The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., WEDSNEDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1863. NO. 39.

NEW GOODS.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country, that he has just returned from the East, where he has been selecting his stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

which, for style, quality and price, cannot be surpassed in the neck of country. His stock is much larger than heretofore, and as it is quite an object, in these exciting war times, for every one to purchase where they can get

The Best Goods and at the Lowest Prices,

he would say that he can and will sell as low, if not a little lower than any other house in this place. He wishes all to call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels confident he can offer inducements which will defy competition. His stock consists of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS of every description.

MEN AND BOYS' WINTER WEAR.

LADIES AND MISSES' DRESS SHOES.

MEN AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES.

MEN'S HALF HOSE.

WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WOOL HOSE.

HATS AND CAPS.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLIN.

GINGHAMS AND HEAVY DRILLINGS.

He will sell Ladies Sewed, Heeled Bootees at $1.50@1.75
Kip Pegged ..... 1.25@1.50
Men's Boots ..... 2.75@3.50
CALMORAL SKIRTS, very Low.

GROCERIES.

White and Brown Sugar, Rio Coffees, Syrups, Teas, &c.; and everything that is usually kept in a Dry Goods Store, and as cheap as the cheapest. J. A. SPRANKLE.

Altoona, Oct. 7, 1863.

AVOID THE NEXT DRAFT!

THERE IS A PREVAILING EXCITEMENT among the people of Altoona and vicinity about THE SECOND DRAFT—not so much about the draft as for making the *Three Hundred to pay exemptions*. All patriotics but choose rather to stay at home with their beloved ones, for their support, than to risk their lives in this bloody war. Now, to bring the matter to a close, we will inform the public that by buying their goods at the GREEN STORE, Corner of Branch and Annie street, East Altoona, kept by GEIS & CO., they will

SAVE THE THREE HUNDRED

in a short time. They have just received a large and well selected stock of DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, which they are selling for Cash at the lowest living prices.

A large assortment of LADIES' COATS AND CIRCULARS, ranging in price from $5 to $12.00.

The attention of the public is particularly drawn to the fact that they are selling Brown and White Muslin from 35 to 45 cents; Calicoes from 12½ to 25 cts.; Delaines from 18 to 35 cents per yard.

They have always on hand a large assortment of MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, and, in fact, everything kept in a first-class store.

Altoona, Oct. 7, 1863.

CITY DRUG STORE.

D. E. H. REIGART would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country, that he has recently purchased the Drug Store of Berlin & Co., on Virginia Street, opposite Irvin Hardware Store.

His Drugs are Fresh and Pure.

and he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

Call and examine his stock. He has constantly on hand,

DRUGS.

MEDICINES and CHEMICALS.

FINE TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, CARBON OIL AND LAMPS, NOTIONS, CIGARS,

and every article usually kept in a First-class Drug Store.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS

for medicinal use.

DOMESTIC GRAPE WINE—PURE—WARRANTED.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS accurately compounded, at all hours of the day or night.

Altoona, Sept. 30, 1863.

Victory Won!

THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and vicinity, that they have just returned from the East with their

FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF

HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES.

Their stock of HATS & CAPS have been selected with great care, and with the view of suiting all who may favor them with their patronage. Their line of Boots and Shoes is complete.

Their *LADIES' MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES* are of City make, and warranted. Their Balmoral Shoes for Ladies and Misses, are just the thing for wet weather and saving health.

Thankful to the public for their very liberal patronage heretofore, they hope to merit a continuance of the same.

Store on *MAIN ST.* next door to Bowman's Exchange Hotel. SMITH & MANN.

Altoona, May 12, 1863.

HAMS! HAMS! HAMS!—Just received, a large lot of Canvassed Sugar-cured Hams of the best brands in market. Every one sold is guaranteed at FRITCHEY'S

MACKEREL—NOS. 1, 2, AND 3, in all sized packages, new, and each package warranted, just received and for sale low by FRITCHEY.

TEAS! TEAS! TEAS!—FRITCHEY is selling Teas superior to any ever offered in Altoona. They are free of adulteration, coloring, or mixture of any kind.

ANOTHER LARGE LOT OF THE CELEBRATED JERSEY HAMS just received and for sale at FRITCHEY'S

CREAM CRACKERS! A fresh supply of these delicious crackers just received and for sale at FRITCHEY'S

IF YOU WANT GOOD COFFEE, pure Teas, the best of Chocolate, Syrups and Sugars, go to FRITCHEY'S.

