The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 8. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1864. NO. 49.

NEW FIRM!

A FRESH ARRIVAL!

NEW GOODS AT REDUCED PRICES!

WE ARE GLAD TO BE ABLE TO inform the people of Altoona and vicinity that we are just receiving a very large and fine supply of

WINTER GOODS,

purchased in Philadelphia for CASH, and at reduced prices, and are determined to dispose of them at the smallest possible advance.

Our stock of DRESS GOODS for the Winter is now complete, consisting, in part, of a full line of

Black Silks, French Merinoes, Drab and Figured Alpacas, Wool Delaines, Figured And Plain Parametts, and an entire new Style of Figured Delaines.

Woolen Shawls, Cloaks, Cloths, Hoop Skirts, Balmoral Skirts, very cheap; a full and Complete line of Woolen and Cotton Hosiery And Gloves. We also invite special attention To our stock of Domestic Goods, of which we Have a full line, such as Prints, Ginghams, Muslins and Sheetings, Brown, Grey and White Shirting, Canton Flannels, &c., at or near old Prices. Boots and Shoes for Men and Boys' Wear; Ladies, Misses and Childrens' Gaiters, Fine and heavy Morocco and Goat Shoes.

We have also received a choice lot of Groceries, Such as Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Syrups, &c., and A new and handsome stock of Queensware. Selected expressly for the market.

We call the especial attention of all to the fact that we are now selling all kinds of goods at the *lowest market prices, strictly for cash, regardless of what they cost us.*

Sincerely thanking the public for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, we most respectfully invite everybody, and particularly our friends, the Ladies, to call at the MODEL and see the bargains while they are to be had. Dec 9, 1863. JOHN LOWTHER & CO.

SAVE THE PER CENTAGE

BY BUYING YOUR

CLOTHING FROM FIRST HANDS.

ETTINGER & BUCK, Manufacturers of and Wholesale dealers, retail dealers in Ready-made Clothing, would respectfully invite the attention of the public to the following facts in reference to their stock.

1st. We manufacture our own goods. They are made up in our own Store, in Philadelphia, under our immediate supervision, and we know they are well made and can be warranted.

EQUAL TO THE BEST,

and superior to the large majority of Ready-made clothing in the market.

2nd. We buy our Cloths directly from the Importers and Manufacturers, consequently we save the per centage put in by middle men.

3rd. We sell our Clothing at a reasonable percentage over the cost of our Cloth, thereby saving the purchasers of Clothing the percentage which must be added by those who buy from second hands to sell again. We retail our Clothing at the same price which other merchants pay for theirs at wholesale, consequently those who buy from us get their goods at the same price which other Clothiers pay for theirs in the city, thereby saving the Clothiers' per centage.

We have branch Stores in

ALTOONA AND JOHNSTOWN,

where goods may be had at the same figures at which we sell them here in the city.

If any person has been told, or imagines, that Tuck's store, in Altoona, is "played out," let such person drop into his establishment on Main Street, and examine his goods and prices.

Wholesale House, No. 702 Market Street, Philadelphia. Dec. 2, 1863.—tf.

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 he is quite an object, in these exciting war times, for everyone 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 CALF 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..... 1.37@1.50

Men's Boots..... 2.75@3.50

BALMORAL 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.

CITY DRUG STORE.

DR. E. HEREGART would respectfully announce to the citizens of Altoona and surrounding country that he has recently purchased the Drug Store of Smith & Co., on Virginia Street, opposite Irvin'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.

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.

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.

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

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

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

F. H. McGREW. 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.

THE SMACK AT SCHOOL.

The following lines were read before the Literary Society of Stockbridge, Mass., by Wm. Pitt Palmer, of New York:

A district school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming from its wanted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys.
Some few upon their task intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent:
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous hiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries.
That thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe,
I saw him kith Thushannah Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither Will!"
Like a wretch o'taken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame.
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun,
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered, "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil should
Be guilty of an act so rude:
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to?"
"'Twas she, herself," sobbed the lad.
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was fraid of girls,
And durstn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot.
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But somehow from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o'wished me to!"

Select Miscellany.

THE TWO TRAVLERS.

Some years ago two gentlemen and a lady had taken their places in the diligence from Paris to Havre. One of the gentlemen, M. Mallaquet, a merchant of the capitol, as indolent in mind as in body, slept profoundly from the commencement; the other, M. Lussac, a commercial traveler, a person of very animated character, did not allow his tongue to rest a single instant. Among other things which he mentioned, he let it escape that he had on him fifteen thousand francs in bank-bills, and that the greater part of the sum was intended for the purchase of colonial productions, and the rest as a present for wife.

