The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1864. NO. 2.

Call and "See It!"

Corner of Harriet and Julia Sts., East Altoona.

CASH!—CASH!!—CASH!!!

NOTWITHSTANDING the rapid advance of every article of trade, the undersigned have determined to REDUCE THEIR PRICES on their entire stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS, SHOES, &C., &C.,

On and after January 11th 1864.

In order to enable them to do so successfully, they will sell exclusively for CASH. We will not pretend to say that we are adopting this system solely for your benefit—but long experience in business teaches us that the benefits will be reciprocal.

We will not intrude by giving long lists of reductions that we intend to make, but respectfully invite you to call and examine our stock. Tell us you have the Cash, and you will certainly go away satisfied that you have found THE PLACE. We are determined to sell a little lower than the lowest, "lest we should do it on half rations."

☞ To our prompt-paying patrons on the old system, we can say that if you will continue your patronage on the new system, our word for it, it will prove more to your advantage than our own. Those who have not been so punctual, may yet be able to "see it."

☞ We keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Family Flour, Buckwheat Flour, Corn Flour, Feed, &c.,

All of which we have facilities for selling at prices which defy competition. TRY US.

Altoona, Jan. 13, 1864. D. M. BARE & CO.

SAVE THE PER CENTAGE

BY BUYING YOUR

CLOTHING FROM FIRST HANDS.

ETTINGER & TUCK, Manufacturers of and Wholesale and 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 largest quantity 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 on by middle men.

3rd. We sell our Clothing at a reasonable percentage over the cost of our Cloths, 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 said Clothiers' percentage.

We have branch Stores in

ALTOONA AND JOHNSTOWN,

where goods may be had at the same figures at which we sell 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 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
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. 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 Fries' 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 and for sale 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.

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.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Long ago two shining angels,
Found a home upon our shore,
And our fathers bade them welcome,
Joyful welcome evermore;
Shouts and songs of glad thanksgiving,
Loud arose from every home,
From the lips of maid and matron,
Grey-haired sire and stalwart son.

Swords were laid aside of broken,
Every sound of war must cease,
For one angel that they welcomed,
Bore the gentle name of Peace.
And the other bright winged seraph,
Soon proclaimed our country free:
For she bade our fathers glory
In her name, 'twas Liberty.

Like an heir-loom to our nation,
Handed down from sire to son,
Linked forever in our memory
With the name of Washington.
These two angels still were with us,
And in union we were strong,
Never dreaming but forever
Right would triumph over wrong.

Thousands came from every nation,
And beneath our flag they found
Safety from the stern oppression,
That at home such action bound.
Plenty reigned and we were happy,
In the mansion and the cot.
Rommed the angels, and forever,
Coming sorrows were forgot.

But a cloud was in the distant,
Other hands were at the wheel,
Blinded by their own ambition,
They forgot their country's weal.
Darker grew the cloud, and darker,
'Twas the winding sheet of Peace.
Mad fanatics hailed its coming,
Even as a glad release.

Every gift their father's gave them,
They would trample in the dust,
Shut their doors upon the angels,
Let them leave us, as they must,
Burst the cloud, and Peace had vanished,
All our glory with her died,
And upon war's bloody alter,
Liberty was crucified.

Brother against brother turning
Grasped the swords so long laid by.
Each one to himself repeating,
We must conquer or must die.
And on many a field of battle,
Where once stood the waving grain,
By the hand of brothers murdered,
Lie the thousand of the slain.

From the widowed hearts of thousands,
From the mother's heaving breast,
From the orphan's lonely pillow,
Comes the weary wail for rest;
Rest from grief, the heart o'er laden,
Sinks beneath its heavy load;
All they loved is gone, and lonely
Now they walk life's weary road.

"God of mercy! wilt thou never
Send deliverance from afar?"
Stay the tide of human passion,
Stay the iron heel of war.
Liberty and Peace returning,
Like the sunlight after storm,
That a nation's voice may gladly,
Hail their resurrection morn. JENNIE.

ST. PAUL, December 14th, 1863.

Select Miscellany.

THE PUSHING GIRL PUNISHED.

