The Lewistown Gazette.

G. & G. R. FRYSINGER, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PA.

Whole No. 2926. Wednesday, June 26, 1867. Vol. 57, No. 26.

Poor House Business.

The Directors of the Poor meet at the Poor House on the 2d Tuesday of each month.

Republican State Convention.

HARRISBURG, April 16, 1867.

The "Republican State Convention" will meet at the "Herdic House," in Williamsport, on Wednesday, the 26th of June next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to nominate a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, and to initiate proper measures for the ensuing State canvass. As heretofore, the Convention will be composed of Representatives and Senatorial Delegates, chosen in the usual way, and equal in number to the whole of the Senators and Representatives in the General Assembly.

By order of the State Central Committee. F. JORDAN, Chairman,

GEO. W. HAMERSLY, A. W. BENEDICT, J. ROBLEY DUNGLISON } Secretaries.

BENEDICT & CO., BANKERS, LEWISTOWN, PA.,

Collections and remittances promptly made. Interest allowed on time deposits. jan23-1y.

GEO. W. ELDER, Attorney at Law,

Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties mv26

LYCOMING COUNTY Mutual Insurance Company. Capital, $2,500,000.

THIS Company continues to issue Policies of Insurance on Buildings and Personal Property, in Town or Country, at cash or mutual rates.

JAMES RANKIN, President. JOSHUA BOWMAN, Secretary.

JOHN HAMILTON, Agent, jan16'67 Lewistown, Pa.

DR. JOHN J. DAHLEN, Practicing Physician, Belleville, Mifflin County, Pa.

DR. DAHLEN has been appointed an Examining Surgeon for Pensions. Soldiers requiring examination will find him at his office in Belleville. Belleville, August 22, 1866.-y

H. M. DUNMIRE, DENTIST,

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Mifflin county. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. Office first door from the Lewistown House, Main street, where he will be found the first two weeks of each month, and the last week of each month he will visit Kishacoquillas Valley. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide my1-tf

DR. S. G. M'LAUGHLIN, 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. ap19-1y*

MEYERS NEWLY IMPROVED, CRESCENT SCALE, OVERSTRUNG PIANOS,

Acknowledged to be the best. London Prize Medal and highest awards in America received.

MELODEONS, and Second hand Pianos. Music.

No. 722 ARCH St., below 8th, Philadelphia, Pa. Phila., April 24, 1867-3m

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

THE UNDERSIGNED IS AGENT FOR THE IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE,

which will be placed upon trial with any other now in use. He invites competion. It can be tested

One Month

with any other machine to enable purchers to choose

THE BEST. TERMS LIBERAL.

Give him a call. [mar19-6m] WM. LIND.

JAS. A. THOMPSON,

HAS taken the Store formerly occupied by John Baum, for the purpose of carrying on the WATCH MAKING and JEWELRY Business. He will be pleased to see all Mr. Baum's old customers, and as many new ones as will favor him with a call. All work warranted. Store on East Market street, nearly opposite the Post Office. Lewistown, April 24, 1867-tf

MRS. M. E. STEWART, FANCY STORE, West Market st., Lewistown,

LADIES & GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, Sacks, Cloaks, Hats, Bonnets, Ladies Fine DRESS GOODS and Trimmings.

Patterns of latest styles always on hand.

Millinery and Dress-Making

executed in the most approved style. Lewistown, April 18, 1866-tf

NEW Meat Establisment.

THE undersigned has fitted up the building in Brown street, above Frank's Store, for a meat shop where Fresh Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, &c. can be had at all times, an ice house for the preservation of meat being connected with the establishment. The public are invited to call.

☞ The room will be opened for the first time on SATURDAY MORNING, 15th inst.

JAMES S. GALBRAITH. Lewistown, March 13, 1867—tf.

Lewistown Coach Manufactory, Junction 3d & Valley street.

