

The Potter Journal

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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THE POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY
W. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owing no grudge except that of Principle, it will endeavor to do the work of more fully Freedoming our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil type.
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E. A. DRAKE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, offers his services to the citizens of this place and vicinity. Office on the corner of Main and Second streets.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D., Practicing Physician, Coudersport, Pa. respectfully invites the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. L-49

JOHN S. MANN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Coudersport, Pa. General and special business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

ARTHUR G. OLMSDED, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Coudersport, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care promptly and efficiently. Office on the second story of the Oldmsted Block.

ISAAC BENSON, Attorney at Law, Coudersport, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Advanced Courts of adjoining counties. Office on Second street, near the Allegany bridge.

F. W. KNOX, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Coudersport, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Office on Second street, near the Allegany bridge.

MILLER & McALARNEY, Attorneys at Law, Harrisburg, Penna.—Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States and State Governments, such as Penalties, Arrears of Pay, &c. Address Box 65, Harrisburg, Pa. Miller, J. C. McALARNEY

M. W. McALARNEY, Real Estate and Insurance Agent—Land Bought and Sold, Taxes paid and Titles investigated. Insures property against fire in the best companies in the Country, and Personals in Hartford. Business transacted promptly. L-29

P. A. STEBBINS & Co., Merchants—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Fresh brought and sold. L-29

C. H. SIMMONS, Merchant—Wholesale and Retail in Dry Goods, Fancy and Staple Goods, Clothing, Ladies Dress Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, &c. Retailers supplied on liberal terms.

C. S. & E. A. JONES, Merchants—Dealers in Dry Goods, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSDED, Merchant—Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a country store. L-29

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H. J. OLMSDED, Hardware Merchant, and Dealer in Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Main street, Coudersport, Penna. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL, D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Pa. A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroad.

Potter Journal Job-Office, HAVING lately added a new assortment of Job-Types, and also a large assortment of new prepared work, of all kinds, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

WANTED, AGENTS, \$100 PER MONTH, TO sell the Improved Common Sense Family Sewing Machine. This Machine will sew hem, button, cord, braid, and, quilt, and embroider beautifully. Price only \$20. Every Machine is warranted three years. For terms address or call on G. BOWERS & CO. Reception rooms, No. 255 S. Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Im

MARBLE WORK, Monuments and Tomb-Stones of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by C. Brennan, Residence: Ballala, 12 miles south of Coudersport, Pa. on the Susquehanna Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. L-29

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\$1.50 PER YEAR! We want agents everywhere to sell our improved Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. A new salary of large commissions paid. The only machines sold in the United States for less than \$40, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co. & Wheeler. All other cheap machines are imitations and the seller or user are liable to arrest and imprisonment. Circulars free. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Bridgeford, Maine. Do. 25, 1855. L-17.

THE IMPENDING RUIN.

"Hattie, would you mind sitting in the nursery this evening? Willie has been fretful, Jane says, all day, and she thinks he is not well."

"But, Maude, shall you go if he is sick?" "Pshaw! he is not sick. Jane is always fussy, only I shall feel easier if I know you are with him. Go! of course I shall go. I wouldn't miss this party for anything. It will be the one of the season, and my dress was made on purpose. Is it not lovely? I was three whole days looking for this exact shade of rose color and the lace is perfection! I have dared to ask what Madame gave for it! Then these new puffs are so becoming, and nothing suits my complexion like blush roses. Elise, raise that bud about half an inch—so!" and the beauty stood erect before the long glass, trifling with the full folds of her rich silk, and touching a fall of lace here and there to add to the effect of the costly toilette. Never did a perfectly fitting robe cover a more graceful figure, or an exquisite coiffure heighten the charms of a fairer face. The delicate features, soft, waving brown hair, large hazel eyes, and rich, beautiful complexion each and all added charms. From the well-poised head to the tiny foot there was beauty in all.

