The Altoona Tribune.

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

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. McCRUM.....H. C. DERN,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &C.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. — BANKS, 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 9½ o'clock in the morning.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. W. LEE SPOTSWOOD, 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. 25, 1861, TRAINS will arrive at and leave Altoona Station as follows:

Express Train East arrives	9,35 P. M.,	leaves	9,55 P. M
" " West "	8,20 A. M.	"	8,40 A. M.
Fast " East "	3.35 A. M.	"	3,40 A. M.
" " West "	8,55 P. M.,	"	9,10 P. M.
Mail " East "	7.30 A. M.,	"	7.45 A. M.
" " West "	2.25 P. M.,	"	2,45 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, R. A. C., meets on the first Thursday of each month, at 7½ o'clock P. M., in same room as above.

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

MOUNTAIN COMMANDERY, No. 10, K. T. 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.

YERANDA LODGE, No. 532, I. O. of O. F., meets every Tuesday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in third story of Pattou'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 7½ 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. Merryine.
Clerk to Council—S. M. Woodcock.
Borough Treasurer—Daniel Laughman.
School Directors—Geo. B. Cramer, John Shoemaker, J. B. Hileman, Wm. Snyder, 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 E. Piper.
" " North Ward—Christian Whistler.
Inspectors—East Ward—D. H. Greene, John Hooper.
" " West Ward—J. K. Bellman, Robt. Pitcairns.
" " North Ward—Robt. McCormick, John Condo.

Original Poetry.

For the Altoona Tribune.

LINES

On the Death of Davy Hamilton.

"Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

How still were his eyelids; how marble each hand,
As he lay sweetly robed for that happy land;
Cold he lies sleeping, far more beautiful now
Than when life was coursing through heart, lip and brow

The light of the eye showed the mind's promise fair,
And the hearts of the parents drank happiness there;
But now the dear clay must be borne far away,
From their hearth and their hearts, and the light of day

Still perfect as ever the statue lay there,
With its matchless features and dark-brown hair,
The spirit was absent, it upward had gone,
To dwell with the angels that throng 'round the Throne.

Pale Death, the stern reaper, had gathered it in,
All untouched by sorrow, untainted by sin,
Ere passion had marred, ere guilt had defaced,
Or on its pure tablets one deep line had traced.

Oh! prized be the faith that leads upwards to God
And seals not the spirit beneath the dark clod.
Oh! tender the words that the little ones hear,
Who to our bosoms were unspeakably dear.

A spirit immortal has passed into bliss,
From a world of sorrow and trouble like this;
So spake our Saviour, as the children he bless'd,
And to mothers in Galilee sweet words address'd.

AUNT M. H.

JANUARY 3d, 1862.

Choice Miscellany.

ELI GODDARD'S FORFEIT;

—OR—

How he Popped the Question.

The youthful portion of the town of Liberty Centre was in a state of high excitement one sunny day in February, for Kitty Baldwin had announced to them, on lemon-colored paper with a bunch of hyacinths in the left-hand upper corner, that the pleasure of their company was requested on the following Thursday. Now it was a long time since a party had been given in Liberty Centre, for the reason that Judge Dyke's daughter had given the last one, and it had been done in such a style of magnificence that no one could hope to surpass it, so they would give none at all. But Kitty Baldwin had been spending two weeks at her cousin's in the city of Boston, and obtained some new ideas which she was sure Amanda Dyke had never dreamed of, so she determined, on her return, to have a party several notches above the Dykes. She suggested this to her father, and he readily acquiesced, for he had just made a speech in the Legislature, on the "Barbarism of Smoking," and he wanted to know the opinions of his neighbors. So Kitty went to work at once and made a list of those she wished to invite. First she put down only those who were classed as the "upper ten" of Liberty Centre; but, on second thought, she found that if she wished to amaze any one with the splendor of her entertainment, she had better include in her invitations every one that she knew. On counting them up she found that they numbered seventy. If they all came the rooms would be crowded; but she concluded that some would be sick, or have nothing to wear, or be otherwise engaged. The notes were, therefore, dispatched, and (as already stated,) the result was electrifying to the town. "Are you invited?" and "What shall I wear?" were the only questions asked and answered. Straight hair was kept in curl-papers night and day, in order that it would be sure to curl on the important night. Summer bonnets were robbed of their floral ornaments to furnish wreaths; kid gloves were rubbed clean with camphene; bright-red locks were modified to "auburn" by the assiduous application of bears' oil and goose grease; yellow teeth were scoured white with charcoal and salt; breast-pins were repaired, and everything done to make as dazzling an appearance as possible. But the busiest scene was at 'Squire Baldwin's. Carpets were covered with sheeting; new red damask curtains were purchased to replace the old ones; astral and solar lamps were brought from secluded closets; spoons, *balne-manye* moulds and *candelabra* were borrowed from the neighbors; superfluous furniture was carried up stairs, and the whole house was swept and garnished.