"She's a naughty, wicked girl! I don't like her—I don't! I shall hate her Oh-o-o-h," fretted little Hester Bliss as she turned into the yard crying bitterly. Oh-o-o-h-h-h, she's the worst girl—"

"Hester," said Mrs. Bliss in her softest, most soothing tone, coming to meet her, "what makes you cry, dear?"

"That naughty pushing girl hurt me—pushed me right down 'gainst my dinner pail, only see," and the little girl took off her hat and showed a bloody forehead, and fell to crying again harder than before. Her mother led her tenderly to the water and bathed away the blood, then laid a wet cloth on the slight wound, and took her little daughter on her lap. She did not say anything for a few minutes, but wiped away the fast coming tears, and pressed her cheek lovingly against the pretty brown curls. After a while Hester's tears ceased, and she looked into her mother's face shily, for somehow she felt that mamma was sorry for something besides the hurt forehead.

"Isn't it ever so wicked to push folks down, mamma?" she asked, catching her breath with a half sob.

"It is very wrong, dear; but what did you do that made Susie push you down?"

"Nothing said little Hester, starting up and speaking earnestly. "I didn't do one thing. She told me to sing, and I didn't want to, and then she pushed me right down," and the poor child drew a long, tremulous sigh.

"Why didn't you wish to sing, dear?"

"'Cause she *laughs* at me." And the sensitive little one shrank down against her mother's shoulders, as if she felt the sting of that unkind laugh even then.—Mrs. Bliss drew her closer to her bosom, and pressed kiss after kiss on the flushed cheek.

"She pushes everybody, mamma! O she's the very naughtiest—"

"I wouldn't talk about her, darling."

"But you don't think a good girl would push me down and hurt me, do you mamma?"

"No, indeed!" hiding a half smile behind the brown curls. "But Hester, dear, we must not mind so much what *others* do; it is what wrong we ourselves do that should trouble us. The push that Susie gave you would have done little harm had you not suffered it to arouse angry, bitter, revengeful feelings; those made you unhappy. Go up into your little room now, my love, and ask God to forgive you and Susie too."

Susie was, indeed, as little Hester had said a wicked girl. She took delight in pushing everybody that she could, especially those not as strong as herself.—If they stood by the brook she pushed them in, wetting shoes and feet. She pushed children against seats, door, stove, wall, or anything else, and caused a deal of discomfort at school, and sometimes positive injury. But Susie got pushed herself, one day, severely enough to teach her better habits. I will tell you how it happened.

There was a pasture adjoining the school-yard, and a pet lamb named Tommy was put into it a few days after Susie pushed little Hester on to her dinner pail. It was a district where sheep are seldom seen, save when they were driven past by butchers, all covered with dust and dirt. But Tommy was large, and white, and beautiful, and the school children liked very much to look at him while he fed along steadily behind the cows. One day he came down with the cows when some of the girls were at the brook. Susie and Hester were among them. The girls started to run away, but Susie declared she was not afraid of a lamb, and as Tommy drew near she threw up her hands to drive him away. Whether he wished to play I cannot say, but he instantly drew back, arched his neck proudly, and jumped, pushing Susie so hard that she went on to her knees, as she said, "before she knew it." She scrambled up, but before she got fairly to her feet Tommy pushed her again, and down she went, but jumped up quickly and tried to reach the stone wall, but the frolicsome pet gave her another "push" that sent her headlong against a rock, by which fall her chin was sadly cut, and her arm and shoulder badly bruised. The boys set up an unkind shout, and the girls whispered among themselves. "Just good enough for her;" "served her right;" wonder if she'll push us again in a hurry." But little Hester went to the wall and helped Susie over. At night Hester recounted the whole affair to her mother, who was sadly perplexed by the tone and manner of her little girl; for, while it was by no means triumphant, it was far too animated to be a token of pity, so she asked—

"And weren't you sorry to have poor Susie hurt so?"

"Why no, mamma," said Hester, very solemnly, "because I suppose that is the way God sent to *punish* her for punishing all of us girls; so I oughtn't to be sorry, you see; but I wet my handkerchief and put it on her chin, and told her if she wouldn't cry I'd give her every one of my nuts that Dick Foster gave me, and when she was cracking them on the wall, and the girls begged for some, she didn't push them away at all; so I guess she won't ever push folks again."

The mother had nothing more to say.