MOSER & MAYES

HAVING ASSOCIATED together for the purpose of manufacturing *Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Sulkies, Spring Wagons, &c.*, invite the public to give them a call and examine specimens of their work, which will be found equal to any in or out of the cities. All kinds of repairing promptly attended to. dec12-1y

WILLIAM LIND, has now open A NEW STOCK OF Cloths, Cassimeres AND VESTINGS,

which will be made up to order in the neatest and most fashionable styles. ap19

RENEWAL OF THE CONFLICT!

WE HAVE re-enlisted for the season of 1867, and are bound to be on the winning side in

LOW PRICES!

WE HAVE

AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK,

bought for cash, and can offer extra inducements to all of our old friends.

THE BIG GUN

WILL BE BROUGHT OUT

Loaded to the Muzzle with

Low Priced Goods!

SEE WHAT WE HAVE IN THE FIRST CHARGE:

PRINTS from 10 to 18 cents per yard,

BROWN MUSLINS from 12 to 20 cents.

BLEACHED MUSLINS from 10 to 25 cts.

BALMORALS from $1.00 to $3.00 per piece.

COTTON HOSE from 15 to 20 cents,

DE LAINES from 20 to 25 per yard.

Hoop Skirts

at prices to suit the times.

FRENCH CORSETS from $1 to $2.50,

besides a full line of

CLOTHS,

CASSIMERES,

Queensware, Groceries, &c.,

AT

PRATT, LAW & PRATT'S.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

Pratt's Old Corner!

the best place in the State to buy

Dry Goods and Notions

of any kind,

For we Won't be Undersold

By Any One.

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

Lewistown, June 5, 1867.

PATENT MICA ROOFING.

THE NEW YORK MICA ROOFING COMPANY, (established 1865) are manufacturing under Letters Patent the Best Article of Composition Roofing ever Offered to the Public. It is adapted to every style of Roof, steep or flat, and can be readily applied by any one.

The U. S. Government, after a thorough test of its utility, have adapted its use in the Navy Yards, and upon Public Buildings.

The Roofing is put up in rolls, and has only to be nailed to the Roof to make a

Durable Fire and Water-Proof Covering.

We particularly recommend its use upon

Buildings, Stores, Churches, Factories, Machine Shops, Steamboat Decks, &c.

MICA ROOFING PAINT,

For coating TIN, IRON, or SHINGLE ROOFS. It forms a *Body Equal to Three Coats of Ordinary Paint.* No Roof can rust under it, and old leaky Roofs may be made permanently water-proof and durable by its use.

The Paint requires NO MIXING, but is ready to be applied with the ordinary paint brush. *Price, $1 per gallon*, which will cover two hundred square feet.

Also manufacturers of

Black Lustre Varnish, *Tarred Felt and Roofing Pitch.*

Discount to the Trade. Circulars and Price List furnished. Rights for counties sold at low rates. Address

THE MICA ROOFING COMPANY, 194 *Broadway, N. Y.*

Frank Humphreys, 61 Royal st., N. O.; Schofield Williams & Co., Augusta, Ga.; Baldwin H. Woods Montgomery, Ala.; Thos. S. Coates, Raleigh, N. C.; F. A. Tucker, Richmond, Va.; Henry Wilson, Petersburg, Va., Agents. jan23

Drew's Patent FOR CUTTING BOOTS WITHOUT CRIMPING OR SIDE SEAMS.

THE greatest improvement of the age, in this line of trade. 1st. It does away with the wrinkles on the instep, also, with the welted side seam which has injured so many feet and ankles. 2d. It makes the easiest sitting and best fitting boot ever worn. This boot is now manufactured by P. F. Loop, who holds the right of use for the county, and is prepared to furnish all who wish to wear this boot. A liberal discount to dealers who wish to deal in these boots. Orders filled at short notice. Prices greatly reduced on all goods at P. F. Loop's Shoe Store. feb6

628. HOOP SKIRTS. 628

NEW SPRING STYLES, "Our Own Make."

embracing every New and Desirable size, style and Shape of Plain and Trail HOOP SKIRTS,—2, 2 1-4, 2½, 2 3-4, 3, 3 1-4, 3 1-2, 3 3-4 and 4 yards, round every length and size. Waists in every respect. FIRST QUALITY, and especially adapted to meet the wants of FIRST CLASS and most fashionable TRADE.

