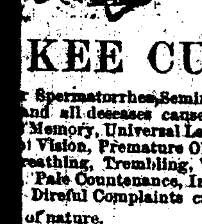
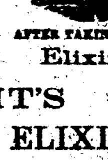
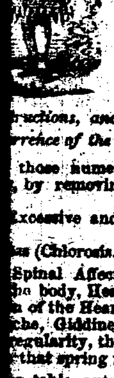
... for the Unfortunate!
LONG SOUGHT FOR
...VERED AT LAST

...KEE REMEDY
—AND—
...EE INJECTION
...from Barks, Roots & Leaves.
...MEDY, the great Indian Diuretic ... the various organs, such as Incontinence ... inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation ... in the Bladder, Stricture, Gravel, ... and is especially recommended in those ... (or Whites in females) where all the ... have failed.
... highly concentrated form, the dose ... two teaspoonfuls three times per day, ... alterative in its action; purifying ... causing it to flow in all of its orig... ; thus removing from the system all ... have induced disease.
...ECTION is intended as an ally or as... Remedy, and should be used in ... medicine in all cases of Gonorrhœa, ... Whites. Its effect are healing sooth... removing all scalding, heat, chordee ... the burning and almost unendurable ... with nearly all the cheap quack
...kee Remedy and Cherokee Injection ... at the same time—all improper dis... and the weakened organs are speedi... and strength.
... get our pampelet from any drug ... or write to us and we will mail free ... treatise.
...emedy, $2 per bottle, or three bot...
...ection, $2 per bottle or three bottles
... any address on receipt of price. ...everywhere.
DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO., Sole Proprietors No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.
...HE GREAT
...N MEDICINE
...OUNDED FROM


...KEE CURE!
... Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness ... and all diseases caused by self-pol... Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pains ... Vision, Premature Old Age, Weak ... Breathing, Trembling, Wakefulness, ... Pale Countenance, Insanity, Con... Direful Complaints caused by de... of nature.
...imple vegetable extract, and one on ... it has been used in our practice for ... thousand treated, it has not failed in ... curative powers have been sufficient ... most stubborn case.
...rifled with their constitution until ... beyond the reach of medical aid, we ... the CHEROKEE CURE will re... vigor, and after all quack doctors
... get a Circular from any Drug ... or write the Proprietors, who will ... desiring the same, a full treatise in
... or three bottles for $5, and forwar... ... of the world.
... druggists everywhere.
DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO., Sole Proprietors, No. 59 Liberty Street, New York.

AFTER TAKING THE Elixir.
...WRIGHT'S
...TING ELIXIR!
...ENCE OF LIFE.
...VEGETABLE EXTRACTS, CONTAINING ...US TO THE MOST DELICATE.
...lixir is the result of modern discov... kingdom being an entirely new ... of cure, irrespective of all the old;
... tested by the most eminent med... by them pronounced to be one of ... coveries of the age.
...eneral Debility. ...terics in Females. ...tation of the heart. ...e organs of regeneration. ...tles restores the manliness and full ...e appetite. ... worst cases of Impotency. ... low spirited. ...ntal power. ... rose to the cheek. ... to manly vigor and robust health ... rn-down and despairing devotee of
... youth, the over-tasked man of ... nervous depression, the individual ... debility, or from weakness of a sin... immediate and permanent relief by ... Essence of Life.
... three bottles for $5, and forwar... ... of money, to any address.
...verywhere.
Dr. W. R. MERWIN & Co., ... 59 Liberty Street, New York.
...KEE PILLS!
COATED

REGULATOR,
Preserver
AND SAFE.
...ructions, and the Insurance of ...rrence of the Monthly Periods.
... those numerous diseases that ... by removing the irregularity
...xcessive and Painful Menstru...
...s (Chlorosis.)
... Spinal Affections, pains in the ... body, Heaviness, Fatigue on ... of the Heart, Lowness of Spir... ...che, Giddiness, etc., etc. In a ... regularity, they remove the cause ... that spring from it.
...getable extracts, they contain ... constitution, however delicate, ... substitute strength for weakness, ... they never fail to do.
... at any age and at any period ... months, during which ... ... would infallibly prevent
... ation or advice will be promp... ...wered.
... each box. ... boxes for $5. ... on reciept of price. ... druggists.
DR. W. R. MERWIN & CO., ... Liberty Street, New York.

