

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1859.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 18.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.
In the "Globe" Office Building, Market Square HUNTINGDON, PA.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon and adjoining counties, that he has opened a New Book and Stationery Store, in the corner room of the "Globe" building, where may be found a general assortment of Miscellaneous and School Books and Stationery, all of which will sell at reasonable prices. He will add to his stock weekly all books and articles in demand, and expects in a short time to have on hand as full a stock of School Books, Stationery, &c., as can be found in any town in the State.

Having made the necessary arrangements with publishers, any Book wanted and not upon his shelves, will be ordered and furnished at city prices. As he desires to do a lively business with small profits, a liberal share of patronage is solicited.

Dec. 22, 58. W. M. LEWIS.

(Estate of Mary Shively, dec.)

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Mary Shively, late of this county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

Jacob W. Shively, Adm'r.

N. B.—The Administrator will attend in Alexandria, on the 8th and 15th days of January last.

Power township, Jan. 5, 1859.

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, cold, depressing winds, and above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of God who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is formed the scrofulous eruptions, and on tubercles in the glands, swellings, and abscesses, various eruptions, such as disorders of the skin, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous taint, and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are marked by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most powerful and purest ingredients, and has been discovered from the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERYTHEMA and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or BRUCELLES, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BRUISES AND BOILS, TUMORS, ITCHING AND SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, ERYTHRAEMA, SCURVY AND MARASMS, DIARRHOEA, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a corruption of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,

are so composed that disease within the range of their action can be either withheld or cured. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the everyday complaints of every body, but also many forms of the most dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis his American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: *Constipation, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Action of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.*

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Coughs, Colic, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to require observation, and whose virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted that can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

JOHN REAG, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.

Nov. 16, 1858-79.

Select Poetry.

PIKE'S PEAK.

The vernal rains were falling fast,
As through a little village passed
A youth who bore a hickory pole,
And oxen under his control,
Pike's Peak.

His brow was glad; his eyes were bright,
Nor to the left, nor to the right,
He turned, but onward kept his steady course
And shouted (for his voice was hoarse,
Pike's Peak.

He left his happy home by night,
And toward the west he took his flight,
Above the moon in beauty shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Pike's Peak.

"You'd better stay," some old men said,
"You'll surely lose your wits or head;
The stormy prairie's long and wide,"
But loud that headstrong youth replied,
Pike's Peak.

"Beware of swindlers, cheats and thieves,
Beware of those who would deceive,"
This was the old men's last advice,
To whom the youth said in a trice,
Pike's Peak.

At length the barren plains he reached,
His head most gone; his form well bleached;
But still he groaned that fervent prayer,
Which did not go far through the air,
Pike's Peak.

A traveler by the Platte was found,
As flat as a pancake on the ground,
Still clinging to his hickory pole,
And on the ground could scarcely roll,
Pike's Peak.

There by the diggings, cold and gray,
Lifeless and pennyless he lay,
And could he speak, you'd hear him say,
Humbly,
Pike's Peak.

Thrilling Adventure.

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE

OR

AN AERONAUT.

The *Courier de l'Europe* tells the following, which took place some short time since, on the occasion of the last ascent of that celebrated and lucky aeronaut, Mons. Godard:

Monsieur Godard took with him on that day as his *compagnon de voyage* a wealthy private gentleman, who paid 1000 francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of the expedition. The weather could not have been more propitious and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude.

"What effect does that produce upon you?" asked M. Godard, of his companion.

"Nothing," said the other, laconically. "My compliments to you," said Mons. Godard. "You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude without betraying some emotion."

"Keep on mounting," said the traveller, with a gravity supreme.

M. Godard threw overboard ballast, and the balloon ascended some 500 feet higher.

"And now, added M. Godard, 'does your heart beat?'"

"Nothing yet!" replied his companion, with an air which approached closely to impatience.

"The devil," exclaimed M. Godard; 'you have really, my dear sir, the most perfect qualification to be an aeronaut.'