FAITH.—Recently a backslider from temperance, who was in a condition somewhat mellow' found himself at a gathering of sober people at Benny's, and attempted to address them—'Brethren!' said he; 'I've been thinking of that passage which says, 'If you only have faith like a mountain, you can tip over a grain of mustard seed—hic—most any time.'

☞ The other day we passed two little blue-nosed, shivering boot-blacks, waiting for customers on the street corner' Like true specimens of 'Young America,' they occupied the time in discussing principles, and we chanced to hear one—a defiant youngster of not more than a dozen years—assert himself thus—'I'll give a dollar to have my rights, if they ain't worth more'n two cents!'

☞ A French gentleman, who was caressing a dog one day, remarked, "I love de dogs, de cats, de sheep, de pigs, and in short anything that is beastly."

THE YOUTH AND THE NORTHWIND; A FAIRY TALE, ABOUT A TABLE-CLOTH, GOAT AND CUDGEL

[*From the Norwegian.*]

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Once on a time—'twas long ago—
There lived a worthy dame
Who sent her son to fetch some flour,
For she was old and lame.

But while he loitered on the road,
The Northwind chanced to stray
Across the careless younker's path,
And stole the flour away.

"Alas! what shall we do for bread?"
Exclaimed the weeping lad;
"The flour is gone!—the flour is gone!—
And it was all we had!"

And so he sought the Northwind's cave,
Beside the distant main;
"Good Mister Boreas!"—said the lad,
"I want my flour again!

'Twas all we had to live upon—
My mother old and I;
O give us back the flour again,
Or we shall surely die!"

"I have it not;" the Northwind growled,
"But for your lack of bread,
I give to you this table-cloth;
'Twill serve you well instead;

For you have but to spread it out,
And every costly dish
Will straight appear at your command,
Whatever you may wish."

The lad received the magic cloth,
With wonder and delight,
And thanked the doner heartily,
As well, indeed, he might.

Returning homeward, at an Inn
Just half his journey through,
He fain must show his table-cloth,
And what the cloth could do.

So while he slept, the knavish host
Went slyly to the bed,
And stole the cloth—but shrewdly placed
Another in its stead.

Unknowing what the rogue had done,
The lad went on his way,
And came unto his journey's end
Just at the close of day.

He showed the dame his table-cloth,
And told her of its power;
"Good sooth," he cried, "'twas well for us
The Northwind stole the flour!"

"Perhaps,"—exclaimed the cautious crone,
"The story may be true;
'Tis mighty little good, I ween,
Your table cloth can do!"

And now the younker spread it forth,
And tried the spell—alas!
'Twas but a common table-cloth,
And nothing came to pass.

Then to the Northwind, far away,
He sped with might and main;
"Your table-cloth is good for nought:
I want my flour again!"

"I have it no:"—the Northwind growled,
"But, for your lack of bread,
I give to you this little goat,
'Twill serve you well instead;

For you have but to tell him this:—
'Make money! Master Bill!'
And he will give you golden coins,
As many as you will!"

The lad received the magic goat,
With wonder and delight,
And thanked the donor heartily,
As well, indeed, he might.

Returning homeward, at the Inn,
Just half his journey through;
He fain must show his little goat,
And what the goat could do.

So while he slept, the knavish host
Went slyly to the shed,
And stole the goat—but shrewdly placed
Another in its stead.

Unknowing what the rogue had done,
The youth went on his way,
And reached his weary journey's end
Just at the close of day.

He showed the dame his magic goat,
And told her of his power;
"Good sooth," he cried, "'twas well for us
The Northwind stole the flour!"

"I much misdoubt," the dame replied
"Your wondrous tale is true;
'Tis little good, for hungry folks,
Your silly goat can do!"

"Good master Bill!" the lad exclaimed,
"Make money!"—but, alas!—
'Twas nothing but a common goat,
And nothing came to pass!

Then to the Northwind, angrily,
He sped with might and main;
"Your foolish goat is good for nought;
I want my flour again!"

"I have it not," the Northwind growled,
"Nor can I give you ought,
Except this cudgel—which, indeed,
A magic charm has got;

For you have but to tell it this:
'My cudgel!—hit away!'
And, till you bid it stop again,
The cudgel will obey!"

