BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

"Let us See to it, that a G vernment of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—[A. Lincoln.]

W. W. BROWN, A. B. HUTCHISON, } Editors.

BELLEFONTE, PA., FEBRUARY 10, 1869.

VOL. 1, NO. 6

OUR TERMS
FOR SUBSCRIPTION & ADVERTISING

The "BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN" is published every Wednesday Morning, in Bellefonte, Pa., by

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,

at the following rates:

One year (invariably in advance,) $2.00
Six Months,....."....."....."....$1.00
Three Months,....."....."....."....50
Single Copies,....."....."....."....05

It is Republican in politics—devoted to the Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mining interests of Central Pennsylvania.

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, unless otherwise agreed upon.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion.

Marriage or Death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices published free, subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8.00 per annum.

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Advertisements by the quarter, half-year or year received, and liberal deductions made in proportion to length of advertisement and length of time of insertion, as follows:

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
One inch (or 10 lines this type)	$5	$8	$12
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All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Job Work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes, Paper Books, Programmes, Blanks, &c., &c., executed in the best style with promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.

Address all communications relating to business of this office, to

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

LODGES.

Bellefonte Masonic Lodge, No 268. A. Y. M. meets on Tuesday evening of or before the Full Moon.

Constans Commandery. No. 33, K. T., meets second Friday of each month.

I. O. O. F. Centre Lodge, No. 153, meets every Thursday evening at their Hall, Bush's Arcade.

For the conferring of Degrees the 1st Saturday evening of each month.

For Degree of Rebecca, second Saturday of every month.

I. O. G. T.—This Lodge every Monday evening.

Bellefonte Church Directory.

Presbyterian church, Spring St., services at 11 a. m., and 7½ p. m; No pastor at present. This congregation are now erecting a new church, in consequence of which the regular religious services will be held in the Court House until further notice.

Methodist Episcopal Church, High St., services 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday night. Rev. H.C. Pardoe, pastor.

St. John's Episcopal Church, High St., services at 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Rev. Byron McGann, pastor.

Lutheran Church, Linn St., services 10½ a. m, and 7½ p. m. Rev. J. A. Hackenberger, pastor.

Reformed Church, Linn St., no pastor at present

Catholic Church, Bishop St; services 10½ a. m., and 3 p. m. Rev. T. McGovern, pastor.

United Brethren Church, High Street, west side of creek; services —

African M, E. Church, west side of creek; services at 11 a. m, and 7½ p. m. Rev. Isaac Pinsell, pastor.

DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.

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Vice President, pro tem.—Benj. F. Wade.
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Secretary of Treasury—Hugh McCullough.
Secretary of War—J. M. Schofield.
Secretary of Navy—Gideon Wells.
Secretary of Interior—O. H. Browning.
Postmaster-General—A. L. Randall.
Attorney General—Wm. M. Evarts.

STATE.

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Deputy Secretary of Commonwealth—Isaac B. Gara.
Auditor General—John F. Hartranft.
Surveyor-General—Jacob M. Campbell.
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Dep'y Sup't of Com. Schools—C.R. Coburn.
Sup't of Soldier's Orphan Schools—Geo. F. McFarland.

COUNTY.

President Judge—Charles A. Mayer:
Associates— { John Hosterman, William Allison,
Prothonotary—James H. Lipton.
Register & Recorder—J. P. Gephart.
Sheriff—D. Z. Kline.
Dep'ty Sheriff—D Woodring.
Dist. Att'y—H. Y. Stitzer.
Treasurer—A. C. Geary.
Commissioners, { Wm. Keller, Wm. Furey, John Bing.
Clerk—John Moran.

BELLEFONTE BOROUGH.

Chief Burgess—E. M. Blanchard.
Ass't " Capt. C. T. Fryberger.
Chief of Police—Wm. Shortlidge.
" Wm. Felty.
" Amos Mullen.
" Charle Cook.
Town Council—Wm. P. Wilson, *Pres't.*
" S. M. Irwin, *Clerk.*
" Robert Valentine,
" A. S. Valentine,
" Jas. H. McClure,
" F. P. Green,
" John Irwin, Jr.,
" Elias W. Hale,
" Jacob V. Thomas,
" Geo. A. Bayard,
High Constable—James Green,
Borough Constable—James Furey.
School Directors—John Hoffer. *Pres't.*
" Geo. B. Weaver. *Sec'y.*
" Wm. McClelland, *Tre's*
" S. T. Shugart,
" D. M. Butts,
" Dan'l McGinley.

