

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

G. & C. R. FRYSLINGER, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2876.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1866.

Vol. LVI. No. 26

**Poor House Business.**  
The Directors of the Poor meet at the Poor House on the 23 Tuesday of each month.

**Kishacoquillas Seminary**  
AND  
**NORMAL SCHOOL.**

April Summer Session at this institution will begin on April 9, 1866, and continue 20 weeks. Cost for board per session, \$75. Day scholars \$12. Special attention paid to Normal Class this session. For particulars address S. Z. SHARP, Principal, Marshall Co., N. Y.

**GEO. W. ELDER,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties. my26

**DR. S. G. MCLAUGHLIN,**  
DENTIST.  
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity. All in want of good, neat work will do well to give him a call. He may be found at all times at his office, three doors east of H. M. & R. Pratt's store, Valley street, opposite the bank. my14

**M. R. THOMPSON, D. D. S.**  
HAVING permanently located in Lewistown, offers his professional services to the citizens of this place and vicinity. Being in possession of all the late improvements in the Dental Profession, he flatters himself that he can give entire satisfaction to those who may need his services in all branches of his profession. References—best families, office west Market street, near Eisenbise's hotel, where he can be found for professional consultation from the first Monday of each month to the fourth Monday, when he will be absent on professional business one week. my14

**1866.**  
**NEW GOODS!**  
AT  
**NATHANIEL KENNEDY'S STORE,**  
In the Odd Fellows' Hall.  
JUST received from Philadelphia, a very choice assortment of  
**CALICOES, MUSLINS,**  
Ginghams, Flannels, Checks, Hickory, Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods of all kinds.  
ALSO,  
Sugars, Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Essences of Coffee, Quinquina, Sarsaparilla, Hardware and Cutlery, Shoolers, Hams, Mackerel, Herring, Shad, Boots and Shoes, Grain Bags, also, a fine lot of Whisky.  
**BRANDY,**  
Wine and Gin, SALT, Ac., Ac., Ac.  
which will be sold very low. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.  
N. KENNEDY,  
Lewistown, October 11, 1865.

**Lewistown Mills.**  
THE  
HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR WHEAT, AND ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,  
or received it on storage, at the option of those having it for the market.  
They hope, by giving due and personal attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.  
PLASTER, SALT and Limeburners COAL always on hand.  
WM. B. McATEE & SON,  
Lewistown, Jan. 1, 1865.-tf

**WHAT'S ALL THIS?**  
Why, the Grain Business Revived at McCoy's old Stand.  
THE undersigned, having rented the large and commodious Warehouses formerly occupied by Frank McCoy, esq., is now prepared to purchase or receive and forward  
All Kinds of Grain,  
for which he will pay market prices. Also, he will keep for sale, Salt, Plaster, Coal & Fish.  
He returns thanks to all his old customers for their former patronage, and shall feel grateful for a renewal of past business relations. He has also accepted the agency for the celebrated  
**PORTAGE NAILS.**  
Merchants will find it to their advantage to give him a call.  
my14-ly W.M. WILLIS.

**NEW BOOT & SHOE STORE**  
IN THE WEST WARD.  
The undersigned has just opened a new and large stock of **BOOTS AND SHOES** in Major Boy's store room, West Market street, Lewistown, a few doors from the diamond and opposite Eisenbise's Hotel, where will be found an entire new stock of Fashionable  
**BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &c.,**  
for Ladies, Gentleman, Girls, Boys, and Children, selected with much care, and which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash.  
Custom work will also be punctually attended to, this branch being under the superintendence of Wm. T. Wentz, an old and experienced workman.  
REPAIRING also attended to.  
The public, as well as his fellow soldiers, are invited to give him a call and examine his stock.  
FRANK H. WENTZ,  
Lewistown, Sept. 6, 1865.

**TRY** Frysingers Navy at \$100 per lb. and you will use no other.  
Frysingers Flour Roll can't be beat.  
Frysingers Flour is the best.  
The Onondaga Trust does competition.  
Get your Fine Cut at Frysingers, \$1.20 a \$1.50 per lb.  
Navy Tobacco 50 cents per lb. at Frysingers, and all other goods in his line very low for cash.  
Merchants will find it to their interest to get their goods at Frysingers.  
East Market St. Lewistown, Pa.