"I wish you would ever go out Hattie," was the next remark of this bright beauty. "You would be almost pretty if you would dress like other folks, and wear your hair in anything but these old maidly folds. What's the matter to-night? You are unusually grave, even for you."

"Nothing more than I have already told you. I am afraid there is something wrong with Wilfred. He looks so pale and haggard that it worries me."

"Do you really think him ill?" The wife's face grew a shade anxious too. "Not exactly ill, but I am sure something is troubling him."

"Oh, hardships! The old cry. I never asked papa for a cent when he did not tell me it was hard times, and yet he left us ten thousand dollars a piece, and there were seven of us, and mamma's thirds besides. It is always hard times with business men. I am sure Wilfred never denies me anything, and if he were really in want of money, why, you know I could do with less jewels and dresses, and there are other ways to save I suppose. But what's the use of talking about it. You and I can do nothing. I think I have kept that carriage waiting long enough. Elise, my hood and cloak. Good night, Hattie! Don't forget about Willie. Dear little man I would give to kiss him only I am afraid he will cry when I go away. Adieu!" and away she tripped humming a polka, as her light feet crossed the hall.

Hattie Farquar waited till she heard the hall door close, and then stepped across the entry to the nursery. The nurse sat before the fire rocking in her arms a lovely boy of about two summers, whose flushed face and restless movements spoke of feverish illness. In a little crib another child a girl of four years of age was sleeping quietly.

"You can go to bed Jane," said Harriet, taking the child from the nurse's arms. "I will stay here till Mrs. Farquar returns. Wilfred, darling come to auntie."

The child nestled down contentedly into the loving embrace, and for hours the aunt sat before the fire soothing and caressing her little charge.

It was long past midnight when she placed him now sleeping quietly in his little cradle, and went softly down to the sitting-room. To her surprise she found it occupied. Seated before the fire, his hands folded over his knees, his face clouded with gloomy thoughts, sat the master of the house.

And here let me pause a moment to introduce the inmates of this house to my readers. Wilfred and Harriet Farquar were orphans, born in a far western home, and early in life left with a mere pittance for support. For a few years they struggled in their own home for a living, then an offer being made to the young man of a situation in a counting house in the city of B—— he left the west and accepted the new position. Hattie at the same time opened a small school in a village a few miles from her old home.

Fortune smiled upon Wilfred, or rather by his own industry, energy, and application, he conquered the tickle dame, and rose in his station. From one clerkship to another he advanced steadily, and by close economy in his private expenditure, saved gradually, until at last he was able to go into business for himself, in a modest way, but still prosperously.

Then he married. Of his wife Harriet heard but little, save that she was beautiful and winning, and had ten thousand dollars. From the day when first he felt independent of work, Wilfred had urged his sister to leave her school and come to him, but she preferred her independence, and steadily refused all invitations until about a year after his marriage her brother was seized with a dangerous illness, and

his wife wrote, imploring Harriet to come to her aid. It was soon evident to the sister that her presence in her brother's house would be a great comfort, if not a necessity, and she yielded to the entreaties poured out upon her, gave up her school, and remained in B——.

Maude Farquar was a beauty and belle. Her childlike, winning manners, clinging, affectionate disposition made her a very sunbeam, and the idol of her husband's heart, but she was as idle, too, as the sunbeam to which I have compared her. The petted darling of wealthy parents she had never known a care in her life. A favorite in society, her husband's indulgence allowed all her gay desires full scope, and her home became a mere sleeping and boarding-house, where the servants ruled, and the mistress was a sort of transient inhabitant.

Into this confused household Hattie came with her quiet, orderly habits, and it was not long before the whole housekeeping cares glided into her hands. Maude was only too glad to be relieved of such drudgery and gradually nursery as well as household duties became Harriet's charge, while the mistress of the house led the life of a careless, fashionable belle.

