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a business, and a desire to render sat-rule perite and quality, he hopes to are of public partentials, chants supplied on reasonable terms, intuined promptly attended to, land currelally compounded. [1-tf.

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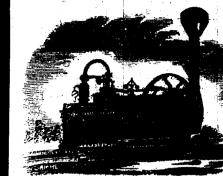
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KIA STREET, ALTOOMA, PA.,

Muskingum Valley



Market and Third Streets,

ZANESVILLE, OHIO. WE ARE NOW TURNING OUT A LARGE TURNING OUT A LARGE number of our improved Portable Steam Engines.

A Portable Circular Raw Mills, as well as Stationary rugines and Saw Mills, imany of which are finding their say into Blair, Cambris, Huntingdon and Crawford Council, and other parts of the first of Pennsylvania. Those dready received and in operation, are giving the most enure statisfication. There is now hardly a State or Territory in the Union. But that our improved Portable Engines and Saw Mills are in use in. All our Engines have Spark arrester Stacks on them which confine the flying sparks. We would respectfully refer, you to the following gentlement and Certificates for the portability utility and practical operations of our Portable Steam Engines and Saw

Harrstown, Crawford Co., Pa., May 16th. 1863. May 16th. 1865.

May 16

rectations. We sawed above the some time spectations, and could have done mare in the some time had we have ind good logs.
We take pleasure in recommending those in want of the Mills and Engines to purchase of you.

Respectfully, C. RAYNOLDS & E. ANDRESS. Respectfully, C. R. YNOLDS & E. ANDRESS.

Hollidaysburg, Pa., that the 20 horse power Portable Engine and Saw Mill we sold him, has fully met his expectation and proved itself to be all that was claimed for it our circular; and since starting it, has sont in hisder for a second Engine and Saw Mill, of same power

rder for a second Engine and caw will, or same productive.

For further references, we will give the names of M. Dill and Thomas M'Aulley, Altoona, Pa.; A. L. Holliay, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; M. M. Adams, Cresson, Pa.; M. S. Zeigler and Joseph S. Reed, Huntingdon, Pa.; Messradurley, & Co., Tyrone, Pa., all of whom have purchased breadle Steam Engines and Portable Circular Saw Mills

We fully warrant our Engines and Saw Mills, to be made of first-class material; workmanship the same; with Brass Ball Valves in pumps and checks, and to saw tom 5,000 to 10,000 feet of lumber per day, enders solicited. Description circular sent to all corporated to the same of the

J. & J. H. DUVALL, Corner Market and 3rd Streets, just opposite C. O. R. Road Depot, Zanesville, Ohio. June 2, 1863-4m.

O. YES! O. YES!! THIS WAY! THIS WAY! SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

B. HILEMAN has just received a Cloths, Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Satinetts, Kennicky Jeans. Tweeds, Beaverteens. Blue Drilling, and all other kinds of Goods for

MEN AND BOYS' WEAR. together with a grand and magnificent assertment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS. ach os Black and Funcy Silks, Challies, Bereges, Brilliants.
Lawns, Delames, Chanzs, DeBeges, Crapes, Prints,
Crape and Stella Shavis, Munitillus, Understeenes and
Horiery, Bonsies and Ribbons, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Kid Gloves, Hooped Skirts, Skirting, Lace Mitts, do., do.

ALSO. Tickings, Checks, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins Cotton and Linen Table Diaper. Crash, Nankeen, &c. BOOTS AND SHOES,

URENSWARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

OIL CLOTHS,

CARPETS, &C.

GROCERIES. our stock of Groceries is more extensive than ever, and emists of Rio and Java Coffee, Crushed, Loaf and N O sugars; Green. Y. H. and Black Tess; Molasses, Soaps. Cardles, Sait, Fish. &c.
Thankful to the public for the very liberal patronage aeretofore received, he hopes by strict attention to business, and an endeavor to please, to merit a continuunce of he same.

43 Call and examine his Stock, and you will be convinced the the has the best assortment and cheapest Good

the market.

% Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for only at market prices.