"OUR OWN MAKE," of Hoop Skirts, are lighter, more elastic, more durable, and REALLY CHEAPER than any other make of either Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American Market. They are WARRANTED in every respect, and wherever introduced give universal satisfaction. They are now being extensively sold by retailers, and every lady should try them.

Ask for "Hopkin's Own Make," and see that each Skirt is Stamped "W. T. HOPKINS MANUFACTURER, 628 ARCH Street, PHILADELPHIA." *No others are Genuine.* A Catalogue containing Style, Size and Retail Prices, sent to any address. A Uniform and Liberal Discount allowed to Dealers. Orders by mail or otherwise, promptly and carefully filled. Wholesale and Retail, at Manufactory and Sales-rooms, No. 628 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Skirts made to order, altered and repaired.

TERMS, NET CASH. ONE PRICE ONLY. mar20-10m WM. T. HOPKINS.

REMOVED. J. A. & W. R. McKEE

HAVE removed their Leather Store to **Odd Fellows' Hall**, where they will constantly keep on hand, Sole Leather, Harness, Skirting and Upper Leather, Kips, American and French Calf Skins, Moroccos, Linings and Bindings, and a general assortment of Shoe Findings, which they will sell cheap for *cash*. Highest market price paid in cash for Hides, Calf Skins and Sheep Skins.

500 CORDS BARK

wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid in Cash. ap4tf

Tailoring Establishment Removed.

CHARLES W. GIBBS,

MERCHANT TAILOR, has removed his shop to the building formerly known as the "green house," at the intersection of Valley and Mill street, adjoining H. M. & R. Pratt's store, where he cordially invites all who need anything in his line. Goods and Trimmings furnished and gentlemen's clothing made, in the latest styles, on short notice, and at reasonable prices. ap11-tf

WHAT'S ALL THIS?

Why the Grain Business is 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 and FISH.

He returns thanks to all his old customers for their former patronage, and shall feel grateful for a renewal of past business relations.

Merchants will find it to their advantage to give him a call. [mar14-y] WILLIAM WILLIS.

EMPIRE SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES.

Are superior to all others for FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

Contain all the latest improvements; are speedy noiseless; durable; and easy to work.

Illustrated Circulars free. Agents wanted. Liberal disount allowed. No consignments made.

Address EMPIRE S. M. CO., 616 Broadway, New York. sep5'66-1y

S. S. CAMPBELL & CO. Manufacturing Confectioners,

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN FRUITS, NUTS, &C.

No. 303, RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

ALSO, MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

☞ Molasses Candy and Cocoanut Work. sept12'66-1y.

20,000 MAJORITY!

To the Voters of Central Penna

ELECTION is over and it has been decided by about 20,000 majority that the Tobacco and Cigars sold at Frysinger's Tobacco and Segar Store cannot be surpassed, either in Quality or Price.

Look at the Prices, get some of the goods, and compare with all others, and you will be satisfied that you get the worth of your money at Frysinger's.

Frysinger's Spun Roll only	$1.00 per pound.
Frysinger's Navy "	" " "
Frysinger's Congress "	" " "
Frysinger's Flounder "	" " "
Willett Navy "	" " "
Oronoko Twist "	" " "

And other Plug Tobacco at 40 and 50 cts. per lb.

Cut and Dry, 40 and 50 cts. Granulated Tobaccos at 50 cts., 60 cts., 80 cts., $1.00, $1.20, and $1.50 per lb.

Fine-Cut chewing, at $1.40 and $1.20.

Cigars at 1, 2, 3, 5 and 10 cts. each.

Pipes in great variety; also Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches and Boxes, Match Safes, and all articles usually kept in a first-class Tobacco and Cigar Store.

To Merchants, I offer the above goods at prices that will enable them to retail at the same prices that I do and realize a fair profit.