BOSTON CRACKERS—A LARGE supply of these delicious crackers just received and for sale by FRITCHEY.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, FROM the Cove, always on hand and for sale as low as the lowest by FRITCHEY.

COFFEES, SUGARS, AND SYRUPS of all grades, and at reasonable prices, for sale by FRITCHEY.

10 BARRELS PURE CIDER VINEGAR just received and for sale low at FRITCHEY'S.
Sept. 1, 1863.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, PUT UP in ¼ Sacks expressly for family use at FRITCHEY'S

WORRELL'S PREPARED COFFEE just received and for sale by FRITCHEY.

SUPERIOR CREAM CHEESE AT FRITCHEY'S.

4 BARRELS PURE WHITE LARD just received and for sale at FRITCHEY'S

FRITCHEY'S NEW STORE, corner of Caroline and Virginia Sts.

ALL STYLES CARPETING AND Oil-Cloths can be found at LAUGHMAN'S.

NEW WINTER READY MADE Clothing just received at LAUGHMAN'S

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF OVER COATS can be found at LAUGHMAN'S.

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:

	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	$ 2 00	$ 3 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.

Choice Poetry.

LOOK NOT UPON THE DARK SIDE.

BY ETTA S. ALLEN.

Oh, look not on the dark side,
Life has enough of care
To weave into its tissues,
Enough black threads are there:
But turn thee to the sunlight,
Or if o'ercast the sky,
Remember clouds will be dispelled
By sunshine by-and-by.

Look not upon the dark side,
But count thy blessings o'er,
And though will start in wonder
At the largeness of thy store:
Or if thy haughty neighbor hath
Of wealth the lion's share,
Oh, think he lacketh thy home rest,
And though hath not his care

Think of thy hoarded treasures,
Thy stores of princely wealth,
Thy innocent true pleasures,
And Life's best blessing, health.
Stand forth in crimsoned garments
That Virtue's hand hath given,
Bearing upon thy manhood's brow
The signet seal of Heaven.

Go to thy life work bravely,
Toil in thy labor's yoke,
And light shall be the bondage,
And harmless fall the stroke—
While plough and loom and ledger,
And workshop, forge and field,
Send forth their titled nobleness,
Truth's sceptre proud to wield.

Aye! thou art of the noblest,
Thou standest in the van:
For the best of God's creations
Is a honest toiling man:
One who with firm endeavor
Does battle for the right,
And keeps the lamp of Virtue
Well-trimmed and burning bright.

Then look not on the dark side,
Though mists may hang between
The world-life of the present,
And the far, dim Unseen:
Yet soon those clouds of Error,
Dispersed shall roll away,
And then shalt see the dawning
Of a new and glorious day!

Select Miscellany.

DOESTICKS ON WOMEN, HORSES, ETC.

The moment you give a woman charge of anything that will do any work, that very minute that very woman begins to drive that working thing to its very utmost capacity, be it an animal or a machine; and the chances are about equal that she'll drive the animal to the verge of a quadrupedal grave, or break the machine into shivered splinters in the attempt to do three days' work in twelve hours.

Every person who has ever observed a human female driving a horse, will perfectly sympathize with the idea that I here set forth. Every woman who drives a horse, not only drives that horse to the very top of his speed, flogging him up hill, and whipping him down hill, and thrashing him the full length of every level, but she gives him a sound trouncing every time he stops to drink, under the wretched pretence that she is trying to keep the flies off. Let a woman, *any* woman—for they are all alike on this subject, and no one has any more sense than any other one—understand that Flora Temple had trotted her mile in 2.19¾, and let that woman have Flora to drive for a day, and she'd flog the life out of the gallant little bay mare if she didn't keep up the same speed for twelve or fifteen hours a day; and would, the minute her speed fell short of twenty-five miles an hour, whip the blessed little beauty till she dropped down in her tracks.

If a woman owned Flora Temple, she wouldn't hesitate to match her to run a race with an express train through a swampy country, and would run with a horse-whip, the hide all off the little mare if she didn't distance the locomotive.

There never was a woman yet who *would* or *could* drive a horse reasonably, and treat him properly. I don't know what the reason is, unless women have conspired to visit on the poor beasts their bitter vengence for the ungraceful and unwomanly appearance in which the horses are sometimes implicated with the woman."

