POLICE GAZETTE. nertal of Octobe and October 5 in the western constant Strangtons Size all the Organ Briat, Orleans

CTIONERY STER SALOON. CRIBER WOULD IN-

in which he will serve up 1798728 the season. IREAD & PIES sharpy on Land.

SSLER PRACTICAL

STRANGERS
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fint in the country and a more extensive Private than any other Physician in the world.

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YOUNG MEN

toperally, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, the dreafful and destructive habit which annually sweeps, an antimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most radical talents and brilliant intellect, who might others, have entranced listening Senates with the thunders to provide the confidence.

MARRIAGE.

darriel Persons, or Young Men cotemplating marriage, and aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformit, i.e., speedily cured.

can aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deforant, &c., speedily cured.

He who places himself under the care of \$\mathbb{Q}_{\text{c}}\$, J. may remove the provided in his honor as a gentlemage and conficulty rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Inmediately Cured, and full Vigor Restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders Life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the exims of improper indulgences. Young persons are to the following energy and the dread-file consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understants the subject will pretend to deny that the power of percention is lost sooner by those falling into improper labits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the pleasures of healthy offspring, the most serious and demactive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The stem becomes Deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability. Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigection, Constitutional Pebility, a Wasting of the Prame, Cough Consumption, Decay and Death.

OFFICE, NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET. Lett hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors continuous errore. Fail not to observe name and number.

CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAIS.

No Mercury or Nuscons Drugs.

OR. JOHNSON,

Number of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hopitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsethe hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and else-shere, has effected some of the most astonishing tures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the teal and ears when saleep, great nervousness, being larmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent Stehing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

J. Addresses all those who have injured themselves improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin hody and mind, unfitting them for either business. and, society or marriage.

IHESE are some of the sad and melancholy effects pri

by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dys., Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Dignesunctions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumptions tc. svery —The fearful effects of the mind are much to Arabat.—Intersected energy confusion of Ideas, De-readed—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, De-ion of spirita, Evil-Forebodings, Aversion to Society, listrust, Love of Solitade, Timidity, &c., are some of

in evils produced.

INSTRUMENTS OF persons of all ages can now judge what is

"cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, beming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a sincular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of

YOUNG MEN

YOUNG MEN

Why have injured themselves by a certain practice ininged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from
will companions, or at school, the effects of which are
sightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders
surriage imposible, and destroys both mind and body,
bould apply immediately.

What a pity that a warm

could apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, what a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be anatched from all respects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of eviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a retain secret habit. Such persons were, before contemization MARRIAGE,
infect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary
equisites to promote complied happiness. Indeed, withnit these, the journey through life becomes a weary pittimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the
hind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the
helancholy reflection that the happiness of another behims blighted with our own.

melancholy reflection that the happiness of another belighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure
has that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful discase, it so often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame,
or dread of discovery, detere him from applying to those
who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of
his harrid disease make their appearance, such as alcerade sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pain sin the head
and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin
lose and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremilies, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the
palate of the month or the bones of the nose fall in, and
the victim of this awful disease becomes horrid object of
formiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful
infring, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country
from whence no traveller returns."

It is a relaxaboly face that thousands fall victims to constitution and make the constitution and make the residue of the constitution and the

shut!" returned the Count.

"Harky'e, boy! You owe me obedience as subject and as son. It is my will that you bestow your hand upon the Duchess de Baliverne. The wedding shall take place this day fortnight. Submit to my will with a good grace, and I

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1862.

Choice Boetry. AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

listen, young heroes! Sur country is calling! low, while the foremost are fighting and falling.

You whose fair heritage spotless descended. Leave not your children a birthright of shame Stay not for questions while Preedom stands gasping Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!

Brief the line' meeting be, swift the hands' claspin "Off for the wars!" is enough for them all. Break from the arms that would fondly caress you Hark! 'tis the bugie-blast! sabres are drawu! Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you. Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone

Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom Now is the day and the hour of salvation-

Never or now! rooms the heares, throated cunnor Through the black conory blotting the skies; Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon O'er the deep come where the Cumberland lies

Never or now! peaks the trumpet of doom!

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying. Aliens and foes in the land of their birth. From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying. Pleading in vain for a handful of earth;

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered. Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough. Comes the load summons: too long you have slumbered. Hear the last Angel-trump-Never or Now

Select Miscellang.