The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1864. NO. 21.

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' 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 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 1.37@1.50
Men's Boots 2.75@3,50
BALMORAL 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.

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.

1864. SPRING 1864.
CIRCULAR.

I take pleasure in issuing this my Spring advertisement, through which I would inform my friends and the public generally that I have just returned from the East where I have purchased a fresh Stock of

HATS AND CAPS

of the Latest Styles, and as to quality, color and price cannot fail to please all classes.

I have also bought an immense stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

the majority of which are city make and will be guaranteed. My assortment of Ladies' and Childrens' Shoes is complete, all of which, I am now offering at a small advance on wholesale prices.

The public will be greatly benefited by giving this their attention and call and examine my rtock, as I feel confident I can please all.

JAMES S. MANN, Main street, Altoona, Pa.
ap9-tf

HARDWARE!

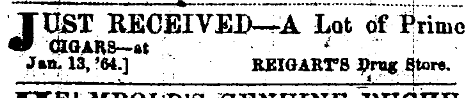
HARDWARE

CHARLES J. MANN,
DEALER IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC HARDWARE,
WOODEN WARE, BROOMS,
WINDOW SHADES,
DOOR MATS,
UPHOLSTERING GOODS,
SHOE FINDINGS,
COFFIN TRIMMINGS,
MOULDERS' TOOLS,
BIRD CAGES AND WIRE GOODS,
WINDOW GLASS,
PUTTY, WHITE LEAD, &C., &C.

☞ Every description of Goods in his line will be furnished at short notice, and at low rates for cash.

His remaining stock of DRY GOODS on hand will be closed out at remarkably low prices, in order to relinquish that branch of the business.

Agent for Willson's "Telegraph Fodder Cutter."
Altoona, May 29th, 1862.



MUSIC!—INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN on the Piano-Forte and Melodeon, by Miss M. SHOEMAKER. TERMS, $10 per quarter. No charge for the use of the Instrument. Residence on Catharine Street, West Altoona. [Jan.16, 1862.-tf.

JUST RECEIVED—A Lot of Prime CIGARS—at
Jan. 13, '64.] REIGART'S Drug Store.

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE BUCHU and Drake's Plantation Bitters, at
Jan 13, '64] REIGART'S Drug Store.

MEN AND BOYS' COATS, of every style and color, of good quality, at LAUGHMAN'S.

NEW AND IMPROVED STYLES of Trunks, Valises and Carpet-Bags, at LAUGHMAN'S.

PURE WHITE LEAD AND ZINC Paint, also Chrome, Green, Yellow, Paris Green, dry and ground oil at [1-tf.] KESSLER'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.

THE BABY'S DEATH.

Fold down its little baby hands—
This was a hope you had of old;
Fillet the brow with rosy bands,
And kiss its locks of shining gold,
Somewhere within the reach of years
Another hope may come like this;
But this poor babe is gone, in tears,
With thin white lips, cold to thy kiss.

In summer a little heap of flowers,
In winter a little drift of snow,
And this is all, through all the hours,
Of the promises perished long ago.
So every heart has one dear grave,
Close hidden under its joys and care,
Till o'er it gusts of memory wave,
And leave the little headstone bare.

Select Miscellany.

FOR FATHER'S HONOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"So much gone! I might have known how it would be!" said Mr. Stirling, looking up from the morning paper, with a most unpleasant expression on his face.

"What is gone? asked his wife.

"My money is gone," answered Mr. Sterling fretfully.

"What money?"

"That money I was foolish enough to lend Mr. Granger."

"Why do you say that?"

"He's dead," replied Mr. Sterling, coldly.

"Dead!" The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain. Sorrow overshadowed her face.

"Yes, gone, and my money with him. Here's a notice of his death I was sure when I saw him go away that he'd never come back except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients away to die?"

