The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1863. NO. 42.

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 this 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 $1.60@1.75
Kip Pegged..... 1.37@1.50
Men's Boots..... 2.75@3.50
DEMORAL SKIRTS, very low.

GROCERIES.

White and Brown Sugar, Rio Coffee, 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 exemption*. All patriotic! 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 $4.50 to $12.00.

The attention of the public is particularly drawn to the fact that they are selling Brown and White Muslin from 8 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.

DR. 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 Fry's 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.

OH, YES! OH, YES!
THIS WAY!

TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE, THE PEOPLE IN PARTICULAR, or any one wanting

Choice Family Groceries,
A PRIME QUALITY OF FLOUR,
OR ANY KIND OF FEED,

will save money by calling at the

Grocery, Flour and Feed Store of
M'CUNE & WILSON,

Corner of Clara and Virginia Streets, in the store room known as Johnston Moore's.

The highest cash prices will be paid for Flour, Feed, and all kinds of country produce.

J. MILES M'CUNE.
ALBERT WILSON.
Altoona, Pa., Nov. 4th, 1863. [3 m.]

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.

SUPERIOR STOCK OF LIQUORS.—JOHN H. FRITCHEY is now able to offer to his customers and the public at large, a stock of the purest liquors ever brought into this market, comprising in part the following varieties

WHISKY—IRISH, SCOTCH, OLD BOURBON.
WINE—PORT, SHERRY, OLD MADEIRA.
BRANDY—OTARD, DUPEY & CO. PALE BRANDY.

These liquors can all be warranted; and in addition to these, FRITCHEY has on hand a large variety of Wines, Whisky and Brandy, to which they invite the particular attention of the public.
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.

HARDWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS just received and for sale by J. B. HILEMAN
dec 15-tf

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, Trusses and Shoulder Braces for sale at G. W. KESSLER'S.
1-tf.

NEW STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES for Men and Boys, Ladies and Misses, just rec'd at LAUGHMAN'

ANOTHER LARGE LOT OF THE CELEBRATED JERSEY HAMS just received and for sale at FRITCHEY'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	$ 3 00	$ 5 00
One square	2 50	4 00	7 00
Two "	4 00	6 00	10 00
Three "	5 00	8 00	12 00
Four "	6 00	10 00	14 00
Half a column	10 00	14 00	20 00
One column	14 00	25 00	40 00
Administrators and Executors Notices			1 75
Merchants advertising by the year, three squares, with liberty to change			10 00
Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 8 lines with paper, per year			5 00

Communications of a political character or individual interest, will be charged according to the above rates.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to the above terms.

Business notices five cents per line for every insertion.

Obituary notices exceeding ten lines, fifty cents a square

Choice Poetry.

ASPIRATIONS.

Oh, if from this valley lonely,
By the chilling fog oppressed,
I could find an exit only,
Oh, how would I feel me blessed!
Yonder see I hills in splendor,
Younger, greener, ev'ry day.
Had I now but pinions slender,
Towards those hills I'd fly away.

Harmonies I hear resounding,
Tones so sweet and heavenly clear.
And the gentle zephyrs bounding
Bring me fragrance incense here,
Golden fruits I see there beaming
'Mid the foliage bright and gay,
And the flowers yonder gleaming,
Never can be winter's prey.

Oh, how great must be the pleasure,
Endless sunshine there to see,
And the air—beyond all measure,
How refreshing must it be.
But the roaring streams restrain me,
Rushing furious here between;
Living tides with fear constrain me,
Horror fills me at the scene.

Yonder see a boat is tott'ing;
But a boatman there I'll need,
Up and in it, without lott'ring
Ev'ry sail is blest indeed.
Thou must trust and never carry,
For the gods ne'er pledge their hand.
Wonders only can thee carry,
Safely to that fairy land.

Select Miscellany.

A FEARFUL REVENGE.