A BLINDFOLD MARRIAGE.

The elite of the court of Louis XIV, the great monarch of France, were assembled in the chapel of the great trianon, to witness the nuptials of Louis, Count of Franche Compte-a natural son of the King-with Lydonie, Duchess de Baliverne,, a worthy heiress.

The singular feature of the ceremony was that the bridegroom's eyes were bandaged with a white handkerchief. This circumstance excited the wonder

of all. Had the bride been old and ugly, they would not have been surprised. On the contrary she was young and quite

The king alone understood this strange freak of the bridegroom, and, though much enraged, he prudently held his peace and suffered the ceremony to proceed. A few words will explain the motives

of the bridegroom. When Louis XIV came back from his great campaign in the Palatinate, he determined to unite his son, whose valor and daring in the war had greatly pleased him, to one of the wealthy wards of the

He proposed the union to the young Duchess of Baliverne, and found her fa-

vorably inclined. She had just come to court, having bu recently emerged from the convent where she had completed her education. She had seen the young Count often, though he had never deigned to cast a glance upon her. She knew he was brave and noble, and she thought him handsome.-The barsinister in his escutcheon was no

Unfortunately, Louis of Franche Compte, who, like his father, was something of a reprobate, would not accept her "My son," said the great King, "I have resolved that you shall marry."

"My worthy sire and most excellent father," returned the Count, "I have resolved to do no such thing!"

The King frowned: He was not in the habit of being contradicted.

"I have made a formal proposition, it your name, for the hand of the Duchess of Baliverne, and she has accepted you.

said he, gravely. "Doubtless," sneered the young scapegrace, "her taste is excellent, and how could she refuse me? Perhaps it would have been as well to have consulted my inclinations in this matter. I do not wish

"Are you in love with any one?"

"No." "Then love my Duchess. She is noble

and wealthy." "I am your son-that is nobillity

enough;" he bowed low as he spoke, and the King smiled at the compliment; "and the Jews trust me-what could I do with more gold?" "She is the prettiest woman in my

court." "I'm tired of pretty women; they are dways fools." "Could you but see her, you would

sure to fall in love with her." "I never will see her," answered the

Count, determinedly. "See her or not, you shall marry her!" cried the King in a rage.

"If I do I'll marry her with my eyes The King grew purple with passion.

"Why, you are a perfect little beauty!"

day. Dare to disobey me, and I will she did not seem displeased. strip you of your title and the lands you hold from me, and cast you into the bas-

This was what had brought the Count of Franche Compte blindfolded to be mar-

The King smiled grimly, but said noth-

her: and when the ceremony was over he turned his back upon her, took the handkerchief from his eyes, and walked out of see me home-if-if-"

the chapel. Lydonie pouted her pretty line, and was almost ready to cry for vexation.-The King took her in charge, escorted her the hotel her husband occupied.

"Here you are, my dear," said the King, conducting her through the apartments he simplicity, a freshness about this young Now you shall know all. I am the Duke had expressly furnished for her reception; "here you are, at home."

"But where's my husband?" said Ly-"Silly boy!" muttered the King, look- cort." ing very much annoyed. "Never mind,

my dear, he is your husband; the rest will come in time." "What is the use of having a husband if he will not look at you?" pouted Ly-

"He shall look at you, or I'll send him to the Bastile."

"Oh, no," cried Lydonie, "do not force him to look at me. If he has not curiosity enough to see what kind of a wife he they proceeded on their way. has got, I'm sure I do not wish to oblige him to look at me. I see how it is," she continued, a sad expression stealing over live here in Paris, all alone with your her countenance. "Sire, you have forced mother." the Count into this union!"

The King coughed and looked guilty. "Oh!" cried Lydonie, with anguish, "he hearts?" never loved me, then—he never will love

"Why should you care?" "Because I love him," answered Lydo- sadly. nie, innocently. "Love him!

"Oh! so dearly; that is why I married

first beheld him. And now I am his wife, fore now. What kind of a one would you he will not look at me." Lydonie burst into a flood of tears, and

sank upon a sota. The King pitied her sincerely; but what "I wou could he do? He had forced his son to —like—" marry her, but he could not force him

to love her. He thought of the Bastile. It would not make him love his wife to send him

"Well, well," he said, "you are his wife. will make him a duke, and I dare say you'll find him home before morning." With these words the King withdrew.