Here I will—though in base treachery to my own sex—reveal to the ladies of the land a terrible secret, that has heretofore been kept by tacit consent of our masculine half of creation, population, and the census. It is this:

"Every man knows in his heart, and freely admits to every other man, that a woman is never so ungraceful, so unfeminine, so unwomanly, so absolutely unlovable, as when on horseback."

Mount a woman on a beast of a horse and you instantly deprive her of all tenderness, all femininity, all the thousand peculiar, nameless graces of women, and transform her into a she-centaur—something that few men can love, and that no man can admire.

You, young ladies, who desire to apply an infallible test to the professed affection of your lover, I can give you one: Appear on horseback before the man who says he loves you; if his affection is deeply rooted enough to stand this awful trial take him by all means; for the manly love that still survives the fearful spectacle of its loved object on horseback, can never be shaken by any subsequent earthly trial.

This is a semi-secret. All men know it, but I belive it has never been communicated in this public and unreserved manner to the singing sex. Since the first of January last I have known in my own small circule of acquaintance of some twenty-four men who have enlisted for life, driven to it only by the disenchanting sight of their misguided sweet-hearts.

One of these unfortunate men is now in the Insane Asylum, a raving maniac; his sweet-heart appeared to him not only on horseback, but she was also wearing a *man's hat*—this last atrocity was too much for a brain weakening already by the discovery that his lady-love played the accordeon. And in a single week he succumbed; and now in his maniac's cell he "continually calls out for his darling Sally Ann, and begs with tears in his eyes, for the doctor to prescribe for her something that will cure the side-saddle fever.

This episode has been long, too long, and I now return to my original theme, about women and machine work. Give a woman charge of a locomotive warranted to run forty miles an hour, and she'll hang a potato pot full of dumb-bells on the safety-valve, and in four hours she'll break the engine into "old iron and copper scraps," trying to get fifty miles an hour out of her. Give a woman a captaincy of the Great Eastern, warranted to cross the ocean in nine days, and she'd send boat, and all on board, including herself, to the bottom, trying to run from Liverpool to New York in forty-eight hours less than the regular time.

Very well, women are similarly, likewise in the same manner, after the same sort, given to perform the same way with the other machines. Sewing machines for example: in fact, especially sewing machines.

To tell the truth, sewing machines are the subject of this article.

I've got a wife; a bran-new article—white bonnet, white vail, long stockings, hoops, curls; embroidered things, in the way of clothes; worked other things, in the way of clothes; in fact, more clothes of every conceivable variety than I ever dreamed could belong to any one woman—but I've got her, all complete. *How* I got her I wonder. In fact I think that when any man regards contemplatively that the most wonderful work of the Creator, a wife, his soul must be filled with admiration for himself, as a wonderfully clever fellow, to win such a contrivance, or else he must be overcome with supreme thankfulness at his own good luck.

I've not yet ceased wondering how I got my wife: but I've got her, all complete, as said before: and if you don't believe it, there she is—

No, by George! there she isn't. She's gone down town to get some screws or needles, or something, for her sewing machine.

(While she's gone, I'll say something that every married man has thought, but no one has said before. The most astounding thing in the world to a modest young man, is to wake up in the morning after you ain't a bachelor any more, and see a pair of women's slippers on the floor, a pair of long stockings on the chair, and a heap of women's other dressing mysteries, piled up in places where you have been used to seeing only boots and empty cigar boxes. Don't tell your wives, for it isn't a good thing to let them know that you've ever been otherwise than in a state of the most perfect and thorough self-possession.)

However, to come back for the third or more'th time, to the sewing machine question.

My wife—*my wife—my wife*—MY WIFE—listen to that—MY WIFE!!!—my wife wanted a sewing machine. Of course, if she had asked for a small locomotive-engine, and a circular railroad round the parlors, she should have had them, or rather would have had them, and so I bought that sewing machine, and what is worse I paid for it. If I hadn't paid for it, I could make them take it back; but as it is, I cherish no such delusive hopes, and can only sit down here disconsolately, and warn your husbands not to go and do like wise.

My, or rather her sewing machine came—then succeeded four days how to make it go—four days of the intermittent presence of a woman from the factory, who was sent to "teach the machine" as the proprietor remarked, but whose mission on earth it seemed to me to be drive my dear wife wild, and set her to breaking needles on the machine.