WAGON HUBBS, spokes and fellows, large and small, at IRWIN & WILSON'S.

LAMPS, every variety and kind at IRWIN & WILSON'S

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. G. LOVE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on High St. ja6'69.y

JAMES H. RANKIN, Attorney-at-Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Armory building, 2nd floor. ja6'69.1y.

SAMUEL LINN. A. O. FURST.
LINN & FURST, Attorneys at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69.tf.

EDMUND BLANCHARD EVAN M. BLANCHARD.
E. & E. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys at-Law, Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69.1y.

H. N. M'ALLISTER. JAMES A. BEAVER.
M'ALLISTER & BEAVER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte Penn'a. ja6'69 1y

W. W. BROWN, Attorney-at-Law Bellefonte, Penn'a., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care

E. C. HUMES, *Pres't.* J. P. HARRIS, *Cash'r.*
FIRST NATIONAL BANK Of Bellefonte. Allegheny St., Bellefonte Pa.

JOHN H. ORVIS. CYRUS T. ALEXANDER.
ORVIS & ALEXANDER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Conrad House, Allegheny St. ja6'69.1y.

URIAH STOVER, Licensed Autioneer, will attend to all sales entrusted to his care. Charges reasonable. Address, Uriah Stover, Houserville, Centre Co., Pa. ja6'69 3m.

GEORGE F. HARRIS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon; Pension Surgeon for Centre county, will attend promptly to all professional calls. Office on Hight Street North Side. ja27'69.1y.

J. D. WINGATE D. D. S., Dentist. Office on the corner of Spring and Bishop streets, Bellefonte, Pa. At home, except the first two weeks of each month. Teeth extracted without pain. ja6'69 1y.

JAS. H. DOBBINS, Physician and Surgeon. Office up-stairs in J. H. McClure's new Building, Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession, faithfully at all times, and all hours. ja13'69.y.

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO'S. Job Printing Office, "Republican" Building, Bishop St., Bellefonte, Penn'a. Every Description of Plain and Fancy printing done in the neatest manner, and at prices below city rates. ja6'69.

D. G. BUSH. GEO. M. YOCUM.
BUSH & YOCUM, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to them, with promptness. Office on Northeast Corner of the Diamond, in Mrs. Irvin's stone building. ja13'69 y.

WILSON & HUTCHISON, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Collections, and all other legal business in Centre and the adjoining Counties, promptly attended to. Office in Blanchard's Law building, Allegheny street. ja6'69.

BELLEFONTE MEAT MARKET
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE PA.
The oldest Meat Market in Bellefonte.—Choice meat of all kinds always on hand. ja6'69.1y. R. V. BLACK.

CENTRE CO. BANKING COMPANY. Receive deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.
HENRY BROCKERHOFF, *President.*
J. D SHUGERT, *Cashier.* ja13'69y.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber. in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte, Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a SHAVE without either pulling or pain.—Perfumery, Hair Oils, Hair Restoratives, Paper Collars, &c., constantly on hand. ja13'69.1v.

AARON R. PAUP. J. T. SALMONS. LEVI R PAUP.
PAUP, SALMONS & CO., Contractors and Bricklayers, Bellefonte, Pa., adopt this method of informing those wishing to build that they will furnish Brick and lay them, by the job, or by the thousand. Will set Heaters, and do all kinds of work in their branch of Business. ja20'69.1y.

J. H. TOLBERT, AUCTIONEER Would respectfully inform the citizens of Nittany Valley in particular, and the people of Centre county in general, that he has taken out a license and holds himself in readiness to cry Vendues, Auctions, or other sales at all times, and at all places with in the limits of Centre and Clinton counties. Charges reasonable. ja27'69.1v.

