HUTTERS'
ATE CAPITOL
ok Bindery,
LANK BOOK MANUFACTORY.
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blishment is chiefly devoted to
facture of Blank Books for
Offices, Railroad Companies,
Banks. In all cases, the
workmanship may be
Blank Books printed, ruled and bound to
patterns. Justices', Attorneys, and Justices
all sizes, made and ruled to order. Tri-annual
Assessments, Duplicates, &c., for county purpo-
plain, ruled and bound to order. County
the best linen paper.
t others, desiring to have their Books well
derate prices, should give us a call. News-
argest sizes, Harper's Weekly, Gleason's
ns. Scientific American, London News,
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Godey's Lady's Book, Lady's Repository, Peter-
zine, Piano Music, &c., bound in extra styles, or
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Magazines, Pamphlet laws, bound in good li-
very moderate prices. Persons having a
nes to bind, will receive a liberal discount.
ly be sent to us from a distance by Ex-
work entrusted to our care will be speed-
, safely packed and returned by Express.—
anted. Address F. L. HUTTER,
Harrisburg, Pa.
& DERN, at the Tribune Office, are my
Altoona, and vicinity. They will give informa-
tion to binding, and receive and return books
charges, for all who entrust their work to
[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 es-
tablishment warranted to give satisfaction.
Hollidaysburg, Dec. 30, 1858-tf.

ARD! EVER ONWARD!
TEP BY STEP!
NDERSIGNED DESIRES TO
his old customers and the public generally
his spring gone into the Dry Good business.
received a large and entirely new stock of
ESS GOODS,
s, embracing all the latest, prettiest and most
HIONABLE PATTERNS,
which may be found every quality of goods,
which it would be too tedious to enumerate.
the line of pure, fresh and cheap
ERIES & PROVISIONS
stock under" to any of my competitors. In
nt I feel sure that I can render satisfaction.
of country produce taken in exchange for
e highest market price allowed.
e corner of Annie and Helen streets, East
THOMAS HESLOP.
y 22, 1862.

JACOB WEIS,
R AND CONFECTIONER,
VIRGINIA STREET, ALTOONA, PA.,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND
EAD, CAKES, CANDIES
CE CREAM
MBRATS, 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.,
d in their respective seasons.
S BAKED TO ORDER,
occasions, on short notice and in the neat-
yle of the art.
ne and price my stock and you will find
cheap as can be purchased elsewhere.

Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.
SPOUTING, &C.
G WOULD RESPECT-
inform the citizens of Altoona
at he keeps constantly on hand a
nt of Cooking, Parlor, Office and
of all styles and sizes, to suit the
hich he will sell at low prices, on reason-
on hand a large stock of Tin and Sheet-
sisting of all articles for culinary purposes—
Lead Pipe, &c.
purchased the right of sale in Blair county,
B'
OVED SAUSAGE STUFFER,
which needs only to be seen to be appreci-
possessed by every farmer, butcher or those
a machine.
r attention paid to putting up SPOUTING,
r country. Spouting painted and put up
monable terms. [April 14, 1858-1y

FETTINGER'S
ral News Agency,
LL, No. 7, MAIN STREET
BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,
ERY, CONFECTIONARIES
ARS & TOBACCO,
NOTIONS IN GREAT VARIETY
ONSTANTLY ON HAND.
861.

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

KESSLER—PRACTICAL
IST, respectfully announces
Altoona and the public gen-
ll continues the Drug business
, where he keeps constantly
Wholesale and Retail, DRUGS,
EMICALS, OILS, VARNISH-
UFFS.
tion to business, and a desire to render sat-
regards price and quality, he hopes t
a share of public patronage.
merchants supplied on reasonable terms
m a distance promptly attended to.
scriptions carefully compounded. [1-tf.

DY FRIENDS WOULD DO
k is upon the choice and chaste assort-
DRESS GOODS now displayed upon the
s 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
ll assortment of Ready-Made clothing
Nov. 27, 1861.

RIES.—A LARGE AND
assortment of Groceries have just been re-
ve of J. P. MYTINGER.

