HUTTER'S
STATE CAPITOL
Book Bindery,
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY.
Market St. Harrisburg, Pa.
Establishment is chiefly devoted to
manufacture of Blank Books for
City Offices, Railroad Companies,
individuals. In all cases the
stock and workmanship may be
Blank Books printed, paged and bound to
pattern. Sheriff's, Attorneys and Justices
blanks made and ruled to order. Trustees
Assessments, Duplicates, &c., for county purposes
of plain, ruled and bound to order. Country
of the best linen paper.
and others, desiring to have their Books well
at moderate prices, should give us a call.
largest sizes, Harper's Weekly, Gleasons
Scientific American, London News,
and in any style required. Harper's Monthly,
Knickerbocker, Blackwood's and Graham's
Godey's Lady's Book, Lady's Repository, Peterson,
Piano Music, &c., bound in extra style or
and substantial half binding. Select Pamphlets
Magazines, Pamphlet issues, bound in good
at very moderate prices. Persons having a
volumes to bind, will receive a liberal discount.
safely be sent to us from a distance by Express.
all work entrusted to our care will be specially
safely packed and returned by Express.
warranted. Address F. L. HUTTER,
Harrisburg, Pa.
DUM & DERN, at the *Tribune* Office, are prepared
Alloona and vicinity. They will give information
tion to binding, and receive and return books
extra charges, for all who entrust their work to them.
[March 21, 1862-1y

HOLLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS
JOHN McKEAGE, 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 establishment warranted to give satisfaction.
Hollidaysburg, Dec. 31, 1862-tf

JACOB WEIS,
FAND CONFECTIONER.
VIRGINIA STREET, ALTOONA, PA.,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND
CAKES, CANDIES
NUTS, of his own manufacture, which he
sell, wholesale or retail, at the most reasonable
FOREIGN FRUITS, such as
LEMONS, PINE-APPLES,
RAISINS, NUTS, &c., &c.
in their respective seasons.
BAKED TO ORDER.
on short notice and in the neatest
of the art.
and price my stock and you will find
cheaper as can be purchased elsewhere.

CONFECTIONERY
OYSTER SALOON.
THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD INFORM
citizens of Altoona and vicinity that his
STEW, CUT and FRUIT STORE is always
the best confectionaries to be had, and in good
saloon
OYSTER SALOON
adjoining, in which he will serve up OYSTERS
during the season.
HOT BREAD & PIES always on hand.
Cakes prepared to supply cakes, candies, &c.
other parties. He invites a share of public patronage,
knowing that he can render full satisfaction to
Confectionery store and saloon is on Virginia street, in
Lettner's Hall.
OTTO ROSSI.
Nov. 16, 1861-tf

J. FETTINGER'S,
General News Agency,
HALL, No. 7, MAIN STREET
ALL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,
NOVELTY, CONFECTIONARIES
CIGARS & TOBACCO,
NOTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
1861.

FLOYD & CO.,
ALTOONA, PA.
STON, JACK & CO.,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
BANKERS,
(Lt. Bell, Johnston, Jack & Co.")
TS ON THE PRINCIPAL
Gold and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections
received on deposite, payable on demand,
or upon time, with interest at fair rates.

KESSLER—PRACTICAL
CHEMIST, respectfully announces
Altoona and the public gen-
still continues the Drug business,
where he keeps constantly
Wholesale and Retail, DRUGS,
CHEMICALS, OILS, VARNISHES,
FUMES.
attention to business, and a desire to render satisfaction
as regards price and quality, he hopes to
share of public patronage.
Physicians supplied on reasonable terms,
orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Prescriptions carefully compounded. [1-tf.

LADY FRIENDS WOULD DO
look in upon the choice and chaste assortment
DRESS GOODS now displayed upon the
of M'MURPHY & McPIKE,
Cor. of Virginia and Caroline sts.
26, 1862.

OIL AND LARD OILS, CAMPHENE,
Burning Fluid, Carbon Oil, &c., at
KESSLER'S.

GOOD AT McCORMICK'S Store
full assortment of Ready-Made clothing.
Nov. 27-tf.

FLIES.—A LARGE AND
assortment of Groceries have just been received
J. B. HILKMAN.

HAIR, TOOTH, SHAVING,
Cloth and Varnish Brushes at
KESSLER'S.