Days and nights rolled on, and the long-wished-for evening arrived. 'Squire Baldwin lighted up the red and blue candles on the mantel-piece; the solars and astrals began to shed their radiance; Miss Kitty, in white muslin trimmed with cherry-colored ribbon, sat cautiously on a chair, impatiently awaiting the arrivals. Pretty soon the bell rang, and the door being opened, a confused mass of hoods and cloaks hurried up stairs. The bell rang again and again; sometimes a dozen or more would meet on the door-step, and sometimes a solitary bachelor would come in alone. By and by an alarming knock was given at the door, accompanied by a vigorous pull at the bell. This was Eli Goddard, and a word or two about him will not be amiss. He was a son of Parson Goddard, and was one of the beaux of Liberty Centre. He had a noble and generous nature, but was the most awkward fellow imaginable. He was always stumbling and blundering, and his hands were like the hands on the clock of the Fitchburg Railroad Depot in Boston—never in the right place. The girls all laughed at him, and none of them more than Carrie Brooks—a wild, brilliant, fun-loving girl, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, which sometimes overcame the better feelings of her heart.

Eli Goddard admired Carrie, and tried to manifest it; but he didn't know how, and made himself ridiculous by his funny attempts. Carrie had many other suitors, and, although they were jealous of each other, not one of them was jealous of Eli. They thought so lively a girl as Carrie would not regard such an unsophisticated youth, so long as they were about with their stylish clothes, massive finger-rings and scarf-pins. In reality Carrie cared nothing for outward show, and, in thinking over the character and habits of the young men of her acquaintance, she had often decided in her own mind that Eli Goddard was the most sensible, upright and virtuous of all. He was never seen in idle or dissolute company; never played billiards; never lounged about the stores or taverns; was always posted on all subjects of history and philosophy, and stood at the head of the academy as a scholar. She lamented his gawky ways, and sometimes wondered if something could not be done to remedy them, and she would determine not to laugh at him again; but the very next time she witnessed one of his mistakes, her merry laugh would burst forth.

As we were saying, Eli appeared. He knocked on the knocker, and then, having espied the bell-handle, and thinking he should have pulled that instead, he grasped it and gave it a jerk. The wire worked very easy, and Eli came near going backward down the steps. This seemed to disturb his equilibrium the whole evening. He stumbled twice in going up stairs, and when he came down to the parlor he bowed first to the servant-girl who had brought in a lamp and was just going out.

At length, the company being all assembled, it was suggested that games be played. So, "Juniper tree" was decided upon, and a merry time they had of it for half an hour. Then the game of "Copenhagen" was substituted, during which gathers were ripped out, hoops dislocated, hair came down, blushes came up, and there was a good time generally. Carrie Brooks received the most kisses, and Augustus Hobbs seemed to be the most active in disbursing them. Eli Goddard succeeded in slapping Anna Breck's hand; but, in chasing her for his reward, he tipped over the piano-stool, pulled down the window-curtain, and finally, after a laughable struggle, had to content himself with kissing the back of her head!

Then came "Blind Man's Buff," and Jared Wilcox was the first one blindfolded. He stood for a moment in the middle of the room, and then made a sudden start to the right, followed by another to the left, but they eluded his grasp. He jumped around the room like a colt; the girls huddled into corners, jumped upon sideboards, window-sills and book-cases, contriving all manner of ways to escape capture. Just at this moment, Mrs. Curtiss, who lived over the way, came from the old folks' room to the parlor-door, to see what she called "the carrying on." She was a very neighborly old lady, and alwas liked to be around on great occasions. A cancer had destroyed her nose many years before, and she wore a false one, made of silver, covered with flesh-colored kid. Her spectacles were fastened to it in such a manner that it was difficult to detect the deception, and many who had known her for a long while were not aware of the real value of her nose. At night, when she retired, nose and spectacles came off together and were resumed in the morning.