HAT, TOOTH SHAVING,
h and Varnish Brushes at
KESSLER'S.

OIL, COLOGNE, POM-
ring Cream, Toilet Soap, &c., for sale by
C. W. KESSLER.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1863. NO. 36.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

E. B. 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:

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One Square, (8 lines)	50	75	1 00
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Six lines or less	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
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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.

Choice Poetry.

"BE MY MOTHER TILL I DIE."

This is the title of a new and truly beautiful war ballad. It is founded upon one of the most touching incidents of the recent battle of Gettysburg. After the fight a young Union private of rare soul and abilities, mortally wounded, was taken to the house of a Union family. This family comprised three orphan sisters of eighteen, thirty, and thirty-five. At their hands he received every attention, and found the comforts of a home. Three hours after being brought to this place, and having had his wounds dressed by a surgeon, the ladies took their sewing and sat near the bedside. Some time before his death the poor soldier, looking them in the face with tenderest emotion, uttered the substance of the following beautiful ballad:

Ladies, some one be my mother,
Then 'twill seem that I am at home;
I'll imagine I'm a brother,
Hearing each familiar tone.
But I want a mother near me.
With that Heaven in her eye.
Ladies, some one be my mother.
Be my mother till I die.

CHORUS.—Now I feel my wound is mortal,
Soon I'll breathe my parting sigh:
Ladies, some one be my mother.
Be my mother till I die.

Long before I was a soldier,
Long before I fought and bled,
In one cottage all the dear ones.
Thus would gather round my bed.
Do not treat me as a stranger,
Let me feel a brother's tie.
One of you I want as mother,
Be my mother till I die.

CHORUS.—Soon no wicked war will harm me,
Angels bringing peace are nigh:
Ladies, some one be my mother,
Be my mother till I die.

Select Miscellany.

PARENTAL CORRECTIONS.

A LESSON TO PARENTS.

I had been married fifteen years.—Three beautiful daughters enlivened the domestic hearth, the youngest of whom was in her eighteenth year. A more happy and contented household was nowhere to be found. My wife was amiable, intelligent and contented. We were not wealthy; but Providence had preserved us from want; and we had learned that "contentment without wealth, is better than wealth without contentment."

It was my custom, when returning home at night, to drop into one of the many shops that are constantly open in the business streets of the metropolis, and purchase some trifling dainties, such as fruit and confectionery, to present to mother and the children. I need not say how dilighted the little ones were at this slight expression of parental consideration. On one occasion I had purchased some remarkably fine apples. After a repast, half a dozen were untouched, and my thrifty companion forthwith removed them to the proper place of deposit, where it was her custom to preserve the remains of our nicknacks. A day or two after, when I seated myself at the table to dine, she said to me, smilingly:—

"So, father has found the way to my safety-box, has he?"

I was at a loss to understand the meaning, and desired her to explain.

"Have you not been in my drawer?"

"What drawer?"

"The upper drawer in my chamber bureau. Did you not take therefrom the largest of the pippins I had put away for the girls?"

"No—I did not!"

"You did not?"

"Not I! I have not seen an apple since the evening I purchased them!"

A slight cloud passed over the countenance of my wife. She was troubled. The loss of the apple itself was nothing; but we had carefully instructed our children not to appropriate to their use, any article whatever of family consumption, without permission; and as permission, when the demand was at all reasonable, had never been denied them, she was loth to suspect any one of them of the offence. We had a servant girl in the family, but as she was supposed to know nothing of the apples, my wife hesitated to charge it upon her. She at length broke the silence by saying:—

"We must examine the affair. I can hardly think one of the children would so act. If we find them guilty we must reprove them. Will you please look into it?"

"The girls were seperately called into my presence; the oldest first.

"Eliza, did you take from your mother's drawer, an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Maria, did you take from your mother's drawer, an apple?"

"No, sir.

"Mary, did you take from your mother's drawer, an apple?"

"No, sir."

"It must have been taken by the servant: call her to me," said I addressing my wife.

"Nell, how came you to take from the drawer of your mistress, without permission, the largest of the apples she had placed there?"