BLANKS OF PRINTING
neatly and expeditiously executed at the
ALTOONA TRIBUNE OFFICE

PARASOLS AND PARASOLS.
variety, at
LAUGHMAN'S.

VELVET CARPETING AND
can be found at
LAUGHMAN'S.

GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
Hair and Clothes Brushes, Combs,
LAUGHMAN'S

ASSORTMENT OF OVER-
found at
LAUGHMAN'S.

OIL, COLOGNE, POM-
Cream, Toilet Soaps, &c. for sale by
G. J. KESSLER.

CARE OF ALL DESCRIP-
received and for sale by
J. B. HILKMAN.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1863. NO. 12.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

J. K. McCRUM. - - - - - H. C. DERN.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,)..... $1 50
Until 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.

SALTIMORE 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, Trembling, 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 off scores 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, 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 too 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 reproduction is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the pleasures of healthy off-spring, 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,

first hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Full 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,

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 startled 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 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 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.

HOME.

Home is where affections bind
Gentle hearts in unison;
Where the voices all are kind,
Holding sweet communion!

Home is where the heart can rest
Safe from darkening sorrow;
Where the friends we love the best
Brighten every morrow!

Home is where the friends that love
To our hearts are given;
Where the blessings from above
Make it seem a Heaven!

Home is where the stars will shine
In the skies above us;
Peeping brightly through the vine,
Trained by those who love us!

Yes! 'tis home, where smiles of cheer
Wreathe the brows that greet us;
And the ones of all most dear
Ever come to meet us!

Select Miscellany.

WHERE DOES OLD AGE BEGIN?

Left to the popular vote, hardly any two would agree as to the point of time at which youth deserts us and old age mounts guard. That point of time is not an arbitrary one, but is governed by the circumstances of each case—some men at 45 being older than others at 60. The line of demarkation, too, is oftener controlled by the mental condition than we suppose. The art of growing old gracefully, depends solely upon the disposition, and of all arts is the one which should be the most studied. Life is so short, that so far as possible, it should be perpetual youth, and in keeping the affections and sympathies fresh and green, much can be done toward securing such halcyon days here below.

By breaking down the barriers between youth and age, and establishing terms of intimacy such as mark the intercourse of associates, there can be a system of barter carried on mutually beneficial. Age will bestow upon youth cheerful lessons of wisdom, and in return receive the vigor, freshness and heartiness of the early years. Thus, one will be strengthened and the other invigorated.

In a late "Atlantic," the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table has an article upon the time when old age begins, upon which the Boston *Courier* admirably comments thus:

"We cannot quite agree with some of the Autocrat's notions, however. He makes old age begin too soon. In our childhood we used to hold such opinion ourselves. We remembered the time when forty seemed a most venerable number of years to have lived. But it was a childish notion, and we have long since got rid of it. Cæsar, in a more exhausting climate, called the Roman *young* till 50. Forty-five, according to our present views, matured by the reflection of many years, is quite too early a period for the beginning of hoary Age. It is a mistake to suppose that less fuel is then consumed than before. On the contrary, we have found that more is required to keep the machinery in motion. The natural vigor is not yet diminished; the hair is not gray, except in peculiar cases, which have nothing to do with years.

"At 50, even, the appetites are as healthy and vigorous, the imagination as lively, the dreams of ambition as absorbing, as at 30. No, no, friend Autocrat—the earliest period we can allow you to begin to call a man old, is 60; from 60 to 75 he ought to enjoy a healthy old age; from that to the close of life, he should gently descend the down hill, and so pass away. Men grow old early because they think they must. There is no necessity—no justification for such a proceeding. It was not so in old times, or rather in young times of the world's history. We do not speak of the age of Methuselah—that was very well, but a little tedious—but we call up from our classical recollection an example or two:

"Isocrates was a moderate case; he had a work on his hands at the age of 93, which his friends advised him to finish, because something might happen. He finished it, and a year or two afterward, when the "dishonest victory" of Cheronea tried to "kill, by report, the old man eloquent," it couldn't do it. He starved himself to death. Georgias, the sophist, lived to 120 years, and died with an antithesis upon his lips.