EXCELSIOR Hat & Cap Store. THE PROPRIETOR OF THE

"EXCELSIOR" HAT and CAP Store would inform his condomera, and the Public generally that he has just returned from the city with the largest and moset varied stock of goods in his line aver brought to Altoona, all of which he has now on exhibition and sale at is new store toom on Virginia atreet, next door to Jag and's store. His stock embraces all the latest styles of SPRING AND SUMMER

MISSES' FLATS, &C.

dis Stock of Hatts and Cape are of the very lest selection. of every style, color and shape, for both old and young. All he asks is that the people call and examine his stock. and he feels confident that he can sand them away re judicing, if not in the purchase of such an article as they wanted, at the remembrance of having looked upon the handsomest stock of Hats, Caps, Flats, &c., ever exhibited in this town. andsomest stock of Hats, Caps, Flats, &c., ever entities town.

I have also on hand an entirely new stock of

Ladies' and Childrens' Hats and Flats. which I am confident cannot be surpassed in the country.

Ill of which I will sell at the noot reasonable prices. Remember the Hall of Fashion when you want anything in the line of head covering, and call on

May 4. '68-tf JESE SMITH.

New Drug Store.
S. BERLIN & CO., A. NOUNCE TO the citizens of Altoons and vicinity that they have spened a Drng and Variety Store in

WORK'S NEW BUILDING. Virginia Street, between Julia and Caroline Streets, DRUGS, CREMICALS. DYE-STUFFS,
PATENT MEDIUINES, PERFUMERIES,

PAINTS, OIL, GLASS, PUTTY,
and all other articles usually sold in the Drug business OUR MEDICINES

are of the purest and user quality, and our Chemicals bear the marks of the best manufacturers. Painters, Glasiers, Builders and others requiring to use PAINTS, Glas, Patty, Paint Bruther, Scale Took, etc., will find our assortment to be of the BEST QUALITY AND AT THE LOWRST PRICES. The purest Wines and Liquors for Medicinal, Mechanical and Sacramental purposes siways in store.

37 All orders correctly and promptly answered, and Physicians Prescriptions accurately compounded.

Altonia, May 12, 1888.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE. E. B. McCRUM.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Per annum, (payable invariably in advance,)... TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines 5 00.

Communications of a political character or individual uterist, 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.

Obitnary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square Choice Boetry.

COD BLESS YOU!

How sweetly fails those simple words Upon the human heart. When friends long bound by strongest ties Are doomed by fate to part ! You saily press the hands of those Who thus in love caress you, And soul responsive beats to soul, In breathing out "God bless you."

"God bless you!" sh! long months ago I heard the mournful phrace, When one whom I in childhood loved Went from my dreamy gaze. Now blinding tears fall thick and fast. I mourn my long lost treasure, While echoes of the heart bring back The farewell prayer, "God bless you.

The mother sending forth her boy

To scanes untried and new,

Lisps not a studied, stately speech. Nor murmurs out "adieu." She sadly says, between her sobs, "Whene'r misfortunes press you, Come to thy mother-boy, come back; Then sad!y sighs "God bless you!" "God bless you" more of love expresses Then volumes without number Reveal we thus our trust in Him Whose eyelids never slumber. I ask in parting no long speech,

Drawled out in studied measure

So sweet-spisad--"God bless you."

I only ask the dear old words.

Miscellany. Select

JOHN MORGAN'S SUBSTITUTE. A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR.

It had been the day for drafting in a ittle town in the hill country of Connecticut. It was nightfall now, and a man walked slowly home to the wife who watched for him. He was a tall handsome fellow-thirty-five perhaps; vigorous of limb strong of muscle, with kindly. yet earnest eyes, well cut features, and an would have known him at once for what he was-a good, unselfish, courageous,

holding a woman's love. She who listened for his coming heard from the door to meet him. You could ee, even in that dim light, what a bright. cheery, pretty woman she was, with her loving eyes-her dark, satin-smooth hair: her red, tender lips; and the fresh roses on her cheeks. She went up to her husband, and put her hands on his arm lovingly. "I know you have bad news for me