The machine-makers of course sell needles and everything used about their infernal machines.—The woman that "teaches the machine," I verily believe, has a heavy percentage on all the needles sold by the firm. The woman would come; machine, under her management, would run perfectly well. Woman would go away; wife would try to make acquaintance with machine. Machine would get restive, and, in a fit of spite, go to work and break all its needles, one after the other—also, would break some important screw, or spring or strap, or hand, or wedge, or wheel. Result would be thus: Wife, in a passion of indignation, headache, chagrin, passion, impatience and spleen, would post down to factory. Up would come the inevitable woman that "teaches the machine."—She would look at machine, who recognized her as on old acquaintance, and would smile visibly from every ounce of its seventy-eight pounds weight. Woman would smile superciliously at wife, touch a screw on machine with the tips of her dainty fingers, and would walk away. Machine would go all right for an hour or two, when needles would break, also screws, also strings, straps, springs and bands—then the woman, etc.

In four days, however, my wife (ha! ha!) mastered the intricacies of the machine, and is now its master; and the machine knows it, and obeys her accordingly.

But in that distressing interval while the machine sulked, she broke three packs of needles, a bushel of screws, a gross and a half of springs, and destroyed about a mile and a quarter of leather belting. However, she has mastered it at last, but I am not at all certain that the last evil is not worse than the first.

In her triumph at having won a victory over the obstreperous machine, she sews up seams to the extent of four or five miles a day.

I have tried to keep her in work. I have bought twenty or thirty pieces of cotton cloth, which she has made up—flannel, ditto calico the same; woolen also, carpet also, and oilcloth, even more also. We have had the machine a month; she has made me shirts enough for a regiment of Zouaves in active service; she has made shirts enough for a dozen first class hotels; she has made me so many pairs of pantaloons that she has got sick of them before I have had a chance to try half of them on, and has begun to give them away to beggars; the amount and description of garments she has made for herself could only be stated in three volumes.

Now, having made all the new garments she could, she has begun to make the others twice over. Last Monday morning I found my shirts all sewed together with a double seam all around, so that I might as well try to get into an unopened sardine-box. She has taken in her hand four babies, of ages ranging from two to eight years, and has gone to making clothes for them. She has made them so many garments that each one of those unfortunate children has to be undressed at least nine times in an afternoon, to try on the products of our wonderful sewing machine.

I expect, every minute, that she will make a descent on my aequarium, and sew my fishes' tails together, or fasten the lobster's legs to the breast fins of the eels. How can I stop her? I appeal to husbands.

I have it: I will have some shirts made of vulcanized India rubber—if that doesn't break the machine all to splinters I will buy half-inch boiler-iron; then, if all fails I will get a company of miners and sappers to come and blow the house to thunder, while we are both gone to the theatre.

Hopefully,

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. D.

STEALINGS FROM HARPER'S EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A MUSKETO STORY.

The musketoes down on the Mississippi river are supposed to be rather large, and tolerably ferocious. I am not prepared to believe the story of the man who came to look for his cow one day, and found the skeleton on the ground and a large musketo on an adjacent tree picking his teeth with one of the horns. But I will say that it would take a man gifted with considerable imagination to exaggerate the prowess of those Southern swamp musketoes. We were discussing one night in a hotel in New Orleans, when one gentleman of the party told the following anecdote:

"There was once a man in the city who insisted on it that he was musketo-proof, and who offered to lie down in the worst place that could be found and let musketoes bite him for an hour for $10. My friend hearing him make the proposition took him at his word, and with several others, they both started off for a nice marshy place between the town and Lake Ponchartrain—a regular musketo paradise. Arrived on the ground the musketo chap took off his shirt and coat, and lay down on his face. The insects came down in crowds, lighted on his back, and biting commenced. If the man scratched he would lose his ten dollars: even squirming was prohibited.—But he stood it like a Trojan; didn't give utterance to a single grunt. Half an hour passed. The ground was covered with gorged musketoes, who sucked until they were as drunk as judges, and were staggering about in a most discreditable style. A quarter of an hour ensued: more intoxicated suckers, and the man was unmoved and indifferent as a log. Suddenly one of the gentlemen took two or three strong puffs at his cigar, and then chucked it on the musketo chap's back. First he winced, then he squirmed, then he yelled and scrambled up.