M. Mallaquet, on the contrary, during the rare intervals when he was sufficiently awake to speak, said simply that he was going to Havre.

The diligence arrived at Pontoise, where the horses where changed. As the road from that point ascends, the conductor proposed to the travelers that they should walk up the hill. Lussac embraced the proposal with pleasure, and Mallaquet, from politeness, affected to be no less delighted, though, in fact, he had no desire to put his legs in movement.

They both started up the hill, then, and the diligence followed them.

Soon darkness came on. But the travelers continued to hear the diligence rolling behind them. At the end of some time they both remarked that they had wandered from the right road. They wished to return thereto, but the sound of the wheels no longer reached them. The indolent Mallaquet grew afraid. Muttering a few oaths, he began to march at a more rapid rate, and this sudden change gave bith in the soul of M. Lussac to a sombre presentiment. Remembering his imprudent avowal about the fifteen thousand francs which he had with him, the most lugubrious ideas agitated his mind. He asked himself in terror whether this suspected companion had not plotted with the conductor to rob him in some solitary place. Perhaps, he also thought, another accomplice might be lurking in some spot near, ready to pounce on him. In truth, poor Lussac deemed himself a lost man; he determined therefore to be on his guard.

With regard to Mallaquet, when he saw Lussac become suddenly silent, he at once conceived similar suspicions to those of his companion. He had not, it is true, like Lussac, been guilty of any indiscretion endangering his own interests, but his pockets were filled with important papers, and the avowal of his companion appeared to him now only an adroit trick to inspire him with confidence. Keeping at as great a distance as possible from each other, the two travelers watched each other's movements. At last, a marsh coming in the way, forced them into immediate contact on a narrow path. Their alarm and distrust went on increasing. Mallaquet raised his hand to wipe his brow, bathed with perspiration. Lussac then stopped, thinking that he saw in his companion's hand an instrument of murder. However, to brace his courage a little, he likewise raised his hand to take a pinch of snuff. Mallaquet, seeing this, stooped down to the muddy ground to escape the expected pistol-shot.

After some time passed in the anguish of these mutual suspicions, Lussac determined to give utterance to his dread in words.

"We must," said he, "be thoroughly on our guard here. It is the very demon himself who has throw us thus on the high road in the middle of the night.—Fortunately if we meet with any misfortune or attack there is nothing to be found on me but empty pockets."

"Indeed," replied Mallaquet, "you surely forgot the fifteen thousand francs which you have with you."

"Oh! that was all nonesense," cried Lussac; "my words on this point were the merest wind; of course I was only joking."

This speech did not fail to increase the terror of Mallaquet.

"Well, whatever happens," he said, after a few moment's hesitation, "I am determined not to yield till I have fired my pistol as often as I can."

"Pistol!" exclaimed Lussac; "but do you not know that it is forbidden to carry arms?"

"Forbidden, do you say?" continued Mallaquet, assuming an air of great courage: "there are resolute fellows, however, who do not much regard—who, in fact, laugh at—such prohibitions."

This conversation was interrupted by the trot of a horse; the rider was a postillion, who told our travellers that they had gone astray, and they had, at least, a walk of two hours to the nearest posting-station. Both, more alarmed than ever, sought relief in furious oaths.

Presently a carriage passed: Mallaquet and Lussac rushed towards it. Lussac wanted to get up behind, but the coachman struck him so fiercely with his whip, that he was forced to let go his hold.—Behold our travelers, then, dragging their weary limbs anew along the highroad.

A light gleamed in the distanse. Our travelers, drowned in perspiration and crushed by fatigue, marched towards the spot where the light was shining. It was a village; everyhody had gone to bed; but they at last succeeded in discovering an inn.

Fresh mishap! All the rooms were occupied; but the landlord, yielding after awhile to their passionate requests, gave them the room which he had reserved for himself. Hungry and weary, however, the two companions felt the irresistable need for some food. The delay caused by the repast was marked by an absolute silence; and in nearly the same silence Mallaquet and Lussac prepared with their exhausted frames to taste the sweets of repose.

"The moment I am in bed," thought Mallaquet, "I shall pretend to sleep. I shall even snore with tolerable emphasis if needful; but shall keep myself alert for whatever may occur.