Returning home, he stopt at night
Where he had lodged before;
And feighning to be fast asleep,
He soon began to snore.

And when the host would steal the staff,
The sleeper muttered, "Stay—
I see what you would fain be at;
Good cudgel!—hit away!"

The cudgel thumped about his ears,
Till he began to cry,
"O stop the staff, for mercy's sake!
Or I shall surely die!"

But still the cudgel thumped away
Until the rascal said,
"I'll give you back the cloth and goat,
O spare my broken head!"

And so it was the lad reclaimed
His table-cloth and goat;
And, growing rich, at length became
A man of famous note.

He kept his mother tenderly,
And cheered her waning life;
And married—as you may suppose—
A princess for a wife;

And while he lived, had ever near,
To favor worthy ends,
A cudgel for his enemies,
And money for his friends!

CHANGES WROUGHT BY WAR.

In "Cudjo's Cave," a war novel by J. T. Trowbridge, well known as a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, we find the following beautiful paragraph:

"How many a beloved, 'good-for-nothing' has gone from our streets and firesides, to reappear far off in a vision of glory! The school-fellows know not their comrade; the mother knows not her own son. The stripling, whose outgoing and incoming were so familiar to us—impulsive, fun loving, a little vain, a little selfish, apt to be cross when the supper was not ready, apt to come late and make you cross when the supper was ready and waiting—who ever guessed what nobleness was in him! His country called, and he rose up a patriot. The fatigue of marches, the hardships of camp and bivouac, the hard fare, the injustice that that must be submitted to, all the terrible trials of the body's strength and the soul's patient endurance—these he bore with the superb buoyancy of spirit which denotes the hero. Who was it that caught up the colors, and rushed forward with them into the thick of the battle, the fifth man who attempted it had been shot down? Not the village loafer, who used to go about the streets dressed so shabbily? Yes, the same. He fell, covered with wounds and glory. The rusty and seemingly useless instrument we saw hang so long idle on the walls of society, none dreamed to be a trumpet of sonorous note until the soul came and blew a blast. And what has become of that white-gloved, purfumed, handsome cousin of yours, devoted to his pleasures, weary even of those—to whom life, with all its luxuries, had become a bore? He fell in the trenches at Wagner. He had distinguished himself by his daring, his hardi-hood, his fiery love of liberty. When the nation's alarm beat, his manhood stood erect; he shook himself; all past frivolities were no more than dust to the name of this young lion. The war has proved useful if only in this, that it has developed the latent heroism in our young men, and taught us what is in humanity, in our fellows, in ourselves.—Because it has called into action all this generosity and courage, if for no other cause, let us forgive its cruelty, though the chair of the beloved one be vacant, the bed unslept in and the hand cold that penned the letters in that sacred drawer, which cannot even now be opened without grief."

FREAKS OF A MAD COW.

Late yesterday afternoon a cow made her appearance on Baltimore street, near South, and in a few minutes her actions caused considerable excitement. A man was driving her through the city, and unused to the sight of so many vehicles, she soon became excited, and ran at a lady, but without doing any harm. Immedately some two or three hundred persons gathered, and by their hooting so completely enraged the animal that she attacked any who fell in her way or attempted to check her passage through the street. She ran up Baltimore street as far as Calvert, where she met a man with a wheelbarrow' on which were several matresses, and contented herself by pusing her horns through the matresses and tossing them into the street. She thed returned and ran up North street, to Fayette, and into the yard of the new United States court house, but came out again immediately, followed by the crowd, which turned her head towards it. At the corner of Baltimore and North streets she rushed at a colored man, and catching him on her horns threw him on the street, and passed westward. The colored man was terribly frightened, but not injured. The cow continued her course up Baltimore street; and when near Light, rushed upon a young man named John S. Reed a clerk to Major-General Butler, and gored him in the left arm, near the shoulder, causing a painful wound about three inches in length, and penetrating nearly to the bone. He was removed to the drug store of Coleman & Rogers, where the wound was dressed, after which he went to the Newton University Hospital. The animal kept on her course, and at the corner of Charles street ran at a lady who was leading a little boy by the hand. In her effort to escape she fell, just as the cow dashed at her, and the little boy's face was considerably bruised by his head striking against the curb stone. They were both taken to a drug store, when it was founed that neither of them had sustained serious injury. At the corner of Harbver street, policeman Frost shot the animal, and he found it necessary to shoot five balls into her before she could be brought to the ground.—*Baltimore Sun, Feb. 9th.*

A GOOD STORY.