There died recently in Havana, a millionaire named Don Joachim Gomez, whose property at his death amounted to nearly five million of dollars, and the circumstances attending whose death would form the basis for a romance of the most thrilling sensational description. In former years, before the slave trade was so much kept in check as it has been for the few years past, the island of Cuba was the great transatlantic depot, in which the cargoes of slaves from the African coast were landed and disposed of either to planters in Cuba or purchasers from the Southern States. In this business, as is well known, rapid fortunes were made, the profits of a single successful voyage being sufficient for a brilliant fortune; but, as a rule, the slave-traders, like all other kind of gamblers, verified the old adage. "Soon earned, soon spent," and as a consequence, Havana and the principal towns on the island, where these dealers resorted to get rid of their gold, became the Meccas for the penniless pilgrims to the shrine of fortune—for the most part desperate adventurers, who, despairing of ever reaching the pecuniary pinnacle to which their aspirations soared, by any process of honest industry, were ready to turn their wits and bend their energies in any direction which promised soonest to lead to the coveted and wished for goal. Of course, all the adventurers who sought the shores of Cuba were not of this class, and there were no doubt many who saw in the dim distance an affluence earned by honest industry, and endeavored to realize it; but the number of this class were in the minority. What Sacramento and San Francisco were when the gamblers were in full blow, the principal towns in Cuba were at the time the deceased millionare arrived, some thirty years ago, in Havana, a penniless adventurer from the Canary Isles, with plenty of sharp wits, and an earnest desire to use them to some purpose. The ordinary highways to fortune were crowded by hundreds of as sharp-witted fellows as himself, and Gomez thinking it would take too long to get the inside track of them on the beaten path, left them and carved a new track for himself, by becoming a religious devotee. He managed to save, in a few years, enough money to start a small brokerage business for the accommodation of sailors, and by the reputation which he gained for honesty and integrity, soon increased his business until he gained a respectable position in society, and had the reputation of doing a thriving business. His reputation became known all over the city for honesty, and he was accounted the very soul of honor, and his reputation gained for him the *entree* to that circle which he desired to reach, and which was closed to his brother adventurers—the old Castilian families.

Among the families in which he became intimate was that of a celebrated physician, whose family of a wife and two lovely daughters, the eldest of whom was betrothed to the scion of one of the oldest families in Havana. Gomez was smitten with the charms of the youngest daughter, but while the father, who had the highest regard for him, would have accepted him for a son-in-law, the girl could not forget her old Castilian prejudices and the mature age of Gomez at the same time, and when he presumed to address her she spurned him with the utmost contempt. Gomez swallowed his disappointment and chagrin without making a wry face and with much art begged the girl's forgiveness for his presumption, and made her promise never to let her father know of the matter, at the same time he was burning to be revenged on the whole family. An opportunity soon presented itself. The physician had long desired to visit the land of his ancestors and made up his mind finally to take his family there for a tour, intending if he liked the country to settle there with his family. He sold all his property, and after placing the bulk of his money ($100,000) in the hands of Gomez, for safe keeping, sailed.

After his departure Gomez increased his business and grew rich rapidly. After an absence of two years, the doctor and his family returned in company with his intended son-in-law, and it was intended that the marriage should be celebrated forthwith, with the greatest pomp and splendor. The physician during his tour in Europe had spent all the money he had taken with him, and after his return he called at the house of his friend Gomez to draw a portion of his money. Gomez received him with the most affectionate demonstrations of friendship, and after drinking a bottle of wine together, the doctor stated his business. Gomez started at him with well-effected astonishment, and denied that the physician had ever deposited any money with him. The physician was surprised and endeavored to brush up his friend's memory by recounting the circumstances of the affair, but still Gomez denied and challenged the doctor to produce any proofs of his having made such a deposit. The fearful truth then burst on the mind of the victim. He had trusted his whole fortune to the keeping of this man without a scrap of paper to prove it, and now he was left penniless, and his family beggars. He ran out of the banker's house scarcely knowing and caring less where he ran.—No one believed his story, the reputation of his destroyer was above reproach, and it was the general opinion that he had lost his money gambling in Europe.