Just as she appeared at the parlor door, Jared happened to make a dive in that direction, and grasped the old lady around the waist. Before she could recover herself from the astonishment, Jared passed his hand over her face to ascertain whom he had caught, and in so doing, knocked off the spectacles, nose and all. A loud roar burst from the company. Wilcox pulled the bandage from his eyes, and on beholding what he had done, he rolled back on the carpet in convulsive laughter. Mrs. Curtiss picked up her property, and, without stopping to say "good bye," flounced out of the house, and hurried to her own domicile. It may be well here to state that she never visited the Baldwins again, and no overtures from them could pacify her. She never forgot it.

Another game was started, succeeded by some playing on the piano and singing, until some one proposed playing forfeits, and the motion was accepted. Eli heard this with dismay; he had some experience in playing forfeits, and had found that redeeming them before a whole room full of folks was a difficult operation.—However, he had to do as the rest did, and "Twirl the Platter" was the chosen game. They each had a number. Eli's number was nine, and that number was called more frequently than any other; but Eli was spry as a cat, and always caught the platter before it was done spinning.—A large quantity of handkerchiefs, rings and penknives were accumulated as pawns, but none of them belonged to Eli. At last Carrie Brooks' turn came to twirl it; she gave the dish a gentle twist, and called out "nine." Eli started, but the plate was motionless when he reached it, and he was called upon for a forfoit. He offered his large silk bandanna, and the game went on. At length came the redeeming of the forfeits. Seth Pike was elected judge, and after being blindfolded so that he could not know to whom the forfeits belonged, he took a seat. Albert Carter held up a plain gold ring, and said:

"This is a lady's pawn, and what shall she do to redeem it?"

"She shall measure off four yards of love ribbon with Hiram Flagg, and cut it off every half-yard," said the judge.

Hiram immediately stepped forward, wiping his mouth with a bright yellow handkerchief, as if watering in anticipation of a delightful treat. The ring belonged to Almira Shumway, a quick, smart little girl, who advanced quite briskly to redeem her property. They both appeared to understand how to measure love ribbon, and it was rumored that all extra yard was cut off; but, of course, it was a mistake in counting.

"This is a gentleman's forfeit, and what shall he do to redeem it?" said Albert Carter, holding up a pearl-handled knife.

"He shall go to Rome," solemnly pronounced the judge.

Going to Rome means kissing every girl in the room. The knife was Jared Wilcox's; so he arose, looked carefully around as if to see which was the best end of the room to commence on, and choosing the Carrie Brooks side, he "went in."—The first two or three he got pretty well: the next one was harder, and by the time he got through his hair was ruffled, and his shirt unruffled, his dicky broken down, and the bow of his cravat under his left ear, and huge drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. He had done his work nobly, and kissed every girl in the room.

The next forfeit was Joe Budd's to redeem which he was ordered to stand out in the room and repeat a verse of poetry. Now, Joe was not a man of letters, although he was clerk in the post office, and he knew nothing about poetry. He hesitated, and then he went forward, and after scratching his head a moment, delivered the following:

"The pilgrim fathers, where are they?
In silence and in fear!
They still rolled in the bay, as they rolled that day,
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

In early childhood, Budd had learned by heart the two poems by Mrs. Hemans on the "Pilgrim Fathers," but in his confusion got the two mixed together.

A loud burst of mirth from the assembly caused the discomfitted Budd to retreat to his seat. The idea of the pilgrims still rolling in Massachusetts Bay was sufficient to keep the company merry for some time. Then Susy Clark had to "make a plow" with George Dewey, and Mark Adams was bidden to read one of Artemus Ward's letters aloud without laughing, which of cource he couldn't do, so the judge excused him after a few attempts.

All this time Eli sat in fear and trembling, his red bandanna remained untouched, and he hoped that something would occur to disturb the game before the forfeit was proclaimed. At length all were disposed of but his. Carter held it up and said:

"This is the last forfeit—a gentleman's; what shall he do to redeem it?"

Now Seth Pike, the judge, had been wondering where Eli Goddard's handkerchief was; so when he heard that this was the last forfeit, he felt sure it was Eli's. He had reserved for him a task which he knew from experience was a hard one to perform, especially for any one disposed to diffidence, so he sentenced Eli to "bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one he loved best." Eli's heart beat violently. How could he perform such a task before such a room full? How could he dare to kiss Carrie Brooks in a public assembly, when he had never been courageous enough to attempt such a thing in private; and he would kiss no one else, for that would not be acting the truth, and Eli was very strict on matters of truth. He did not know what to do! All eyes were turned toward him, and every one was calling for him to redeem his pledge. He made an effort and stood up, wishing himself anywhere but there, when, to his delight, a servant announced that supper was ready. Mrs. Baldwin requested the gentlemen to take partners for the supper-room, and it was decided that Eli should redeem his forfeit afterward.

