The Altoona Tribune.

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

VOL. 9. ALTOONA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1864. NO. 23.

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 the 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 in at his establishment, on Main Street, and examine his goods and prices.

Wholesale House, No. 702 Market Street, Philadelphia. [aug. 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
Boys' Pegged ..... 1.37@1.50
Misses' Boots ..... 2.75@3.50
BALMORAL SKIRTS, very low.

GROCERIES.

Coffee and Brown Sugar, Rio Coffees, Syrups, Teas, &c., &c., 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 Lloyd'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,
PINE 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, 1862.

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 stock, as I feel confident I can please all.

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

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.] KESLER'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 LORD'S PRAYER ILLUSTRATED

Pierre Barnad has written few things more beautiful than the following:

Our Father—
By right of creation,
By bountiful provision,
By gracious adoption:

Who art in Heaven—
The throne of thy glory,
The portion of thy children,
The temple of thy angels.

Hallowed be Thy name—
By the thoughts of our hearts,
By the words of our lips,
By the works of our hands.

Thy kingdom come—
Of Providence to defend us,
Of grace to refine us,
Of glory to crown us:

Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven—
Towards us without resistance,
By us without compulsion,
Universally without exception,
Eternally without declension

Give us this day our daily bread—
Of necessity for our bodies,
Of eternal life for our souls

And forgive us our trespasses—
Against the commands of thy law
Against the grace of thy Gospel:

As we forgive them that trespass against us—
By defaming our characters,
By embezzling our property,
By abusing our persons:

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil—
Of overwhelming afflictions,
Of worldly enticements,
Of Satan's devices,
Of errors' seductions,
Of sinful affections;

For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever—
Thy kingdom governs all,
Thy power subdues all,
Thy glory is above all.

Amen—
As it is in thy purpose,
So it is in thy promises,
So be it in our prayers,
So it shall be to thy praise.

Select Miscellany.

THE PARTNER BY PROXY.

BY W. O. EATON.

"Horace, I am very sorry to see that you are so completely run out, in prospects and in purse."

"And so am I," said Horace.

"But you know the state of my means, my family expenses, and also, I trust, my heart, and so I do not fear that you will reproach me for not giving you the pecuniary aid you need, but which I am unable to furnish."

"Of course, not," replied Horace Perkins, grasping the hand of Samuel Mortimer warmly. "We have known each other from boyhood—too well to doubt each other."

"I am thinking, Horace," proceeded Mortimer, who was fond of eccentric speculation and a little good-humored intrigue, "what you might do for yourself, if you have courage enough, by way of proving the business abilities I know you to possess."

"I am so desperate," returned Horace, "that I feel daring enough to undertake almost anything."

"You are not known here, and you might be able to make the plan I have thought of succeed. And it is this: Here is the house of Bale, Broadcast & Co., who have a branch of their mercantile establishment in this city and the other in London. Now, it appears that the recent death of Mr. Bale, the senior partner, has caused the other members of the firm to send a letter ordering the business of this branch of the house to stop, and the warehouse to be shut up, until the affairs of the firm can be thoroughly rearranged, which will take three months, at the end of which time one of the junior partners will come from abroad to manage the business. I have had some conversation with the clerks here, and the other employees, and they think it rather singular that such an order should be sent, and don't like it at all—throwing them, as it does, temporarily out of business.—Why wouldn't it be a good idea for you now to go over there, boldly, and announce to them, before they shut up, the good news that you are the new partner, Richard Dareflint, or any name you please, just come over to countermand the order in the letter, and carry the business right straight along! The clerks won't be too urgent about seeing your credentials—an imposture in such a case would be so unlikely—and you can say you forgot to bring them, in your haste, or lost them; and they will be more likely to believe you, from the fact that the exact state of affairs is known to few but themselves and me."

"But suppose they detect the deception?"

"Then I will boldly come forward and confess that I am responsible for the joke. They know me well, and no harm can come of it."

"But what good can come of it? I don't see. I should certainly be found out at the end of the three months."

"But you have high business capacities, and during the three months you could employ the credit of the house greatly to its advantage. The fact that you had done so, kept their clerks together, and acted honestly with the power you had assumed, backed by my intervention and confession that I set you up to it, would, I think, result to your permanent benefit. How say you? Do you dare to run the risk?"

"I do," replied Horace, firmly. "I am desperate, and will meet the peril in the hope of profit."

"Spoken like my old schoolmate," joyfully exclaimed his intriguing acquaintance. "And if you find that you can gain the confidence of the clerks, you can enter into a fine speculation for the house forthwith."

"And what speculation is that?" inquired Horace.

