HUTTER'S
TATE CAPITOL
ook Bindery,
LANK BOOK MANUFACTORY
54 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa
tablishment is chiefly devoted t
nufacture of Blank Books for
ty Offices, Railroad Companies,
Individuals. In all cases the
stock and workmanship may be
Blank Books printed, paged and bound
patterns. Sheriff's, Attorneys and Ju tices
all since. made and ruled to order. Triennia
Assessments, Duplicates, &c., for county purpo
or plain, ruled and bound to order. County
es of the best linen paper.
, and others, desiring to have their Books wel
t moderate prices, should give us a call. News
e largest sizes. Harper's Weekly, Gleason's
ellous, Scientific American, London News,
er, and in any style required. Harper's Month
Knickerbocker, Blackwood's and Graham's
dey's Lady's Book, Lady's Repository, Peter
ic, Piano Music, &c., bound in extra styles o
ain and substantial half binding. Select Pam
Magazines, Pamphlet laws, bound in good li
y very moderate prices. Persons having s
olumes to bind, will receive a liberal discount
easily be sent to us from a distance by Ex
all work entrusted to our care will be speed
safely packed and returned by Express.
ccented. Address F. L. HUTTER.
Harrisburg, Pa.
UM & DERN, at the *Tribune* Office, are m
Altoona, and vicinity. They will give informa
ion to binding, and receive and return books
extra charges, for all who eat, use their work to
[March 27, 1862-1y
HOLLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS
JOHN McKNIGHT, successor to A. W. Kinney,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL MARBLE WORK,
at the lowest possible prices. All work finished at this es
tablishment warranted to give satisfaction.
Hollidaysburg, Dec. 30, 1862-tf
JACOB WEIS,
R AND CONFECTIONER,
VIRGINIA STREET, ALTOONA, PA.,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND
EAD, CAKES, CANDIES
MEATS, of his own manufacture, which he
sell, wholesale or retail, at the most reason
Also, FOREIGN FRUITS, such as
ES, LEMONS, PINE-APPLES,
UNES, RAISINS, NUTS, &C., &C.,
nd in their respective seasons.
S BAKED TO ORDER.
occasions, on short notice and in the neat
yle of the art.
ase and price my stock and you will find
cheap as can be purchased elsewhere.
NFECTIONERY
OYSTER SALOON.
UBSCRIBER WOULD IN
the citizens of Altoona and vicinity that his
ERY, NUT and FRUIT STORE, is always
the very best articles to be had, and in great
has also an
STER SALOON
e store, in which he will serve up OYSTERS
during the season.
AKED BREAD & PIES always on hand.
times prepared to supply cakes, candies, &c.,
other parties. He invites a share of public
laying that he can render full satisfaction to
Oyster and saloon is on Virginia street, two
ation's Hall. OTTO ROSSI.
c. 20, 1861-tf
. FETTINGER'S
ral News Agency,
ALL, No. 7, MAIN STREET
L BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,
NERY, CONFECTIONARIES
ARS & TOBACCO,
NOTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
LLOYD & CO.,
ALTOONA, PA.
STON, JACK & CO.,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
ANKERS,
Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co.")
TS ON THE PRINCIPAL
and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections
received on deposite, payable on demand,
t, or upon time, with interest at fair rates.
KESSLER—PRACTICAL
GIST, respectfully announces
of Altoona and the public gen
ill continue the Drug business
, where he keeps constantly
, Wholesale and Retail, DRUGS,
EMICALS, OILS, VARNISH-
UFFS,
ction to business, and a desire to render sat
, as regards price and quality, he hopes to
e a share of public patronage.
merchants supplied on reasonable terms.
ers from a distance promptly attended to.
directions carefully compounded. [1-tf.
DY FRIENDS WOULD DO
, in upon the choice and chaste assort
DIES'S GOODS just observed upon the
of MURPHY & McPEEK,
Cor. of Virginia and Caroline sts.
26, 1862.
ND LARD OILS, CAM-
ning Fluid, Carbon Oil, &c., at
KESSLER'S.
D AT McCORMICK'S Store
ull assortment of Ready-Made clothing
Nov. 25-tf.
DIES—A LARGE AND
ortment of Gaiters have just been re
by J. E. HILEMAN.
HAT, TOOTH, SHAVING,
and Varnish Brushes at
KESSLER'S
NDS OF PRINTING
tly and expeditiously executed at the
"ALTOONA TRIBUNE" OFFICE
LAS AND PARASOLS,
ventory, at LAUGHMAN'S.
YLES CARPETING AND
to be found at LAUGHMAN'S.
RAL ASSORTMENT OF
, Hair and Clothes Brushes, Combs,
LAUGHMAN'S
ASSORTMENT OF OVER-
LAUGHMAN'S.
E, COLOGNES, POM-
Cream Toilet Soaps, &c., for sale by
KESSLER.
EW OF ALL DESCRIP-
received and for sale by
J. E. HILEMAN