John." "Yes, Mary; I must go. I was the

third drafted." The wife felt her limbs shake, and she thought at first that she could not stand. All the force of her nature seemed giving way, but she rallied bravely. For his sake she would be calm and strong, but you and yours, and better things in prosshe could not speak just then. She led pect." him into the house, where the children in July just gone. There was something the noisy demonstration with which they course the draft spared you." were wont to greet him, and they only gave him a few silent kisses as he sat down in the great chair by the west window. He buried his face in his hands loved ones. Three girls and two boys. and his wife their mother, looking, in spite of years of care, as tair, almost as croft had loved so long and well. young, as the day he brought her home. his new-made bride. His chest heaved with a long and bitter sigh—a sort of sob of despair, rather—and then he said, as if misunderstand him:

sake, Mary. I do not think I am afraid your children even, to escape from the light; not even an echo of the voice which earth denied them. to die. I would go with more than wil- perils of this war." lingness with joy if I had not so much to leave. If I fall, what will become of you the honest soul looked indignantly out of and the children? I cannot bear to think John Morgan's eyes. "If I were to fall, regiment—one which had already seen reverent tenderness as befits the memory of what you might suffer, with no one to what would they do? I have struggled hard service. stand between you and the cares and sor- to shield them, so far as I could from rows of the world. Mary, this drafting want, care and privation. How are they true soldier. His day might be short—he for what good end he and those who fall indiscriminately does not seem just. fitted to tread the world's rough path would be busy while it lasted. Besides, I with him land down their lives. God grant Sure the single men ought to go first." alone?"

very gently.

ALTOONA. PA., TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1863.

shall never, never see your face again! fireside? I came to propose myself as I shall be here such a little while." If I could know that you would come vour substitute." back, even were it maimed and helpless you-that your eves would seek mine, his voice. your hands grope for mine, and not be there-O, John, I shall go mad with opeless horror!"

It was his turn to be the comforter his arms: he rested her poor head on his breast: he whispered tenderly:

God watches over us there as well as that I shall not have to." He knew, however, no solitary chance

under the wide heavens by which he could eyes, and the grasp of his hand, as he escape. The words with him were but hurried out of the room. the vaguest utterance of soothing: but she caught at them eagerly. "You could procure a substitute, per-

haps-is that what you mean?" "I would if I could," he answered, evasively, remembering in his own mind the difficulty that richer men than he had experienced in procuring them in those words, and sobs and tears yet more eloquiet, thinly peopled, agricultural towns. quent.
"I am very tired, Mary, can you give me "Ti

some ten? September moonlight, their arms around you good-bye now." each other-feeling with a sort of dumb frock, which she was finishing-to the tears and prayers, he went away.

than she could help. Soon there came a footstep on the asking their childish questionsgravel walk: this time a quick firm tread. The girls in the door made way for the What was he here for ?"

this even seem more unlike other

of the little sitting room. He was a slender, elegantly moulded by any tough struggle with fate. Yet gother in his strong arms. one would not have doubted his untried honest man, worthy of winning, capable of courage. It shone in his steady blue life which whether of joy or grief, picture itself in the curl of his lip, the curve of no description. he slow step upon the gravel, and sprang his nostrils. They say no soldiers ever fought more bravely than the gentry of tread. He turned aside when he came to He was no stranger to the little cottage; the bright moonlight. and even in this sorrowful hour there was "Oh, my darling, my darling!" he no danger of his being unwelcome. He cried, with his lips pressed to the sod. was the first to speak.

too-already comfort and competence to

were—five of them; the eldest only ten not born under a lucky star. You were Mr. Thornycoft's son to begin with, young, in their father's manner which checked rich, without a tie to fetter you; and of "Without a tie? Do you call that

happiness ?" John Morgan's eyes fell beneath that sad, steady gaze of reproach. He remembered for a while, and then he lifted it, and the one who died in March, on whose looked round on the little group of his grave the lonesome spring rain had went tears which sprung up again in roses and And to violets—the gentle girl whom Ash Thorny-said:

> "Forgive me," said Mr. Morgan, in a low penitent tone.

The other went on.

"Did you think I was a coward?" and with the night.