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!" sighed Mrs. Sterling. "What will they do?"

"As well without him as with him, was the unfeeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been over-persuaded to loan the sick clergyman, in order that he might go South during the winter.—"He's been more of a burden than a support to them these two years."

"Oh! Harvey! How can you speak so?" remonstrated Mrs. Sterling. "A kinder man in his family was never seen. Poor Mrs. Granger! She will be heartbroken."

"Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed,' coldly replied Mr. Sterling. "He would have been of more use to his family if he had clothed and fed them better. I reckon they can do without him. If I had my three hundred dollars, I wouldn't—"

But he checked for sham—not for any better feeling—the almost brutal words his heart sent up to his tongue.

Not many hundred yards from Mr. Sterling's handsome residence stood a small, plain cottage, with a garden in front neatly laid out in box-bordered walk, and filled with shrubbery. A honey suckle, twined with a running rosebush, covered the latticed portico, and looked in at the chamber windows giving living beauty and sweetness. The hand of taste was seen everywhere—not lavish, but discriminate taste. Two years before there was not a happier home than this in all the pleasant town of C—— Now the shadow of death was upon it.

Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans! Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. While her mercenary husband was sighing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless with her two little ones weeping over in childish terror. The news of death found her unprepared. Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger, in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. "I am stronger," he said. "I left home." Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change of temperature; he took cold, which was followed by congestion of the lungs; and no medical skill was sufficient for the case. His body was not sent home for interment. When the husband and father went away, two or three months before, his loved ones looked upon his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor make the heart strong. Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best felt most anxious about her. "She has no mental stamina," they said. "She can not stand alone."

But they were mistaken. As we have just said, love and honor make the heart strong. Only a week after Mr. Sterling read the news of the young minister's death he received a note from the widow.

"My husband," she said, "was able to go South in hope of regaining his health through your kindness. If he had lived, the money you loaned him would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying, he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debts is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me."

"All very fine," muttered Mr. Sterling, with a slightly curling lip. "I've heard of such things before. They sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger, "What a noble woman! What fine sense of honor she has!" But I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend her husband."

Very much to Sterling's surprise and not a little to his pleasnre, he discovered three months afterward, he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad, fragile, little woman brought him the sum of twenty-five dollars. He did not see the tears in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note with his dear familiar writing and made thereon with considerable formality, an endorsement of the sum paid. She would have given many drops of her heart's blood to have been able to clutch that document from Mr. Sterling's hands. It seemed like a blot on the dear lost one's memory.

"Katie Granger is the queerest little girl I ever knew," said Flora Temple to her mother, on the evening of the very day on which this first payment was made. Mr. Sterling heard the remark, and letting his eyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to listen.

"I think her a very nice little girl," replied her mother.

"So she is nice," returned the child; "but then she is so queer."

"What do you mean by queer?"

"Oh she isn't like the rest of us girls. She said the oddest thing to day. I almost laughed out, but I'm glad I didn't. Three of us, Katie, Lillie Bomfield, and I, were walking round the square at recess time, when Uncle Hisam came along and taking out three bright ten cent pieces, he said, "Here's a dime for each of you girls, to buy sugar plums." Lillie and I screamed out, and starting away for the candy shops in an instant but Katie still with her share of the money in her hand. "Come along" I cried. She didn't move, but looked strange and serious. "Arn't you going to buy candy with it?" I asked. Then she shook her head gravely and put the dime in her pocket, saying (I don't think she meant me to hear the words)—"It's for father's honor," and leaving us, went to the back school-room. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh she is so strange?"

"Her mother is very poor, you know," replied Mrs. Sterling, laying up Katie's singular remark to be pondered over.

"She must be" said Flora, "for Katie's the same frock to school every day for three months,"

Mr. Sterling, who didn't let a single word of the conversation escape him, was far from being as comfortable under the prospect of getting back the money he had loaned Mr. Granger, as he had felt an hour before. He understood the meaning of Katie's remark. "It's for father's honor," the truth flashing at once through his mind.