**Pennsylvania Railroad.**  
Trains leave Lewistown station as follows:

Destination	Time	Destination	Time
Philadelphia Express	5:35 a.m.	Baltimore	12:17 a.m.
Baltimore	4:26 a.m.	New York Express	6:18 a.m.
New York Express	4:12 p.m.	Day Express	6:09 a.m.
Day Express	6:15 p.m.	Stock	9:34 a.m.
Way Passenger	6:33 p.m.	Local Accommodation	2:33 p.m.
Local Accommodation	5:13 p.m.	Mail	
Mail	10:38 a.m.	Cincinnati Express	5:58 p.m.
Cincinnati Express	10:38 a.m.	Emigrant	

**FREIGHT TRAINS.**  
Through Freight, 10:30 p.m. 1:11 a.m.  
East " 9:15 a.m. 6:52 a.m.  
West " 12:20 p.m. 12:42 p.m.  
Express " 7:35 a.m. 3:15 p.m.  
Local " 12:35 p.m. 10:46 a.m.  
Coal Train, 9:05 p.m.

Fare to Harrisburg \$2.10; to Philadelphia 55c; to Altoona 25c; to Pittsburgh 60c; to Baltimore 52c; to York 32c.

The ticket office will be open 20 minutes before the arrival of each passenger train.

D. E. ROBESON, Agent.  
Gallagher & Conner's omnibus connects with all the passenger trains, and take up and set down passengers at all points within the borough. Orders are requested to be left at the National Hotel.

Direction	Time	Time	Time
WESTWARD			
Anderson's	10:50 a.m.	5:33 p.m.	
McVerty's	11:20	5:51	4:52 a.m.
Manayunk	11:55	6:03	
N. Hamilton	11:55	6:18	
EASTWARD			
N. Hamilton	Way Pass.	Local Av.	Co. Ex.
Manayunk	8:25 a.m.	1:06 p.m.	5:19 p.m.
McVerty's	9:00	1:47	
Anderson's	9:17	2:19	5:52

**STILL OUT UPON THE TIDE.**  
**THE BIG COFFEE POT SIGN.**

To say that brevity is wit. To try it we're hit on the following bit. For sale at the big Coffee Pot stand—Stoves, Tin Ware, plain and decorated Fruit Cans, Brass Kettles, Iron Pots, Tea Kettles and Pans, Toilet Ware, Stamped Ware, Japanese Ware and Spades, Shovels, Hoes, Knives, Forks, and Oil Shades, Step Ladders, Sponges, Sad Irons and Stands, Tins, Buckets, Churns, Brooms, and Water Cans, Butter Bowls, Sugar Boxes, and Beer Mats, Brushes, Oil Cloths, Traps for mice and rats, Clothes Pins, Bed Corbs, Knife, Tray and Soap Baskets, Flour Sieves, Wood Saws and Lamp Wicks, Spring Balances, Saw Cutters and Carpet Tacks, Tack Hammers, Hatchets, and Weekly Racks, Meat Saws, Bread Toasters, Scissors and Shoe Blakes, Clothes Wringers, Oval Trays, and Clothes Racks, Tea Balls, Zinc Rubbers and Coffee Mills, Tin Boxes for Brooms, Brooms and Wills, Picture Frames, and Tassels, pretty and new. And many other things—can't mention but few.

P. S. Many of the above mentioned goods are direct from the factory, and will be sold low for cash. I will also receive orders for goods from the city, and will be glad to send you a list of the most complete assortment of goods. This is to notify the public that the use of cemented paper, pressed upon the top of a fruit can, during the heated state of the metal, and when cold is perfectly sealed, is an infringement upon my rights, unless used upon a can having a cap with my name stamped upon it. Any kind of cement upon their cans, or any other process of pressure during the cooling of the fruit, comes in contact with my patents, dated Nov. 12, 1861, Aug. 19, 1862, March 22, 1863, and the manufacturer, with or without my name upon the caps, are liable for infringement.

Manufactured by J. IRVIN WALLIS, 118 S. FISH ST.

**Caution to Merchants & Tanners.**  
Since the great success of my patented paper caps, for holding Fruit Cans, some have thought to drift into the same current of success by infringing upon my patent. Some caps longer patented than mine, on which gums had been used under their patent arrangements, are now making their appearance with cemented paper rings, instead of the gum formerly used.