"Wot apple?"

"Did you take no apple from the drawer of your mistress?"

"No sa."

Now, it is evident that falsehood existed somewhere. Could it be that one of my children had told me a lie? The thought harrassed me. I was not able to attend to business. I went to the store—but soon returned again. Meanwhile, the servant girl had communicated to her mistress that she had seen our youngest go into the garret with a large apple, the morning before. On examination, the core, and several pieces of the rind were found upon the floor. I again called Mary to me and said to her, affectionately:

"Mary, my daughter, did you not go into the garret yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you notice anything on the floor?"

"No, sir."

I was unwilling to believe my sweet child capable of telling me a falsehood; but appearances were against her. The fault lay between her and the servent, and while I was desirous to aquit my child, I did not wish to accuse unjustly the negro. I therefore took Mary into a room alone, I spoke to her on the enormity of lying—of the necessity of telling the truth—of the severe punishment I should be compelled to inflict upon her, if she did not confess the whole to me, if indeed she had. Gradually, I became convinced of her guilt; and not that I felt determined she *should* confess. My threatenings were not without effect.—After weeping and protesting her innocence, and weeping and again prostrating, my threatening seemed to alarm her, and falling upon her knees, she said:—

"Father, I *did* take the apple!"

Never shall I forget that moment.—My child confessed that she was a liar in my presence!

Suppressing my emotion, I retired; and Mary, rising from her position, ran to her mother, and in a paroxism of grief cried out:—

"Mother, I did *not* take the apple.—But father has made me confess that I did."

Here was a new aspect of affairs. Lie multiplied upon lie. Could it be possible! My dear Mary, who had never been known to deceive us—so affectionate—so gentle—so truthful in all the past—could it be possible that she was a confirmed liar! Necessity was stronger than the tenderness of a father. I chastised her for the first time in my life—severely, severely chastised her! It almost broke her heart—and I may add, it almost broke mine also.

Yet Mary was innocent! After events proved that the negro was the thief.—She had conjured up the story of the garret, knowing that Mary would not deny having been there, and to make the circumstance strong against her, had strewn apple-rinds on the floor. I never think of the event without tears. But it has taught me a useful lesson, and that is to threaten a child into a lie, when it may be it is telling the truth. The only lie I ever knew Mary to tell me, I myself forced upon her by threatenings. It has also fixed in my mind the determination to employ no servant in my family, when I can possibly do without.

The foregoing is a continuation of the article on Parental Correction in the September number. The author is unknown, but if such impressive lessons have their due effect on the minds of the parents, it will save many a pang in after years.—"I read your September article on Parental Corrections," said a sunny-faced, energetic business man the other day. I had just such a case in my own family. The mother was extremely impatient at the child; but I took him to his room, soothed his spirit as much as possible, and slept with him in his own little bed all night." A neighbor of ours, one of the very best of men in all the relations of domestic, social and business life, corrected a little son of his with great harshness and severity. The next day the boy was taken ill, was sick for a long time, and barely escaped the grave. In the apprehension of the death of the child, and in the contemplation of his daily sufferings, he endured such inexpressible mental torture, he declared he would never punish a child of his again. This was going to opposite extreme. It is seldom wise, in any domestic management, to lay down a Medo-Persian law; to pass any irrevocable edict: to make any unchangeable regulation. Such things are unbecoming in themselves, and indicate a weak mind—We are the creatures of circumstances. It is best to cultivate force of character, and leave ourselves free to act according to the exigencies of the moment. In reference to any action, whether good or bad, there is so much to modify it that cannot be forseen, that the highest wisdon is to leave one's self free to act when the time for action comes, steadily aiming to avoid haste and harshness: seeking to discreet medium between leniency and sternness; between license and liberty. But in reference to all our dealings with our children, knowing how fallible we are, knowing the numerous sources of misinformation and mistakes around us, it is well, if error must be committed, that it should be on the side of patience, forbearance and a loving heart. Our children are unresisting, helpless; they look to us naturally for acts of tenderness and love toward them; and if, instead, they should meet an over-share of sternness, of an unrelenting nature, the heart is soon wounded, the affection chilled, their trustingness crushed, and the foundation is laid for a spirit of enmity, dislike, and actual casting off of the tie which binds to home and all its endearments; and when that is once fairly done, the mischief is without remedy in all time thereafter. Let parents bear these things in mind. A fitful recognizance of their truthfulness is not sufficient; the impression should be of an abiding character, for none other will be sufficient to restrain the promptings of an impetuous nature or of a hasty temperment; thus it is that, in a moment, sometimes an act has been committed or a word uttered, laying the foundation for life-long remorses.