The balloon still ascended; when 1000 feet higher, M. Godard interrogated a third time his companion.

"And now?"

"Nothing, nothing; not the shadow of a fear whatever!" answered the traveller, with a tone positively discontented, and like a man who had experienced a profound deception.

"Goodness me! so much the worse then," said the aeronaut smiling; "but I must renounce all hopes of making you afraid.—The balloon is high enough. We are going to descend."

"To descend?"

"Certainly; there would be great danger in going higher."

"That does not make the slightest difference to me; I do not choose to descend."

"You what?"

"I say I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given 1000 francs to experience some emotion, I must do so, and I will not descend before I have felt some emotion."

M. Godard commenced to laugh; he believed at once that it was a joke.

"Will you ascend, once more?" demanded the traveler, seizing him by the throat and shaking him with violence; "when shall I feel some emotion?"

M. Godard relates that at this moment he felt himself lost. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him in regarding the strangely dilated eyes of his *compagnon de voyage*; he had to do with a madman!

If the unfortunate aeronaut had had any defensive weapon he would, after all, have been capable of defending himself; but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not dream of meeting with a warlike encounter in the stars.—The earth was 5000 feet beneath—most horrible depth!—and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to capsize.

"Ah! ah! you are mocking me, my fellow," continued the madman, without loosening his grip.

"Ah! you think to rob me of 1000 francs as well as my emotion. Very well, be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. It's you now who are going to cut a caper."

The madman was possessed of prodigious muscular force.

M. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself. "What do you wish from me?" asked he, with a calm tone and submissive air.

"Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a somersault," answered the madman, with a ferocious smile.

"But first (the madman appeared to be thinking himself) I have my idea; I wish to see if I can't find some emotion up there. I must put myself astride on the semi-circle."

The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon. Just in speaking he commenced to climb along the cords which held the car attached to the balloon.

M. Godard, who had not before trembled for himself was forced to do so now for the madman.

"But miserable man, you are going to kill yourself. You will be seized with vertigo."

"No remarks," hissed the madman, seizing him again by the collar, or I will at once pitch you into the abyss."

"At least," observed M. Godard, "allow me to put this cord round your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon."

"Be it so," said the madman, who appeared to comprehend the utility of the precaution.

This done, furnished with his cord of safety the madman commenced to climb among the ropes with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the balloon, and placed himself astride the semi-circle, as he had said. Once there, he rent the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" asked M. Godard, who feared he might have the idea of ripping open the balloon.

"To make myself comfortable forthwith,"

Uttering these words the madman cut slowly the cord of safety which M. Godard had attached to his body. With a single puff of wind to shake the balloon, the miserable creature must roll over into the abyss.

"And now," yelled forth the madman, brandishing his knife, "we are going to laugh. Ah, robber, you thought to make me descend! Very well, it is you who are going to tumble down, in a moment, and quicker than that!"

M. Godard had not time to make a movement or put in a single word. Before he was able to divine the infernal intention of the madman, the latter, still astride of the semi-circle, he cut—oh horror—four of the cordages which suspended the car to the balloon. The car inclines horribly—it only holds by two!

"A word, a single word!" cried M. Godard.

"No, no pardon," vociferated the madman, "I do not ask for pardon, on the contrary—"

"What is it you wish, then?" said the madman, astonished.

"At this moment, now," continued the aeronaut hurriedly, "we are at a height of 5000 feet."

"Stop," said the madman, "that will be charming to tumble down from such a height."

"It is still too low," added M. Godard.

"How so?" asked the madman, stupefied.

"Yes," said M. Godard; "my experience as an aeronaut has taught me that death is not certain to ensue from a fall from this elevation. Tumble or no tumble, I must prefer to fall from such a height as to be killed outright, rather than to risk only being lamed—have the charity to precipitate me from a height of 9000 feet only."

"Ah! that'll do!" said the madman, whom the mention of a more horrible fall charmed amazingly.