Lydonie was left alone with her sorrow. But she was not one to droop long. She soon dried her tears, and looked all the better, like a rose after a shower.

Her old nurse came in, and together they inspected her new home, which Lydonie found entirely to her satisfaction. The Count did not come home that

night. A week passed by, and he did not make his appearance. Lydonie came to the conclusion he would never come. She knew it was useless to appeal to the King. He had made Franche Compte a duke but he could do nothing for her. She determined to ascertain what her husband was about.

She dispatched a trusty servant for intelligence, and, like all wives who place a spy upon their husbands' movements, she was not at all pleased with the news she

received. The Duke was plunging into all kinds of dissipation. He was making love to all the pretty daughters of the shopkeepers in the rue St. Antoine. In fact for a newly married man, his conduct was shameful.

"To leave me to run after such cana ille [" exclaimed Lydonie.

She paused suddenly. An idea had entered her brain. She determined to act upon it. While she is meditating upon it, let us

see what the Duke is about. One night, about eight days after his marriage, the Duke, plainly attired and muffled in a cloak, roamed through the Fauburg St. Antoine, as was his wont in quest of adventures. As he turned the corner of one of those narrow lanes that intersected that quarter at that period, a piercing shriek burst upon his ear, mingled with suffocating cries for assistance The Duke's sword was out in an instant He was brave to rashness. Without a

He beheld a female struggling in the grasp The man fled precipitately at his approach, and the girl sank into his arms, convulsively exclaiming:

moment's thought he plunged into the lane.

"Save me! oh! save me!" The Duke sheathed his sword and en deavored to calm her fears. He led her hencath the lamp that swung at the corner.

he cried rapturously, and in surprise The girl cast down her eyes and blushed

will create you a Duke on your wedding- that rested upon his arm tremble. But "Do vou reside in Paris?"

> "Yes: but we have only been here a short time. We came from Bellvillemother and I." "From the country, eh? Where do

you live, my pretty blossom?" "In the rue St. Helene."

"Why, that is some distance from here. The Count placed the ring upon the finger of his bride, but he did not salute These streets are dangerous, as you have found, to one as beautiful as you are." "I would very much like to have you

She paused and appeared confused.

"If what?" asked the Duke, eagerly. "If you would only be so good-as to promise not to-to-try-to-kiss me to her carriage, and they were conveyed to again, if you please, sir," replied the girl, innocently.

> girl which pleased him. "I give you my word as a gentleman,"

he said frankly, "that no action of mine shall displease you, if you accept my es-

She came to his side and took his arm with confidence.

"I am not afraid of you," she said with sweet simplicity; "I know you are too good to injure me."

The Duke blushed for the first time in -he could not remember how many years; he knew he was receiving a better character than he deserved. "What is your name?" he asked, as

"Bergeronette," she replied. "What a pretty name! And so you

"I dare say you have plenty of sweet-"No: I haven't one."

"What-no one that loves you?" "None." replied Bergeronette quite

"Would you not like a sweetheart?" "Perhaps." "You must be particular in your choice. him. I had loved him from the moment I or you would have had a sweetheart be-

> like, now?" Those sparkling grey eyes were lifted to his for a moment.

"I would like one, if you please, like

"Like you!" "Phew!" thought the Duke, "I am getting on here. Now, is this cunning, or

They walked off some time in silence.-Bergeronette checked the Duke before a little cottage, with a garden in front.-There was a wicket gate leading into the

"Here is where I live," she said. She took a key from her girdle and unlocked

the gate. "Will she invite me to enter?" thought the Duke-and the thought was father to King for our divorce."

the wish. "Good night, sir," said Bergeronette, 'and many thanks for your kindness." "She is a Dian!" was the Duke's mennot see. Little did I think when I stood

tal reflection. "Shall I never have the pleasure of ing you again?" said the Duke.