"Do not think of us," she said, with a life worth saving I think I know how here charge he led the van, with his true woman's self-forgetfulness. "It is I should feel in your place. It is a place bright, fair hair glittering goldenly in the not that. We should do well enough. in which I shall never stand. I am going sunlight, and a blue glist in his eyes. He You need not fear that we should come to to enlist, John. It is my duty, for I have was never wounded. Nothing happened want. But O, John—" to disable him from his duty. He had re-And just then she broke down utterly, ready to give all that I have to my counand cried out with a burst of passionate try. If I fall, I shall only go the sooner when a true comrade, who marched tears: "No I cannot bear it! You will die! hinder my sparing you to your happy reason why, he sadly answered: "Because

would not murmer; but to think that spare me? Would you go in any case?" you might die there, and I could not help John Morgan asked with a little doubt in

"Do not fear that I am going for your sake." I made up my mind as soon as the call came for volunteers. I only waited for this very thing-the chance, if I should now. He drew her into the shelter of not be drafted myself, of saving some man to the family who loved him. I am glad it is you, John, my good old friend, to "All who fight do not die, Mary .- whom I can render this service."

John Morgan was a man of few 'words here. Some women's husbands must go, -of feelings which lay so deep that they poor child. Something may happen yet seldom rose to the surface, but there was something which Ash Thornycroft needed no language to interpret in the look of his

Thornycroft was one of those men with a vein of tenderness in the midst of their strength which always allies them more nearly to women than to men. Left alone with Mrs. Morgan, he said what he never would have said to her husband. It was when she thanked him, with earnest

"There was one, Mrs. Morgan, who loved me as well as you love John. You Cheered a little by her new hope, and do not need to thank me. All that I anxious above all to cheer him and make ever could do for any other woman. I him comfortable, the wife got up and would do for her sake. You have seen went into the kitchen. The biscuits for her; you know how fair and sweet she supper were already made, and in a few was; but I think no one save me knows minutes tea was upon the table. John all her purity, her saint-like goodness. Morgan drank gup after cup of it, with have had only one hope since she diedan eager, feverish thirst; but eating with that I might be fit to go to her. If I die him was a mere feint. When the meal in this good cause, think of me as happy was over the children were put to bed, all with an unspeakable happiness. It will but the two oldest girls. They stole out be but opening the golden gates the sooner to the open door, and sat down in the I shall not see you again, so I will bid rest.

Her tears fell upon his hand-her lips pain, that a shadow which they could not touched it. She whispered brokenly her resist, had fallen upon the household. - blessing—the blessing of one who owed Their mother, meantime, had lighted her to him more than life; and so anointed lamp and taken her work-a child's for his work, as it were, by those holy little round table. She would not let The girls at the door saw his face in

tender. They ran into their mother. "What made Mr. Thornycroft look so?

new comer to enter, and he came in and "Father is not going away; Mr. stood eilently for a moment in the centre | Thornveroft is going in his stead. We shall keep father at home."

And then womanlike, she fell to hugging man. You could see at a glance that the them and crying over them-just then expression of fearless integrity. You fibre of his manhood had never been tested John came back, and took them alto-

It was one of the supreme moments of eyes, sad with mispoken pain; it betrayed themselves clearly to our mind and need Ash Thornycroft walked with a firm

England-white of hand, haughty of look. the church, with the old burying ground lelicate of feature. Some such blood in the rear, full of grass grown mounds. flowed in the veins of Ash Thornycroft. He went in there, and knelt beside a grave He was the only son of the rich mill on whose headstone the name of Conowner whose foreman John Morgan was. stance Ireton gleamed white and clear in

as the first to speak.

"It is hard on you, Morgan, this draft. beneath should have throbbed again to My father was saying to-night that he the accents of such love. Many a night did not know how he should contrive to had he talked to her there, as now. with spare you. So well you are doing now, a strange sense of nearness—a full belief in the communion of their souls.

"It's needless talking. I think I was to-morrow, God's soldier and yours.— Give me your blessing, Constance, and pray for me, you who have already seen the Father's face, that I may do my work without faltering, and the end may soon come."