M. Godard follows heroically his purpose, and throws over an enormous quantity of ballast. The balloon makes a powerful bound, and mounts 500 feet in a few seconds. Only—and while he surveys this operation with a menacing air, the

aeronaut thinks to accomplish another in a sense quite contrary.

The quick eye of M. Godard had remarked that among the cords spared by the madman, figures the one leading to the valve. His plan is taken. He draws the cord, it opens the valve fixed in the upper part of the balloon for the purpose of allowing any excess of the hydrogen gas to escape, and the result which he hoped for was not long in making itself apparent.

Little by little the madman becomes drowsy, asphyxiated, and insensible by the vapors of the gas which surround him.—The madman being sufficiently asphyxiated for his purpose, M. Godard allows the balloon to descend slowly to the earth. The drama is finished.

Arrived on *terra firma*, M. Godard, not bearing any hatred to the author of his perilous voyage, hastened to restore him to animation, and had him conveyed, hands and feet bound to the neighboring station.

MORAL MINIATURES.—NO. 20

DEATH.

While we know that "in the midst of life we are in death," how often do we hear the exclamation "I am afraid to die!" And yet if the cause of that dread was known, how many cases would we find it to be only that unnatural terror so universally attached to the "act of departing this life; instead of a holy fear for the safety of our souls in another state of being. It is wicked to fear the righteous decrees of a merciful God, and should you wish to live long, and happily, my friends, study to live during the present hour as if it were your last. "Now is the accepted time," saith the Lord; then

"Delay not till tomorrow, to be wise, Tomorrow's Sun (to thee) may never rise."

In some instances more courage is required to live than to die, for life is oft a burden to those who afflicted with many bodily ailments have not sufficient moral strength to be resigned, and to say "thy will, not mine be done." Tho' death is the final of all human beings it is only the virtuous who can gladly claim it as a privilege, and happiness. No covenant or agreement can be made with death for a delay of its mission, therefore I pray you, dear reader, secure now while you may, a well grounded hope in an immortal state, that you may be prepared when God calls you to himself.

He that hath lived in peace, and worshipped his Creator in the beauty of holiness dies at his appointed time with pleasure. To him it is but the turning over the leaf in the book of his life which ends the volume. He gladly exchanges this for one which tells him of a blissful future—his being's end and aim.

"Death is the crown of life—were it denied, Poor man had lived in vain."

Self communion is—a daily habit—one of the best means of bringing ourselves, into a just estimation of ourselves, and all earthly things while it also teaches us to prize Heaven as God's best reward to man.

"As the tree falls so it must lie," so as death leaves us, will judgement find us—Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of Heaven." For he cometh for life cometh to judge the earth, and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth." If then this trans formation is so terrible to us as a change of state, let us so live that immortality may be but an unending continuation of a virtuous life.

"Hasten sinner to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn;
Ere salvation's work is done.

"Thou Lord when I resign my breath,
My soul from Hell shall free;
Nor let thy holy one in death,
The least corruption see.

"Great Shepherd lead me on,
My soul disdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are down,
Now life great Lord is near.

EDUCATOR

"What is that you've got in your hand, my love?" said an old lady to her daughter.

"It's a billet-doux, ma," replied Miss Sophronia.

"Daughter" said the ancient matron, drawing herself up with much dignity, "call them things William dox in future. Billy is vulgar."

Answer to Question No. 9.—The landlord would lose 7 1-5 bushels by such an arrangement, as the rent would entitle him to 2-5 of 18. The tenant should give him 18 bushels from his own share after the division is completed, otherwise the landlord would receive but 2-7 of the first 63 bushels.

The Apiary.

MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

Whoever expects to be successful in the management of the honey bee, must discard the word *luck*, and substitute in its place good common sense and untiring attention. If left entirely to themselves, they will be found, like many other branches of rural economy, not to pay, and the bee-keeper will unwisely conclude that he has no luck in keeping bees. On the contrary, if managed, with diligence and skill, they will not only furnish the apiarian with some of the "sweets of life," but will also occasionally fill his pockets with the needful.