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1863. NO. 6.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

F. R. McCRUM. - - - - - H. C. DERN,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,)..... $1 50
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

	1 insertion	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One Square, (8 lines)	50	75	1 00
Two " (16 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (24 ")	1 50	2 00	2 50

Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
Six lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
One square	2 50	4 00	7 00
Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column	14 00	25 00	40 00
Administrators and Executors Notices			1 75
Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change			10 00
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines with paper, per year			5 00

Communications of a political character or individual interest, will be charged according to the above rates.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above terms.
Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.
Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square.

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 and Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Consumption, 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 Secret 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 exalted 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, deformities, &c., speedily cured.

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

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Speedily Cured, and full Vigor Restored.

This Distressing Affection—which renders Life miserable and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victim of improper indulgences. Young persons are too often led 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 reproduction is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the blessings of healthy off-spring, the most serious and destructive symptoms of 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,

Second door on the 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 Nauseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSON,

a 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 often 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 deviating from the path of nature, and indulging 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 whom, 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."

How melancholy a 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 gentlemen 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 a portion of advertisement describing symptoms. Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to his Institution, in the following manner:

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

Choice Poetry.

THE CONVICT TO HIS MOTHER.

The following lines are touchingly beautiful. The man who can write such poetry, who has such thoughts, cannot be utterly depraved although he is a convict in a penitentiary and writes within gloomy walls:

I've wander'd far from thee, mother,
Far from my happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam;
And time since then has rolled its years,
And marked them on my brow;
Yet I have often thought of thee—
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When, at thy tender side,
You've watched the dawning of my youth,
And kiss'd me in your pride;
Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy,
While thy bright fancy honors wove
To deck thy darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When, with such anxious care,
You lifted up your heart to Heaven;
Your hope, your joy was there;
Fond memory brings thy parting words
While tears stole down your cheek;
Your long, last, loving look told more
Than ever words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No friend is near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word
Or cool my burning brow;
The dearest ties affection wove
Are all now torn from me;
They left me when the trouble came—
They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now.
Unpitied and unblest;
Yet still I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distress'd;
I know you would not chide, mother,
You would not give me blame,
But sooth me with your tender words,
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay;
The tempter, with his baneful cup,
Has dashed them all away;
And shame has left its venom'd sting
To mark with anguish wild;
Yet still I would not have thee know
The sorrow of thy child.

Oh, I've wander'd far mother,
Since I deserted thee.
And left thy true ting heart to break
Beyond the deep blue sea.
Oh, mother, still I love thee well.
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my careworn cheek.

But, oh, there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast,
That thy fond spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest;
And while I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice that speaks of Heaven and thee,
And bids me seek you there.

Select Miscellany.

ONLY A JOKE.

"And when are you to be married, Annie?" asked my friend Lucy, as I carefully laid aside my bridal veil and wreath which I had been showing her.

There was something in the tone of her voice that struck a pang to my heart, though I knew not why, and I answered hastily, while the warm blood mounted to my cheeks—

"In two weeks from to-morrow evening, if nothing happens to prevent."

"And that there will be anything happen you do not expect?" said Lucy, looking seriously into my face.