The marriage was broken up, and the family retired to obscure apartments, where the wife died after a short time. The triumph of Gomez, however, was of short duration. He had now attained the very summit of his ambition. His mansion in the "Calle do O'rreilly," the aristocratic quarter of Havana, was the most sumptuous in town, and every Sunday he was driven to the Cathedral in a magnificant carriage, and occupied the front pew, the envy of the less wealthy members of the church, while at the same time the poor physician upon whose ruin these riches had been built, was suffering with his family the keenest pangs of despair. But the end came. One Sunday, a few weeks after the occurrence related above, Gomez was in his usual place in church, and when the bell sounded for communicants to advance to the alter rails, Gomez left his pew and advanced. He had scarcely knelt down when a man with unshaven beard and dishevelled hair was observed walking with a quick pace up the centre aisle. No notice was taken, the congregation supposing him to be a communicant also.—The stranger knelt down beside Gomez, and remained there with bowed head until the officiating priest came down the altar steps to administer the sacrament, when the strenger suddenly arose, and shoving the clergyman back, cried, "This shall be his sacrament," at the same time breaking a bottle of liquid on the head of Gomez, and swallowing the contents of another vial. He died instantly, and when the horror-stricken congregation rushed up, they recognized in the suicide the once prosperous and happy physician. Gomez was taken home to his sumptuous residence, which he never left till death. The vial contained a subtle preparation of poisonous acids, which gradually eat away the flesh off his head and face, and he became a hideous object, so hideous that during the latter years of his life, he saw no person only those who attended him. The two daughters of the unfortunate physician were driven by despair to lead dissolute lives, and disappeared from Havana soon after the melancholy affair which terminated their parents existence. This story is no fable but a strict narrative of facts—the name of the principle character being slightly altered—as they were related to us by a gentleman who has been for a long time a resident in Cuba, and familiar with the circumstances of the case as we have related them.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

☞ A great fortune in the hands of a fool is a great mis-fortune.

SINGULAR CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A dead man was found a few days since, floating near the Brooklyn shore of the East River, and on being taken to the dead house, was unhesitatingly recognized by a young woman and her mother as the husband of the former, to whom she had been married but a few months previously. The strong personal resemblance of the deceased to the husband, who had been for several days missing, was fully confirmed by a very singular circumstance, that settled the matter beyond all question in the minds of both.—The missing husband was known to have worn, on leaving home, a woolen undershirt, that his wife, in sport, had ornamented with some kind of fancy stitch in the closing up of the garment on one side, and not having suitable buttons at hand, had in the same spirit substituted hooks and eyes upon the bosom. Both of these peculiarities, very singularly, existed in the undershirt found upon the deceased. The youthful widow, as she imagined herself to be, thrown upon her own resources for support, obtained a situation in the store of a fashionable millinery establishment, where her good looks, and especially a display of luxuriant curls, attracted the attention of a young man who had occasion to pass the place on his way to New York, and seeking her acquaintance, offered her marriage, which she accepted, after satisfiying herself as to his correctness of character.

They had been married but a few months, when the wife was beyond measure astonished one day by the re-appearance of her former husband, who could give no satisfactory reason beyond a mere freak of fancy, for his sudden disappearance, and her second partner, having in every way proved more worthy and desirable than the first, she refused to comply with his demand of resuming her relations to him as wife. He then sought redress through the aid of the law, and the subject was brought before one of the courts. Able counsel was employed on both sides, and the singularity of the affair made it for the time, as would naturally be supposed, a matter of much public interest, which was in no small degree enhanced by the personal charms of the defendant in the case. When the presiding judge had heard the evidence and arguments on both sides, and had taken a proper time to consider the case, he decided that in consequence of the voluntary abandonment of his wife by the first husband, for which he could offer no reason whatever, providing no means in his absence for her support, and the second husband providing in every way more worthy the regard she professed for him in refusing to return to her former partner, he considered it but common justice that she should be allowed to choose for herself between the two. It is scarcely necessary to add that she decided in favor of her last husband. The two left the court room together, amid applause from the spectators that the presiding officer had as little inclination as he had power to suppress.—There may have been less of law than of common sense in such a decision, but its *justice* was no less apparant than the wisdom of Solomon in the matter of the two women in relation to the child; and it was so regarded by the public at large

A KIND JUDGE.—A very learned and compassionate judge in a western State on passing sentence on one Jones, who had been convicted of murder, concluded his remarks as follows:

The fact is, Jones, the court did not at first intend to order you to be executed before next spring; but the weather is so very cold; our jail is unfortunately in a bad condition; much of the glass in the windows is broken; the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartment comfortable; besides, owing to a great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; and to sleep sound and comfortably, is therefore out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lesson your sufferings as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of its humanity and compassion, do hereby order you to be executed tomorrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the Sheriff and agreeable to you.