SPRING MANAGEMENT.—Place the hive where it is intended they shall stand during the summer, which should be where the sun can strike the hive in the early part of the day, and also where they can be easily watched by the family during the swarming season. Keep the entrance to hives pretty well closed, to prevent the chilling of the young brood. This will also guard against robbing; for it is at this season of the year that they are inclined to rob, which they never do when the hive is full of honey to gather. About the first of June, raise the hives from the bottom board by placing blocks of wood or small stones under the corners. Some apiarians raise them up early in the spring, which is wrong, as the cold winds of spring will chill the brood. Some do not raise them at all, but leave them close to the bottom board all summer. In this case they should be examined every few days, and all worms found under the edges of the hive killed—*not* brushing off on the ground, for that is where they want to go—but give them a regular smothering.

SWARMING.—Every bee-keeper should be provided with a bee-hat, which can be made of wire screen doubled round like a cylinder with two ends riveted together and a piece of cloth sewed over the top or crown. Take a piece of calico the same length of the screen before doubling, sew the ends making a cylinder as of the screen together, fasten the ends of the cloth and screen together, and it is finished. Put the hat on, let the lower end of the cloth come down around the neck, and shoulders, button the coat or frock tight around the neck, put on a pair of woolen gloves or mittens, and you are armed for any emergency. Let those who have never used one get one and try it, and they will never do without it again. Lay some boards on the ground, and spread a sheet over them to keep the bees out of the grass, set the hive on the sheet with the front edge raised about an inch. If the swarm has alighted on the limb of a tree that can be cut off, cut it off carefully and shake them off on the sheet in front of the hive, and they will soon enter. If they alight on a valuable, and you do not wish to cut it off, take a pan and brush the bees into it with a wing, and empty them in front of the hive. If they gather to the body of a tree or on the fence, as they sometimes do, brush them off into a pan or dipper, in the same manner. The will readily enter the hive. Some have supposed that the queen must always be got into the hive first which is not so, she being frequently nearly last to enter. As soon as they have all entered the hive, carry it to where it is to remain and cover it with boards or green boughs to shade it for a few days.—When this precaution is taken, they will not often leave the hive. If the hive is new, never wash it with anything. If it is an old hive, it should be scraped and washed with water sweetened with honey or sugar. Somebody once told me to wash my hives with sweetened whiskey, and I never had a swarm leave when treated in that manner. Second or third swarms, if late in the season, should be returned to the parent hive, which they will do if the queen is found and destroyed.

FALL MANAGEMENT.—Double all late swarms that have not honey enough to winter, as a large swarm will consume but little more than a small one; and if two small swarms, with the contents of their hives are put together, they will generally do well and make one good swarm, otherwise they must both be consigned to the brimstone pit.

WINTER MANAGEMENT.—See that the hives are properly ventilated that the moisture which always arises from the good healthy swarm does not gather in the top of the hive and freeze in cold weather.—Many bees are lost in this way. After consuming all the honey where the are clustered, they die of starvation. The remedy is to keep them so warm that the moisture will not freeze, or let it escape by ventilation.

DRIVING.—Sometimes it may be necessary, in order to save a swarm that is not doing well on account of the comb becoming old or the ravages of the bee-moth, to drive them out into a new hive. Make a box of the same size of the hive, with a pane of glass in the top. Turn the hive bottom upwards and place the box on top, and wind a cloth around where they come together. Let them stand a few minutes, to give the bees time to fill themselves with honey; then, with a couple of sticks, rap smartly on the lower part of the hive, and they will rush up to the light to get out. When they are nearly up into the box take it off, and, having previously arranged a hive for swarming, shake them out in front of the hive, and they will soon enter. Take the comb out of the old hive, and what bees are left in brush off, and they will enter with the rest. A little tobacco smoke, blown into the bottom of the hive, will sometimes be of assistance in driving them up. The smoke of burning rags will also answer the same purpose.—Smoking them also serves to make them good natured and less inclined to sting. If it should be bad weather for a few days after driving, they should be fed.