During Robert Heller's late brilliant engagement in Pittsburgh, the fame and excellence of his entertainments attracted all classes of people—the musical and refined, the millionarie and merchant prince, the mechanic and the artizan; in fact every class of society found its representatives within the theatre each night of his performence.

One evening a genuine specimen of the genus verdant, with his girl on his arm, presented himself at the box office and demanded—

"What's the tax to the show?"

"Fifty cents," politely answered the ticket seller.

"Well, I guess I won't back out anyhow—here's your tin."

Receiving his tickets, greeny entered, dragging the young lady by the hand.—This peculiarity, and the oddity of their dress, soon made them the observed of all observers. Heller shortly after commenced his illusions, which were wondered at with eyes and mouth wide open by our rustic pair—he occasionally ejaculating in pretty loud tones, "Thunder," while she would exclaim, "Mercy, ain't it queer!"

Feat after feat was presented, and received with the plaudist of the audience, until the introduction of the "Aerial Bell," a glass bell suspended by a simple cord from the centre of the ceiling, and used in answering questions. After the usual performance with it, the question was asked:

"Is anybody in the house in love, wishes to get married?"

"Yes."

"Pray tell what part of the [illegible] they are in?"

The bell immediately designated [illegible] rustics, who sat looking at one another as a pair of doves, apparently oblivio[illegible] their own happiness, to all surroun[illegible]

"Are they engaged?"

"No."

"Will they ever be?"

"Yes."

"When will it take place?"

"To-night."

During these questions and [illegible] our rustic had been gradually ope[illegible] himself out like a jack-knife, and now [illegible]tained his full attitude; when pullin[illegible] his shirt collar, and stirring up his [illegible] of flax colored hair, he exclaimed, b[illegible] less with joy and excitement:

"Say, say, you mister! jest a[illegible] thing if Nancy Jane and me is [illegible] spliced together, and if he says [illegible] give you the best horse in Butler [illegible] and call our first boy after you"

Shouts, yells and peals of laug[illegible] followed this announcement, an[illegible] Jane, suffused with blushes, p[illegible] coat tail, and begged him in her [illegible] treating manner:

"Now, do, Ike, please sit d[illegible] you, now?"

Ike, however, too much elated with his success, and unmindful of all around, stretched his body as far as possible over the balustrade, and in a voice audible in every corner of the house, cried out:

"Dod rot it, mister, do jest that thing to say yes, and dog my cats and buttons if I don't call all my babies, boys and girls, after you, and lick anybody that says grass to you, to boot."

You can readily imagine the entertainment was short that night, and when over, the happy couple were made still happier, as the minister made them one for life, in the presence of Robert Heller.

A FAST MAN.—A few weeks since, one Thomas Jones, a soldier recently enlisted in the 15th U. S. infantry, hired a horse and buggy at Harrisburg, for the purpose of going to Marietta, where he said he resided. He drove as far as Middletown where the buggy broke down. Abandoning the broken vehicle he mounted the horse and drove on to Marietta where he hired a two horse buggy and another horse from Dr. Cushman. Becoming acquainted with a female in Marietta, to whom he introduced himself as Capt. Scovel, he induced her to accompany him in a drive to Lancaster. Upon the arrival there of the twain they proceeded to Cormane's tavern in South Queen street, and secured the services of a minister who united them in the bonds of matrimony. A splendid supper was ordered, which was served up in the best style, and the newly married couple retired to their hymenial coach.

Early next morning the *soi-distant* Capt. Scovel concluded to take a walk; but unfortunately for the future welfare of his bride forgot to return, leaving her to foot the bill for the supper, &c. Dr. C[illegible] who had become alarmed at the co[illegible] absence of his horse and vehicle instituted a search for his property and soon [illegible] out its whereabouts and obtained po[illegible]sion of it, together with the horse [illegible] Scovel *alias* Jones had hired in Har[illegible] The 'deserted wife' returned to M[illegible]

☞ One hundred thousand [illegible] homestead lands were taken up [illegible] broke during the month of Dec[illegible]