'Do you wish it?" she said, earnestly. " Most ardently." "I'll ask my mother." An oath rose to the Duke's lips, but he

prudently checked it. "Will you receive me to-morrow?" "You may come, and if my mother is

willing—yes." "I shall be sure." "You will have forgotten me to-mor-

"I shall never forget you!" "I have heard my mother say the mer

always protest more than they mean." "Your mother is"-the Duke paused, and bit his lip. "What is she?" asked Bergeronette

"She is—is right. But I mean what I say. As sure as the morrow comes, so one destiny—cost what it may we will have it. Let God name the price and it "Come. Good night." She turned

from him, and was about to enter the gar-"Bergeronette," he said, quickly, "one kiss before I go. Surely my forbearance

She made no answer, but she inclined her head gently toward him. For a moment she lingered in his arms, and then tore herself from his embrace, and passed quickly through the gate. The Duke determined to follow her. When he placed his hand against the gate he found it securely fastened. Bergeronette had prudently locked it after her.

So the Duke went to his lodgings-he had taken bachelor apartments on his wedding-day-to dream of Bergeronette. The next day he went to the cottage in Rue St. Helena.

He was received by Bergeronette timidly, and introduced by her to her mother, a fine, matronly dame, who sat quietly spinning in the corner, and allowed the young deeply, and the Duke felt the little hand couple to rove about the garden at will.

The Duke thought she was a very sensible old woman.

The Duke departed at the end of the three hours, more in love than ever. He came every day for a fortnight, and every day he pressed his suit. But there was only one way in which Bergeronette could be won—an honorable marriage.

The Duke was in despair and at his wit's end. He had a stormy scene with the King, who threatened to send him to the Bastile if he did not return to the Duchess. So he came to Bergeronette, on the fourteenth day, to make a final effort to obtain her. They were alone to-

"Hear me, Bergeronette, he cried, when he had exhausted every argument and found her still firm, "I swear to you were I free, this instant would I wed you. will confess all to you. I have told you The Duke was charmed. There was a that I am a Duke, but not my title. de Franche Compte, and-I am already married !"

" Married ?" echoed Bergerofiette with

smothered scream. "I was forced into this union by the King's command. I do not love my wife have never even seen her face. I left her at the altar's foot, and we have never met since. She possesses my title, but you alone possess my heart. Fly with me. In some distant land we may dwell in happiness, blessed with each other's society Time may remove the obstacles to our union, death may befriend us, a divorce may be obtained, and then I swear to you, by every saint in Heaven, you shall become my Duchess

"Were you free, would you really make

me your wife?" "I have pledged you my word." "I believe you."

"You will fly with me." "I will. "Dear Louis," she murmured, for so

have something to impart to you. My name is not Bergeronette, and I am not what you take me to be."

"What do you mean?" "I have a title equal to your own."

had he taught her to call him. "I also

"Then this old woman?" " Is not my mother, but my nurse." "And the man who assaulted you?

"Was my lackey instructed for the pur-The Duke looked bewildered.

"And like you," she continued, "I am "I'll cut your husband's throat." ex-

claimed the Duke wildly. "I don't think you will when you know him."

"Who is he then, and who are you?"

"I am Lydonie, Duchess de Franche Compte, and you are he." The Duke was thunderstruck. Lydonie knelt at his feet. "Forgive me this little plot," she

pleaded; "it was to gain your love. If failed, with my own lips I will sue to the "Up-up to my heart," cried the Duke joyfully, as he caught her in his arms; you have insured our mutual happiness. Ah, none are so blind as those who will

blindfolded by your side at the altar that was rejecting such a treasure." They passed their honeymoon at the little cottage, and the Duke was not sent

to the Bastile. GRAVE WORDS.—The following ringing sentences from the conclusion of a late

sermon of Henry Ward Beecher: "I am not a prophet. I am not sanguine, though hopeful. I think victory awaits us at every step, but if God thinks victory too dear to be purchased so cheaply, we can give more sons, more treasure. we will give everything, but this country shall be one, and one undivided. The Atlantic and the Pacific shall say it, deep

answering to deep.
"Hear it, England, one People, one Constitution, one Government. "One God, one country, one flag, and

shall be paid." CLIPPINGS FROM VANITY FAIR.—State of the weather at present—no small

Puffs most in Vogue at present-Powder-puffs. Good, with the hot work before us-A general draft all around. The following message has just been sent

by Commodere Farragut to Vicksburg, under a flag of truce, "Dry up." Jenks is anxious to declare that althons there may be a "shamrock" in the "arms" of Ireland, there is nothing but "the real grif' in the arms of her brave sons who fight under our glorious banner.