"A WHOLE NAGER."—At a recent negro celebration, an Irishman stood listening to Fred. Douglas, who was expatiating upon Government and Freedom, and as the orater came to a period from the highest political heights, the Irishman said:

"Be dad, he speaks well for a nager."

"Don't you know," said one, "that he isn't a negro? he is only half negro."

"Only a half nager, is he? Well, if a half nager can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nager might beat the prophet Jeremiah.

"Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please."

"Why, what shall I do that for pet."

"Cause I want to draw an elephant."

TATTLING.

"It is a great thing to mind one's own business," said a certain philosopher; and he was right. It is a "great thing" to let other people's business alone, and this much is implied by the maxim above quoted. In fact, there is hardly a class of pests in modern society—and they are numerous—so superlatively contemptible as that class known as tattlers or meddlers in other people's business. We don't admire a thief; we have no affinity for gamblers; we abominate drunkarks, and have no respect for misers; but either of these are first class gentlemen in comparison with the inquisitive jealous minded tattler, who goes mousing about in a garb of social respectability, poking his nose or fingers into the affairs of his neighbors, and seizing upon every trifling circumstance that comes within the wide swoop of his remorseles curiosity for the purpose of making capital against those whose character he cannot understand, because it is pure and above impeachment. These mischief making busy bodies are simply an unmitigated nuisance, and should be frowned upon by all sincere lovers of social peace and happiness. The man or woman who can find no better employment than tattling, had better jump into the nearest body of water and become food for respectable fishes. In that way the finny tribe would gain a little in their commissary department, and society above water be immensely purified.

BOASTING ONE'S SELF.—If the Lord has beautified us with many graces and gifts above others, we must not exalt ourselves above others; we must look upon ourselves as considered in ourselves, to be the same still. Can the wall say it hath light upon it? So, if God hath shined upon thee, and left others in darkness, art thou the better of thyself? Shall the pen boast itself because it hath written a fair epistle? Who made it? Who put ink in it? Who guided it? The glory belongs not to the pen but to the writer. What though God hath used thee, and not others, in some great work? The praise is His, not thine, we praise not the trumpet, but him that sounds it. Paul was a better trumpeter than ten thousand others, and yet he saith: "I am nothing." The smoke, a dusty and obscure vapor, climbs up into the light, rising above the pure air around it. Many exalt themselves above their brethern, for gifts and outward things, which are the trapping, and make not the difference between man and man; and if a man were the taller because he stood on a hill, or a man had a better body because he had a better suit on, he is the same man still.—We are not to be proud even of our graces, much less of outward things.—*Preston.*

AN OLD LADY'S ADVICE TO HER SON.—"Now, John, listen to me—I'm older than you, or I could'nt be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, before you have contrived to happen to be around four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as in the evening, or whether the wash and towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be where you can hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend on it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same smiles, the neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother, which characterized her deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the brakfast in good season, she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself, the better."

A FUNNY MISTAKE.—One negro, slumbering with his feet pointing to a glimmering fire. Opens one eye, and gets a glimpse of them, as they stand up in the obscurity. Mistakes them for two little negroes, and cries: 'Gif fum 'fore me!' and relapses into sleep. After a while, opens the other eye, and still seeing the intruders, says: 'Gif fum 'fore me, I say; I kick you in de fire if you don't: I will, shu'—' and again he snores. His dreams not being pleasant, he soon opens both eyes, and still seeing the little pests, he draws up his foot for the threatened kick, but is alarmed to see the enemy advance upon him, and exclaims: 'Wha, where you comin' to, now? Humph! my own foot, by golly!"