"The papers of this morning," said Mortimer, "announce the wreck of a vessel loaded with furs, off Rocky Ledge. You could post down there and contrive to purchase the damaged cargo at a great bargain, in advance of anybody else. No doubt you could get it on three months' credit of such a house as Bale, Broadcast & Co. And furs are high now."

"I'll go right over at once, replied Horace Perkins, "and make the bold experiment."

Having given him some necessary information in regard to the previous affairs of the house, etc., so that the new partner, from London, might not seem utterly ignorant, Mortimer directed him to the warehouse. Perkins repaired thither, and reported himself to the head clerk under the name of Richard Dareflint, by which we will call him for the present.

Mustering all the blandishments of address of which he was master, Richard Dareflint, finding all the clerks, etc., in a great flurry of anxiety on account of the order to cease business, soon contrived to make his representations as implicitly as they were gladly believed. They hailed his coming with joy, and were in no mood for catechising one whose presence was a guarantee that their salaries were to continue. The head clerk, glad to be relieved of the responsibility of chief superintendence, was particularly earnest in giving the new partner an insight into the business on this side of the water; showed him all the books of the concern, and explained all the duties which were required of the various persons employed about the establishment.

Mr. Dareflint, after looking over the accounts, and inspecting the store throughout, expressed himself satisfied, much to the pleasure of the head clerk, who told the other clerks that the new partner was an "awful smart man, a good fellow and a perfect brick," which opinion was corroborated by his posting promptly to the wrecked vessel, in company with the chief clerk, and effecting a purchase of the immense cargo of furs at once, and with a profit to the house far exceeding even the most sanguine expectations of his friend, Mortimer.

"With you at the head of our branch of the house, said the head clerk, exultingly, "affairs will go on more swimmingly than ever before."

"Thank you, sir," replied Mr. Dareflint. "I hope I shall please my partners as well as I do you."

When asked, subsequently, by the clerks, if there were any great changes likely to be made at the end of three months, he predicted that there might be, though he should take care to give a good report of their zeal, industry and fidelity to the interests of the house.

They did all in their power to please him, in consequence, that they might make their situations the more secure, the result of all which was that Mr. Richard Dareflint, the new partner from London, became quite an autocrat in a very short time, and had but little to do except to get as much information as he could, conceal his own ignorance by an air of secrecy, and acquiesce in the opinions of the head clerk.

But a week had elapsed, after Dareflint had been thus installed in his dangerously responsible situation, when tidings of the fact were sent to Miss Julia Bucklewell, a handsome young heiress, an orphan, who resided in a neighboring town, where, on his rambling search for employment, Dareflint had passed a month. He had made the acquaintance of Miss Bucklewell, and struck by her beauty, manners, and accomplishments, had fallen deeply in love with her, as many others had done with her fortune; and, like many others, he had declared his love, proposed marriage—and been rejected.

The gloom which followed this refusal had completed his desperation at the time when he repaired, with an aching heart, to the city, and assented to the proposal of Mortimer.

He was utterly unconscious that he had awakened a reciprocal attachment in the heart of Miss Bucklewell. But she had doubted his sincerity, and had hoped that he might linger in her train of admirers until she could test his truth. His sudden departure grieved her, and she had instituted inquiries as to his whereabouts until she ascertained, and also became informed of the name and position he had assumed.

She was amazed, and half doubted what she had heard. Her curiosity being aroused, she resolved to indulge in a little intrigue that she might not only judge of his sincerity regarding herself, but also of his general probity as a man. If he had assumed such a strange position, she thought that his motives must be equally singular.

To accomplish her purpose, therefore, she employed a confidant, having discovered that her late suitor—Horace Perkins, or Richard Dareflint, whoever he might really be—was dwelling in a house belonging to Bale, Broadcast & Co., and formerly occupied by one of the members of the firm. Sally Harris (such was the name of the confidant of Julia) was delighted with the idea, repaired to the house, and being young, sprightly and pretty, soon contrived to get the situation of housekeeper for Mr. Dareflint. After Sally had informed Miss Bucklewell of her success thus far, that curious young lady assumed an ingenious and complete disguise, and visited Sally.

From her post of close watch, Julia soon ascertained that at least Richard Dareflint's business habits were regular; that he was but little at the house, save in the evening, and that he passed most of his time, when there, in reading.

"He seems to be a model man," said Julia to Sally, in her room. "But I doubt the seemings of all men. He is odd in his conduct, at any rate; and, as he personates another party so daringly, he is likely to be false in other respects. I wish you to try him and let me overhear the interview. I will atone for the meanness—if meanness it is, where I have so great an interest at stake—by accepting him if he proves different from what I think all men are—false."

Sally placed Julia in a convenient place for the purpose, and that evening the trial interview was had.