"Of course, not; why should I, dear? Two weeks is not a very lengthy period, certainly; and before half that time has expired Walter is coming to Elton."

"Are you sure of this?" queried Lucy.

"As sure as we are of anything," I replied. "Are you a prophetess? Can you peer into futurity, and tell me if there is any reason why this should not be so?"

"I am no prophetess," sighed Lucy, "and yet—"

"And yet, what?" I demanded, impatiently, irritated by her manner.

"And yet, Walter may never come to you. If he should not—"

"She did not finish the sentence, but fixed her eyes sternly on my face.

"There are no 'ifs' about it," I said. "What has taken possession of you that you appear so strangely?"

"I dare not tell you," was the slowly spoken reply; "but to-day I have learned something dreadful."

"Dreadful! What can it be? Walter, no—nothing has happened to him, I am sure. Tell me—do not torture me a moment."

"Walter—"

"What, Lucy? I shall go crazy—you'll kill me if you do not tell me!" I cried, grasping her hands, and holding them firmly.

"Walter is married!"

"Married, Lucy—married—is that all? Did you think to frighten me with such an absurd story as that? Shame!"

I laughed hysterically as I said this, and tears gushed freely from my eyes.

"It is true, Annie: I read it in to-day's paper—Mr. Walter Mayo to Miss—Miss—I can't think—"

"Helen Stickney!" I gasped, grasping her hands again.

"Yes, that was the name. They were married in London."

"Have you seen the paper? I cannot credit what you have seen. I must read it—read it for myself!"

She drew the paper from her pocket, and pointed to the marriage list. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets as I read. My senses were not to be trusted, it could not be, and yet—yet there it was, plain, simple and indisputable—

"Mr. Walter Mayo, of Elton, to Miss Helen Stickney, of London."

Walter Mayo, my—my Walter, married to the proud, wealthy, city belle?"

"Go from me, Lucy, please," I said, turning away. "Forget this—me—go!"

I staggered to a chair as she left the room. I pressed my hands to my throbbing temples. I tried to believe myself in some horrid dream from which I should soon awaken. I would not suppress my wild sobs of grief; I would let them come—the dreadful spell would sooner pass away. But no, there was no change.—My heart grew heavier every moment. The light that streamed in at the window was not that of the early morning upon which my eyes had just opened. There were sounds of busy life about the house. The children were out on the grassy lawn. I had heard their merry shout, and watched them at their play nearly all the long summer afternoon. There were flowers on my table: real flowers that my little brother brought me in the morn, when the dew was on them. I was awake, alive! a reality. Before my eyes was proof of my wretchedness—in my hands I held it. God pity me! it was real, real.

"Mr. Walter Mayo to Miss Helen Stickney."

That was all: but my heart was breaking. My brain whirled like a maniac's. The mighty truth clasped itself about everything. It was within me and around me—above and beneath me. There was no leaving it—no forgetting it. There was no rest for me; constantly my heart must bear up its terrible load of grief.

"And yet it was no wonder," I thought, while the calmness of despair settled upon me: "no wonder that he should prefer the brilliant, accomplished city belle to me—me, the simple, quiet and unpretending country girl! I had often heard him praise her—she was like a sister to him, he had said. Perhaps, of a sudden, he had found that he had loved her better than me. God only knew! But oh! it was cruel—so hard to bear! I could not! could not live!"

"Did people ever die when such grief came upon them?" I wondered. If so, I believe that I was dying. I rose and went to the mirror. My face was as white as death—my eyes as wild and staring as though I had been wrestling with the great conqueror. Lines of purple lay about my lips, which looked as if they were frozen—frozen with such a pitiful expression of woe daguerreotyped upon them. I clasped my icy hands over my eyes to shut out the picture which I had not strength enough to turn away from. My senses seemed leaving me as, with a low moan of agony escaping from my lips, I sank helpless on the floor.

