The Altoona Tribune.

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

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

M. S. 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.

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	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less.....	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
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Six lines or less.....	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.

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BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY
The Only Place Where a Cure Can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSON has discovered the most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the world for all Private Diseases, Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrible disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those SECRET and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most unrivalled talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married Persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformity, &c., speedily cured.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately Cured, and full Vigor Restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders Life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper Indulgences. Young persons are to apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the pleasures of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes Deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

OFFICE, NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET,

Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doctor's Diplomas hang in his office

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.

No Mercury or Nuseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSON,

Member 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 hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects of the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of spirits, Evil-Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of yielding from the path of nature, and influlging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

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

It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison, Mercury*, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians, incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month, taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment.

Dr. Johnston is the only Physician advertising.

His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in the country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this institution, year after year, and the numerous important Surgical operations performed by Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

No letters received unless post-paid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age and send portion of advertisement describing symptoms. Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to this Institution, in the following manner:

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Maryland.

Choice Poetry.

THE SOLDIER'S DYING WIFE.

"I am weary waiting, mother,
Through the days and nights so long;
I am weary, weary, weary watching,
At the evening and the dawn:
And when tossing on my pillow,
Brow and heart so full of pain,
When the chill and solemn midnight
Holds o'er earth its silent reign.

"I half fancy he is coming,
That I hear his steps once more,
Coming up the flag-stone pavement,
That his hand is on the door;
And I hold my breathe and listen
For his voice, but all in vain;
It was nothing but the patter
And the sobbing of the rain.

"Mother, darling, I shall never
Look again upon his face;
I had hoped through all these spring days
For one more, one last embrace;
But I bow in resignation,
For I feel it may not be;
I am by the River Jordan;—
He is by the Tennessee.

"If he comes when war is ended,
With that step so proud and high,
With the fire of battle flashing
In his lofty eagle eye:
If his dear face seems expectant,
As he enters at the gate,
And it towards the door he glances,
Seeming some one to await;—

"Go out, mother, dear, and greet him
Tenderly, but do not weep;
When he eager asks for 'Annie,'
Tell him that I am asleep:
Take him to our own room, mother,
Let the books be all arranged,
And the vases and the pictures
As they were; let naught be changed.

"Give him then this letter, mother,
His deep sorrows it will tell:
With my dying blessing freighted,
Closing with my last farewell;
You must go and leave him, mother,
Till the first wild storm is past—
For his form will bend and quiver,
Like a strong oak in the blast.

"If he says that all the honor
He has earned is nothing now—
He would rather have than laurels,
Annie's hand upon his brow—
He would rather have one accent
Of her voice, than all the praise,
Than all the acclamations
A grateful land could raise.

"Go, and sit down, by him, mother,
Wipe the hot tears from his face—
Take the curls I cut off, gently
From their quiet resting place;
Place them in his hand, where hanging,
They may fall in a caress;
Oh, how often in his fondness,
He has toyed with each tress!

"You must tell him then my mother,
That as grew the hectic deep,
Flamed the torches death had lighted
On the paleness of my cheek;—
Tell him how I longed to see him,
But was happier, the bride
Of an absent, soldier husband,
Than with a *coward* by my side.

"Mother, it is very bitter,
And my aching heart is sore,
That his voice's tender accents
I shall listen to no more.
That my head so weak and drooping,
Never, never more will rest,
Where so oft it hath been pillowed,
On his broad and manly breast.

"This may seem like weakness, mother,
Ill becoming a soldier's wife;
But the heart will not be stifled—
Love is parallel with life;
But the heart must yield to duty,
Though it should be cleft in twain,
And were Verner here, as last Spring,
I should send him forth again.

"'Donelson' and 'Pittsburg Landing!'
Names I shudder yet to hear,
For within those long wide trenches,
Friends of others just as dear
As the one for whom I trembled,
Sleep unshrouded and unblest
By the rain-drops of affection,
Drooping o'er their place of rest.

"But you must not tell him mother,
Of the chills that shook my frame,
As among the 'killed and wounded'
List I searched to find his name;
Cold suspense seemed like a serpent,
Twined around my shrinking form,
And my drooping life has yielded,
As a flower in the storm.

"Is the evening coming, mother?
For the room is getting dark;
No—I feel it is the shadow
Of the valley, which my bark
Of life is swiftly nearing.
Farewell, mother, mother dear;
Tell him all that I have told you—
Tell him Annie still is near."