In most cases such infringements take place through persons not responsible, who take orders in country stores, while the manufacturers in the cities have the most perfect copies of their work. This is to notify the public that the use of cemented paper, pressed upon the top of a fruit can, during the heated state of the metal, and when cold is perfectly sealed, is an infringement upon my rights, unless used upon a can having a cap with my name stamped upon it. Any kind of cement upon their cans, or any other process of pressure during the cooling of the fruit, comes in contact with my patents, dated Nov. 12, 1861, Aug. 19, 1862, March 22, 1863, and the manufacturer, with or without my name upon the caps, are liable for infringement.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC.**  
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,  
Manufacturers of Photographic Material,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
501 Broadway, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are headquarters for the following:

**Stereoscopic and Stereoscopic Views.**  
Of American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, &c.

**Stereoscopic Views of the War.**  
From negatives made in the various campaigns and forming a complete Photographic history of the contest.

**Stereoscopic Views on Glass.**  
Adapted for either the Magic Lantern or stereoscope. Our catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp.

**Photographic Albums.**  
We manufacture more largely than any other house about 200 varieties, from 50 cents to \$50 each. Our Albums have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others.

**Card Photographs of Generals, Statesmen, Actors, etc., etc.**  
Our catalogue embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects, including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, &c. Catalogues sent on receipt of stamp.

Photographers and others ordering Goods, &c., O. D., will please remit 25 per cent of the amount with their order. We guarantee the quality of our goods, and do not fail to satisfy.

**H. J. CULBERTSON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
LEWISTOWN, PA.

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Mifflin county. Office with D. W. Woods, esq., Main street, below National Hotel. my2

**LUMBER.**  
JUST received, at the Lumber Yard of Wm. B. Hoffmann & Sons, a full supply of Dry Lumber, including  
**PLASTERING LATH, PALING, BOARDS, PLANK, JOISTS, AND SCANTLING.**

Doors and Sash always on hand. Also, 25,000 two-foot sawed Shingles, all of which will be sold for cash. Yard back of East Third street, Lewistown. my25

**Looking Glasses and Picture Frames**

THE undersigned, thankful for past favors, would inform the public that he still manufactures Frames of every description, as cheap as they can be made elsewhere. Looking Glasses of every description, wholesale and retail, at reduced prices. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. All persons who have left pictures to frame or frames to be filled, are requested to call for them.  
my16tf JAMES CRUTCHLEY.

FOR Amber and other Pipes, call at E. FRYSLINGER'S.

**POETRY.**

**The Undiscovered Country.**  
Could we but know  
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,  
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low,  
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost awe  
Aught of that country could we surely know,  
Who would not go?

Might we but hear  
The hovering angel's high imagined chorals,  
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,  
One radiant vista of the realm before us—  
With one rap moment given to see and hear,  
Oh, who would fear?

Were we quite sure  
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,  
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,  
To gaze in eyes that here were loveliest only—  
Their weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,  
Who would endure?

**A GOOD STORY.**

**THE FEDERAL CHAMELEON.**  
A Sketch of Scouting Strategy.

One evening about an hour after the sun had gone down, a couple of stout men, dressed in soiled rebel uniforms, each holding in his hand a good Austrian rifle, tapped at the door of a small frame building near the C—road in Virginia.

The knock was answered by an old woman whose face was almost concealed by the tangled masses of her gray, uncombed and disheveled hair.

"And what do you want here?" she exclaimed, as her deep set eyes flashed on the two men. "I haven't the smallest bit of Johnny cake in the house to offer you, for it was all—"

"No, no," interrupted one of the soldiers, "we don't want anything to eat, but we want you to tell us, and that in quick time, too, whether or not you've seen a slight but strong looking slip of a man go by here of late."

"Dressed in blue, and carrying a double barreled rifle," added the other.

"Hey, hey!" cried the hag, lifting her hands and speaking in a sharp, angry voice, "if you hadn't interrupted me, I reckon you would have heard me speak of him just now, as he was the very man who come here and bought all my cakes. It was about two hours ago, and—"

"Which way did he go after he had left you?" enquired both men eagerly.