Upon her marriage Maude Farquar had placed the whole of her patrimony in the purchase of a handsome house, which Wilfred had settled upon herself. Of course the young husband's first outlay of furniture was a heavy one, and he soon found that it would tax his every resource to support his wife's extravagances in dress, jewels, and the thousand expenses of a belle. Weakly fond of her, looking upon her as a mere child, he said no word of caution or warning until his affairs became so embarrassed that ruin stared him in the face. Then, too late, he made a few faint remonstrances that fell upon idle heedless ears.

Softly, like a blessing, Hattie's hand fell upon her brother's bowed head as he sat before the fire musing of the past, and the dark future.

"Wilfred, are you ill?" He looked a moment into the kindly face and said— "Hattie, I am almost ruined!"

"I feared so," she said gently, taking a seat by his side; "this wasteful extravagance!"

"I have been wrong," he answered, "not to trust more to Maude. She has been always a petted plaything, and now—" he gave a low moan of pain, thinking of degrading his darling in joy.

"Now she must learn to bear what many another as gay and careless has borne before her time."

"The house is hers and the furniture, so she will not have to give those up, though how all this style can be kept up—"

"It cannot! Oh, Wilfred, do not fall again into the same error. Let Maude know all, or she will but go on in the same path. Tell her frankly that you cannot afford this lavish expenditure. There is a tender, true heart under all this careless gaiety. Give it a chance to work."

"Tell Maude all?" he mused, and then there fell a long silence. The sweep of a silken skirt rushed across the hall, and he said suddenly, "Hattie, how can I tell Maude that her extravagance has beggared me?"

A low cry of pain caused brother and sister to look up. Standing in the door, in all the glitter and beauty of her rich dress, but with a face pale as ashes, Maude Farquar stood stunned by her husband's words.

For an instant no one spoke. Then with a quick, impulsive movement, all her own the young wife sped across the room, to kneel with uplifted face at her husband's feet. It was a favorite attitude with her when she wanted petting, but now as she crossed her hands upon his knee, and raised her white face, there was no thought of childish coaxing in her mind. The sting of his words had gone straight as an arrow to rouse the woman in her heart.

"Wilfred," she said, her stiff pallid lips almost refusing to form the word. "Did you say I had beggared you?"

"No, darling, no! my own folly! my own blindness, that would not trust your love! Maude, darling, you are blameless."

"Tell me all," she insisted. "While I have been wasting money in a thousand useless follies, have you been staring ruin in the face? Oh, Wilfred, it seems like dancing over your grave!"

"Hush, Maude, you shall not talk so. I tell you it is my fault, mine only."

"But ruin'd, Wilfred, do you mean that you are actually ruined?"

"In a few days I must declare myself bankrupt, unless—but never mind that."

"Unless what?"

"I could command a sum of money now utterly out of my reach."

"Wilfred, will they take the house?"

"No, the house and furniture are yours, settled upon you when we were married. No one can touch them."

"Mine! all my own? And my jewels?" "All your own, too."

"I am glad of that," she said earnestly. "Yes. After all my affairs are settled I can still take a clerkship, and keep you and the children above want."

There was a long silence. Unheeding her rich dress, Maude came to her husband's arms, pillow her head upon his shoulder, and whispering low, loving words of comfort, caressing him with her little soft hands, and lavishing upon him every word in the vocabulary of affection; while Hattie, in her gentle, tender voice, offered her consolation and loves freely if not with such eager demonstrations.

It was nearly day dawn before they left the room. At the door, Maude suddenly stopped.

"Wilfred," she said eagerly, "you said a sum, more than you could command, would save you now. What sum?"

"If I had thirteen thousand dollars before this day week, I could go on. Of course we should have to live very economically for a long time before I could entirely recover my position, but still, I could meet present liabilities and start anew. But what's the use of discussing it?"

"No use at all," said Hattie decidedly. "Good-night."

"No use at all," said Maude down in her heart. "Will see, Miss Hattie. I am to live in this big house, with all this expensive furniture and keep all my jewels and finery, and my husband is to work himself into his grave earning a salary to keep it all up."