DOUBLING OR UNITING SWARMS.—Drive them out of one of the hives as directed above. Then take one of the hives you wish to unite them with, invert it and smoke them well with tobacco or the smoke of cotton rags, then sprinkle them with sweetened water with a little peppermint essence in it. Take the box with the bees in it from the other hive, smoke and sprinkle them, and set the hive where it stood with the front edge a little raised, that the scattering bees may enter. Smoke them occasionally for a short time. This will keep them good natured and give them all one scent, that they can not distinguish friends from strangers. They will commence eating the sweetened water, and, mingling together, will live as one family. This should be done late in the season. If upon a pleasant day they should come out of the hive, the old one should be placed where it stood, and what bees enter it can at night be returned to the other hive.

C. C. WILSON, Niagara Co., N. Y.

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C. C. WILSON, Niagara Co., N. Y.

Select Miscellany.

AN ELOPEMENT—A BRIDE IN BOYS' CLOTHES.

The St. Louis Republican has the following item as occurred in that city:—

About 5 o'clock Monday evening, two young persons, dressed in a very gentlemanly manner, walked into the office of Justice Herckenrath, on Walnut street. The oldest introduced himself as Samuel A. Patterson, and said for several years he had been paying courteous attentions to Miss Louisa Chamberlain, in one of the border towns of Indiana. His suit had been well received by the young lady, and they were engaged to be married; but the father of his affianced interposed his objections to the proposed hymeneal co-partnership, and declared with great positiveness that the twain should not be made one flesh. Finding Chamberlain, Sr., inexorable, Mr. Patterson had concluded to go to Pike's Peak, hoping to reap golden treasures as the result of his journey, and on his return experience less difficulty "in conciliating his sweetheart's obdurate parent." So about a week ago, bidding good bye for awhile to his native town, and indulging in a kiss or two, together with a chaste embrace, in which Miss Louisa was a participant, he steered his course for St. Louis.

The thought of a long separation from her dearly beloved, but more than all the fear that absence might drive her image from his heart, was to much for the fair Louisa. She took a younger brother into confidence, and poured into his sympathetic ear the story of her grief. There was a dash of romance in that younger brother, and said he, "Louisa, run off—meet Sam—marry him—and the devil take the consequence." On that hint she spoke. That, indeed, she had already resolved upon.

The above narrative, perhaps not in the some words, but in substance similar, was told to Justice H——, night before last, at 5 o'clock P. M., precisely.

The Squire meditated. At length he said he would rather not perform the ceremony.

"But you must" said Patterson, "and besides, if you don't some magistrate will, and you might as well have the money as any other."

The last was a wise thought for the young anticipatory husband.

"Well" observed Esq. H——, "bring the lady here—I'll tie the knot."

Mr. Patterson walked to another portion of the room where his genteel companion had taken a seat.

"Here she is" he announced, as they both advanced to the Justice's desk.

We will not say that the functionary who presides over Fourth Ward was dumb-founded, struck aghast, for he was not.—He was simply surprised. He shook his head and remarked that if the lady would return to her boarding-house and re-appear in the costume of her sex he would gladly accede to their wishes.

A short hour elapsed. Miss Chamberlain, attired in all the paraphernalia of hoops and other feminine et cetera, now a blooming, blushing young lady of sweet seventeen, entered the office, accompanied by the smiling and altogether happy Mr. Patterson. Five minutes served to place them in a new relation, and after receiving the congratulations of the peace officer of the State they departed on their way "re-joining" of course.

Yesterday morning the identical pair were seen in a buggy—but the fair Louisa was again violating an ordinance of the city, by being dressed in male attire. In the afternoon she started back to her home in Indiana, and on Saturday her husband leaves St. Louis, still bound for the orange colored Peak of Pike.

WANTED TO KNOW.

The name of the tune which played upon the feelings.

If the cup of sorrow has a saucer, In what form the phantoms of doubt appear.

What is the fine when people become intoxicated with happiness.

Why other men should not have a fargo as well as a blacksmith.

How many men have bolted from the course of true love.

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