J. W. RHONE, DENTIST, Boalsburg Centre Co., Pa., most respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to execute any description of work in his profession Satisfaction rendered, and rates as moderate as may be expected. Will be found in his office during the week, commencing on the first Monday of each month, and at such other times as may be agreed upon ja13'69.1y.

INSURANCE—LIFE & FIRE. Joseph A. Rankin of this Borough, insures property for the following Stock and Mutual companies, viz: Lycoming Mutual, York Company, Pa., Insurance of North America, Enterprise, and Girard of Phila., Pa., Home, of New Haven, and any *other* reliable company desired. Also, Provident Life Company of Phil'a., and other good Life Companies. ja6'69.1y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD W. MILLER,
(Late of Young, Moore & Co.,)
WITH
ISAAC P. CHALFANT,
AUCTION JOBBERS IN HOISERY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.,
No. 57, NORTH THIRD ST., PHIL'A.
ja13'69.tf.

SADDLERY, to suit the trade, at IRWIN & WILSON'S

SCREWS and Hinges of every variety and kind at IRWIN & WILSON'S.

AMMUNITION—Cartridges, and other ammunition at IRWIN & WILSON'S.

Select Poetry.

Oh! BE NO NOT THE FIRST.

"Oh! be not the first to discover
A blot on the name of a friend,
A flaw on the faith of a lover,
Whose heart may be true to the end.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
So let us speak well of each other,
Or speak not at all.

A smile or a sign may awaken
Suspicion, most false and undue;
And thus our belief may be shaken
In hearts that are honest and true.

How often the light smile of gladness
Is worn by a friend that we meet,
To cover a soul full of sadness,
Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often the friends we love dearest,
Their noblest emotions conceal;
And bosoms, the purest, sincerest,
Have secrets they cannot reveal.

How often the sigh of dejection
Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast;
To parody truth and affection,
Or lull a suspicion to rest.

Leave base minds to hover suspicion,
And small ones to trace our defects;
Let ours be a nobler ambition,
For base is the mind that suspects.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
So let us speak well of each other,
Or speak not at all.

Select Miscellany.

John Walton's Revenge.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"Be off from here, you little beggar!" said Oscar Ronalds imperiously.

The speaker was a well dressed boy of fourteen, and the words were addressed to a boy of about his own age and his sister of eight. The contrast between their outward appearance was striking. Oscar was of light complexion and looked like a petted child of the aristocracy. He held a club in his hand, which it might be judged from his scowling face he would not be unwilling to use.

John Walton, who confronted him without fear, was a stouter boy than Oscar. His complexion was dark; his hair, black as a raven's wing, hung over his forehead. His clothing was coarse and well-worn, his pants were tucked up nearly to his knees, and shoes and stockings were luxuries which he dispensed with. His little sister, terrified by Oscar's rude manners, clung to her brother in affright.

"Don't be scared of him, Lizzie," said John. "He won't dare to touch us."

"Won't I though?" said Oscar, clutching his stick tighter.

"Not if you know what is best for yourself," said John, looking fixedly at him.

"You have no business here, you beggar," said Oscar furiously.

"I am no begger," said the barefoot boy proudly.

"This is my father's land. Can you deny that?" demanded Oscar.

"I know it is, and I suppose it will be yours some day.

"Then why have you intruded here?"

"I did not suppose it would do any harm to pick a few berries, which would otherwise decay on the vines.

"Then you know it now. I don't care for the berries, but don't want any beggar's brats on my father's place.

"Stop there, young master," said John firmly. "You called me a beggar, and I did not care much, but if you call my mother by that name you will be sorry

"I?" said Oscar, contemptuously.—"What will you do?"

"I will beat you with that stick you hold in your hand."

"Then I do call her a beggar," said John furiously. "What are you going to do about it?"

"You will see."

John Walton let his sister's hand fall, and springing upon Oscar wrenched the stick from his hand, laid it over his back with sharp emphasis three times, and then flung it into the pool hard by.

Leaving his young enemy prostrate, he took his terrified sister by the hand, and saying, "we will go home now, Lizzie," and walked quietly away.