When I awoke to consciousness, I was in my mother's room, lying upon her bed, with her dear face, anxious and tearful, bending over me. I was extremely ill, she said. She had found me like one dead upon the floor of my room. How long I had been there she could not tell. She had not called me at tea time because she thought I went out with Lucy Currier, and had not returned. The doctor had said I must be kept quiet.

"The doctor!" I repeated, wonderingly, staring into her face.

"Yes, dear, the doctor—good Dr. Owens; here he is now;" and she stepped aside that I might see him, but I turned my head away murmuring—

"Walter! Walter!"

"Do you wish to see him?" asked the good old man, pressing his cool hand upon my forehead.

"See him? Oh! no, no, sir!" I cried, sudden strength coming upon me at the thought; "I shall never see him again."

"Well, well, you needn't, dear; don't mind it," he said, soothingly, believing me delirious.

I sank wearily back upon my pillow, and as I did so I heard my mother whisper my name. I listened attentively.

"Had we better telegraph to him?" she said.

"There is no particular cause for your doing so. A letter sent by mail to-morrow morning will answer as well. I do not apprehend any serious results from this attack. Do as you please, however."

"We will send to-night, then. Walter can come in the first train to-morrow," answered my father.

"Don't, don't send for him," I cried, springing wildly up. "If you love me, do not let him know that I am ill. I shall be better soon. Do not look at me so. I am not delirious—I know what I am saying. Don't send for him!"

"Why not?" asked my father.

"Because—because," I faltered, "I cannot tell you why."

"What is it, child?" queried my father.

"Walter will never come here again for me—he is—"

"What?"

"He is married to some one else. I read it in to-day's paper," I said.

To-day's paper?" responded my mother.

"Yes, it is in my room; go for it."

The paper was found, and the evidence of Walter's perfidy read by every member of the family before the wretched truth could be realized. Then a blank silence followed, and my mother came to my bedside and put her dear arms lovingly around me, and said, if all others failed, she would rather suffer from his fickleness a thousand times over than bear up under his; it was all for the best, even though my heart broke under the burden which bore down upon it.

How from my inmost soul I blessed that mother for the comforting words she spoke to me, and, while I nestled closely to her arms, like a frightened, grieved child, and felt warm tears upon my cheeks, her tender kisses upon my lips, through my sorrow, a little vein of joy found its way, and I thanked God for my mother—for my mother's love!

In a few days I was up and about the house. My pride, that had been numbed by my first shock of sorrow, took up life again and came faithfully to my aid. I put a seal upon my lips. Upon them should linger no regrets, play no words of passionate tenderness, tarry no names which had been once uttered with so much gladness. My heart should prison all its griefs, though in their rebellion it were torn and broken. Pride should be the stern sentinel which I would set to watch over it. Pride the sexton which should bury from the eyes of the world my woe—the mutilated corpses of my once brilliant hopes. The world should have no tombstones to look upon, and say that in such a place my dead was lying; I, and only I, knew the silent resting place.

Thus the days went on till the time fixed for Walter's coming was at hand. The story of his marriage spread rapidly through the village. Every gossip was busy with this rare piece of news. If I went out, I was watched as eagerly as though I were a condemned criminal or a wild ferocious animal that was bent upon some fatal mischief. Some said I was most heart-broken; others that I was nearly insane; and others still that I had fallen into a sort of stupor from which I should never be roused; that in all probability I should live but a short time.—God knows, I prayed that the last might be so; that every day I prayed not to see the light of another; that the bridal robes laid away so carefully might be my shroud at the time I thought I should become a blessed, happy wife!

The day on which Walter was to come dawned at last. I knew—I expected that it would be a wretched one to me, and I shuddered when its light broke clear and rosily at my windows. Oh! how everything mocked me on that morning. The mist rose up like a fragrant breath from the lowlands at the first warm kiss of the sun, and lay like a white mantle at the feet of the sweet green hills. The fields stretched away, glistening in the sunlight, as though their mantles were studded with jewels; and the birds hymned out their praises rich and clear upon the morning air. In all this how wretchedly, how wickedly I cursed the very fate that made me look upon it—live to see it.