☞ "Please, mister, give me a bundle of hay?"

"Yes, my son. Sixpence or shilling bundle?"

"Shilling."

"Is it for your father?"

"No, guess 'taint—its for the hoss, my father don't eat hay!"

☞ The quota of Kansas is officially stated at 1,656.

REMARKABLE SCENE IN COURT.—James Sutherland, who has been on trial at Indianapolis for four days for killing Boddy A. Small, was acquitted on Thursday.—His wife and three children were in Court at the time. After the announcement of the verdict there followed a scene says the Indianapolis *Journal*, not often witnessed in a court room. The prisoner that was—a prisoner now no longer—fell upon his knees, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, uttered an earnest prayer of thanksgiving and praise to the God, whose justice and mercy had been so wonderfully manifested in him. The prayer was irresistibly eloquent, and when Amen was pronounced, Amen came back in response from every part of the room, and there were tears in every eye. All rose to their feet; the acquitted man advanced and took each juryman by the hand with a fervent "God bless you! You have saved an innocent man from shame and disgrace; you have taken a foul stain from my name. God bless you!" And to the prosecutor, whose conduct in the case commands admiration from all for fairness and honesty, he gave a cordial "God bless you!" The old white-haired father, whose firm trust had supported the son in the darkest hours of trial, now melted in tears of joy that his boy was acquitted of guilt, and his own good name remained untarnished. The Judge, wiping his eyes of the tears that had come unbidden, ordered the Sheriff to adjourn the court.

LYCEUM ELOQUENCE.—Bill Smith, a character in more ways than one, and especially noted for his flights of eloquence, spoke as follows upon the question:—"Which is man's greatest safeguard—the dog, or the gun?"

He espoused the cause of the dog, and after pronouncing an affecting eulogy upon that noble animal, he demolished his adversaries and brought down the house by the following passage:

"Soposin', for a momentary moment, Mr. President, that you, sir, was traveling, and suppose, sir, that night was to overtake you, and you should have to camp in some dark howlin wilderness! And, in the black midnight, when you laid fast asleep in the arms of Metamorpheous, a bar, painter, or other venomous inseck was to spring upon, what good would our gun do you then! And, Mr. President, your dog would have said by his forewarnin' lamentations: "Take keer! look out! he's a comin!"

FAMILY RECORDS.—The post office in a town in Dixie was kept in the bar-room of a tavern a great resort for loungers. An old chap more remarkable for his coarseness and fidelity than for his manners, was sitting there one day with a lot of his boon companions, when the Methodist minister, a new comer, entered and asked for letters.

Old Swipes spoke up bluntly.

"Are you the Methodist parson, just come here to preach?"

"I am," pleasantly replied the minister.

"Well," said Swipes, "will you tell me how old the devil is?"

"Keep your own family record," replied the minister, and left the house amid the roar of the company.

A NOBLE FELLOW.—In the great battle of Gettysburg, the color sergt. of the Sixteenth Vermont fell mortally wounded. At once a dozen men rushed up to seize the colors and bear them forward. The poor wounded sergeant grasped the staff with both his clenched hands; his eyes were already dimmed with death; he could not see who it was that tried to wrest his charge from him. "Are you friends or enemies?" he cried out. "We are friends, was the reply, "give us the colors." "Then, friends," said he, "I am mortally wounded; let me hold up the flag till I die"—so saying, he fell back dead. Surely, a nobler soldier than this poor fellow never lived.

☞ Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate, speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality, and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute and whosoever relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.

"I wish you would not smoke cigars!" said a plump little black eyed girl to her lover.

"Why not smoke as well as your chimney?"

"Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order."

He has quit smoking.

☞ We heard a good story the other night of two persons engaged in a duel. At the first fire, one of the seconds proposed that they should shake hands and make up. The other second said he saw no particular necessity for that, for their hands had been shaking ever since they began!

☞ Never trouble trouble, until trouble troubles you; for trouble unmet is often no trouble at all.