Oscar picked himself up, mortified and furious He would have persued John and wreaked instant vengeance upon him if he had dared, but in the hands of the young savage, as he mentally characterized him, he had felt his own utter inability to cope with him, and resolved that vengeance should come in another shape,

My father shall turn the beggars out of house and home," he muttered. "I wish they might starve."

The father of Oscar Ronalds was the proprietor of a handsome house and large land estate, including several tenements which he rented out. In the poorest of these lived John Walton and his mother. They lived poorly enough, how it would be hard to tell, but at all events they lived and never sought help.

When John told the story of his encounter to his mother, she was disturbed, fearing that trouble might come of it. So, indeed, it did.

The next morning Squire Ronalds, with his stiff, erect figure, was seen approaching the widow's cottage.

Mrs. Walton opened the door.

"Won't you come in, Squire Ronalds," she said nervously.

"No, Madame, I have but a word to say, and that is soon said. Are you aware that your boy grossly insulted my son Oscar, yesterday?"

"He told me that Oscar called me names, and he knocked him down. He has a hasty temper."

"Your son is a ruffian ma'am."

"Not so bad as that. He is a good boy to me, Squire Ronalds"

"It is a pity he can't treat others with proper respect.

"Do you think he was wholly to blame?"

"Certainly he was. My son caught him trespassing on my land, and very properly ordered him off. I don't care to argue the matter. If he will apologize to Oscar I will let it pass Otherwise, as your month is up to-day, I shall require you to leave this tenement."

John, who had been inside and heard what had been said, came forward looking resolute and self sustained.

"I shall not apologize to Master Oscar, sir," he said. "It is he who should apologize to me."

"Apologize to you! That would look well, would it not?" said the Squire scornfully.

"It would be right," said John firmly.

"You are an impudent young rascal."

"Mother," said John quietly, there is no use listning further. I shall not apologize, and am ready to take the consequences. Don't be alarmed. I'll take care of you."

"You must leave this house to-morrow," roared Squire Ronalds, in a very undignified rage, stamping his gold headed cane upon the ground.

"Very well," said John. "Good day, sir," and closed the door, leaving the Squire under a vague impression that he had got the worst of the encounter.

"What shall we do, John?" said Mrs. Walton, dismally.

"I'll tell you, mother," said John.—"There is nothing for me to do here.—We will go to Brandon, where there are woolen mills. Then I can get a chance to work, and I will rise, never fear. It is best for us to go."

The next day Mrs. Walton's tenement was empty, and no one knew where the family had gone. Oscar exulted in what he regarded as his triumph.

Twenty years passed. To the barefoot ed boy they brought wonderful changes At twenty-four he found himself superintendent of the mill where he had entered as a poor operative, earning a salary of five thousand dollars a year He had built a handsome house, over which his mother presided with matronly dignity. His sister Lizzie was the wife of a young physician in successful practice in the same town.

One winter evening they were all seated in a luxuriously furnished room, before a glorious fire. His sister had come to spend the afternoon, but was prevented by the violent storm from returning to her own home.

"What a storm it is!" she exclaimed wondering. "I pity those who are out in it."

"Yes," said her brother, "it is the most violent storm of the year. The snow must be two feet deep at least. But we need not feel troubled. It is summer indoors."

"Who would have thought, John, that we should come to live in such comfort?" said his mother. "Twenty years ago we were poorly off."

"I well remember it. It was a lucky thing we came to Brandon."

"So it has turned out. But I was alarmed when you quarreled with young Oscar Ronalds."

"I have forgiven him. The harm he intended has only done us good.

"Have you heard anything of him lately?"

"Not lately. His father died ten years since, and I am told that Oscar is very extravagant. That is all."

The storm increased in violence, shaking the house, firm and strong as it was All at once the door-bell rang sharply.

"I will go myself," said John. "The servant may not be able to close the door again."

He opened the front door, and a sharp cutting wind entered with a flurry of snow.

"Will you give me shelter?" said a faint voice.

It was a man who spoke still young He stepped in quite exhausted. John Walton closed the door.

"You have had a hard struggle with the storm, have you not?" he said.

"I have indeed I am chilled to the bone."

"Come into the fire," and John threw open the door of the sitting-room.

