remarked: "If he's got through the rough work he had a while ago, we'll not kill the poor devil now." With a muttered curse the ruffian replaced his weapon in his belt and withdrew. "Where are you hurt?" inquired he whose interference had just saved me; "can't yer get up?" I told him I was shot in the hip, and was dying of thirst. He then called a member of the party to him, and taking from his hand a canteen, poured some of its contents (brandy and water,) down my throat. My wound had entirely stopped bleeding, but my whole side was stiff and painful. With much difficulty I rose to my feet, and by the aid of two of my captors, for such they were, managed to move along with the rest of the band, through what appeared a cleft in the mountain, pursuing a new path to that I had hitherto traversed in the company of those who had fallen, and whom I was now leaving behind me forever.

For some time we followed this road, running at the base of two declivities almost perpendicular, whose dizzy summits I could not scan, and whose rugged sides of gray, at intervals were shining coldly beneath some stray gleam of moonlight, that, even in that cavernous pass, found its way and smiled amid the gloom, like the good glance of a visiting angel.

Suddenly we emerged from this gloomy defile, and found ourselves in what appeared almost a level country. Here—where some tents were pitched—we halted, and I was a prisoner in a guerrilla camp.

A week elapsed, and I had recovered from my wound. The chief of the party who had captured me offered me my liberty, on condition that I gave my parole not to bear arms against the rebels again during twelve months. This I had sworn never to do in the event of my becoming a prisoner to the Southern army, and I was equally resolved now to adhere to my oath.

From that moment I was closely guarded, with that vigilance known but to an angry foe. No drowsy sentinel ever lounged with heavy limb and weary eye, in mock watchfulness, near the rugged couch upon which I lay. But, sleeping or waking, some hawk-eyed watcher kept guard by my side, marking all my outgoings and incomings.

In that camp there was another prisoner besides myself. He was a miserable creature, apparently, only awaiting the certain death that the caprice of a merciless band would, in some unexpected moment, hurl upon his head, and whom nothing but the same caprice permitted still to move upon the earth a living thing. This wretch had been taken in the act of robbing the dead, after a skirmish. His crime, in the eye of a soldier, is a deadly sin. He is the *pariah* of his class. A vulture too foul for an honest shot, from whose blood the bright steel would receive a disgrace deeper than its stain. A thing too worthless to hang; one whose loathsome life should be crushed out suddenly, with a stone or a club, like a reptile, and the contaminated weapon flung from the hand forever.

He cringed to his captors, and they drove him from them with curses and kicks, and when he fawned they spat upon him.

AN ESCAPE.

One night, after unwearied watchfulness and ceaseless planning, I broke from the bondage that held me. The night was cloudy and threatened rain. I had heard enough from my captors to know that a detatchment of Northern troops was encamped to the Eastward, within five miles of us. This detachment I resolved to reach, or die. From what I had learned among the guerillas, I felt assured I could with little difficulty find the encampment. After crouching my way through and along the outskirt of a thicket that grew by the side of a road, (old and grass-grown, running nearly East and West,) for at least two miles, I merged from it into the road, sweating, bleeding and hatless, my clothes torn into fragments, panting and wearied. I had taken my bearings from the few stars that glimmered through the clouds, and was about to start along the road in an Eastern direction, when a man leaped from the thicket, and—the thief of the battle-field, the plunderer of the dead, stood by my side! "On! on!" he cried, in hoarse and excited tones, pointing along the road in the direction I was about to take, "they're following!" He shook with fear, and I pitied him. Disgust at his presence, too, was lessened by a sense of the common danger. Before I could speak he dashed past me along the road. I followed, and thus we fled for more than twenty minutes—he a little ahead of me during the whole time. We reached a narrow, unfinished bridge that stretched from high banks across a stream. We began to cross the bridge, but our progress was much impeded and even endangered, as our only stepping-points were from beam to beam and plank to plank, most of them loose and rotten and at uneven distances. The bridge was supported by huge piles set in the river, whose sullen waters we were able to distinguish rushing far beneath us. Yet the river seemed shallow there, for we could detect white breakers curling around the rocks. But onward we went. I was now in advance some dozen yards. All before us, beyond twenty feet, was lost in gloom; behind, the same darkness, impenetrable at the same distance. Yet on we pressed, from one rotten, shaking timber to another. Suddenly loud shouts in the rear proclamed the pursuing foe.—These were followrd by the sharp ring of rifles, and a fearful shriek from my companion. I stopped and turned. He called to me, "for the love of Heaven, to help him." I returned some little distance, and found him clinging about a couple of feet above the cross-pieces, to a narrow iron bar that ran from one of the piles to another. He was struggling wildly.—"How is it?" I asked, as I stooped to aid him, But I discovered my assistance to be valueless unless I could place my feet on the bar, and, leaning with my breast upon one of the timbers, and reach over both hands and grasp him by the collar. As I was making this essay, the moon broke fully upon us, and I met his upturned pallid face. His teeth were set. His bloodless lips drawn from them with a rigidity that left them completely bare.—His eyes were starting from their sockets, and his form trembled so as to shake the last hold to which he clung.