"Before I answer that question, you must tell me who he is," said the old woman with the curiosity natural to her sex.

"He's a celebrated Union scout whom we call the 'Federal Chameleon,' because he changes his uniform so often. Sometimes it is blue, other times grey, and he has been seen wearing the disguise of an old farmer. He has shot more of our men than is pleasant, and we have a roving commission from our colonel to go and hunt after him, and capture him if we can, either dead or alive. And now we have replied to you," continued the speaker a little patiently, "we demand that you answer our questions and—"

"Demand!" interrupted the hag in shrill piercing tones. "Is that the proper way to speak to a woman—an old woman at that?"

"Come, come, answer us if you please," cried the soldier in a milder tone. "I mean no harm—it's only my way of speaking."

"Well, perhaps I may forgive, and perhaps not," said the old woman, shaking her head. "How far is it to your camp from here?"

"What is that to you? what has that to do—"

"There you go again with your cursed incivility!" shrieked the hag fiercely, "but you shall answer my question before you get another single word out of me. Now, then, how far is it to your camp from here, and how many men have you in and around it? I intend to carry your fellows some corn cakes, d'ye see, and I want to know the number of mouths I have to cook for."

"Oh, in that case," said the rebel, "I do not see any reason why I should not satisfy you. Our camp, then, are about five miles from here, near the cross roads, and our number may be about five thousand."

"That will do," cried the old woman with a grin of satisfaction—"yes that will do. And now you are sure that the man who came here to buy his supper is the one you are after?"

"We are sure of it, for although we have never seen the man's face, we'd know him by the double-barreled rifle, as nobody else in the Yankee army carries a weapon of that kind."

"Ay, ay, it's the right one, then," said the hag. "After he had finished and paid me for his meal, he says to me: 'Friend I should like to put up here for the night if you have no objections.' But as I did not like the idea of accommodating a Yankee any more than I could help, I told him there was no room for him, as I expected visitors before my hours—"

"Well, then," says he, 'can't you tell me of a place where I can pass the night a little comfortable? You see,' he added, looking toward his double-barreled rifle, 'I don't like to camp out as it looks like rain, and this piece might get hurt by it.' I know of no place, I answered, short of four miles from here in an old barn which is tight enough, I think, to keep off the rain."

"Four miles is a pretty long distance," said he, "and as I have been tramping about considerable to-day, I don't feel much like carrying this heavy load so far," pointing at his knapsack as he spoke. "Will you be kind enough to let it remain till morning?"

"Well, yes," said I, hesitating a little, and throwing a glance at the well filled pocket book in his hand. He understood the look and gave me a green-backed dollar. All right said I, and he then departed, saying he would call for his luggage in the morning, after he should wake from his sleep in the barn."

"Now, then," continued the woman "which will you do—go after him at once, or wait in ambush for him till morning?"

"The two soldiers drew back a few paces and held a short consultation, after which they advanced to the side of the woman."

"We will go now," said the one who had spoken first; "that's if you can describe to us the exact position of the barn."

"I don't think that I could describe it so you could find it in the dark, but as I am willing to do everything in my power for the confederacy, I will go with you and show you the place."

"That's right," answered the rebel, "and we will see that you are rewarded for your zeal."

"I don't want any reward for helping my countrymen," repeated the hag. "I am always ready to help along the cause."

With these words she disappeared into another room, but came forth in a few moments, with a grey blanket thrown over her shoulders.

"I took this out of Yank's baver-sack," said she with a short, dry laugh; "don't you think it becomes me?"

"Aye, aye, my good woman, very much; but lead on if you please, for we have no time to lose!"

"Forward, march!" she exclaimed, imitating the voice of a man with strong lungs. "Forward, march!—Close up! close up!" And she moved along the road at the trotting pace to a person of her years.

The night by this time had become very dark. The sky was obscure with thick driving clouds, and the wind screamed and roared among the tall pines that towered upon each side of the road. Occasionally a branch wrenched from its native trunk would fall into the road with a terrible crash, and more than once the rebels started back and cocked their pieces in the belief that the din was caused by the discharge of some yankee rifle.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the hag upon one of these occasions, "it seems to me that you are easily startled. Don't you think your commander might have picked a pair of bolder hearts than yours for this expedition?"