As for M. Lussac, after having slipped his portfolio under his pillow, wished his companion good night, and blown out the candle, he placeed himself as cosily in the bed as he could, but kept his eyes fixed on the darkness in the corner of the room where the brigand was.

Two hours passed away, marked by the most complete immobility on both sides.—The first feeble light of the dawn was beginning to peep through, when M. Lussac perceived his neighbor rising with precaution, and approaching his own bed on tiptoe. Mallaquet then stooped down over M. Lussac's face. M. Lussac's heart beat like a steam-engine. Fortunately, however, he had his knife opened and ready under the bed-clothes. He asked himself whether he ought not to be beforehand with the assassin. But a little cowardice, and the excess of his emotion, forced him to wait, without stirring, the development of events. M. Mallaquet again gathered some assurance from the air of tranquility which he who deemed himself a victim, simulated. He went back to bed with contented heart. And the result was, that neither of the travelers having slept, but neither of them also having suffered any greater harm than a good fright, they set out in the course of the morning arm-in-arm for Rouen, became intimate friends, and ended by forming a commercial partnership. The house Mallaquet and Company still prospers at Paris, and each of the partners amuses himself with telling the singular circumstances which led to their business relations. It is never, however, without emotion that M. Mallaquet hears M. Lussac speaking of the moment when the knife was kept ready under the bed-clothes for a fatal-stab

THE PERSEVERING BACHELOR.

Mr. Peter Robinson was a bachelor, stout, and almost forty. Peter had never loved but once, and the adoration of his heart had been bestowed upon Miss Lucy Poppleton: but alas; Peter had failed to express his passion at the proper moment, or, in other words, had failed to come to time, and one day his heart was larcerated by receiving an envelope of cards, announcing that the delighted Lucy was about to become Mrs. Jimmerson Crooks.

It was a terrible blow to Peter, but he staggered up from it and still loved the object of his early passion—at a distance. Mrs. Jimmerson Crooks revelled in the delights of matrimony, leading Fashion, her husband, and Peter—at adistance—by the nose for five years, at the end of which time Mr. Jimmerson Crooks choose to depart for another sphere, leaving Mrs. Jimmerson alone to mourn her duty.

Once more Peter's heart sprung up from dust and ashes, and looked forward to the time when the alloted period of mourning should be over, and he could pour fourth the pent up agonies of five years, and ask compensation in the hand of the fair widow. One year, thought Peter, is surely enough of time. I will give her one year. Month and month rolled away until he could stand it no longer. A sickish misgiving of the evils of delay drove him to precipitate the asking. When the tenth month came he sought the widow at her home, and with all the ardor of a long pent up love poured fourth his tale. The widow heard him—heard him camly unto the very end, and then, with her dilicate perfumed handkerchief pressed to her blushing cheeks, told Peter that she had only the week before promised her hand to Dr. Sickleback and oh! why did not her dear friend speak before?

A second time was Peter's heart torn into minute fragments: a second time was he sent into the world to admire—at a distance.

Time sped on, and once more Peter began to encourage hope. Perhaps Sickleback might die: he certainly had an apoplectic look, and sure enough Peter's perhaps turned out certainty, and Mrs. Doctor Theodosius Sickleback was once more a mourner. Peter had learned too bitterly the dangers of delay, to suffer any such cause to stand this time between himself and success. He would not give the widow a year, nor yet ten months—nay, not even six; but the third month he would go to her with his tale of love deferred; and so he did. We must transcribe the widow's own words when the question was popped.

"Oh! Mr. Robinson, why did you not come before? You know my esteem for you? You know that I would have set aside all other offers for you; but oh! how can I tell you—that only last evening I promised Captain Hawkins. Poor, dear sweet Hawkins! he's you intimate friend, I know; I've heard him speak so highly of you! Oh, why did you not speak before?"

And so Mrs. Doctor Theodosius Sickleback was transformed into Mrs. Jonathan Hawkins; and Peter was once more left to admire—at a distance.

Still Peter waited and hoped. Something might turn up, he urged, and then he would not allow himself to be too late and something did turn up, the something being nothing more or less that the redoubtable Captain, who turned up missing, having fallen over board from the steamboat while out on a target excursion with his company, and sunk like a stone, owing undoubtedly, to the ponderous nature of his responsibilities.