"One of their bullets," he hissed between his teeth, "has smashed my ankle. I am going!" His hold relaxed, another terrible shriek rang through the night air and he fell crushing among the jutting rocks below; his blood mingled with the pure element that eddied round them.

I again pursued my way along the bridge alone. Many a bullet whistled past me from my inveterate but bewildered foes, and many a narrow escape I ran of being hurled into the dark river, of impalement upon its half-concealed rocks.—But one such death sufficed for that night. At length I reached the other side, thankful but exhausted. Still, with unabated speed, I pursued my way, until the challenge of a sentinel stopped further progress. I had reached one of the pickets of the detachment for which I was bound—our gallant northerners. I was safe, and a free man again.

THE STORY OF THE FIVE PEACHES.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

A countryman brought home five peaches from the city, the most beautiful that could be seen. His children saw the fruit for the first time. On this occasion they wondered, and were very much pleased over the beautiful peaches, with the rosy cheeks and soft down.

The father divided them among his four children, and one was received by the mother.

In the evening as the children were going to their bed-chambers, they were asked by their father:

"Well, how did those fine peaches taste to you?"

"Excellent, dear father," said the eldest. "It is a beautiful fruit, somewhat acid, and yet so mild a flavor, I have saved the stone and intend to rear a tree out of it."

"Well done," said the father, "that I call prudently providing for the future, as it becomes a husbandman."

"I have also eaten mine up," said the youngest, "and thrown away the stone, and mother gave me half of hers. Oh, it tasted so sweet, and melted in one's mouth!"

"Well," said the father, "to be sure you have not acted prudently, but very naturally, as children are wont to do. For prudence there is still room enough in your life."

Then began a second son:

"I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away, and cracked it.—There was a kernel therein which tasted as sweet as a nut. But my peach I have sold, and have received so much money for it that I can, when I go to the city, probably buy twelve."

The father shook his head and said:

"Wise it was but not in the least childish or natural. May heaven preserve you from becoming a merchant."

"And thou Edmund," said the father.

Candidly and openly answered Edmund:

"I took my peach to our neighbor's son, the sick George who has a fever.—He was not willing to take it, but I laid it upon the bed and came away."

"Well," said the father, "who has, then, made the best use of his peach?"

Then cried they all three:

"Brother Edmund has."

But Edmond remained silent, and the mother kissed him with tears in her eyes.

SEVEN BACHELORS AFTER THE SAME GIRL.—Girls must be rather scarce in La Crosse, Wisconsin. One evening recently a party was held in that town. Among those who attended were seven bachelors. They proposed that each one go out and bring in a young lady. They agreed and one by one so as not to be missed, they departed. The first one followed to the house wherein lived Miss R. He knocked and went in. In about two minutes a knock was heard at the door, and in answer Mr. G. was shown into the parlor. The two gents looked bland, and were immediately startled by a third knock, and the entaance of Mr. C. All looked surprised—said they had just called—when another knock was followed by the presence of Mr. L. He had just got seated, when around the other corner, and up to the front door came another bachelor. He too, was admitted—shown into the parlor, only to be followed by the two remaining hunters for partners. A hearty laugh followed the "explanation." The Miss was so embarrassed, however, that she declined to attend, and one by one the gallant but single minded seven, wended their way back to the party; but some-how or other but one of them returned. Six went home to bed, and the seventh told the affair.

A GOOD SCHOLAR.—"Julius, I suppose you are a very good scholar?"

"Not quite as good as I ought to be, Sam, why?"

"Because I just wanted to ask you a question."

"What is it, Sam?"

"Have you ever studied arithmetic?"

"Of course."

"Well, now, suppose that a man should buy a pair of chickens at twelve and a half cents a pound and the chickens weighed seven pounds and a quarter, what would you think they'd come to?"

"Was it in the morning?"

"Why what has that to do with it?"

"A great deal; because if it was in the morning and my wife bought 'em, I know 'xactly what dey would come to."

"What would they come to?"

"A chicken pot-pie an' a sudden disappearance."