"You'd better keep a silent tongue in your head, my good woman, until you have an opportunity of witnessing as many battles as we have," answered one of the men, "a good soldier is always on his guard."

"Aye, aye," replied the old woman, "but you should know how to distinguish between the crackling of a branch and the ring of a rifled musket."

The rebel did not relish the noise made by the loud shrill tones of the female guide, and in order to put an end to it he controlled himself sufficiently not to reply to her last remark. The party then continued on their way in silence—which was not broken by either of them until they had gone about three miles, and a loud clear challenge suddenly startled the rebels.

"Halt! Who comes here?"

"Friend," answered the old woman in a ringing voice; "friend with prisoners."

"We are betrayed!" yelled her companions, and even as the words passed their lips, they were surrounded by a dozen Federal soldiers, one of whom carried a lantern.

As the rays of the light flashed upon the hag, the rebels saw the gray hair, the blanket, and female apparel drop to the ground, revealing the slight but iron like frame of a Union soldier in the prime of life.

"It is he, by—!" exclaimed the prisoners simultaneously, as their glances wandered to the double barreled rifle which he now held in his hand: "it is he—the scout—the Federal Chameleon!"

"Aye, aye!" answered the latter, as he leaned upon his weapon, with a quiet smile, "you are trapped sure enough, thanks to my disguise, which is only one of the many which I carry in my knapsack. Allow me to express

my thanks to you for the information you gave me in regard to the position of your camp and the number of your men; I have already sent a message to my Colonel in relation to the matter, and I perceive he has commenced to act upon it."

And as he spoke he pointed down the road where the dark outline of troops formed into line might be faintly distinguished.

They are soon in motion, and in the course of half an hour the booming of cannon, the rattling of musketry, and the cheering of Federal troops proclaimed that the combat had commenced. The din continued for about an hour when the prisoners heard from others who were brought to share their quarters, that the Southern troops had been surprised and totally routed.

**MISCELLANY.**

**A Horrible Murder in Warrington Township, York County, Pa.**

On last evening, June 17th, a most brutal and heartrending murder was committed in Warrington township, this county, at the residence of Mr. George Squibb about three miles from Rossville, and about the same distance from Lewisberry. The victims of this most inhuman butchery are Mr. George Squibb, an aged citizen, his wife and grand daughter. These were the only persons living in the house, Mr. Squibb is still living (since dead) but is unconscious, and cannot possibly survive.

He has fourteen wounds inflicted about the head, and three are within the compass of the temple, and thirteen penetrate the brain. These wounds appear to have been inflicted with a sharp instrument similar to a mortising chisel.

The old lady is still living, and Dr. W. P. Nebinger, of Lewisberry, the attending physician, entertains slight hopes of her recovery. She has three wounds, all about the head, which seem to have been made with a slung shot or Billy.

The little grand daughter was killed instantly. The blows were inflicted with a club, and were evidently dealt by a left handed man.

The murder was undoubtedly committed early on Sunday evening, while the family were making preparations for retiring. Two persons at least, must have been engaged in this hellish work. Circumstances go to show that Mr. Squibb must have been called from the house, and was struck by his assailant as he entered the porch. Everything indicates that a severe and desperate fight occurred before Mr. Squibb yielded to the blows of the fiend who sought his life.

While this fearful tragedy was being enacted in front of the house, the work of death was going on inside.—The old lady and little grand daughter could offer but feeble resistance, and were soon dispatched and rendered insensible.

The murder was not discovered till near noon to-day, (Monday,) when a neighbor had occasion to send his son to the house of Mr. Squibb on an errand. The boy speedily returned with the appalling intelligence that Mr. Squibb was lying on the porch dead and horribly mutilated. The alarm was immediately given. The citizens flocked from all directions, consternation was depicted on every countenance. Dr. Nebinger was immediately called in, and examined the wounds and did all that medical skill could do to mitigate the sufferings, and restore to consciousness the surviving victims of this horrible tragedy.

The perpetrators of this outrage were doubtless in search of money. It was well known that Mr. Squibb had a considerable sum in the house. The upper bureau drawer was broken open and a pocket book supposed to contain two hundred dollars taken, but as the money was secreted in different parts of the house, the greater portion escaped the notice of the murderers.