Select Miscellany.

FATE IN A TIN DIPPER.

"Want to buy any tin ware, to-day, ma'am? pails, brooms, needles, scissors, thread, washboards—all kinds of glassware, cheap for old rags, iron, money, or credit? Want to purchase should like to trade with you?"

This was the salutation of a tall, handsome youth, as he opened Mrs Philips's kitchen door, one fine morning in August, and addressed the lady of the house at her seat by the window. Now Mrs. Philips was a little nettled with the disobliging conduct of a skein of yarn which she was winding, and she answered the fellow's string of inquiries rather tartly for her:

"No; I don't want any of your trash!"

Mrs. Philips's eyes snapped portentously, and her eyebrows grew into closer relationship, as if determined that no peddler should be suffered to annoy their amiable owner.

"Please, Mr. Peddlerman, I want a tin dipper!" called a childish voice from a back porch, and little Eva Philips, the first and last born of her parents, came bounding into the room. Eva was a beautiful child, and the young peddler gazed at her in undisguized admiration.

"And pray, for what does my curly headed girl want a tin dipper?" he asked, with an amused expression on his face.

"Oh, to dip up water from the brook—to get berries down on Blackberry Hills," and, she added, with charming *naivete*, "to see my face in."

The peddler laughed.

"Female vanity alike the world over?" he muttered to himself; then—"but my dear girl you shall have the dipper. The best tin in the world might be proud of mirroring such a face! Come out to the cart and get it."

Eva ran merrily down to the brown gate, where the peddler's good natured horse was patiently awaiting the master's coming, her happy head full of the grand times she'd have with that tin dipper. The peddler opened the box, and took from thence a very bright dipper, and then with the point of his knife he engraved his name—Eugene Fuller—upon the outside, and gave it into the child's hand.

"There, my little miss, what is your name?"

"Eva Pearl Philips," said the girl, inspecting her gift with sparkling eyes.

"Miss Eva? a pretty name—well accept this dipper as a love gage from Eugene Fuller, who, when he gets older, is coming back to make you his little wife! Good bye, wifey!" and the laughing boy sprang upon his seat and drove off.

"His little wife!" mused Eva, on her way back to the house. "I wonder what mother will say? I wonder if she will begin to make pillow cases and sheets just as Aunt Ethel did before Cousin Carrie Pearl was married? I must tell her about it." And Eva dashed into the kitchen full of the important news.—"Mother, mother! the peddlerman says he is going to marry me one of these days—ain't it funny? Only think, then I can have just as many tin dippers as I like!"

"As many fiddlesticks! Go help Jane shell the beans for dinner. I do wish there hadn't been a peddler created; they're a pest?" Mrs. Phillips rocked violently back and forth in her cushioned chair, and made an extra knot in the refractory yarn.

Time passed on, and Eva kept the tin dipper among her most cherished playthings—she did not use it often to hold berries or to dip spring water, for fear its luster would be spoiled, and the name of the donor effaced. Mrs. Phillips demanded the dipper, because she despised peddlers, and she would have destroyed the "amulet" had not her mother's love for Eva pleaded against it.

So when Eva had reached her tenth year—a bright, blooming little lassie, full of gaiety and happiness—the dipper was still in existence, bearing bravely its age, and its oft repeated struggles for favor with Mrs. Phillips.

Eva, though quite a young lady, was as fond of it as ever; she kept it on her pretty dressing bureau, that it might meet her eyes the first thing in the morning. One would have thought that the little maiden was completely infatuated with what, five years ago, Eugene Fuller, the peddler, had styled a "love gage," and perhaps she was—we cannot say. Certain it is that there is no accounting for the fancies of a female head; no philosopher has ever discovered a test by which to analyze the mysterious composition, and, moreover, never will.

One evening Mrs. Phillips was coming into the kitchen in something of a hurry, and it being dusky in the room, she hit her foot against some obstacle, and in consequence lost her balance and fell down into a large pan of buttermilk, which Jane, the careless housemaid. had left on the floor. There was quite a splashing and spattering, and Mrs. Phillips, though unhurt, was decidedly put out—not out of the buttermilk, but out of temper. Her favorite poodle dog was frightened so much at the noise of her fall, that he flew on the cat's back for refuge, and the latter animal made her escape through the chimney, leaving poor Roche to drop down at his leisure.