There was another period of three months and then Mrs. Granger called again on Mr. Sterling, and gave him twenty five dollars more. The pale, thin face made a stronger impression on him. It troubled him to lift the money her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transparent skin, had counted out. He wished that she had sent the money instead of calling. It was on his lips to remark, "Do not trouble or pinch yourself to pay faster than is convenient, Mrs. Granger," but cupidity whispered that she might take advantage of his considerate kindness, so he kept silent.

"No dear, it's for father's honor; I can't spend it."

Mr. Sterling was passing a fruit shop where two children were looking at the window, when this sentence struck his ears.

"An apple won't cost but a penny, Katie; and I want one so badly," answered the younger of the two children, a little girl five years of age.

"Come away, Maggie," said the other, drawing her sister away from the window.

"Don't look at them any more—don't think about them."

"But I can't help thinking, about them, sister Katie," pleaded the child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the barrel. And here was a little child pleading for an apple, which cost only a cent! but the apple was denied, because the penny must be saved to make good the dead father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge? Who took the sum total of those pennies, saved in the self-denial of little children and added to his already brimming coffers? A feeling of shame burned the cheeks of Mr. Sterling.

"Here, little ones!" he called, as the two children went slowly away from the fruit shop window. He was touched with the sober look on the sweet young faces as they turned at his invitation.

"Come in, and I'll get you some apples," he said.

Katie held back, but Maggie drew out her hand, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for the fruit.

"Come!" repeated Mr. Sterling, speaking very kindly.

The children then followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes aud happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward, and it was sweet.

Three months more, and again Mr. Sterling had a visit from the pale young widow. This time she had only twenty dollars. It was all she had been able to save, she said; but she made no excuse, and uttered no complaint. Mr Sterling took the money and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof was pleasant for he loved money. But the vision of sober childfaces was before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child-voices in his ears.

Through overtaxing toil, and the denial of herself and little ones, the poor widow had gathered this small sum, and was now paying it into his hands to make good the honorable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated, ruffling in a half absent way the edges of a little pile of bills that lay under his fingers. One thing was clear to him; he would never take anything more from the widow.—The balance of the debt must be forgiven. People would get to understand the widow's case; they would hear of her children in order to pay the husband's and father's debt, in order to keep pure his honor; and they ask naturally, who was the exacting creditor? This thought affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly, as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a large pocket book, and selected from one of the compartments a note on which Mrs. Granger had now, made three payments. For some moments he held it in his hands, looking at the face thereof. He saw written down in clear figures the sum of $300. Seventy of this had been paid. If he gave up or destroyed the slip of paper, he would lose two hundred and thirty dollars. It was something of a trial for one who loved money so well, to come up squarely to this issue.—Something fell in between his eyes and the note of hand. He did not see the writing and figures of the obligation but a sad pleading little face, and with the vision of this face came to his ears the sentence: 'No, dear, it's for father's honor.'

The debate in Mr. Stirling's mind was over. Taking up a pen he wrote across the face of Mr. Granger's note the word "Cancelled," and handed it to the widow. "What does this mean?" she asked, looking bewildered.

"It means,' said Mr. Sterling, "that I hold no obligations against your husband."

Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's thoughts became clear enough to comprehend it all. Then she replied as she reached back the note.

"I thank you for your generous kindness, but he left his honor in my keeping and I must maintain it spotless."

"That you have already done," answered Mr. Sterling, speaking through emotions that were new to him. "It is as white as snow."

Then he thrust back upon her the twenty dollars she had just paid him.

"No, Mr. Sterling," the widow said.

"It shall be as I will?" was the response. "I would rather touch fire than your money. Every dollar would burn upon my conscience like living coals."

"But keep the last payment," urged the widow. "I shall feel better."

"No, Madame! Would you throw fire upon my conscience? Your husband's honor never had a stain. All men knew him to be pure and upright. When God took him, He assumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon you the heavy burden of their payment. But he left upon you another and most sacred obligation, which you have overlooked in part."

"What?" asked the widow, in an almost startled voice.