AN ITEM WHICH EVERY MAN SHOULD READ.—We have probably all of us met with instances, in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we reccommend the "hints" as worthy of consideration: "Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a careless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of honor—every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings or the wind, and magnify as it circulates until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim.—Respect the name of women, for your mothers and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife, of some fellow creature.

ICE FOR DIPTHERIA.—A correspondent of the Providence *Journal* vouches very strongly for the efficacy of ice as a cure for diptheria, and all ordinary inflamations of the throat. The manner of application is as follows:

"Break up a small lump of ice in a towel and put pieces in a bowl. Take position slightly inclined backward, either in a chair or a sofa. Proceed for a half an hour with a teaspoon to feed yourself with small lumps of ice, letting them dissolve slowly in the back part of the mouth or the entrance of the throat. A single such application will often break up a common sore throat, which otherwise would have a course of two or three days. In case of a very bad sore throat, use the ice frequently and freely. In case of ulceration or diptheria, keep a small lump of ice constantly in the mouth.

☞ Jenny June points out the way to win a woman. She says:

"The most potent weapon in the hands of a man is generous devotion and gallantry towards women. It is a thousand times more effective than beauty of persons or grandeur of intellect, because, without this, few woman will care for either the one or the other, and with it will quickly invest the possessor with every other desirable attribute. A chivalrous bearing at once exalts a man into a hero, and habitual kindness, consideration, and a certain deferential politeness in his conduct towards women, mark the gentlemen."

THE WRONG HAT.

A cotemporary relates the following:—Our esteemed friend, David P. McBrien, Esq., of New York, tells a good note on a Jersey lawyer. The hero of our sketch, during the last hot summer months, used to occasionally worship at the shrine of Gambrius, (Lager King,) on Broadway. One sweltering day he got pretty, "mellow," having moistened his thorax too much with the German beverage, and proceeded to navigate to his law office. He took up a substantial looking white hat, and with a rather puzzled look was making an attempt to put it on *sideways*. Of course it wouldn't fit. He looked inside, holding it up toward the light, and read aloud, "Jonas Shooter, Esq., Attorney at Law, Jersey City."

(*Sot. hog*)—"That's my hat—of course it is."

Another attempt to put it on sideways, no use: again taking it off, and again read, "Jonas Shooter, Esq., &c."

After another trial, and finding it didn't fit, the gentleman commenced feeling all over his head, evidently as if to assure himself that no pertuberance had suddenly declared itself. Having satisfied himself on that point, he once more read the address, had another trial, and still sideways. There he stood, perfectly mystified: but an idea lighted up his face, and he called the waiter whom he apostrophised thus—

"Can you read writing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, will you be good enough to tell me whose hat this is?"

Herman took the head-case, and having read, said—

"It belongs to Jonas Shooter, Esq., Jersey City."

"Does it?" and looking all around, with the most conical air in the world, exclaimed—"does it?—*then who in the (hoo) mischief am I?*"

HOW TO LOOK PRETTY IN A PICTURE.—The great defect of photograph portraits is the stern appearance of the subject, giving the impression that the sitter was very cross at having to sit at all for a likeness. This is caused by the necessity of having to keep an immovable countenance during the operation, and the consequent endeavor to prevent any play of the features. A very simple, but affective contrivance has been adapted to overcome this difficulty. A large mirror, mounted on a moveable stand, is wheeled to the side of the camera,, and the sitter is enabled to "see himself as others see him." The effect is instantaneous on every sitter. The stern scowl suddenly changes to a pleasant smile, and when that desirable object is attained, the operator suddenly fixes the impression on the plate. The improvement is very great, but so simple that every one wonders why it was not thought of before.