Sally entered the apartment where Dareflint sat reading, and opened the conversation in great spirits and good humor, while the tone of Dareflint was melancholy.

"Why don't you get married, Mr. Dareflint?" said Sally, laughing and taking a seat close to him. "You look so gloomy, reading here alone every evening. Or, excuse me, perhaps you are married already?

"Not I. I haven't seen the woman yet that I could marry."

"Oh! I suppose, then, that you mean that you couldn't trust a woman. Well, perhaps you are right. I suppose we do all like variety—men and women, too. I can say for myself that I do. Don't you?"

"You appear to be in unusual spirits this evening," replied Dareflint smiling. "But you mistake me. I meant that it had not been in my power to marry any woman; because I could not marry where I did not love, and I cannot marry where I have loved."

"Then you have loved? No doubt.—Fifty, I suppose. That's the way with me. Isn't it strange," she continued, looking archly into his eyes, "that we can have so many fancies in the course of a life? One face and form will do for a while—until a fresh one comes—and that one till another, and soon, and fancy that we are in love all the time, the present one driving out the memory of the absent.—What a strange thing love is!"

"This is not love," gloomily answered Dareflint.

"As much love as anybody has," said Sally, gayly. "And so much I think nobody should marry, for love is roving and will not be bound. I am determined never to marry, but love whoever and as often as I please. Do you know that I could almost love you?"

"I might feel flattered by the compliment, Sally, but I will not permit you to deceive yourself."

"Why so? Wouldn't you encourage me, if I said that I loved you and would sacrifice everything for a return?"

"No, Sally. I should tell you frankly, or any one who went so far as that, that the heart was not its own master, or that it controlled the mind, and that I had never loved but one, could never; and though that one could never be mine, I should still adore her while life lasted; and so feeling, be too feeling to marry or pretend love for another."

Sally had said far more than she would have dared to say, were she not urged to it by devotion to the interests of her listening friend. Convinced that she had nearly, if not completely, satisfied her as to the character of Dareflint's affection, she changed the subject, and soon withdrew.

Leaving Miss Bucklewell to draw her own conclusions from that interview, let us give attention to the store for a while.

Each day, Dareflint became more uneasy in his false position. His cooler judgment made him more keenly appreciate the peril as well as the disreputability of his eccentric friend, and he yearned to abandon it rather than await the issue, as Mortimer advised.

Fate, ere long, seemed to favor his wish; for, one day, apparently by chance, he fell into the society of a stranger, who styled himself Thomas Clinchman, who expressed a strong desire to become a partner in the business. He was evidently a man of means. Dareflint, contrary to his custom, his burden weighing heavily on his mind, indulged in so much wine with Clinchman that he became imprudent enough to explain his actions and his motives, and his desire to withdraw.

"If you wish to be a partner, take my place. I have benefited the firm by the fur speculation. I think they would not blame you when they heard all. And as you say you have a perfect knowledge of the business, with plenty of capital, they would be likely to receive you as a partner at the end of the three months. My absence can be explained to the clerks, for the present, by saying that I am rusticating."

Such was the substance of Dareflint's proposal, under the influence of wine; and, strange to say, Clinchman agreed to it. On the following day he examined the books, conversing with the head clerk and seeming satisfied that all was right.

Not a word of Mortimer's complicity had been mentioned; and Clinchman, still at a loss to make out the character of Dareflint, having accepted his invitation to pass the night at his house, concealed himself within hearing of the conversation which occurred in the evening between Dareflint and Sally—Dareflint having told him that he should leave the city early in the morning.

Having informed Sally that circumstances had occurred to break off all his relations with the firm, and that he should leave the country on the morrow, he told her that his successor, Mr. Clinchman, would doubtless continue her in her situation as housekeeper.

"My anxiety is not about myself, sir," said she, "but about yourself. Excuse me if I am too free, but I must inform you that I have known all along you were not Richard Dareflint, nor a real member of the firm. I have had a good reason, however, to feel an interest in your welfare, and if you can convince me that you have had any pardonable cause for acting as you have done, you may find me a friend in need."

Dareflint burst into tears. Her look convinced him that his confidence would not be betrayed, and he frankly told her all, incidentally mentioning the name of Mortimer.

"Mortimer his friend!" was the surprised reflection of Clinchman, who was listening to all. "Then he must be all right, and this is one of that fellow's old tricks. Nobody but Sam Mortimer would have thought of such a plan."

"Now that I have told you all upon that subject, I might as well add that my desperation at my poverty would never have driven me into such an action, had I not felt that it had already deprived me of the hand of one whom I loved, and still love, and who refused me her hand."