"I have come across a considerable number of musketoes in my life," he remarked, scratching with one hand and working into his shirt at the same time, "but I assure you gentleman, I never see a musketo like that before. He wasn't much to hum, gentlemen," he continued: "but when it come to biting, gentlemen, that musketo was a snorter."

"He lost his ten dollars and went home grumbling that when he made that 'ar bet he hadn't calculated on no bumble bees bein' smuggled in."

IN THE WRONG STATE.

In the good old times before the war, writes a good old friend in the lower regions, the candidates for office in the southern country were accustomed to resort to strange dodges to conciliate the people and get their votes. One of them, in the old dominion, while stumping the outskirts of his district, came early one morning upon a clearing where a solitary man was hoeing. Alighting from his horse, he took an extra hoe standing by, and commenced working very vigorously, at the same time delicately hinting who he was, and for what purpose he had come. The man, however, was obtuse, not seeming conscious of his visitor's design till just as the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, when he suddenly brightened up and said;

"Wall I reckon you're mighty good at hoein' and if I was only over in Old Virginny I'd vote for you.

The dismayed politician did not let the grass grow under his horse's feet till he was safely out of North Carolina, where he had labored hard all day for naught.

HOW SAL DISGRACED THE FAMILY.

A trayler in the State of Illinois some years ago come to a lone log hut on the prairie near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house. It was a wretched affair—an empty packing box for a table, while two or three chairs and dissagreeable stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented with a display of tin ware and a broken shelf article or two. The woman was crying in the corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and pipe in his mouth, on a stool, with his sorrowful looking head supported by the palm of his hand. Not a word greeted the interloper.

"Wall," he said, "you seem to be in awful trouble. What's up?"

"Ah, we are almost crazy, neighbor, and we ain't got patience to see folks now."

"That's all right," said the stranger not much taken back by the impolite rebuff; but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble.

"Well, we're lost our gall; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the old man in tones of deep despair.

"Ah! do you know what induced her to leave you?"

"Well, we can't say, neighbor, as how she's so far lost as to be induced but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, stranger, and—not as I should say it is her mother—but thar warant a pooter gal in the West than Sal; she's gone and brought misery upon her own head now," followed the sickened mother.

"Who has she gone off with," inquired the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoemaker, who although he has but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and makes a good livin'. Then look, what a life she has deserted; she was surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.

"Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink and wear now?" groaned the old woman.

"And who is the fellow that has taken her into such misery?"

"Wy she's gone off and got married to a *critter called an editor*, as lives in the village and the Lord only knows how he is to earn a living.

☞ A countryman once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he should paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life. "But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. That's a bad job," said he: "but look'ee sir, ye can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board."

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

In one of the townships of this county, a little north of Bucyrus, dwelt a well to-do widower about fifty, with an only son of twenty two or three. Mr. —— (we withhold names for obvious reasons) had been a widower for many years, and became weary of that mode of living; he accordingly determined to marry again. The determination once formed, the next thing was to find the woman necessary, which in this country is not at all difficult. Fortunately for him a widow lady resided near him, who had a daughter possessing all the requirements. She was a beautiful girl of twenty years, accomplished and sprightly—just the one he wanted. To be sure, she was rather young, but Mr. —— was young also. Sometimes his mind would wander to the mother, who was quite as handsome as the daughter, and almost as young in appearance; but he had made up his mind to marry the daughter, and sat about it with a will. He did not mention his determination to his son, fearing the idea of marrying one so much younger than himself, might expose him to ridicule.

In the meantime his son had became deeply enamored of the widow, and had likewise determined upon marrying her. He did not communicate the fact to his father, for the same reason that actuated the old gentleman, for fear of exciting redicule by marrying a woman so much older, than himself. They both commenced calling at the house of the widow, and frequently met each other there. This circumstance annoyed them both immensely. The old man thought very naturally, that the young man was there for the young lady, and the young gentleman as naturally supposed the old one was there for the widow.

As the matter progressed the meetings of the father and son of that place became frequent, and the more often it occured, the more intolerable it became. Finally, Mr. —— determined to speak to his son on the subject.

"Charles," said he, "I have determined, after much consideration, to marry, and thought it but right and proper to make you acquainted with my determination."

"Very good," replied Charles; I considered it very proper that you should do so. And, speaking of marrying, I have concluded to marry, myself."