He perceived that the stranger had no over-coat and appeared thoroughly chilled. Warm drinks were ordered, and in half an hour he was more comfortable. He looked thin and haggard, and his face bore the impress of dissipation.

He had more than once looked earnest at John Walton. Finally he said abruptly.

"Will you tell me your name? Your face looks familiar.

"My name is John Walton.

"What!" said the other with a start.

"Did you live, when a boy, in the town of M——?"

"Yes, but I dont remember you."

"I am Oscar Ronalds," said the other in a low voice.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the three: and they involuntarily glanced at the ill-clad stranger.

"I see what you are thinking of. I don't look much like the boy you used to know. I have been wild and extravagant, and lost or squandered all my property. I have gone down hill—you have gone up."

"I am sorry for your misfortunes," said John, kindly. "If I can be of any service to you, I will."

"I came here hoping to get the post of clerk, which I understood was vacant. If I had known you were here, I would not have come."

"And why?"

"Because you cannot have forgotten my ill treatment of you."

"It is not forgotten, but quite forgiven," said John Walton, kindly. Unconsciously you did me a service. The clerkship you seek is mine to bestow. You shall have it, and I will guarantee your good conduct. The salary will be small, only eight hundred dollars."

"It will be a fortune to me, who am penniless. God bless you, John Walton, for your generosity. You shall not find your confidence ill-bestowed.

I have no more to tell, except that then and there began a new and better life for Oscar, who was after a while promoted, and now has a modest but cheerful home of his own, with a good wife to add to his happiness. And this was John Walton's revenge—a noble and Christian revenge, the only one worth taking for an injury.

Anecdote of General Grant.—After the capture of Vicksburg, steamers ran in there to take furloughed troops up the river, charging as high as $30 for a passage from Vicksburg to Cairo. Says our author:

The steamer had its decks crowded with soldiers, and Grant said to a man standing on the wheelhouse giving orders loudly:

"Are you Captain on this boat?"

"Yes, General."

"How many soldiers have you on board?"

"About 1,250."

"What have you charged for fare to Cairo?"

"From ten to twenty-five dollars each, General."

"Ten to twenty-five dollars each?—Is that all? Why that is too moderate! It is a pity you should have to take the boys for so small a sum. You had better wait a while."

Speaking to the officer on board, he walked away. The steamer whistled the bell rang, the wheels began to move slowly; but, for some reason, she was not cast off. The men could not understand it until, in a few moments an order came from the guard to keep the steamer until the Captain paid back all over $7 taken for fare from each officer, and all over $5 from each soldier, and the order was obeyed. The men knew they had been victimized, but felt helpless.—When they learned what the General had done, they gave "three cheers."

A Word for Boys.—Truth is one of the rarest of gems. Many a boy has been lost in society by allowing it to tarnish his character, and foolishly throwing it away.

If this gem still shines in your bosom, suffer nothing to displace or diminish its luster.

Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man that commands the best respect; an oath never trembles on his tongue. Read the catalogue of crime. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue Without a single exception, you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and don't let a vile word disgrace you.

Honesty, frankness, generosity, virtue—blessed traits! Be these yours, my boys, and we shall not fear. You will claim the respect and love of all. You are watched by your elders. Men who are looking for clerks and apprentices have their eyes on you. If you are profane, vulgar, theatre-going, they will not choose you. If you are upright, steady and industrious, before long you will find good places, kind masters, and the prospect of a useful life before you

Rhyme and Reason.—There is a good deal more truth than poetry in the following, which we cut from an exchange, without knowing the author's name.—He was sensible, whoever he may have been.

"When trade grew slack, and notes fell due, the merchant's face grew long and blue; his dreams were troubled thro' the night with sheriff's bailiff's all in sight. At last his wife unto him said, rise up at once, get out of bed, and get your paper ink and pen, and say these words unto all men:—

My goods I wish to sell to you, and to your wife and daughters too: my prices are so very low, that each will buy before they go."

He did as his good wife advised, and in the paper advertised. Crowds came and bought of all he had, his notes were paid, his dreams were glad, and he will tell you to this day, how well did printer's ink repay.

He told us with a knowing wink, how he was saved by printer's ink.