"But there is no need of multiplying examples. The fact is undoubted that the natural commencement of old age is not at 45, by a good deal. Let men but resolve to live out their days—let them divide their minds into reasonable and proper stations, instead of rushing at such railway speed over the road of existence, and coming to the terminus before the journey is half over, and then we shall see the condition of mortality taking an encouraging upward tendency. Then we should not be in such a terrible hurry; we should have time enough to accomplish all our tasks deliberately and thoroughly, and to repose on our laurels, without worrying ourselves with the fear that we shall lose our only chance to gain a second wreath of them.

HOW TO PROCURE A HUSBAND.

The following true story might, perhaps, furnish a matter for a little comedy, if comedies were still written in England. It is generally the case that the more beautiful and the richer a young female is, the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the offers they refuse. The one is too tall, the other too short, this not wealthy, that not respectable enough. Meanwhile one spring passes another, and each year carries away a leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in our native town; but she had already completed her twenty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had one time or other discharged. Harriet began to be set down for an old maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom nature and fortune have been niggardly of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet, as we have said, was both handsome and very rich. Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straightforward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly.

"You see," said her father to him one day, "Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome, what she is to have for her fortune you know: even in this scandal loving town, not a single creature can breathe the slightest imputation against her; and yet she is getting to be an old maid."

"True," replid the uncle; "but look you brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to seize the right moment; this you have not done—it is a misfortune; but let the girl go along with me and before the end of three months I will return her to you as the wife of a young man as wealthy as herself."

Away went the niece with the uncle.—On the way home he thus addressed her:

"Mind what I am going to say. You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley my niece, a young, wealthy, childless widow. You had the misfortune to lose your husband, Col. Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year, by a fall from his horse while hunting."

"But uncle——"

"Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley, your father invested me with full powers. Here, look you, is the wedding ring given you by your late husband.—Jewels, and whatever else you need, your aunt will supply you with; and accustom yourself to cast down your eyes."

The keen-witted uncle introduced his niece everywhere, and the young widow excited a great sensation. The gentlemen thronged about her, and she soon had her choice out of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to take the one who was the deepest in love with her, and a rare chance decreed that this should be the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private.

"My dear sir," he began, we have told you an untruth."

"How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affections——"

"Nothing of the kind. My niece is sincerely attached to you."

"Then her fortune, I suppose is not equal to what you told me.?"

"On the contrary, it is larger."

"Well, what is the matter, then?"

"A joke, an innocent joke, which came into my head one day when I was in a good humor, we could not well recall it afterward. My niece is not a widow."

"What! is Col. Lumley living?"

"No; she is a spinster."

The love protested that he was a happier fellow than he had convinced himself; and the old maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

GOOD ADICE ON SUNDRY SUBJECTS—Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where perhaps you may find something more valuable than that which you first intended to appropriate. Never put salt into your soup before you have tasted it. We have known gentleman very much enraged by doing so. Never burn your fingers if you can help it. People burn their fingers every day, when they might have escaped if they had been careful.—Don't put your feet on the table. True, the Members of Congress do so, but you are not a Member of Congress. If you form one of a large mixed company, and a different stranger enters the room and takes a seat among you, say something to him, for heaven's sake, even although it be only "fine evening sir!" Do not let him sit bolt upright, suffering all the apprehensions and agonies of bashfulness, without any relief. Ask him how he has been; tell him you know his friend, so and so—anything that will do to break the icy stiffness in which very decent fellows are sometimes frozen on their *doubt* before a new circle.

THE LIFETIME OF MAN.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced and asked how long he would have to live?

"Thirty years," replied Nature, "will that be agreeable to thee?"

"Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn-sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give me but a portion of that time I pray!"

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live? asked Natnre. "Thirty years were too many for the ass, but wilt thou be contented with them?"

"Is it thy will that I should!" replied the dog. "Think how much I will have to run about: my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but lie in the corner and growl?"

Nature thought he was right, and gave twelve years.

The ape then appeared.

"Thou wilt, doubtless, willingly live the thirty years," said Nature; thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and dog.—Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah, no!" cried he, "so it may seem to others, but it will not be! Should puddings ever rain down, I shall excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded by a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years."

Nature was gracious and he received but ten.

At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days.

"Will thirty years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man. "When I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire upon my own hearth—when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit—when life shall seem to me most desirable, I shall die.—Oh, Nature, grant me a longer period."

"Then shalt thou have the eighteen years of the ass, besides."

"That is not enough," replied man.