The suddenness of this exit, as Peter urged, must certainly act with depressing force on the widow, and though he would not give her again time to recover and be admired, still etiquette demanded a little time to intervene. Accordingly when, upon the tenth day after the melancholy berevement, Peter knocked at the widow's door, bent upon his errand of love, he rather chuckled to himself that he was taking time by the forelock. The business on which he came was quietly told, and once more the widow was in a torrent of tears.

"Oh, Mr. Robinson," she exclaimed, hiding her face in her cambric, "why are you so unfortunate, and why am I? You know my esteem for you, but you are too late. I am already engaged. You know Counselor Ketcham?—my poor, dear, dead and gone Hawkins' most intimate friend. He was with aim, you know, when he was called away, and was the first to communicate to me the awful intelligence. He was such a comforter, and I am promised to him this day two months."

This time Peter was crushed. He had no words to express his broken heartedness, but to rush from the house and go as before, admiring at a distance.

It was months before Peter ever offered to encourage hope, and even then it flickered. One day he was walking in despondent mood through one of the upper avenues, when he heard a sudden shout, and started. From a half-finished building just in front of him, he saw, as he raised his eyes, a stout Milesian making gyrations in the air, from a hight of three stories, in company with a coping stone weighing somewhat less than half a ton—the two having slipped together from a scaffolding at that hight. He saw both Milesian and stone strike full upon the heads of two gentlemen passing, and the whole four were in an instant mixed in an inextricable heap. Like all the other spectators, Peter rushed to the rescue, only to behold, between horror and joy, the last gasp of Counselor Ketcham, and the gentleman who was walking with him, and the perfect safety of the Milesian and stone.

This time Peter would trust no more passing of time. Without an instant's delay, more than to satisfy himself that life was extinct, he hailed a passing hack, and then sped to the mansion of the widowed Mrs. Counselor Ketcham. In words of the most delicate and endearing nature Peter communicated his intelligence to the widow, and waited the result, and then, between her sobs and tears, claimed her hand for the next set.

"Oh, Mr. Robinson," sobbed the widow, "how can you ask me such a thing? How could I know that you would be the first to bring me the news of my dear Ketcham's decease? You know how I esteem and respect you, but I—am already engaged!"

"Engaged!" shrieked Peter, 'to whom?"

"I promised," responded the widow, between her sobs, "I promised a month ago—that if anything happened—I would marry Col. Snapper."

"You did!" shouted Peter, his whole appearance changing in an instant from that of a fiend to a look of unbridled joy, "and who are you engaged to after that?"

"No one," sighed the widow.

"Will you swear this," said Peter.

"I swear it," responded the widow, solemnly.

"And will you marry me after Snapper is gone?"

"I will said," the widow.

"Do you swear it?" asked Peter fiercely.

"I swear it," said the widow earnestly.

"Then you are mine, charming Lucy, for the stone that ushered the Counselor into the next world also took the Colonel. I saw it with my own eyes."

The next moment the widow was in Peter's arms, and they were married in a month.

A MINNESOTA LAW SUIT.

The following from the Lacrosse, *Democrat* Wis., for an actual fact, is the richest within our knowledge.

"In the semi-rural district of Winona, forty miles north of this city, on the Minnesota side of the Mississippi river, lives, among several other people, a jolly good fellow of a Justice of the Peace, whose ideas of matters are much like the current of a deep river. Once started in a deep river it is hard to turn them. On a fair day last week, after the 10x12 dispensary had been swept, after the chairs had been set in a short row against the side of the office, and sundry whipped quids of tobacco and mutilated segar stumps had been kicked under the stove, there was a wooden step on the stairs, and a vigorous knock at the door."

"Come in," said the Justice, as he settled into a legal look so befitting a man of law duly elected to dispense the favors of the blind goddess.

A stout woman entered. She had on a short woolen dress, wooden soled shoes, spotted red cheeks, black hair, and eyes that snapped like the lock of a shot gun. In Portugese accent, and in the worst possible English, she said:

"You law man?"

"Yes, madam; be seated."

"Want paper. Want paper to take man."

Just then a stout French half-breed entered the room. He was unable to speak a half-dozen words, and looked either scared or bashful. The Judge saw at once that there was a marriage to come off, and said to the woman, who stood with compressed lips watching the Justice and the door:

"Want paper to take this man?"

"Yes, want paper. Me teach him.—(Nice woman, thought the Justice.) He no good man. Me take him so quick as I can."

"All right, my covies—fix you in the jerk of a lamb's tail?" said the Justice, as he turned to the man and said:

"You know this woman—can you take her?"