A CURIOUS THEORY OF THE DURATION OF THE WAR.—The Rev. John Gilbert, of Clay county, Kentucky, writes to a friend in Frankfort, giving a curious theory with regard to the duration of the present war. In his letter he says:

"During the Revolutionary War *corn blades* had *seven* points to them, that is, the blade grew in such a manner as to have seven distinct points or ends corresponding with the sharp point of the blade. These seven points indicated the duration of the Revolutionary War. Now there are but *three* separate and distinct points to many of the blades, and this indicates, very clearly to my mind, that the duration of the present War will be three years—the points of the blades representing years."

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS.—Three things to love—courage, gentleness, and affection. Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit. Three things to pray for—faith, peace, and purity of heart. Three things to like—cordiality, good humor and mirthfulness. Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, and good humor. Three things to contend for—honor, country, and friends. Three things to govern—temper, impulse, and the tongue.

☞ The Oswego *Times* wants to know "if a man has torticollis, anchylosis of the radicus, paralyzation of the iter aterito ad puartem ventriculum of the lavater labli superiosis aliquinasi, and besides does not feel very well himself, whether he would be exempt from the draft?"

People cannot always tell. If the man has a sound spinal back-bone and $300 or a good substitute, he will most likely obtain a favorable hearing.

"Pat, is your sister's child a boy or a girl?"

"Faith, an' I don't know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

INFORMATION WANTED.

Why do young ladies put their hands in the pockets of their cloaks and sacques when promenading, and thus incur the penalty of a vulgar habit, and a stoop too decided even to please the most fervent admirers of the "Grecian bend?" Why do ladies who wear stylish Balmoral petticoats, or the even more chaste-looking white ones with ample skirts and delicately worked borders, hold up their outer garment at so great a height, while those who are less luxuriously provided, keep theirs down with invincible prudishness? Why do young men who never smelled gunpowder and never mean to, wear undress military caps, and assume a military strut as they parade the street? Why do other young men who affect to be gentlemen (Heaven save the mark!) smoke cigars as they walk with ladies—can it be because they fancy they add to their attractions or reputation or refinement by so doing? Why do gin palaces flaunt in gorgeous array, and sport magnificent mirrors in front of the rubicund noses and inflamed visiges of their mottled victims? Why do undertakers wear an habitually solemn face, and modulate their tones, in the most commonplace conversation, even to the minor key of subdued and sympathizing grief? Why do apothecaries dress off their windows with show bottles of green, blue, and crimson, that are never touched except to restore the fading hues of their garnish liquids? Why do dealers pretend to be "selling off at cost," and constantly replenish their stocks, to again incur the like "tremendous sacrifices?" Why do charcoal venders, the soap-fat man, the fishmongers, and the whole tribe of itinerant hawkers and peddlers indulge in cries that no one can understand and few interpret? Why are railroad understrappers, whether at stations or in carriages, always morose, uncommunicative, and chary of anything but foul and blasphemous language? Why do policeman stand idly all the day long in sunny corners in winter, or shady ones in summer, and suffer the law to be broken with impunity? Why, in fine, is it that

"All things are not as they seem,"

and that men sacrifice so devotedly and unremittingly to the false god, Sham?

☞ Some years ago an old sign painter, who was very cross, very gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on some tablets in a church, not five miles from Buffalo. He worked two days at it, and at the end of the second day the pastor of the church came to see how the work progressed.—The old man stood by, smoking a short pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eyes over the tablets.

"Eh!" said the pastor, as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the wording of the precepts; "why, you careless old person, you have left a part of one of the commandments entirely out; don't you see?"

"No; no such thing," said the old man, putting on his spectacles; "no; nothing left out—where?"

"Why, there," persisted the pastor; "look at them in the Bible; you have left some of the commandments out."

"Well, what if I have?" said old Obstinacy, as he ran his eye complacently over his work, "what if I have? There's more there now than you'll keep!"