"Take, likewise, the twelve years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man; "give me more."

"I will give thee, then the ten years of the ape, and in vain wilt thou claim more."

Man departed unsatisfied.

Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He labors carefully and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen of the ass come next; burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the reward of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies down in the corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form a conclusion. Then man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

A SIN-EATER.—In the secluded mountain vales of Carmathenshire, this was the custom not many years ago:—When a person died his friends sent for the sin-eater of the district, who, for the small sum of half a crown, actually took upon himself the sins of the deceased, by a simple process of eating them. The plan of operation was this:—A loaf of bread was provided, which the sin-eater first placed upon the dead person's chest, then muttering some incantations over it, finally eating it. Will it be credited that he was believed to have taken from the defunct the heavy weight of his sins and to appropriate them to himself, for which act of kindness he was regarded by everybody as a tabooed outcast. Indeed, immediately after the ceremony was finished, and he had received his pay, he vanished in double quick time, it being the custom for the friends to belabor him with sticks, if they could catch him.

MAKING ROOM.—It was Henry Clay, we think, who, after he had finished his studies went to a certain town with letters of recommendation to an excellent member of the bar and asked his advice and influence in establishing himself in his profession. The encouragement he received was something like this: "I would be very glad to render you any assistance in my power, Mr. Clay, but really there is no room in this place for another lawyer." Mr. Clay, (if he was the individual, for it is a long time since we heard the story,) nothing daunted, straightened himself, and with the reply, "Then sir, *I intend to make room*," left the house, The sequel need not be told.

☞ The woman who never interfered with her husband's affairs arrived in town the other day. She is an old maid.

COMICAL SPORT.

Many years ago, in England, when travelers were wont to journey on horseback, and slept two in a bed at taverns, the following droll incident occurred at Chester:

Two young bloods stopped at the Red Fox tavern, and while going up to bed late at night (it being hot weather,) they discovered the door of one of the bed rooms open. It so happened that a Scotchman and Irishman were both asleep in the bed; and the Irishman had 'kicked the kiver off,' and one of his legs lay naked and nearly out of bed.

"I'll have some sport now," said one of the bloods to his mate, "if you'll hold the light a minute."

The candle was held while the young chap went in, and, taking up one of the Irishman's spurs (traveler's on horseback wore spurs in those days,) buckled it on the heel of Paddy's naked foot. He then gave Paddy's leg a pinch, and hid himself behind the door. Paddy, though not awakened, drew his leg suddenly back, and in this way sadly damaged the Scotchman's naked leg with the spur.

"The de'el d—n you!" exclaimed Donald, rubbing his leg, "an' ef ye dinna gang oot o' bed and cut yer toe nails, I'll soon be gettin' up and throw yer oot th' window yer loot!"

The Irishman yet slept soundly, and soon put his leg back in its old position, when the young joker, who had put on the spur, stole up to the bed and pinched his leg the second time. In went the leg again, the spur striking the Scotchman's leg, who now got in a terrible passion, and began to pummel Paddy, exclaiming, as usual,

"Get oot o' bed and cut yer toe nails, ye loot! Do ye fash a Christian mon to stan' such a rough diggin'?"

This waked up the Irishman, who at that moment bringing the spur to bear on his own other leg, vaulted out of bed.—Having procured a light, he looked down at the spur with the greatest astonishment.

"By my sowl," said he, "what a stupid fool is the hostler of this inn; sure an' he tuk off me boots when I went to bed and has left on one ov me spurs. Strange it is I didn't notice it!"

This explanation being satisfactory to Donald, harmony was restored, while the author of the mischief sneaked out of the room to his own nest.

AN ELOPEMENT AND HOW IT ENDED.—A Baltimore correspondent of the Cleveland *Plaindealer* relates an amusing account of an elopement, which took place in that city, a few days ago. It appears that Mrs. Brown (husband living) fell in love with Mr. Jones, but could not enjoy his company, because Mr. Brown was too much at home. Therefore Mrs. B. was induced, without much coaxing, to elope with the lover Jones. All was arranged to leave on the early Washington train last Friday. The husband got wind of the affair, went down to the depot, on the morning designated, and unobservingly located the two, then went down the track a few rods, and waited for the train to pass. As it came along, (she had the window open—women always have windows open when they should be closed,) Mr. Brown took off his hat and waved his handkerchief, while yelling at the top of his voice, "Good! Good!! I'm glad you're going—hurrah for me—good riddance," &c. Mrs. Brown at first looked amazed, then sneered, then made very ugly faces, then shook her fist and head at Mr. Brown—then outsiders lost their view, and insiders relate that when Mr. Brown was no longer visible to the faithless wife, she turned fiercely upon her seducer, and almost pounded the face off of him. He was glad to get into the smoking car. At the first station, Mrs. Brown got off and walked back to Baltimore, a repentant if not a better woman. *Sequel.*—The Browns are living together again.