As usual on such occasions, all the pretty girls were secured by the experienced party-goers, and the young, timid gentlemen had to put up with what there was left. Fortunately Eli was quite near to Carrie, and to her he offered his arm. On their way to the room he found that they were out of step, and in making a hop to get into step, he trod on Sarah Blake's dress, who was in front, and ripped it nearly off the waist. While stopping to apologize, and find a pin to repair damage, the crowd passed on, and when Eli reached the room with his fair companion, they were obliged to station themselves on the outer edge of the circle, near the door.

The table presented a dazzling appearance. Pyramids of *blanc-mange* and monuments of ice-cream towered above ramparts of nice jelly and *charlotte russe*—sponge cake, stewed oysters, nuts, apples and oranges, were placed in admirable confusion. The gentlemen were expected to help their partners. Carrie said she would like some oysters, and some frozen pudding.

Poor Eli was completely nonplussed.—He had heard of oyster-stews, and knew them by sight, but as for *frozen pudding* he didn't know what in the world that could be; but he decided to do his best, so he elbowed his way to the table, and after some vain attempts he contrived to fill a saucer with oyster-stew—and finding that it took all his skill to keep it from spilling, he thought it best to return with that, and then get the pudding; so he started for his partner. He was soon wedged in between a fat man and a pretty large-sized lady; he waited a little for them to move, but they did not; he made a bold push, and would have got through nicely had not the exertion caused him to spill some of the hot oysters down the back of the fat lady's dress. She screamed and started Eli so that he jumped and knocked the arm of the fat gentleman just as he had his fork raised to his mouth; consequently the fork was forced two-thirds its length down the gentleman's throat, taking away in its course a large portion of cuticle. It is needless to record the exact words uttered on the occasion, but Eli stammered out an excuse, and struck out in another direction. At last he reached Miss Brooks, and presented her with a saucer, when, lo! there was only one oyster remaining on it, and no spoon; the rest had been lost during the perilous passage. We cannot describe Eli's dire confusion. Perhaps some estimate can be made of it, when we say that his complexion made the new red damask curtains look faded. He laid the plate on the corner of the mantel, and uttering some inarticulate sentences, he made his way to the table, determined upon securing the frozen pudding. Seeing a fork he stuck it into several nondescript looking mixtures, but they were all too soft to be frozen.

When Kitty was purchasing her confectionery, she happened to see in the window a very handsome circular loaf of cake, intensely ornamented with cupids and gilt; on inquiring its price, she was informed that it was composed of *lignum-vitæ*, and only used as a show. Kitty thought it would look well on the centre of the supper-table, so she hired it for the purpose. It was about as large as the crown of a hat, and weighed three or four pounds, Eli aimed his fork at this, and finding it impenetrable, concluded it must be a frozen pudding, so taking a knife, he endeavored to procure a slice, but found he could not get off a crumb. He then concluded that it was not very large, and if Miss Carrie did not eat the whole she could leave the rest; so he deposited it on a dish and set out on his return trip; and *trip* it proved to be, too, for when he got within ten feet of his destination, his foot caught in a lady's flounce and threw him forward a step or two; the impetus slid the *lignum-vitæ* cake off the dish, and it landed plump on the foot of the same old gentleman whose throat received such violent treatment only a few minutes before. His exasperation was only exceeded by the laughter of the company, who, although they sympathized with both the sufferers, could not control themselves at such a ludicrous scene. Eli rushed to the door, and hurrying to the parlor, seated himself on a sofa, and covering his face with his hands, bewailed his ill-luck, and wondering how it was that he should be so gawky and clumsy, while all his fellows went through so gracefully. What would Carrie think of him? How could he bear to meet her again, or how could he ever hope that she would love him? While he was asking himself these questions, he felt a gentle hand on his arm and looking up he saw that Carrie stood beside him.

"Eli," said she, in her sweet and musical voice, "you must not feel so bad about your mishaps; every one is liable to them more or less, and as they are not errors of the heart they are soon forgotten, and do not injure the character of the person.—It is much better to commit a few awkward blunders, than to carry, under a graceful exterior, a deceitful, hardened or envious heart. For my part, I am really sorry you were so unlucky, and although I could not help laughing with the rest, at old Twiner's grimances, when that cake fell on his gouty toe, I pitied you both, ever so much."