Oct.2p. E. FRYSINGER.

POETRY.

How Strange it will Be.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we two
Shall be what all lovers become—
You rigid and faithless, I cold and untrue,
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you,
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do,
Love's bright web unravelled, and rent and worn thro',
And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when the witchery goes
Which makes me seem lovely to-day;
When your thought of me loses its *couleur de rose;*
When every day serves some new fault to disclose;
When you find I've cold eyes and an every-day nose,
And wonder you could for a moment suppose
I was out of the commonplace way;
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be love—how strange when we meet,
With just a chill touch of the hand;
When my pulses no longer delightfully beat
At the thought of your coming—at the sound of your feet;
When I watch not your coming far down the long street
When your dear, loving voice, so thrillingly sweet,
Grows harsh in reproach or command;
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when we willingly stay
Divided the weary day through;
Or, getting remotely apart as we may,
Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say,
Or coolly converse on the news of the day,
In a wearisome, old married folks sort of a way!
I shrink from the picture—don't you?
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and cold,
As so many others have done;
If we do let our love perish with hunger and cold,
If we dim all life's diamonds, and tarnish its gold,
If we chose to live wretched and die unconsoled,
'Twill be strangest of all things that ever were told
As happening under the sun!
Ah, me!
How strange it will be!

A GOOD STORY.

ROSANNA, THE UGLY ONE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

'But look, then,' said Mrs Moore, to her husband, 'how ugly that little one is. Is she not, William.'

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking-chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held and gravely answered his wife:

'But, my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times more, Rose would not become less ugly for your saying so.'

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their only child, and to do her mother justice, was really very ugly—nay, almost revolting; with her little gray eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick protruding lips, red hair, and, above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rose was, then, very ugly—but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt, as she listened to her mother's observation: 'Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband.'

Eight o'clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

'Go to bed, Rosanna.'

Tremblingly the little girl approached her mother, to give her the kiss of good-night.

'Tis useless, you little monster,' said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye. She hastily wiped it away, and turning to the father, presented him the yet humid cheek

He kissed her tenderly.

'I am not altogether miserable,' she murmured, leaving the room.

Retiring to her chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus part of the night, for she desired to present it to her mother, when she arose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. He repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward.

Her eyes, by chance, glanced over a neighboring mirror.

'Yes,' she said, internally, 'I am ugly—they are right,' and she sought in her own head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world—new pangs wounded the little ugly one's heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age—but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, and then loved her. Now, indeed, our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling prevarication, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days; for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why—but her father still continued angry, and her mother was still continually weeping. At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile them.

They were all three seated in the parlor—Mr. Moore was arranging the fire—when this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the mantle, and opened it abruptly; but, after a moment's perusal, he closed it again, in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck, as he was about to rise and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl, thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith; she then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caress with all a mother's fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, naught remained but to establish the peace. This was no easy matter—neither would make the first overture—and without the penetration of little Rose the reconciliation would not have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands, and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand, and joined it to her father's, as it lay near her heart. Human pride could resist no longer—the alienated parents rose at the same moment and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour Rose was the idol of them both.

Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty, and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long, wide bands of red—clouds more and more dark were heaping themselves on the eastern sky—the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary—the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon, whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding, here and there, in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical whereon the imagination loved to dwell. A low laughing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman, seated before a piano, was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for hers was a celestial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine, blue-eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice, so softly harmonizing with the tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear, and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

'How beautiful must that young girl be,' thought Underwood. 'Happy the man on whom may fall her choice,' and he involuntarily sighed.

Suddenly lights were brought in.—The young woman was ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupefied—he closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time, and he found her less ugly; and Rose was, indeed, less ugly. The beauties of the mind seemed transferred to her person; and her gray eyes, small as they were, expressed wonderfully well her internal sensations.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us to the grave.

MISCELLANY.

Romance in Real Life.