A waggish journalist, who is often merry over his personal plainness tells this story of himself: I went to a chemist the other day for a dose of morphine for a sick friend. The assistant objected to give it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing that I intended to commit suicide. "Pshaw!" said I. "do I look like a man who would kill himself?"—Gazing steadily at me a moment, he replied, "I don't know. It seems to me if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to kill myself.

Don't be too anxious to solve a conundrum: We know a man who got two black eyes in endeavoring to find out the "difference between a man and woman fighting in the street."

Odds and Ends.

—The world knows more of God by its wisdom, than by its folly.

—A revenue cutter, is the man who dose not pay his income tax.

—Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Because it requires grinding.

—Why is a tread mill like a true convert? Because its turning is the result of a man's conviction.

—Did you ever see a woman who had to be told of her beauty before she was aware of it herself.

—Oh dear! I had a bad spell last night,' said an old lady to her son.—"You are old enough to spell well, and read too," was the cant reply.

—A man being asked, as he lay sunning himself in the grass, what was the height of his ambittion, replied: To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

—What is the difference between a legal document and a cat? One has pauses at the end of its clauses, and the other has claws-es at the end of its paws'es.

—An unmarried lady on this side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of a young friend, observed with a deep sigh—"Well, as soon as the infants are disposed of, I suppose the women will have a chance."

—A cotemporary, lauding a well-known citizen just elected to office, says. "He is one of the cleverest fellows that ever lifted a hat to a lady, or a boot to a blackguard."

—A waggish editor says that the streets of one of the Western cities are to be lighted with red headed girls. That will be bad—too many people will be found hugging the lamp posts.

—Fear not, trembling believer. The bark which bears the spiritual destinies is in better hands than thine; a golden chain of covenant love links it to the throne. He who holds it in his hands gives thee this as the pledge of thy safety: "Because I live, ye shall live also.

—After much training of quite a youngster to keep him still at the table long enough for "the blessing," he sat very quietly one day till near the close of the service, his mother beginning inwardly to congratulate herself that for once he had kept still, when he suddenly called out: "At'll do, papa; pass plates now."

—Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that thee has got a fine organ in thy church." "But" said the clergyman, "I thought you were strongly opposed to having an organ in a church?" "So I am," said Friend Obadiah, "but then if thee will worship the Lord with machinery, I would like thee to have a first rate instrument.'

—An advocate of total abstinence was once urging a confirmed toper to forego his favorite Monongahela, and substitute water in its stead declaring the claims water possessed over all other fluids as a beverage. "I know," said Tipsy, "water is a fine thing but then it is so blamed thin."

—Uncle—"I dare say when I take you home again, Charlie, your mamma will have a nice present for you. What would you like best, my boy—a little brother or a little sister?"

Charley (after some hesitation)—"Well, if it makes no difference to ma, I'd rather have a little pony."

—The morality of some people is like their crockery; they have two sets, one for show and one for use; and they both answer the same purpose, the one satisfies the minds of other people, the other their own. But this much may be said of both, that however well they may serve the purpose of this world they are of no value for the next.

—Wishes of Ladies.—First, a husband; second, a fortune; third a baby; fourth, a trip to France; fifth, a better-looking dress than any of her neighbors; sixth, to be well buttered with flattery; seventh to have nothing to do in particular; eighth, to be handsome; ninth, to be thought well of; tenth, to make a sensation; eleventh to attend weddings; twelfth, to be always considered under thirty.

—How She Knew.—Two young Misses, discussing the qualities of some young gentlemen, were overheard thus:

"Well, I like Charley, but he is a little girlish; he hasn't got the least bit of a beard."

"I say Charley has got a beard, but he shaves it off."

"No, he hasn't neither, any more than I have."

"I say he has, too, and I know it, for it pricked my cheek."

That's how she knew.

—A youth who desired to know how to become rich sent a quarter in answer to an advertisement, and received the following valuable receipt:

"Increase your receipts and decrease your expenditures. Work eighteen hours a day, live on hash and oat meal gruel."

—A talented young African of the boot black persuasion, while dancing over a customer's boots the other day observed a neighbor poring wisely over a newspaper, wherefore he addressed him thus:

"Julius, what the debel you looking at dat paper fur? You can't read."