From the ruins, Pheonix-like, Mrs. Phillips arose; and on Jane's bringing a light, she proceeded to investigate matters—wondering all the time what she could have stumbled against. The wonder was soon dispelled by the appearance of Eva's tin dipper, for the child, wearied out with a long ramble over the field and pasture, had returned home so drowsy that her mother had sent her directly to her room, without giving her a chance to put away her treasure. The sight of the dipper only seemed to increase Mrs. Phillips' indignation, and she vowed vengeance on the unfortunate cause of her downfall.

Consequently, the next morning when Eva arose and looked about for the dipper, it was not to be seen. She went to her mother for information, but that lady was profoundly ignorant in the matter; and Jane proved, on being brought to the inquisition by Eva, to be in a like blissful state with her mistress.

Then Eva went through with a grand system of reconnoitering, which resulted in the recovery of the dipper from a mass of rubbish in a corner of the wood shed. It was bruised and battered a little, but in other respects, as good as new, and Mrs. Phillips, though guilty of the intent, was not exactly guilty of the sin of the iconoclast.

Resolved to guard against all further profanation of her idol, Eva carefully tied the dipper up in a piece of strong silk, which had been given her by the village miller to make her a doll dress; which she deposited all in a little hollow at the foot of the pasture, and covered the aperture with a flat stone.

Some days afterwards she was sent by her mother on an errand to her Aunt Ethel, and as her way lay down the pasture lane, she thought she would take out her dipper, give it an airing, and perhaps fill it with strawberries down in Grant's meadow. Singing blithely, she went her way, the exhumed dipper still in its bandage, hanging upon her arm. She came to the narrow bridge across the Dead River, and was nearly in the middle of the crossing, when her attention was attracted by a large cluster of wild dragon star, clinging to the willows which hung over the bridge. Thoughtlessly, her eyes fixed on the flowers, she advanced to the verge of the bridge—the plank bent and tipped with her weight—one scream, and the little form of Eva struggled in the water. She closed her eyes, and gave herself up for lost; but no, the dipper bound with silken cloth, acted a life preserver, and kept her above the surface.

"Help me! Do somebody come and help me!" screamed the girl as she was borne rapidly past a field where some farmers were engaged in planting their corn. In a moment a stalwart man cleft the waters and reaching Eva, he grasped her in one hand, while with the other he swam to the shore.

"Where am I, where is my dipper?" queried the child, as soon as she came to realization.

"You are here," replied the man; "but what of your dipper? Ha! as I live, 'tis an old tin dipper, rather the worse for wear—tied up in a rag! Well, it's saved your life!"

Then the good man put her into his rough farm wagon, and conveyed her home, taking particular care to relate to her mother the important part the dipper had played in the rescue of the child.

"I tell you ma'am if it hadn't been for that ar' tin dipper's keepin' her above water, she'd a' been dead drowned afore any mortal man would a' reached her! Thank the dipper, marm, and not me!"

This unbiassed account of the praiseworthy behavior of the dipper, softened Mrs. Phillips toward it, and she allowed Eva to keep it wherever she chose.

Months and years rolled away, and when Eva Phillips was fourteen, she was sent to a celebrated female seminary in a neighboring State, from whence, after a three years course, she was emancipated a "finished young lady." But her learning and accomplishments had not spoiled her, and she was the same gay, light hearted little fairy who had begged a tin dipper from Eugene Fuller, twelve years before.

Shortly after Eva's return to Wheatwold, her mother sickened and died, and although in many respects a harsh woman, she was long and sincerely mourned by her daughter.

With the coming of summer, Mr. Phillips, at Eva's urgent desire, let his farm for a couple of years, and with his child set out upon a European tour.—Eva's beauty excited the most fervent admiration where ever she went, but although she received many offers of marriage, she preferred to remain with her father. They visited all places of interest in southern Europe—sighed over desolate Rome, walked ubon the lava of Vesuvius, beheld the magnificent prospect from the highest peak of Mont Blanc, floated upon the waters of Lake Constance, admired the impregnable fortress of Gibralter, and sojourned for some months in the French capital.

At last they took passage from Liverpool to New York, and with melting hearts looked out daily towards the blue distance where they knew home was. A prosperous passage was theirs; and from the bustling American metropolis they took the express train on the eastern railroad, which would set them down at home before sunset.