I wandered out into the woods, where the silence grew more terrible than the busy, bustling sounds of human life. I went back to the village again—wearily toward home. I went past the railroad station. A train had just that moment come in. I had promised to meet Walter there at that very hour. I turned back. I knew not why. Perhaps, I thought to cheat myself for a moment into the belief that I should meet him as I had promised, that the past week was a myth, a dream. As I did so a well known voice sounded upon my ear. I turned quickly around, the blood receding rapidly from my brow, cheeks and lips. Merciful heavens! Walter Mayo was standing before me with a beautiful, snowy dressed woman leaning upon his arm!

"Oh! if I could but be away from this spot!" I thought as a terrible faintness came over me. Was pride frightened from her post again? Should I give up there—sink before those cold, criticising eyes? No, no! With strong effort I moved on directly past them. As I did so, Walter's gaze fell upon me.

"Ah! there is Annie," he said. "This way, Helen," and coming towards me, he held out his hand.

I drew back. A rapid light shot from my eyes. My lips quivered, and my whole frame trembled with emotion. I would not bear his insults, and every word that he might speak to me, after the great wrong he had done, was indeed an insult. I looked disdainfully at his proffered hand, and then turned away.

"Why, Annie, what is the matter? you are looking as white as death! he exclaimed, laying his hand upon my arm. "Why do you turn away so? What does this mean?"

"Oh! how the tenderness of his voice went down to my heart, and pleaded with the stern sentinel, pride! How it roused my quiet dead—my dead that I had placed in their graves—the cold, icy graves of forgetfulness!

"Why do you dare to speak to me, sir?" I said, in a voice hoarse with passion. "I have no words to waste on you!"

"Annie, Annie, I cannot believe my senses. What is the meaning of this?"

"Your heart is baser than I thought if you do not know the meaning. Let me go. I have nothing to say to you. I cannot wish you and your beautiful bride joy, even; for in my heart I have only curses—curses for you! That is all."

"Bride, bride! Annie, are you mad? I have no bride."

I laughed his words to scorn as he uttered them.

"Do not add another falsehood to the pyramid that you have already raised," I said.

"Yet what could be the use of such a denial?" I thought, as the words died away on my lips.

"You shall not go away until you explain yourself," he said, grasping my hand firmly as I turned away again. "Speak, Helen, tell her that I have no bride, and never hoped to have, but her."

"But," I began hesitatingly, my voice growing strange and hollow, "but what did that mean—your marriage—in the paper?"

"My marriage! Is it possible—did that cursed joke reach you? and have you been crediting it all this while?"

"Is it not true? Oh! Walter, Walter."

"Sure, Annie, as I hope for Heaven, it is not. Some malicious person, I know not whom, sent the marriage to the paper; and the first that I knew of it was by the report that began to circulate among Helen's and my friends. Oh! if I had only known this; and still I ought to have known how it would have been; my poor, dear Annie! You are fainting. See, Helen, how white she is growing!"

Taking me in his arms as though I had been an infant, he bore me rapidly to a carriage, holding me tenderly to his breast while passionate regrets and words of endearment fell from his lips.

We were married at the appointed time—and I have no wish to die, out of all the blessed happiness that surrounds me.

HOME CONVERSATION.

Children hunger prepetually for new ideas, and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and ear, not the eye and printed page. The one mode is natural, the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We not unfrequently pass by in the papers a full report of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to hear the self-same words uttered. An audience will listen closely from the beginning to the end of an address, which not one in twenty of those present would read with the same attention.—This is emphatically true of children. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in the books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of the educational advantages which they desire, they cannot fail to grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood and youth the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. Let parents, then, talk much and talk well at home.—

A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may be, in many respects, a wise man; but he is not wise in his silence.