"Go way, fellah," replied the other indignantly. "Guess I can read. I'se big nuf fur dat."

"Big nuf," retorted the first one scornfully. "Dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big nuf to cotch a mice, but she can't do it."

Speech of General Carl Schurz.

We give below an extract from the speech of General Carl Schurz, made before the General Assembly of Missouri on receiving the official announcemnet of his election as United States Senator:

"In order to arrive at a permanent basis, we must endeavor to close up the distracting agitations which have sprung from our civil conflict. The body politic needs rest, but it can and will have no undisturbed repose as long as there are classes of men that have to struggle for their rights. Our Democratic system of government can stand with security only upon the foundation of impartial justice and rights equal to all. [Applause]. It is not in consideration of the loyalty of the negro alone that we strive to extend the right of suffrage to the colored people. It is our interest no less than theirs; it is the general interest of society, which demands that the laboring man, whatever his race or color, should possess the political rights wherewith to defend his freedom, independence, and manhood, and that all those stimulants of improvement should be furnished to him which are calculated to raise him to the highest measure of usefulness. [Applause.]—Thus we shall only be just to ourselves in being just to them. To protect and secure the free development of the new order of things, it has been found necessary to take away the power for mischief from the hands of those who, during the great national crisis, stood up against us as the enemies of the good cause. This was necessary, and therefore justifiable. A few days ago I declared here, in your presence, as my opinion—which I repeat now, only translating it from the language of defense into that of positive assertion—that the act of justice to loyal men stands first in rank, and that acts of grace to our late enemies are in order only as will be consistent with the safety of the loyal people; that I will not consent to arm the late rebels with power, in a manner which would enable them to deprive loyal men of their rights. By this declaration I mean to stand. [Applause,]

On the other hand, I am sure I express the feelings of the Radical party of Missouri when I say—and here again I am only amplifying what I stated a few days ago—that it is a sense of necessity and justice that moves us, and not rankling hate or desire of revenge. While we do not approve of that kind of forgiveness to the late enemies of the Republic which consists of its forgetfulness of its friends, we swear to show that the dark fanaticism which will never forgive is foreign to our hearts, and that it is not our desire to humiliate, but to improve, and bring back to their duty those who have gone astray. [Great applause] I repeat again the words of Gen Grant: "We cannot go to them, they must come to us; but when they do come as improved men, we must not repel them." More than that, we must encourage them to improve and come. [Applause.] Let us make them understand that they have only to do full justice to all the friends of the Union, and that they may count upon full mercy to themselves; that they have only to come to us as men sincerely loyal to the new order of things, and we shall meet them with the open hand of welcome. [Applause.]

Let us convince them that, although we detest treason as heartily as ever, we shall hail with shouts of gladness the day when the rights of all will be safe under the custody of all, and when the last of the rebels can be received back into the communion of the loyal people. [Great applause.] Let them be convinced of this, and I am confident that although there may be many who still, with dogged infatuation, continue to hug their old idols, yet thousands of the young and vigorous, especially of those who, during the conflict as soldiers, never swerved from the way of honorable warfare, will soon be glad to recognize the opportunity to regain their own rights by respecting the rights of others, and to serve their own interests by serving the interests of all. [Great applause].

Let us not indiscriminately condemn the well disposed with the incorrigible, and thus force them to remain all together as a class, but stimulate every germ of good there is in them; give those who are inclined to do right our generous encouragement: put a premium on good conduct, and pay it promptly. [Applause.] Every payment thus made will prove a good investment. And as we approach the great consummation, many, many of our late enemies will be willing to acknowledge that in being the true friends of their country we were their true friends, and that whatever may have separated us in the past, common interests must bind us together in the future. Such a policy, far from endangering our ascendency, will only strengthen our moral power. [Applause.] It will not be a mere favor extended to rebels, but a service rendered to the people. There is no way in which harmony, peace and general prosperity can be better restored than by a policy calculated to identify the personal interests of the individual citizen with the common welfare, and to enlist the energies of all in the common good. [Applause.]