The Cleveland Herald says: We met a gentleman to day, seeking his wife, who, it seems, was in this place when last heard from, having come from an Eastern city. There is a strange story connected therewith, which the gentleman has no objection to our giving here. Eight years ago, this gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. George ——, left his young wife with his mother, then residing in the city of D——, and started overland to California. While upon his journey, the party of which he was a member was attacked by the Indians, and he was carried into captivity. He escaped from them about a year afterwards, and reached San Francisco determined to go home, taking passage in a steamer for that purpose. Three days out the steamer was burned, and he, among a few others, was saved by the efforts of a boat's crew belonging to a vessel bound for San Francisco. Having lost his money in this disaster, he sailed for Australia, which point he reached in a very destitute condition. He was sick, and remained in the hands of the physician for many long months. When able to travel he started for home, and when within five days from New York the vessel was overtaken and captured by a rebel privateer, and taken into a southern port. He was conscripted into the rebel army and forced to the front. He was made a hospital steward, which gave him a good opportunity to aid wounded 'Boys in Blue,' and saved him from taking a seeming part with the rebels. When the war was over he come north, and at once sought his home. The old house was deserted. Sadly he turned to an old neighbor for explanation. This friend, who could hardly believe the story, told him that about three months after he had started for California, a letter reached them from a member of the outgoing party, informing the young wife that George had been killed by the Indians. She had mourned for him a long time, and then a friend of her husband had married her, and, together with the aged mother, had gone West. He is now seeking them.

Hidden Treasure Found.

Rumors of treasure being found have for several days been afloat, and to-day assume the semblance of truthful reality. It appears that while some negro men were digging a well on Monday last, on a lot in the upper part of the city, belonging to the estate of Joseph Sierra, deceased, they encountered a brick vault, and breaking through it found a chest with the key in it, so rusty that it broke in the attempt to turn it. Attached to a ring on the door of the chest by a wire was a brass plate so marked as to indicate the amount of special deposit. This was copied by one of the negroes who participated in unearthing the chest and has been dealt unfairly with by his comrades. His figures are almost in hieroglyphics, but parties who have examined them say that the sum is $340,000. There are many conflicting statements among negroes who are supposed to know of the affair, and the whole thing may be much exaggerated, but some treasure certainly has been found, and four of the negroes supposed to have control of it are nowhere to be found. As the matter has assumed such interest in the community, we shall endeavor to obtain a detailed account of it. The concealment must date back to the Spanish occupation.—*Pensacola Observer.*

Boys Using Tobacco.

A strong and sensible writer says a good, sharp thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco: 'It has utterly spoiled and ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys, who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison. The laws of health are infallible; the relation between transgression and the penalty is invariable, and the infliction of the latter is certain to follow upon the former.—There is nothing about which young persons are more beguiled and deluded, than the belief that they can transgress natural laws and jump the penalty. Punishment for a violation of natural law is just as certain as that the sun itself shines, and none can violate a law of his body or any part of it, that there is not registered in him a penalty.

A Wolf's Device.

A singular circumstance, exhibiting in a remarkable degree, the reflecting faculties of a wolf, is related as having taken place at a small town on the borders of Lake Champlain. A farmer one day, looking through the hedge of his garden, observed a wolf walking round about his mule, but unable to get at him, on account of the mule's constantly kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beat was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defence had lasted full a quarter of an hour, the wolf ran off to a neighboring ditch, where he several times plunged into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory; but in a few minutes the wolf returned to the charge, and, approaching as near as he could to the head of the mule, shook himself, and spurted a quantity of water into the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them. That moment the wolf leaped upon him, and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance.

☞ Good jests bite like lambs, not like dogs.

☞ A rat hunt in Fairfield county, Ohio, footed up 16,589 of the redents.

☞ Terre Haute is terrified by an *ignis fatuus* of great size, which dances every night over a bog in that city.

☞ "Brick" Pomeroy, the leader of Democracy in the West, says that within five years the National Debt will be repudiated "as it should be." That is what the Cops generally are driving at.

Children's Column.

TOSSED BY A DEER.

BY WM. WIRT SIKES.