"I approve of the idea," returned the old gentleman. "you are of a suitable age to settle down. May I ask the name of your intended?"

"Mrs. ——," exclaimed Charles, up and assuming a defiant look.

"Whew!" whistled the old gentleman: "fine woman, Charles, but isn't she a trifle too advanced in years?"

"I think not," said he: "but who have you decided upon?"

"Why, Charles, it is a very curious circumstance, but I have determined to marry her daughter."

"Daughter!" exclaimed Charles; "Why you are at least twice as old as she is; I don't object."

The matter was thus happily settled, and in the course of a few weeks it was satisfactorily arranged with the widow and daughter, and the parties were married.

Very soon after the marriage was consummated, they all discovered that they had made a great mistake. The son found that the widow was altogether too motherly for the wife of a young man of twenty-three, and the old gentleman found that a young lady of twenty was too volatile for a sober minded man of fifty. Disagreement followed, then neglect, and finally the thousand little quarrels, and snubbings, and bickerings, simmering down into a grand fight, which was kept up with slight variations, for three months.

Finally, they agreed permanently to disagree, and availing themselves of the ease with which divorces are obtained in Indiana, the whole four removed to Indiana, where in one time the divorces were obtained.

The four came home as they went, together, the son taking the daughter under his special charge, and the father doing the agreeable to the widow. Long before they had arrived at Bucyrus, they had arranged matters on an entirely different basis—the father and the widow made up a match, and the son and daughter ditto. The marrying was performed immediately on their arrival at Bucyrus. Up to date they all appeared will satisfied with each other, and it is to be hoped that they will long continue so.—*Bucyrus (Ohio) Journal.*

SEATS AT THE TABLE.—It was but a short time ago between Zanesville and Columbus, that the train stopped at a small village, not a hundred miles from the former place. The conductor crying out: "Fifteen minutes for dinner."

The passengers, of whom there happened to be a large number, rushed into the dining apartment and took their seats at the table, one of them depositing his carpetbag in the chair next to him. At the usual time the landlord passing around to make his collections, called upon the aforesaid passenger for his payment for dinner.

"How much?" says the passenger.

"Eighty cents," replied the landlord.

"Eighty cents for a dinner? why, that is extortionate."

"No, sir, it is not extortionate. Ain't that your carpet bag?"

"Yes, sir: that is my carpet-bag."

"Well, that carpet-bag occupies a seat, and of course I must charge for it."

"O! is that the case? Well, here is your eighty cents."

Turning to the carpet-bag, the passenger remarked: "Well, Mr. Carpet-bag, as you have not had much to eat, suppose we take something," at the same time opening its mouth, and turning therein half a ham, a roast chicken, a plate of crackers, and sundry other articles, amid the roar of laughter of the other passengers.

The prevailing opinion among the passengers was, that the carpet-bag won.

AN IRISH MIRACLE.—Miss Cobb, in an article on "The Humor of Various Nations," in the July number of the Victoria Magazine, tells the following story of an Irish definition of a miracle:

A priest in Ireland having preached a sermon on miracles, was asked by one of his congregation, walking homeward, to explain a little more lucidly "What a miracle meant." "Is it a miracle you want to understand?" said the priest. "Walk on then, there, forninst me, and I think how I can explain it to you." The man walked on, and the priest came after him and gave him a tremendous kick. "Ugh!" roared the sufferer, "why did you do that?" "Did you feel it?" asked the priest. "To be sure I did," replied the man. "Well, then, it would have been a miracle if you had not," returned the priest.

☞ They have sweet ladies down South. They are snuff dippers, and they chew. A Tennessee writer was helping play one of the "kissing games" at a house warming, and he says: "After a lively chase I caught her, and when, just as I was drawing the little angel into my arms, preparatory to embracing her, she said, "Hold on a minute—wait till I take my tobacco out of my mouth."

A YANKEE TRICK.

Some years ago, before railroads were invented, a cute Massachusetts Yankee was one day travelling in a stage in the State of Connecticut. The passengers stopped for breakfast at a place where the landlord was noted for his parsimony; and it was strongly suspected that he paid the driver to hurry off the stage before the passengers could eat a half meal, in order to save his victuals. The Yankee heard this talk, and he sat down to breakfast with the determination to eat his money's worth whether the stage left or not. While, therefore, the rest of the passengers were bolting their victuals in the greatest possible haste, the Massachusetts man took his time. The passengers had scarcely finished a single cup of coffee, and ate but a few mouthfuls, when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim, "Stage ready!" Up rise the grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents and take their seats.