A Woman lately looking at a press, on which the Sanfrancisco *Free Press* was being printed, looked up in the face of her male companion, and in the most earnest manner inquired, "Arrah, Tim! an' them's the things as writes the papers? Be's them the things they call idaters? Holy Mother of Moses! does the Yankees lie, abuse and blackguard aitch other bymachinery?"

Wanted---Young Men.

It is said that the market is overstocked with men seeking employment, and yet there is always a demand for intelligent, reliable and energetic men to fill places of trust and position. But they must be members, not only of the genus '*homo*,' but of the species "*vir*;' for such, there are always open places waiting to be filled.

Who are the men that are needed in this world? Young men that will bear burdens. We have enough mullen stalks, we want oak trees. We have enough mushroons, we want timber. We have enough men that are willing to do any thing for the sake of getting along, but what are they worth? They are bridges for men to walk over. They are tools.—Men use them like sand-paper, to scour with, and then throw them down and trample them under foot. A young man that does not know how to say "No;" a young man that has not power to resist the cup when it is presented to him—what is he but a poor miserable washcloth, but a rag, dishonored, and put to the vilest uses? Who cares for him, or mourns over him, but some Christian mother, or Christian minister? But a young man that knows how to say "No;" that knows how to resist evil, that knows how to give buffet for temptation—is not he hardening himself? Is not he making his bones tough—particularly his backbone? He is becoming columnar. And it is such as he that are sought after in business. A man says, "Here is a difficult appartment in my establishment, and I would pay almost any price if I could find a man that I could trust." Says the man whom he addresses, "I know an impracticable sort of a fellow I think might suit you. He will stick to what he thinks is right at all hazards. You cannot turn him from it by any power on earth." Says the other man, "I want a lignumvitæ man; send him to me." Let it be known that a man cannot be cajoled; that he will not lie even for himself; that he will not steal, and has a prejudice against stealing; let it be known that he has been tried, and that there is an inward principle in him, and let us put him up at auction, and I will get a million bid on him! Men are the things that are most needed in New York. Why, there is no timber in the market that is gathered up as greedily as they are! There is nothing so much needed in business in all departments of it, as moral principle. And yet merchants will teach young men to lie; and, for the sake of momentary profit, cajole customers. And when, by-and-by, these young men grow up, they become on their own account, filchers, stealers and liars. You think that the young men of this generation are corrupt and worthless. They are; but the blame rests on your shoulders. You were their schoolmasters. You taught them to lie and cheat in your interests; and now they do it in their own. Now your own chickens come home to roost. Merchants North and South have been raising, by the wholesale, damnable young men without principle. And a young man, if he would save himself from destruction, must cling to that "anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the veil." Nothing else can insure him safety.—*Lutheran Observer.*

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and the Judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at 9 o'clock, they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen until that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeit of $25. At the hour appointed, the Judge came up, leading the sorriest looking horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw horse on his shoulder. Great were the shouts and laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased, when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the Judge's animal, set down his saw horse, and exclaimed, "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

An editor of a paper informed his readers that the ladies always pull off the left stocking last. This, as may be supposed, created some stir among the fair readers, and while in positive terms they denied the statement, they insisted that he had no business to know it, even if such were the fact, and pronounced him no gentleman. He proves it, however, by a short argument: "When one stocking is pulled off there is another left on; pulling off this is taking the left stocking off last.

Poetic.—One of the b'hoys indites the following to his lady love:

And when the reverend sire shall say,
"My son, take thou this daughter?"
I'd answer him in fearless tone,
"I shan't do nothin' shorter!"
Will you my son, support and nourish
This flower I give to thee?"
I'd give my white kid gloves a flourish,
"And answer, "Yes, Sir-ee!"

An Indian complained to a rumseller that the price of his liquor was too high. The latter, in justification said it cost as much to keep a hogshead of brandy as to keep a cow. "May be he drink as much water," replied the Indian, "but he no eat so much hay."

—It was wittily, but somewhat ungallantly said that a woman is the very reverse of her mirror,—the one reflectd with out talking, the other talks without reflecting.

"Not guilty," said an Omaha jury, "but if the prisoner is smart he will leave the territory before night." He left.