We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk and think of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful instruction. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

A FRIGHTENED VIRGINIAN.—An army correspondent of the West Chester *Republican* tells the following good one:—"Rabbits being numerous, and shooting prohibited, the boys became effected with a snare-setting mania, and many of them brought in numerous prizes. But Capt. Worthington caught the largest, if not the most digestible. Finding a stout hickory sapling in a good place, he attached to it a strong cord. On going to it the next morning he heard a noise and saw it fly. Rushing up to get his rabbit, he found he had caught a man by the leg, who, scared nearly to death, entreated him to let him go, and said he always heard the Yankees had many infernal machines, but never expected to be caught in one of them. He had never heard of a snare, could not be convinced of its use, and when released, made a bee line home."

THE CONSCRIPTION BILL.

The following is a summary of the chief points of the Conscription bill which has just passed the Senate.

After a preamble which sets forth the reason for the measure, it is enacted that all able bodied male citizens, and foreigners who have declared their intention to become citizens, who are between the ages of twenty and thirty five years, shall be declared to constitute the national forces, and liable to perform military service when called upon by the President.

Section second exempts from service such persons as are rejected as physically or mentally unfit for the service; also, first, the Vice President of the United States, the judges of the various courts of the United States, the heads of the various executive departments of the government, and the Governments of the several States; and second, the only son liable to military duty of a widow dependent upon his labor for support; third, the only son of aged or infirm parent or parents dependent upon his labor for support; fourth, where there are two or more sons of aged or infirm parents subject to draft, the father, or, if he be dead, the mother may elect which son shall be exempt; fifth, the only brother of children not twelve years old, having neither father nor mother, dependent upon his labor for support; sixth, the father of motherless children under twelve years of age dependent upon his labor for support; seventh, where there are a father and sons in the same family and household, and two of them are in the military services of the United States as non-commissioned officers, musicians or privates, the residue of such family, not exceeding two, shall be exempt; and no persons but such as are herein exempt shall be exempt—provided, however, that no person who has been convicted of any felony shall be enrolled or permitted to serve in said forces.

Section third makes two classes of the enrolled citizens. The first class consists of all those subject to duty between the ages of twenty and and thirty-five years, and all unmarried persons over thirty-five years who are subject to duty. The second class embraces all others subject to military duty, and these are not to be called out until the first class has been called into service.

Section four to ten inclusive makes the District of Columbia, each of the territories, and each Congressional district, an enrolling district, and authorizes the appointment of a Provost Marshal for each district, under whose superintendence the draft shall be made. All persons who are enrolled are liable for two years from the date of enrollment to be called into the military service of the United States for three years, unless sooner discharged.

Section twelve declares that when the draft shall be made in any district, the enrolling board for that district, consisting of three persons, the provost marshal as president, and having a practising physican or surgeon for one of its members, shall make a draft of the citizens subject to military duty, of the number required, and fifty per cent. in excess. All conscripts are to report in ten days. Those who wish may procure exemption by furnishing a substitute or by the payment of three hundred dollars. Any conscript failing to report for duty, or who does not procure exemption, is to be treated as a deserter, unless he can show he is not liable to military duty.

Section fourteen provides for the inspection, by an army surgeon, of all drafted men, and the discharge of those not able bodied. After the required number of able bodied men are obtained the remainder will be discharged.

Section eighteen is to encourage militia and volunteers now in the service to reenlist by the payment of additional bounties.

It is also provided that when a regiment of the same army from any State has lost half its men by battle, that the companies of the regiment shall be consolidated, and all superfluous officers discharged. Another section empowers courts martial to reduce to the ranks officers who shall be found guilty of absence without leave, to serve three years or during the war.

The remainder of the act provides for trials, &c., grades of rank, and is of no importance to the general public. All the most important points of the bill are presented above.

☞ The following appeared on a letter sent from a soldier to a young lady:

Soldier's letter and na'ra red,
Hard tack in place of bread.
Postmaster shove this through,
I've na'ra stamp but seven months due.

☞ A gentleman recently arrived from Canada, states that a fee of fifteen hundred dollars was paid to him the other day in Quebec, wholly in American silver. He didn't want the stuff, but was compelled to take it. How horrid!

☞ A duel was fought in Mississippi lately by S. K. Knott and A. W. Shott. The result was, Knott was shot, and Shott was not. In those circumstances we would rather have been Shott than Knott.