'You may talk about being hoisted over a stone fence by a mad bull,' said old Dave, as I sat by his cabin fireside one night; 'but if it comes to a choice between being hoisted by a deer and being hoisted by a bull, give me the bull.'

'But a deer will not run at you as a mad bull will, I should think,' was my reply. 'I thought the deer was the most timid of animals.'

'So he is, generally, said the veteran hunter, replenishing the cavity in his cheek with a huge quid of tobacco; 'but I'll tell you how a deer hoisted me once, up in the Red River country. Perhaps you never saw an elk as big as a horse. That's the size those Red River fellows often get to be. I was out on a hunt in the fall of '48, along with two of my old companions, good men and true; and we suddenly came upon a herd of elk feeding on a hillside as quiet as so many cows. They had no notion of our presence, as we came upon them from the woods, and saw them before we had left the trees. We squatted in a clump of undergrowth as quick as we caught sight of them, without making any noise. They would have smelt us, of course, if the wind had been blowing towards them, for the keenness of their smell is wonderful. Let a man get within a mile mile of a herd that is feeding to leeward of him, and the way they'll scatter will be a caution. You may talk about the scent of a dog, but it is nothing to that of an elk. The head fellow of them is always on the watch; and when he feels that smell of a human being touching his dewy nose, away he goes like a shot, and the rest after him. Well, we three, crouching there under the bush, whispered with each other what to do, and a minute after, Joe Belker started back into the woods as still as he could go. Where was he going? He was going around a long stretch to come towards the herd from the other side of the hill, and drive them down upon us. We were to keep as still as we could till we heard them coming, and then up and fire. It seems as if Joe never would get around, he was gone so long, and we were thinking something had happened to him; but just then we heard a roaring noise, and we knew the herd were coming. We did not lie there quiet, of course; if we had, we would have been trampled to death in no time. Each of us jumped to his feet, and popped behind a big tree just in time. The herd came crashing through the woods, tearing away the limbs with their huge spreading horns with a mighty racket. We each took aim at one of the herd. My companion's ball went right through the heart of a noble fellow, who leaped up into the air and fell dead on the spot. The elk I had shot at was a huge one. I knew I had hit him; but as it was, he had strength enough to run on a piece with the herd. But as the rest of the bounding fellows disappeared in the distance, I saw my victim drop upon the ground in a little opening of the wood just beyond, and close his eyes in death. While Belker and Smith were attending to their prizes, I started off after mine. My knife was out, and I had taken him by the head to finish the work,—as I saw by his quivering that life still lingered,—when the huge animal staggered to his feet, and I felt myself spinning through the air. Even as I flew I felt my death had come; for soon as I touched ground again, the elk would be upon me, and would gore me through and through. The chance of my getting caught between his horns, the way I did when he threw me, was one out of a thousand, and the second time would be death, of course. But Belker had seen me as I went up, and before I came down he had put a ball through the animal's heart. Well, now, I've knocked around in the world a great deal, as you know; but in all my life I never took anything that shook me up as bad as that deer hoist did. I believe I'd rather be blown up on a steamer, run over by a herd of buffalo, or hugged by a bear a head taller than myself,—all of which I *have* been, in my time—than to be sent a spinning through the air in that way, with a wounded deer waiting for me to come down.'—*Oliver Optic's Boy's and Girl's Magazine.*

A Grateful Tiger.

A caged tiger had a live dog thrown to it one day for its dinner. Not being very hungry, the usually fierce creature did not touch the trembling little victim. This quietness gave the dog courage, and he began to lick the tiger's eyes which were sore. This act seemed pleasant to the wild beast, and the dog continued from time to time, till the eyes of this savage animal got well. The tiger from that time took his tiny four legged doctor under his patronage, looked upon him kindly, and allowed him to eat what he chose of the food thrown into his pen. Henceforth they lived like bosom friends.

Thus, you see, even the fierce tiger can be grateful for a little favor. How much more, then, should children learn to be grateful to their friends for the great favors they have received.