But alas! how little do we know of coming events! How little do we realize upon what a slender cord hangs our destiny. At lightning speed the train which carried our travelers sped on, Eva, joyous and cheerful in view of beholding once more the dear old place: her father rejoicing in his daughter's happiness. In crossing a bridge built on a broad, but a shallow river, the machinery of the engine became disordered, and in an instant the foaming monster plunged into the river, dragging the train after it.

At the first shock of the overthrow, a young man, who for the whole journey had been regarding Eva with a fixed attention, dashed toward her and clasping her in his arms, reached the tottering platform just as it was going over. One frantic leap, and he, with his senseless burden, went down beneath the water to rise almost instantaneously and strike for shore.

Boldly he swam on, and at last in safety reached the land, when, after giving Eva into the care of some benevolent people who dwelt near the bridge, he returned to the scene of the accident, hoping to be of some service in rescuing those yet imperiled.

Sad to relate, Mr. Phillips was among the killed, and Eva, on the return of consciousness, found herself orphaned, and alone in the world, among strangers. It was a new and terrible experience to her, and her shrinking spirit was nearly broken by the shock. She suffered herself to be guided entirely by the advice of her unknown preserver, depending upon him with the trust of a helpless child. Under his protection, Eva set out for home; home no longer, now that there were none on earth to care for her. The house at Wheatwold had been closed the greater part of the time during the absence of its owners, and had only been opened a few weeks before in expectation of their coming. Everything there was damp and mouldy—the curtains were falling to pieces in the continual moisture of the atmosphere—everything bore the impress of gloom. Still heavier fell that gloom when the closed coffin holding the remains of Mr. Phillips was brought into the long, dark parlor, awaiting the funeral service of to-morrow's morn.

Eva's affliction was dreadful to witness She took notice of nothing, neither eat nor slept, and refused all attempts at consolation from her sympathizing neighbors. The young stranger, who accompanied her home, took charge of everything, and the good peodle of the vicinity, supposing him to have been an intimate friend of the deceased, made no inquires concerning his right to act as he saw fit.

Mr. Phillips was buried by the side of his wife; and Eva on the arm of the pitying old clergyman, went down to the grave, icily, tearless—like a stone statue. She exhibited no emotion—uttered no sigh; her eyes looked vaguely into vacancy with a fixed immovable stare.

The funeral over, the stranger engaged two trusty servants, a man and his wife, to take charge of the domestic affairs about the place, and then he made preparations for immediate departure. The morning upon which he was to leave, he sent a message to Eva, requesting a private interview. It was granted, and she met him in the little boudoir attached to her chamber, where she passed the greater portion of her time since her return.—He came in with a little hesitation in his steps, and took the chair her silent nod indicated. As he did so, his eye fell involuntarily upon the dipper, which still retained its old place upon the dressing-bureau. He started up, and, approaching it, took it into his hands and examined it long and attentively. Still retaining it, he came to Eva's side.

"Miss Phillips."

She looked up drearily on hearing her name spoken, but her face brightened instantly when she beheld her favorite plaything.

"May I ask how you came by this, Miss Phillips?"

"It was given me by a peddler, very many, many years ago. His name is on the side."

"And have you preserved it through all this time? Strange! You evidently prize it."

"Prize it! sir, it has saved my life.—But who are you that question me thus."

"Would you like to see the giver of that trifling toy? would it please you to see Eugene Fuller?"

"Yes, it would gratify me above all things. Then I would thank him for the pleasure his gift has procured me."

"Then, Eva Phillips, look up in my face, and thank me! I am Eguene Fuller."

The girl rose hurriedly to her feet, and threw a long, searching look into the face of the young stranger. Then her eyes fell, and she said, with something of doubt,

"Is it true?"

"It is true," he answered.

She put her hands confidingly in his.

"And it is to Eguene Fuller to whom I owe my restoration from a terrible death in that time when—"

Her voice failed, a sigh heaved from the inmost depths of her heart, shaking her frame, and tears, blessed tears, flowed like rain down her face. They were the first she had shed since her orphanhood. Eugene blessed them, for he knew that only through much weeping could the burden which crushed her be lightened. When she was calm, he drew her down beside him on a settee, and then said—

"Eva, it is fifteen years ago, that I, a peddler—a merry youth of fourteen, charmed with the childish beauty of a little girl, gave her a tin dipper, with my name written thereon, telling her that when I was older I should come back and make her my wife! Do you remember this, Eva?"

Eva's voice was low and subdued as she answered him—

"Yes, I remember it."