"To minister to the wants of your children; whom you have pinched and denied in their tender years—giving their meat to cancel an obligation which death had paid. And you have made me a party in the wrong to them. "Ah, Madam!" Mr. Sterling's voice softened very much, "if we could all see right at the right time, and do right at the right time, how much of wrong and suffering might be saved! I honor your true-hearted self-devotion; but I shall be no party to its continuance. As it is, I am your debtor in the sum of fifty dollars, and will repay it in my own way and time."

Under Providence, this circumstance was the means of breaking through the hard crust of selfishness and cupidity which had formed around his heart. He was not only generous to the widow in after years, but a doer of many deeds of kindness and humanity to which he had been in other times a stranger.

A HAPPY DEVICE.—The editor of the Cleveland Herald formed one of a party of four travelling over the Pennsylvania railroad. At Altoona, in order to avoid the tobacco spitting nuisance of the train, the party endeavored to enter the ladies' car, but were politely informed that they could not be admitted unless in company with ladies. We will let the writer tell his own story:

"We, yielding to the ruling as correct; just then a gentleman bearing a band-box mounted the platform, and the key was turned in the lock without a question.—Through the window we saw the happy result of the innocent fraud, as the lucky passenger handed over the bandbox to a lady, with laughing thanks at the complete success of this happy expedient. Upon that hint one of the number spoke through the window, and out was handed the potent bandbox. Its second appearance at the door worked a like result, and the same experiment with the box three times successfully, gained entrance, unquestioned. The fourth man, and the one who had at first been repulsed, now, with a faint hope of success, bore the magic box to the car door, but the Cerebus of the car remembered faces, and for a moment hesitated, but as the bandbox was raised to his vision, stepped aside, and with, beg your pardon, sir, I did not see your bandbox, opened the car, and the triumph was complete. That bandbox power won over at least four friends to that abused article, who hereafter will not be found among its scoffers."

THE DRUNKARD'S SON.—"Mother, this bread is very hard. Why dont we have cake and nice things, as we used to when we lived in the great house? Oh, that was such a great house, mamma, and I did love to live there so. You made sweet music there, mamma, with your fingers when Pa would sing. Pa used to laugh then and take me on his knee, and say I was his own dear boy. What makes Pa sick, Ma? I wish he wasn't sick—for it makes me afraid when he stamps on the floor, and says so loud, "George go off to bed!" say, when will he get well and take me on his knee and love me as he used to? But Ma, there is a tear in your eye—let me wipe it. There another comes; oh—another! Did I make you cry these tears, mamma?" "Hush, little innocent, you can not stop your mother's tears; for they are the overflowings of a fountain, filled with blighted hopes, anguish and misery, she cannot tell you when your father will love, for alas, he is a drunkard."

I heard a beautiful boy, scarcely four years old, lisping this to his mother; and I pitied him to my inmost soul. His father was once rich and happy, and nearly idolized his little son; but in an evil hour he began to sip the intoxicating cup—the habit had grown upon him until the peace of his family was destroyed, and he a tyrant. The beautiful house in which they had lived, was now exchanged for a miserable cottage in the suburbs of the city; and little George doomed to be the companion of the idle and vicious.

LEGAL GIFT.—If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," which one would think ought to be in legal phraseology, "an absolute convey once of all right and title therein," the phrase would run thus: "I give you, all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and the advantage of, in and to, that orange, with all its appurtenances, its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pits, and all my right and advantages therein, with full power to cut, bite, taste, suck, squeeze, peal, and eat the same, the same as though I had never had any interest whatever in said orange, its rind, skin, pulp or seeds or juice aforesaid, and to give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, the said John Jones, am now inclined to do, and do convey to the said Silas Smith the aforesaid rights and privileges as I have heretofore enjoyed them, with or without its rind, skin, juice pulp or pits, or anything heretofore or hereinafter mentioned, or which may be mentioned in any other deed or deeds, or instruments, of what nature or kind soever to the contrary in anywise notwitstanding with much more of the same sort of stuff. Such is the language of lawyers, and it is gravely held by the most learned men among them, that by the omission of any of these words, the right to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended. Ahem.