Eli was astonished at these words from Carrie Brooks, the very girl he loved so much, the belle of the party, and the one of all others that appeared not to care for him. The few simple words she had uttered had dispelled all the gloom which had discouraged him, and he felt as if, with her to pity him, he could encounter any quantity of laughter and derision.

"Carrie," said he, "I thank you very much for your kindness, both in forgiving and pitying me for my misfortunes; but I am not through yet. When I get back, they will be sure to call upon me for my forfeit, and I cannot reveal the secrets of my heart before all the company—what can I do?"

"I'll tell you," said Carrie; "you can bow to, kneel to, and kiss the girl you sit nearest to,; it will not take a minute, and then we are going to have a cotillion, and no one will think anything about it."

"I would willingly do that, Carrie, provided that you was the one that I should sit nearest to."

It was now Carrie's turn to blush, and Eli could hardly believe his own voice; but the words were uttered, and he wisely thought he had better go on and say the whole.

"For the truth is, Carrie," said he, "I do love you the best, and have for a long time; but I thought you did not care anything for me, while so many fashionable young men are so attentive to you. Whenever I attempted to show my preference, I was sure to make some funny mistake, which would cause much laughter; but, Carrie, if you can assure that I have not loved you in vain, and that my hopes for the future may be blended with yours, then I will prove to you that your confidence in me is not misplaced, and my constant care shall be to make myself worthy of you."

"I do assure you, Eli," replied Carrie, placing her hand in his, "that I feel proud of your love, and I will give you in return all that my poor heart can afford."

Eli imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, and as if by magic, his feelings of awkwardness fell from him. He was like another man, and felt as if he could make a speech in the town-hall, kiss a room full of girls, and carve a turkey without making a single mistake.

A few more words passed between the lovers, when laughing voices warned them that somebody was coming.

"Well, Carrie," said Eli, "I shan't be afraid to redeem my forfeit now."

The parlor was now filled with guests returned from the supper-table, and as order was obtained, Seth Pike reminded them that the last forfeit remained unredeemed, and to redeem it, Eli Goddard was to "bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one he loved best."

Eli quickly arose, and then remarked that such a task was very easy to perform, inasmuch as there was but one in the room on whom he could bestow all these homages, crossed to where Carrie sat, made a graceful bow, and then bending one knee, raised her hand to his lips and kissed it; he then returned to his seat as easily and safely as any dancing master could have done. Every one was astonished but Carrie and Eli. No one laughed, but several cried "good!" and "that was well done!"

Almira Shumway now seated herself at the piano, and commenced playing "Hail Columbia!" A cotillion was soon formed, and the evening terminated with a merry dance.

When Augustus Hobbs and William Steele, and a few other young men asked the pleasure of escorting Miss Brooks home, they were surprised to hear that she was engaged, and their chagrin at seing Eli Goddard in that enviable office was greatly increased the next day, when they heard what Carrie had told them was literally true—she was engaged.

In a pleasant house in Liberty Centre live Mr. and Mrs. Eli Goddard and family, and when the children are unusually good they are rewarded with an account of the funny scenes at Kitty Baldwin's party.

CURIOUS.—Eight years ago the wife of John Lawbough of Pink prairie, this county, died and was buried in that place. A short time since it became desirable to take up and remove the remains of Mrs. L., and last week Mr. D. L. Smith of this place, was employed to perform the labor. The grave was opened, and the coffin, which was in a state of perfect preservation, was removed; but before depositing it in the new place, it was concluded to open it, especially as it appeared uncommonly heavy. It was therefore opened, and the body of Mrs. L. was found to be perfectly petrified; every part being as full and fair as on the day of her burial, eight years before, except the lower part of the face and hands, which were partially decayed. Her limbs, breast and every part, with the above exceptions, were solid stone, and as fair and perfect as when she died. The soil of the grave was clay, and possessed no peculiarities discernable.—This is an uncommon case, and withal a curious one. We get these facts from Mr. Smith the sexton.—*Genesee (Ill.) Republican.*

☞ Not long since, a gentleman took his little daughter to a dentist to have a tooth extracted. After the operation her father said to her:

"Now my dear, if you don't put your tongue where the tooth came out you'll have a gold tooth." To which she replied:

"If I should have one, it would not be long before you would try to get it out."

☞ An Irishman describes matrimony as follows: "Two men are talking together, and one of them is tryin' to explain something he don't know anything about, and the other can't understand him."