It was but a dream of his own overwrought fancy; but he seemed to see a cloud draw near, from which a face looked-a white sweet face, sad with waiting, yet glorfied with immortal hope. And he seemed to hear a voice, which

"Go forth, my beloved, and do your work. Soon will the struggle be over, and the reward is long and sure."

For an instant he seemed to see the "I think you forget yourself a little smile upon, her face, the look of faithhe feared even she, his other self, might when you repine at this stroke as it were ful love in immortal eyes. Then, when he the worst thing that could have happened. stretched out his hand toward it, the God knows, it is not for our own Would you give up your wife or one of cloud seemed to melt into the white moonthrilled the September air -he was alone

He went away next day to join his

His wife stole her little hand into his "No. I did not take you for a coward. always to be found among the volunteers seed sown in tears we may reap with If I had, I should not have thought your for any desperate service. In many a exceeding great joy.

fused well-earned promotion, and once,

"I thought you volunteered for three "It is not—are you sure it is not—to vears. I had heard that you had came in the place of a nine months' man, but that you chose to enlist for a longer time and join an old regiment."

There was no answer to the inquiring tone which made a question of his remarks, and Stephen Chase, who understood his comrade too well to press the point, was as much puzzled as ever. He comprehended it all the better the

night before Fredericksburg. They sat together on a stone a little way from their tent. For a while they both had been thinking silently of what the dawning

was to bring.
"It will be a tough fight," Chase said at length. "You may well say so," Ash Thornveroft answered. "It is a terrible responsibility to assume, that of leading men to such certain destruction; and vet, if we can but win the victory There is hardly a man but would be wiling to sell his life for that. It is the only regret I have in going in; that I shall never know which side conquers."

"Nonsense, man; don't get blue after seeing so much blood spilt as you have. and coming out of so many hard bouts scarless."

"It was not my time, hitherto. It is new. I shall go into the fight more joyfully than ever tired children went home. I have only one wish. If you pull through alive, take care of my body. I want to be buried at home, beside a grave that was made last March, in the Westville churchyard. You, must send me to my father-David Thornycroft, Westville. Connecticut. Here it is, written down for you. Papers that I left at home, explaining my wishes, will be sufficient for the

His manner carried conviction of his own taith in his forewarning, but Stephen Thase tried to shake it off.

"I never knew a presentiment to come rue in my life," he said sturdily. "You will talk over the battle-field twenty-four iours from now."

Thornveroft only smiled, as he said: Will you send my body to my father, if it is within your power to protect it?"

"Yes; for your satisfiaction, I promise shall not bid you good-bye, though." afternoon of the next day, side by side. when suddenly Thornycroft looked round with kindling eyes to his comrade. He stretched out his hand with a smile which the other will never forget if he lives till his hair is white.

"Good-bye, Stephen!"

The instant he fell heavily. A rebel shot had given him his mortal wound. With exertions which would seem half

incredible if I would relate them, Stephen Chase succeeded in getting him off the field. He was not dead, and a hone still lurked in his comrade's heart that he might yet live to tell at home the story of the war. He did not speak or move, but faithful Stephen could feel the faint beating of his heart.

He did not die till the troops had gone back across the Rappahannock. He belonged to a division which went into the fight six thousand strong and went back at night with only fifteen hundred. He lay there with the wounded round himthe thin ranks out of which so many brave feet had marched forever. Just at "You are not here, I know, and yet I dawning, he looked up, and met his know you hear me. I am going away friends eyes. He faltered, feebly: "A defeat, Stephen, I lived to know-

victims not conquerors." Then his face brightened with a strange radiance and he whispered so softly that his friend could scarcely catch the wordswhispered as to some invisible auditor:

"Yes, my darling, yes." The next instant the faint heart-beat under Stephen Chase's hand was still. They have buried him since then, beside the grave where he knelt in the moonlight the night before he went away. Only a foot of earth between the two who loved each other so dearly. Is there so much? Surely our dreams of the future is not in vain. Surely somewhere in the heaven which is 'anchored off this world.' Peace they are tasting the cup of joy

wife and children, will speak the name of hat. Ashy Thornycroft all their lives with such of one who is enshrined in their hearts There was in him the true mettle of the as saint and as deliverer. We know not think he liked his grim work. He was that we may know hereafter—that the

CURING A WIFE.