"All aboard, gents?" inquires the host.

"One missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining-room, the host finds our Yankee friend very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the size of a horse's lip.

"You'll be left, sir! Stage is going to start!"

"Waal, I hain't got nothin' to say agin it!"

"Can't wait, sir, better take your seat."

"I'll be gaul darned of I dew, nuther, till I've got my breakfuss! I've got tew pay half a dollar, and I'm goin' tew get the valee on't! and ef yew calkalate I ain't, yew air mistaken."

So the stage did start, and left the hungry New Englander, who continued to attack the eatables. Biscuits, coffee, steak, &c., &c., disappeared rapidly before the eye of the astonished landlord.

"Say, Squire, them there cakes is 'bout East: fetch us another grist on 'em. You, (to the waiter) nuther cup uv that air coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise yew'r own pork, Squire?—this is amazin nice ham. Land 'bout here tolerable cheap, Squire, I calculate? Don't lay yew'r own eggs, dew ye?" and thus the Yankee kept quizzing the landlord, until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, Squire, now I'm 'bout to conclude payin' my dewours tew this air table, but ef yew'd jist give us a bowl of bread and milk tew sorter top off with, I'd be much obleeged tew ye."

So out goes the landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk and bread, and set them before the Yankee.

"Spoon, tew, ef you please?"

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones laying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say, dew yew think then passengers is goin' tew pay yew for a breakfuss and git no compensation?"

"Ah! what! do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I *think*? No, I don't think, but I'm sartin. Ef they are all as green as yew 'bout here, I'm goin' tew locate immediately and tew worst.

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and arriving at the hotel, our Yankee comes out to take his seat, and says:

"Hoe'w air yew, gents? I'm glad tew see yew back."

"Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?" asked the landlord.

"Pint him out? Sartinly, I ken. Say 'Squire, I paid yew four ninepence for a breakfuss, and I calkalate I got the vallee on't. You'll find them spoons in the coffee-pot."

"Go ahead, all aboard, driver!"

A PERTINENT ANSWER.—Sterne, so celebrated as the author of "Tristram Shandy" and "the Sentimental Journey," was of Cambridge University—not a strict priest, but as a clergyman, not liking to hear with indifference his whole fraternity treated contemptuously. Being one day in a coffee-house, observed a spruce, powdered young fellow at the fireside, who was speaking of the clergy in a mass as a body of disciplined imposters and systematic hypocrites. Sterne got up while the young man was haranguing, and approached towards the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favorite little dog. Coming at length toward the gentleman, he took up the dog, still continuing to pat him and addressed the young fellow—

"Sir, this would be the prettiest little animal in the world had he not one disorder."

"What disorder is that?" replied the fellow.

"Why, sir," said Sterne, "one that always makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black."

"That is a singular disorder," replied the young fellow; pray, how long has he had it?"

"Sir," replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness, "ever since he was a puppy."

☞ 'Master, this girl keeps a saying I'm a thief:.

"What does she say that you have stolen?"

"She says that I stole her character."

At this juncture a little girl jumped up and said—I geth he did—for I theen him behind the thcool house a eating thumthing."

☞ A letter passed through the Post Office at Carlisle, one day last week, with the following direction: "Take this letter to Carlyle. Take it to Wm. Graham, plasterer, Dixon street; its no for him its for A Son of his they Ca John Graham a canny young Cheil about Twenty-two. Take it to Carlyle as I said before."

☞ A tender hearted widower fainted at the funeral of his third beloved. "What shall we do with him?" asked a friend of his. "Let him alone," said a waggish bystander, "he'll soon re-wive."

☞ The idle are sorely put to it for means to kill Time, while Time quietly proceeds to kill them.

☞ The life of a fool could no more go on without excitement than a pantomime could without music.

☞ Experience is a pocket compass that a fool never thinks of consulting until he has lost his way.

☞ He who fishes in the waters of matrimony may fish with his naked hook if the hook is gold.

☞ The pleasure of doing good is the art of being contented with what we have.

☞ Revenge is a more punctual paymaster than gratitude.

☞ You are very welcome, as the empty purse said to the shilling.

☞ Domestic quiet is a jewel; love the light of it.