BLUCHER AND HIS PIPE.

Here is an incident of 1815 which the English journals are relating:

On the morning of the memorable battle of Waterloo, Henneman had just handed his master (Blucher) a lighted pipe, when a cannon ball struck the ground close by scattering earth and gravel in all directions and causing the white charger on which Blucher was mounted to spring aside—a manœuvre that broke the pipe into a thousand pieces before the owner had time even to lift it to his lips.

"Just keep a lighted pipe ready for me, I shall be back in a few moments, after I have driven away the rascally French churls."

With these words Blucher gave the command, "Forward, boy!" and off he galloped with his cavalry. Instead, however of a chase of a few minutes, it was a rapid march of nearly a whole hot summer day as we all know from history. After the battle was over, Blucher rode back with Wellington to the place where he first got a glimpse of the combatting armies, and nearing the spot where Blucher had halted in the morning, they saw to their surprise a solitary man, his head tied with a handkerchief, one arm in a sling, and calmly smoking a pipe!

"Donner and Blitz!" cried Blucher, why, that is my Henneman. How you look, boy; what are you doing alone?"

"Waiting for your speedy return," was the grumbling answer. "You have come at last! I have waited for you here, pipe in mouth, for the whole long day. This is the last pipe in the box. The cursed French have shot away every pipe from my mouth, have ripped the flesh from my head, and shattered my arm with their deuced bullets. It is well there is an end to the battle, or you would have been too late even for the last pipe."

Saying which, he handed to Blucher the pipe, to enjoy the remaining fumes of the weed. Wellington, who had listened attentively to the conversation, here remarked to Blucher, "You have just admired the unflinching bravery of my Highlanders, what shall I say to this true and devoted soul?"—"But your Highlanders had no pipe to regale themselves with."

WORTH OF A SOUL.—In the town of D——, lived two farmers, named Jones and Atwood. Their farms join; and, as is often the case, a quarrel arose about a certain side-hill line fence. The quarrel resulted in a law-suit, in which neighbor Jones, having (as Atwood claims) sworn the most tremendous lies on trial, gained the case. A short time after notice was given out that there would be preaching on a certain evening at the school house. On the appointed evening the neighbors assembled. The preacher, having finished his discourse, from the text, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—invited any one of those present, who wished, to make a few remarks on the text.—Brother Jones arose and commenced his remarks by saying:

"What shall a man give for his soul How much is it worth? Can any man here tell me how much a soul is worth?"

Before he could proceed further, neighbor Atwood jumped up, and with finger pointing to Brother Jones, said, in a shrill piping voice, which penetrated every corner of the room, "I know what one man's soul is worth. It's worth just *one rod of hill-side!*"

DODGING A PATROL.—The Washington Star tells about a soldier, who, in dodging away from a patrol, hid himself in a restaurant by jumping into a large box used for steaming oysters. The lid closed with a spring lock, and the disappointed patrol went on his way baffled. In a little while the colored man attending the apparatus turned on a full head of steam in order to prepare a mess for some customers. The soldier began to grow uncomfortably warm and kicked and yelled lustily for liberation until the frightened negro ran away shouting that the debil was in the steamer. Other employees gathered round, and released the perspiring soldier, who bounded out with the speed of a machine whose motive power is steam.

AN ISCARIOT.—We see it stated that the carpenter of the Alabama, when he saw the battle was lost with the Kearsarge drew his revolver and shot himself. He seems to have been a Yankee Copperhead—as mean a specimen of the slimy reptile as can be found anywhere. He was a native of Massachusetts, and committed suicide, as Iscariot did, as a partial atonement for his treachery.—*News.*

☞ The assistant whom Blondin was wont to carry on his back across the Niagara was a Milanese, who, breaking down in his affairs, resolved to commit suicide. Blondin got him to be his assistant in his perilous feat by the following logic: "If we go down, very good; you are drowned according to your intention; if you arrive safe on the other side, the fortune of both of us is made." The terrible feat was accomplished, and the two friends have since been inseparable companions.