Mr. Dimlight, for the past ten ye has prayed every day that his wife would tumble down stairs and break her neck, or else die, like a christian, in her bed.

The simple reason for this is, that Mrs. Dimlight was fond of complaining, taking medicines, and having protracted interviews with the doctor, all of which required money, and money Mr. Dimlight hates to

In fact, he had much rather part with Mrs. Dimlight; but that lady manifested no intention of leaving this pleasant world and taken up her abode in an uncertain sphere. Neither did she say that she could live, leaving her lord in an uncertain state, and her physician in a perplexed condition. The doctor said she wanted rousing, and Mr. Dimlight thought that he would do something to start her, and get her out of bed.

He hit upon a plan which he thought vould operate in a satisfactory manner. Mrs. Roundwink acted in the capacity of nurse to Mrs. Dimlight. Mrs. Round-

wink is a widow, very pretty and very coquettish. For a handsome present she resolved to enact the part that Dimlight marked out for her; so one evening, when Mrs. Dimlight was groaning, and threatening to die, Dimlight called in the

"She is going to kick the bucket at last," said the husband, "so you and I may as well fix things so that we start

Mrs. Dimlight turned her head and stopped moaning. Her eyes began to assume an unnatural brilliancy. The parties in the room to k no notice of her. "Yes," said Mrs. Roundwink, "she is going at last. Now we can talk over our own affairs."

Mrs. Dimlight raised her form in bed, and sat bolt upright. She listened atten-

tively, and her eyes grew brighter.
"How soon shall we be married after she is dead !" asked Dimlight, passing his arms around the substantial waist of widow Roundwink.

"I suppose you will be willing to wait week or two?" simpered Mrs. Roundwink, lovingly.

Mrs. Dimlight uttered an exclamation which sounded profane, and giving one spring, landed on the floor.

'You think I'm going to die, do you ?" she velled. "I'll see you hanged first! I'll live to spite you—yes, I will! Now out of my house! (turning to Mrs. Roundvink.) for you don't stay here anoth minute! I can act as my own nurse, you good for nothing huzzy!"

And from that day there was rapid improvement in Mrs. Dimlight's health. They were toiling up the hill, that fatal She no longer tolerated nurses, but one can imagine what kind of a life poor Dimlight

His version of the love making scene is not believed by the restored Mrs Dimlight.

THE BRAUTY OF A BLUSH. Gothe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter being reproved for some fault blushed and burst into ears. He said:

"How beautiful your reproach has nade your daughter. The crimson has. and those silvery tears, become her better than any ornament of gold or pearls. There may be hue on the neck of any woman: but those are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full blown rose besprinkled with the purest dewer is not so beautiful as this child, librahing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow at her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

الأداع أجارتها المعارب بالشكاسات A farmer, more celebrated for his fine stock than a good education, wrote to the secretary of an agricultural society in regard to entering his animals for the premiums offered, and added as a postscript as follows:

"Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of taking a premium.'

A Lady was once declaring that she could not understand why a gentleman could smoke. "It certainly shortens their lives," said she. "I didn't know that," exclaimed a gentleman: "there's my father who smokes every blessed day. and he's now seventy years old." "Well," was the reply, "if he had never smoked he might have been eighty."

When you go to kiss-first grasp where sickness and sorrow never come, with haste around the waist, and hug and there are neither wars nor rumors of her tight to thee; and then she'll say "Do wars; somewhere in that still land of go way-do, won't you let me be?"-Then. O. what bliss! but never miss so good a chance as that; then make a dash. John Morgan, and John Morgan's as quick as flash, and Georgie hold my

> When Jack visited Vermont. where they have pie for breakfast, he was irreverent enough to remark that the people of "Green Mountain State" were 'some" for early piety

a samuranga in mangalaga kabaharanga sa 😁 🗀 Senators have three ages mile age; patron-age and post-age.