ECONOMY IN WIVES.—A young married woman, who has not had the opportunity of profiting by the advice and example of a good mother, will find some difficulty at first in spending her money to the best advantage; for there is really an art in spending money, though it is getting rid of it. Some women will keep house respectably and plentifully on one-third less money than will be required by others, and without meanness or illiberal dealing. But to do this, judgment, forethought and experience are necessary. One woman will be able to tell how much her housekeeping costs to a shilling, while another cannot guess within ten. The former has a method, rule, regularity, and a certain sum assigned to her; with the other it is all hap hazard—it comes and it goes, she neither knows how, nor cares. And this is almost sure to be the case if the money is doled out by her husband in a few shillings at a time.

A POWERFUL DRINK.—An exchange, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession going down his throat.

THE MEDICAL USE OF SALT.

The *Medical World* says, that in many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In a violent internal pain called colic, a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a pint of cold water, taken as soon as possible, with a short nap immediately after, is one of the most effectual and speedy remedies known.—The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from a very heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy. In a fit the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed; all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool aperient procured if possible. In cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood.

WHY SALT IS HEALTHFUL.

From time immemorial, it has been known that without salt, man would miserably perish; and among the horrible punishments entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times. Maggots and corruptions are spoken of by some writers as the distressing symptoms which saltless food engenders; but no accident or unchemical modern could explain how such sufferings arose. Now we know why the animal craves salt, why it suffers discomfort, and why it ultimately falls into disease, if salt is for a time withheld. Upwards of half the saline matter of the blood—fifty-seven per cent., consists of common salt; and as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Stint the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist digestion, nor the cartilages to be built up again as fast as they naturally would waste.—*Prof. Johnson.*

☞ As there seems to be some misapprehension in the public mind relative to the rules by which the United States Treasury Department is governed in the redemption of mutilated treasury notes and postage currency, we publish the following:

1. Fragments of a note will not be redeemed unless it shall be clearly evident that they constitute one-half or more of the original note; in which case, notes however mutilated, will be redeemed in proportion to the whole note, reckoning by fifths.

2. Mutilations less than one-tenth will be disregarded, unless fraudulent; but any mutilation which destroys more than one-tenth the original note, will reduce the redemption value of the note, by one-fifth its face value.

3. Mutilated notes presented for redemption must be in sums not less than three dollars, the original full face value.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A HEARTY LAUGH.—No other exercise is equal to laughing. Nothing acts so directly and happily upon the organs within, both chest and abdomen. Ten hearty laughs, real shouts, will do more to advance the greatest health and vitality than an hour spent in the best attitudes and motions, if done in a sober, solemn spirit. Of course, I know you can't laugh at will, so you must play with the dog, play with your children, introduce a hundred games which involve competition and fun. Open the folding doors, move back the center table, and go it. Play with the bags, run for the pins, play any of the games which you can recall from your early experience. One good laugh is worth more than medicine to restore health.

☞ We have a little girl at our house who glories at being nearly five years old. One day we hired a "German" to do some gardening. Now Hans was a great whistler, and liked this kind of occupation very much. Mollie was watching him in his labor when Hans commenced whistling. Pretty soon, all agape, I noticed Mollie, but thought it was because of Hans' superior whistling. When he stopped, Mollie came running up to me, nearly out of breath and asked—

"Mamma, is Hands Dutch?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Why, mamma," said Mollie, "*he don't whistle dutch!*"

STUMPING TOO FAR.—One of the best jokes of the season is the statement that one of the candidates for Governor, in New Hampshire, who was "stumping the State" got some thirteen miles into Canada, making speeches to the k'nucks, before he knew he was out of his own "bailiwick."

☞ Did you ever see to-morrow?