Another and a more correct artist was employed the next day.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—"Our accquaintance W——— had, a few years since, a female ancestor on the maternal side, who, although residing in the vicinity of Mobile for a lifetime, had never yet been there. After repeated solicitations, however, she was induced to pay the family a visit. Her grandson, young W———, than a boy of fifteen, but who already exhibit that peculiar faculty for perpetrating "practical jokes" which characterize him yet, persuaded the cook to place a a large dish of boiled crabs before the old lady, well knowing that she had never before set her eyes on one. Upon seating herself at the table, the unusual dish attracted her attention. Carefully drawing her spectacles from their case, she adjusted them firmly on her noise, and took a long stare at the singular-looking "edibles;" at last, seizing a fork, she made a desperate thrust at one of them, exclaiming, with a long breath—

"Heavens and yearth, who ever seen such spiders before!"

☞ Artemus Ward says; "I have already given two cousins to the war, and I stand ready to sacrifiss my wife's brother rather'n not see the rebellyon krush.—And if wuss cums to wuss, I'll shed every drop of blud all my able bodied relashuns has got to prosecoot the war.

☞ "Ah, Doctor, how is my wife today?"

The doctor shook his head and said:

"You must prepare for the worst."

"What!" exclaimed the alarmed husband, "*Is she likely to recover?*"

WOMAN.—Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of even a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose-bud. But, let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then;—how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle, and give her a child, or a bird, or anything she loves or pities, to protect, and see her, in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsons her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless.—Transplant her in the dark places of earth and awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of colors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle—a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.

LACONICS.—Benignity is preferable to munificence.

All faults are pardonable when one has the courage to avoid them.

Avoid political and religious discussions as much as you can.

Reflect calmly—resolve prudently—perform promptly.

Hasty words are soon repented.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions or tigers.

In conversing, give all leave to speak in their turn.

Speak no evil of the dead or the absent.

Keep aloof from quarrels; be neither a witness nor a party.

One ounce of discretion is worth a pound of wit.

Liberality is not in giving largely, but in giving wisely.

If the counsel be good no matter who gave it.

WHAT ENTITLES TO CREDIT.—Property, of course, we hear the reader reply. Can there be any doubt on that point?

It is very true that property is a basis of credit, but property is not the principal thing inquired about when credit is sought. Character is more important than that. We do not mean assurances of honesty, merely, but this: Will the man do what he says he will, and in the exact time and manner that he promises? If so, he is entitled to reasonable credit, though he own no rood of earth; if not thus rigorously conscientious and prompt, he deserve little consideration, though he be the owner of millions. Prompt pay wins the day. We have had considerable business experience, and the wisdom of it, in the matter of credit, is embodied in this paragraph.

LOOK OUT.—A young lady who lives near a railroad crossing appears to have no occupation except perpetually poking her head out of the window. A wag the other morning hailed her from the street:

"Hellow, Miss!"

"What do you want?" said she, after the first flush of indignation at being thus accosted.

"The bell aint rung yet," was the answer.

"What do you mean," asked Miss.

"Why," was the reply, "that sign says you're to *look out* when the bell rings, but you are looking out all the time."

The young lady's head disappeared with a jerk, and the window went down with a slam.

☞ The latest style of hoop skirts is the self-adjusting, double back action, bustle etruscan, face expansion, Picclominiff attachment, gossamer indestructible, pilloticomorama. It is a very sweet thing.

A Dutchman was summoned to court to identify a stolen hog. On being asked by the lawyer if the hog had any ear marks, he replied: "Te only ear marks dat I saw vas dat his tail was cut off."

☞ A little girl, being asked by her mother, after she had said the Lord's Prayer, what she supposed was the meaning of amen, said—

"I guess it means, good by, Lord."

☞ Out of about four thousand Ohio soldiers in the hospitals at Nashville, Tenn., and in the camps in the vicinity canvassed only eight Vallandigham votes have been heard of.

☞ There is a man laboring under the delusion that "Hon." before a man's name stands for honest. He ought to be in the museum.