The man shook his head and muttered intelligible words.

"Ah! I see. Can't talk English.—Well, never mind."

He ran into the street, invited a few friends up stairs, and on returning with them said to the woman:

"You want to take this man for better or for worse?"

"Yes—me want to take him—me pay!"

"All right."

Then turning to the man, who stood trembling, he said:

"You take this woman for better or for worse, and promise to keep her, &c.

"*Umph!*" and several nods of the head.

Then in the name of the law, and by virtue of the authority in me vested, I pronounce you man and wife. And he stepped forward before the woman could say a word, and kissed her red lips.

Slap came her hand in his face, and she clutched his hair. The new husband jumped in to take the woman away, and to protect her, as the Judge supposed, when, in self preservation, she hit him a rap on the nose. The woman pitched into the new husband, who, in turn, pitched into her, and for about five or ten minutes there was a general bustling, and a display of legs, garters, and things decidedly astonishing.

At last, the parties were separated—when the man and woman took another turn at each other, the blood and hair flying in all directions. Down came the stove, over went the table, clatter went the chairs, and into the street like mad went the Justice with a black eye, and the bosom of his shirt looking like a warranty deed covered with red seals.

A crowd rushed up stairs and found the man and woman lying on the floor, hugging each other like bruins, their legs and arms mixed up worse than tomato vines, the woman on top!

The newly married couple were separated when through the aid of two interpreters it was discovered that the night before, the parties, occupying adjoining shanties in the lower part of the town, had got into a quarrel over a stove pipe, which was claimed by both, and from words they had come to blows. Each party had hastened to the Justice's office in the morning for a warrant for the other, with the result stated as above.—The last news from there was that the parties had gone in search of another Justice to unmarry them, and the genial cause of their terrible squabble was bathing his bunged eye in camphor and whiskey.

A MAN SAVED FROM THE GALLOWS BY MARRIAGE.—The case of Patrick Nagle, an Irishman, charged with rape, was called on. The girl, a very interesting person, came into court. Much interest was excited, and a great number of persons were present to hear the trial. The man, a rather good-looking fellow, seemed to be deeply in fear of the danger that surrounded him. Mr. James O'Rielly, of Kingston, appeared for the defence; Sir Henry Smith for the Crown. When the case was called, Mr. O'Rielly "challenged the array" of jurors, evidently for the purpose of throwing the case over until the next Assizes, he having stated previously that the man was desirous of marrying the girl, and, no doubt would be able to do so, she being willing. In that case the crown would have no evidence against her husband. Mr. O'Rielly's challenge was allowed, and the trial of the case was therefore adjourned till the next court, on the ground that the jury were only summoned from the city of Ottawa and the township of Gloucester, and should have been taken from the whole county and not from any particular locality. It was suggested by the learned counsel for the defence the prisoner was willing to marry the girl, and made an application to admit him to bail. The Judge stated that if the girl would consent to marry him, and he could be assured of the security of the man, he would grant the application. Upon Mr. O'Reilly giving the necessary assurance to the Court, bail was taken and the man and girl left the court to go before a clergyman to have the knot tied. We understand that the learned counsel was present, and thus by his ingiunity saved his client; for, no doubt, if the prisoner had been tried, he would have been found guilty. Thus a man was saved from the gallows, and got a wife in the bargain!—*Ottawa Citizen*

A POPULAR DANISH STORY.—In the village of Ebberup in Funen, there lived a very wealthy farmer, who had to go one day to Assens with a load of barley; so one of his neighbors a cottager, asked to go along with him for the sake of fetching home some goods in the empty cart. The farmer had no objection, so the cottager followed the cart on foot, and as it was a very hot day, he pulled off his worsted stockings and wooden shoes, and stuffed them under the back of the cart. It was Sunday, and they had to pass close by a church on the roadside. The man had got a little way behind the cart, so he could hear that the minister was in the pulpit. It struck him that, as the farmer was driving very slow, he might as well turn in and hear a bit of the sermon, he could soon make up to the cart again.—He did not like to go so far in that the minister could see him, so he stood inside the door. The Gospel for that day was about the rich man and the beggar. Just as the traveller entered the church the minister shouted out. "But what became of the rich man?" The Ebberup man thought the minister was speaking of him, and he stepped forward and said. "He drove on to Assens with a load of barley." "No!" thundered the minister, "he went to hell." "Murder on me!" thought the Ebberup man, "I must look after my shoes and stockings!" and he ran out of the church.