"Well I am older now. Twenty-nine summers have passed over my head, giving me wealth and influence, and to-day the heart of the man but echoes the sentiment of the boy. I have always remembered you—have always cherished the fond idea of coming back to this country town, where I first saw you, and renew our acquaintanceship; but until last Thursday, my business could never be arranged for leaving. Fate placed me on board that fated train of cars, and the first face which I saw, on seating myself, was yours. I did not recognise you as Eva Phillips, but I recognized you as the twin of my soul, for I have been a strong believer in predestined marriages. I saved you from death because I felt that my life would be desolated without you; and when, afterwards, I learned that you were Eva Phillips, my contentment was perfect. And now, Eva, the mate of my spirit, may I waive all etiquette, now in this moment when your heart is suffering from your sorrowful bereavements, and ask you to give me, of all the world, the right to comfort you?"

"Eva's head drooped lower, her lips quivered, and she spoke the words he so longed to hear—

"Eugene, I give it to you!"

He drew her into his arms, and kissed off the tears which still clung to her cheeks. And she, feeling again the warm fold of affection around her, looked with hope and trust to the source of all happiness—to heaven.

Eugene Fuller and Eva Phillips were married two months from that day, and the health of the bride was drank, by the coterie of distingished guests assembled, from the tin dipper, which subsequently became an heirloom in the Fuller family. Mr. Fuller and his wife removed to Boston immediately on the union, and their lives were blessed to them.

There, dear, bright eyed reader, is the story of the tin dipper. Quite a dipper, wasn't it?

REBEL TOLERANCE AND INTOLERANCE.

The editor of the Lexington (Ky.) *Observer and Reporter*, a staunch Union paper, resumes his pen and issues his sheet after a suspension of nearly two months. In one of his articles he thus shows up the "freedom of opinion" which the Kentucky *Statesman* boasted would be tolerated under the rule of Kirby Smith and John Morgan:—

OUR OFFICE.—The following editorial notice appeared in the first number of the Kentucky *Statesman*, after the resumption of the publication of that paper, upon the appearance of the rebel army under command of Gen. Kirby Smith:—

"Our amiable editor of the *Observer and Reporter*, it is said, has shipped his printing materials to parts unknown; possibly to the Western Reserve, Ohio. Remembrance of his many sins against free government probably excited his apprehensions on the approach of the Confederate conquerors. It is to be regretted that he did not remain to enjoy that freedom of opinion and its expression which is once more secured to our citizens. We hope no editor will ever be restricted in his liberties in Kentucky, under Confederate rule."

Now, this was simply a willful misrepresentation, conceived in malice, intended to mislead the public mind in regard to the facts. The writer well knew that no portion of the printing materials of this establishment had been removed, and, if not, he certainly put himself to no trouble to learn the facts in the case. Preceding the entrance of Kirby Smith's army into this city, the account books of the office were removed, and nothing else. This was done on the evening preceding Smith's arrival, when the establishment was locked up and left to the tender mercies of the enemy. Upon the arrival of John Morgan with his guerilla troops, in a day or two after, they proceeded at once (which was their first act of Vandalism) to break every lock of the concern, and took possession. Our sign was immediately covered with this inscription:—

"*Morgan's Head-quarters,*
Adjutant General's Office."

From that time until their departure from the city Morgan's officers occupied the front office, whilst his printers, several of whom travel with him, occupied the printing department, using the types, ink and stationery as suited their purposes. They printed any quantity of army blanks, pamphlets, &c. One of their jobs, a pamphlet of twelve pages, is before us, the title page of which reads as follows:

"Tactics for Mounted Riflemen. By Col. Basil W. Duke. Morgan's Power Press Print, John Haps, Printer. Lexinxton, Kentucky, October 4, 1862."

Mr. John Haps, "Morgan's Power Press" printer, doubtless made a good thing out of the situation for himself, for we understand he boasted, preceding his departure for further marauding expeditions, that he cleared, during his stay, four hundred dollars. He left our materials, however, in a most unworkmanlike condition, the floor being ankle deep in unwashed scattered types, torn paper and all manner of filth. We are not anxious to receive another visit from said Haps, as we infinitely prefer more cleanly workmen. In so deranged a condition was the whole establishment, that it has required nearly two weeks to put it in anything like working order, but for which we should have issued a paper earlier in the present week.

☞ If I was to think daily and hourly, and think of nothing else for a thousand years but to cleanse my heart, or root one vice out of it in my own strength, I should be no nearer to it in the end than I was at the beginning.