A queer looking customer inserted his head into an auction store and gravely inquired: "Can I bid?"

"Certainly," said the auctioneer. "Well, then," said the wag, walking off. I bid you good night."

A GOOD GENERAL

The fortitude required of him is very different from the unthinking alacrity of the common soldier or common sailor in the face of danger or death; it is not a passion, it is not an impulse, it is not a sentiment—it is a cool, steady, deliberate principle always present, always equable; having no connection with anger; tempering honor with prudence; incited, invigorated, and sustained by a generous love of fame; informed, moderated, and directed by an enlarged knowledge of its own great public ends; flowing in one blended stream from the opposite sources of the heart and head, carrying in itself its own commission, and proving its title to every other command, by the first and most difficult command, that of the bosom in which it resides—it is a fortitude which unites with the courage of the field, the more exalted and refined courage of the council; which knows as well to retreat as to advance; which can conquer as well by delay as by the rapidity of a march, or the impetuosity of an attack; which can be, with Fabius, the black cloud that lowers on the top of the mountains, or with Scipid, the thunder-bolt of war; which, undismayed by false shame, can patiently endure the severest trials that a gallant spirit can undergo, in the taunts and provocations of the enemy, the suspicions, the cold respect and the "mouth honor" of those from whom he should meet a cheerful obedience which, undisturbed by false humanity, can calmly assume that most wful moral responsibility of deciding when victory may be too dearly purchased by the loss of a single life, and when the safety and glory of their country may demand the certain sacrifice of thousands .- Burke.

THE FIRST RAILROAD.

To-day (July 8th) we received our first early pass on a Minnesota Railroad. Nine years ago we got our first pass on the Pennsylvania Central and do not sleep well at nights without having that pass renewed yearly, even when we do not expect to see the road during the year. The sight of it brings up all the old familiar places and pleasant faces—the station we dorned with shrubbery and shade treesthe comfortable cars, with the sense of security in them-the gentlemanly conductors, and the regular passengers. We watched that road from the first locomotive that came staggering and whizzing along, dragging its loads of rocks and ties and rails, until it was an institution of which the United States has reason to be proud: and now we cannot help looking forward nine years to what the Minnesota and Pacific Railroad may be at the end of that time. It is ten miles long now; but, bless me how that child does grow! In six months it will most likely be thirty miles long; and six more will bring the iron horse to St. Cloud, if the water is it has succeeded I am happy—if it has not too low to get the rails up to St. Paul. In six years he will run to Superior, bearing his teeming bundens of civilization, through the woodland haunts of Hiawatha. Cities and towns will send up their spires where the red man now pursues his game. The trees we shall plant around some prairie station will give rest and shelter to dusty, tired travelers, and our roses will bloom under them as millions upon millions of dollars worth of commerce shall roll past when we get our tenth yearly ticket.—St. Cloud (Minn.) Democrat.

> THAT'S MY WIFE.—Two of our citiens, who we will call A and B, while riding out leisurely the other day, had their attention attracted by three ladies who were walking ahead of them, one of whom excited the admiration of A, who expatisted in warm terms upon her fine form. beautiful ankles and graceful gait. B acquiesed in all that A said in praise of the ady, and became quite interested in her. When they had overtaken the ladies and were able to see their faces, A was greatly surprised to hear B. exclaim-"Thunder. that's my wife."-Pawtucket Gazette.

If a law abiding citizen stops a drunken ruffian in the act of abusing his family and smashing his neighbor's windows, would it be right to make the good man pay the cost of prosecution, and repair the damaged windows? Such in principle, is the question now before the people of this country. Doughfaces and traitors say we should make loyal men pay the expenses of the war, rather than confiscate the property of the rebels.

At a recent splendid burial in New Orleans, Gen. Butler determined-from some intimations—to act the part of a resurrectionist. He had the coffin opened. and found the "remains" in an "excelle state of preservation;" they were gold coinage of 1861-probably stolen from the U. S. Mint that year. The "wesping friends" are inconsolable under this "unconstitutional desecration."

If you are the servant of another having a wish one day to be something better, make his business your business; at