And having revealed so much to an evidently sympathizing heart, he disclosed all in relation to Julia.

"And do you think your love for her entirely hopeless?" inquired Sally.

"Wholly," replied Horace; "else I should never leave the country, but remain and run all risks."

"Then you will, I hope, take my advice and remain," at this moment exclaimed Miss Bucklewell, entering from an adjoining room, advancing with a smile, and extending her hand warmly, to his unaffected astonishment.

"I have heard all, know all, and will explain hereafter. The hand that I refused I now give you, for I feel that now I know and appreciate you."

"And I add my solicitation to hers," now added Clinchman, himself entering and taking the other hand of the now doubly astonished Horace.

"Permit me to introduce myself as John Broadcast, Jr. We had heard in London of a partner by proxy who had so boldly undertaken to manage our affairs; but I find that all is right—and from this moment divest yourself of all alarm, and rank me among your friends."

The spiritual sunshine which so suddenly diffused itself over the heart and mind of Horace was so unexpected that for a moment he doubted its reality. He gazed at his friends for a moment in silence, and then replied—

"My example, in undergoing a great hazard, has proved infectious. Do you feel sure that it will end as joyfully with me?"

"I have no doubt of it," said Broadcast, cheerfully.

"Nor I," as readily said Julia.

The result fulfilled their hopes. Their love and friendship were not misplaced. The partner by proxy became a partner in reality in time, while the heart capital, intrusted to Horace by Julia, to be a richly prolific investment.

JOSH BILLINGS ON THE DRAFT.—Josh Billings is out with an "official" on the draft. He says:

Widder wimmin, and there only son, is xemt, provided the widder's husband has already served two years in the war, and is willing' to go in again; blave the Spreme Cort has decided this forever.

Once: If a man should run away with his draft, he probably would't ever be allowed to stand the draft again; this luks sevear at first, but the more you luk at it the more you can see the wisdom into it.

Once moarly: Xempts are those who have been drafted into the Stait prizzen fur trying to get an honest livin by supportin 2 wives tu and unsound on the gous; also, all nuspaper corrispondints and fools in gineral.

Once moarly again: No substitute will be ackcepted who is less than three or moar than ten feet high; he must know how to chaw tobacker and drink poor whiskee, and mus'nt be afeerd of the itch nor the rebels. Moral character ain't required, as the Government furnishes that and rashuns,

Conclusively: A person can't be drafted more than twice in two places without his consent: but any man has a right to be drafted at least onct. I don't think even a writ of habeas corpus can deprive a man of this blessid privilege.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—Two officers, wounded in the battle of the 30th ult., before Petersburg, were going home last Friday by the Erie route. When the train neared Oswego, a well dressed lady, accompanied by a child and a gentleman, entered the car and took a seat in front of them. As the officers talked over the recent engagement at Petersburg, informing each other of various acquaintances who had fallen, one remarked: "There was Captain Warwick, of the 109th New York, as brave a fellow as ever lived; he was shot through the head and instantly killed." The lady referred to, imediately sprang from her seat, and throwing up her hands, exclaimed, "Oh, don't say that; he was my husband," and she burst into an agony of tears.—This was the first intelligence she had received of her husband's death. The child with her was his daughter, and the gentleman his brother. There were very few dry eyes in that car during rest of the journey to Elmira.

HEROISM OF AN ENGINEER.—The Elmira (N. Y.) *Gazette* records the following act of sublime devotion to duty and of heroic self-abnegation:

"The engineer on the train conveying prisoners to this place, when the collission was discovered to be unavoidable, with certain death staring him in the face, heroically remained at his post and reversed the engine, and was buried in the wreck. When found, his back was against the boiler, and he was literally burnt to death. He told those who came to his assistance to keep away from him for their own safety, as he feared the boiler would burst. Every exertion was made to extricate him, but without avail until life was extinct. His name was William Ingram."

ARITHMETICAL.—Bill S—— is an excellent accountant, but, like all men, will sometimes make mistakes, and in one of his bills figured up that "8 times 8 are 88." The Governor was not slow in discovering the mistake, and demanded explanation. Bill examined the account and saw that he was down, but did not like to admit it; so putting on a bold face, he said: "That's all right." "How so?" was the inquiry. "It's all owing to the inflation of the currency," said Bill; "the multication table, like everything else, *has gone up*!"

ARGUMENTUM AD FEMINAM.—A Scotch paper tells the story of a dairy farmer, who, after the burial of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger, who, bringing his hand down on the shovel, said: "Down wi' anither shilling' or up she comes!"

☞ A gentleman walking with two ladies stepped on a hogshead hoop that flew up and struck him in the face.

"Mercy!" said he, "which of you dropped that?"