It is stated that two suspicious looking strangers were seen in the neighborhood on Sunday, but while the investigations were going on, a man by the name of William Donovan, familiarly known as Irish Bill, who resides about a mile from the house where the murder was committed, was arrested and brought before the Coroner's Jury, and subjected to a close and telling examination. The evidence against him, although of a circumstantial character, was nevertheless sufficiently strong to authorize the Jury in committing him for trial at the August term of the Court.

It seems that Donovan, about five years ago, in a wanton and cruel manner, beat one of Mr. Squibb's cows so that it died, and Squibb brought suit against him to recover the price of the animal. It was decided in his favor, and when Donovan was obliged to pay the money, he made threats that he would have revenge on Squibb if it

were twenty years afterwards. Donovan is an ill tempered, desperate character, and is the terror of the neighborhood, particularly when under the influence of liquor, which is often the case. Ostensibly, at least, he is the owner of a small property on the north side of Dare's Hill, and it is said that several executions are pending against him which he is unable to satisfy. He knew that the Squibbs had money in the house, and probably availed himself of the opportunity to gratify his revenge and supply himself with the money to settle his liabilities at the same time. The wounds upon the heads of the victims are all on the right side, showing pretty conclusively that they were inflicted by a left handed person, and Donovan is a left handed man.

**Buried Alive—A Horrible Death.**

On Wednesday of last week a man by the name of William F. Bond was buried alive while digging in a sand bank a short distance from his mill, on Fall creek. Mr. Bond, with two of his workmen, were hauling dirt from a sand hill for the purpose of repairing damages done his dam by the recent freshet. They dug into the side of the hill to such an extent as to leave a sand roof overhanging their heads, when one of the workmen expressed a fear that the bank might cave off and come down upon them. Mr. Bond being of the same opinion, thought to dig under a little further, and thus give the upper portion of the bank sufficient force to throw it near the dam, and save the trouble of hauling. While engaged, the bank caved off, and he was covered all but his head and neck. The workmen immediately attempted to rescue him from his perilous condition; they at first tried to pull him out, but failing in this attempt, commenced digging the dirt away from him, when he asked them if it would be likely to cave again; they told him they thought it would. He then said to them: "Save yourselves, boys—'tis no use staying here; I shall be buried alive." Hardly had those words been spoken, when down came another volume of sand, covering him to the depth of several feet. The two men then set to work removing the dirt as fast as possible, thinking they might save him. They worked three hours and a half before they succeeded in rescuing him from his premature grave. When first brought to light he was of a purple color; after rolling him on a board and bathing him thoroughly with spirits, it is said life-like color was restored to his face and neck, and his ears were really warm; but it was in vain—the spark of life had been too long extinct.

**A LARGE MAN.**—The Delaware county Republican says: Henry Breckinridge, of Middletown, undoubtedly the heaviest man in Delaware county, paid this place a visit, on Monday last, for the purpose of having his photograph taken. He is twenty-three years of age, and weighs four hundred and one pounds. He measures six feet about the waist, and is five feet seven inches in height. His legs are thicker than the body of an ordinary man, and his arms are in proportion. He is cheerful, eats heartily, and has an amiable disposition. He sleeps well, and enjoys good health. He is twenty-one pounds heavier than Mr. Lewis of Chester county, who died lately, and who was represented as being the heaviest man in the district. A greater mountain of flesh than Henry Breckinridge, we have never seen.

**A woman in Chicago** being brought before the police court of that city for maltreating her husband, thus ingeniously explained away the charge: "One day when she was running across the room, with a fork in her hand, he jumped in the way and struck his wrist against the fork, wrenching it from her grip by the tines, which he ran into his wrist. Then he undertook to strike her, but she held up a pan of hot dishwater between them, and she spilt it all over his head. Then he got still more angry at this accident, and started to jump at her, but his head came against her hand and he fell down. She took hold of his hair to raise him up, and the hair was moistened by the hot water so that it came off. Then she saw it was no use to reason with him any longer, and she left the house.

The latest style of bonnet has turned up in Richmond, Indiana. It is described as consisting of two straws, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws. Price \$10.

It has been suggested that a convention of soldiers be called to endorse Mr. Clymer. This is not the first time we have heard of bankrupts trying to get good men upon their paper.

Confess your faults.