The next day, with a grave face, yet in his heart the warm appreciation of his wife's repentant love, Wilfred Farquar went to his counting-house, while Maude, to Hattie's infinite astonishment, left Willie, still fretful and ailing, for a morning drive. She was gone several hours, and finally came in radiant with beauty and in high spirits. Day after day these long morning drives were taken, Willie recovering by Hattie's care, and Wilfred finding every evening a chatty, cherry little wife in a quiet home dress, waiting for him.

The fateful week was drawing to a close. One day only remained, when evening found the trio again assembled round the sitting room fire. Maude's face was full of tender love, as she knelt in her old caressing way at her husband's feet.

"Wilfred, darling," she said, laying her cheek against his hand, "I am going to move to-morrow."

"Move?"

"Yes. Brother John has rented me one of his little houses in L street. They are new and very comfortable, quite large enough for our small family. Sister Sarah has helped me select pretty low priced furniture, and found me a good girl. I have sold this house furnished, and all my jewels, and there are fifteen thousand dollars waiting for you in the Bank. Let me cry!" for she was sobbing in the fulness of her joy. "Oh, Wilfred, I will be a better wife and mother! Hattie will teach me and help me and you will be as indulgent over my new blunders as over my old follies, will you not?" She was laughing again now.

"My little wife," he said in low, full tones, "whose heart I never knew! To move a child, a plaything, but a woman to trust as well as love. Oh, Maude, by the new bond between us, for the new love and trust I can be thankful now for the Impending Ruin!"

SNOW FLAKES IN A BALL-ROOM.—A writer in Once a Week gives the following singular illustration of the condensation of vapor, which always ensues when cold air mingles with warm. The scene was in a ball room in Moscow:

"The heat of the room having become intolerable one of the gentlemen opened the top part of one of the windows. A cold gust of wind blew suddenly in through the open window, and the heated air which was congregated in the upper part of the room became suddenly condensed, and descended upon the assembled party in the form of snow-flakes. Probably there never was seen so curious a sight in a ball,—ladies and gentlemen in ball toilet in the midst of a dance, and snow-flakes descending; and were it not for the incongruity of the attire, more like a skating party."

The longest railroad in the world is the Grand Trunk of Canada—from Detroit to Portland—837 miles.

If you have a cough do not go out to church to disturb the rest of the congregation.

The receipts of the city railways in Chicago last year were \$656,000; number of passengers, 13,000,000.

The new census of Illinois shows a total population of 2,126,000; an increase of 414,000 in five years.

Brigham Young proposes to purchase two of the Sandwich Islands and emigrate thither with his flock.

Sheep Raising.

A flock of about one hundred fine bred sheep has just been brought to Concord, N. H., to be disposed of among the best and most enterprising farmers of New England. The matter for procuring them grew out of an interchange of views of several gentlemen at the New England fair in this city in September. Jedediah T. Hoyt, of Concord, in connection with Thomas S. Lang, of Vassalborough, Me., C. C. Plaisted, Enfield, Mass., Gov. Gilmore, George Clough, C. C. Davis and John L. Tallant, of Concord, J. C. and L. K. Gage, of Fisherville, and other enterprising men, come in for a share in this valuable acquisition to the flocks of the State. Mr. Hoyt went to Kentucky, and from a portion of that State where the most valuable importations from England have been made during the last twenty years, carefully selected his sheep, taking none but the best. The sheep in this purchase consist of sixty-seven full blood and thorough-bred Cotswolds, nine buck, and the balance ewes, and twenty thorough-bred Southdowns—four bucks, and sixteen ewes. Mr. Hoyt has certificates and pedigrees from the breeders of these sheep to show that they are pure animals. Many of them descend from bucks purchased in England at high prices, and sold on arrival at sums as high as \$1,000 each. R. A. Alexander, of Woodford county, Ky., who has a flock inferior to none in the United States, is entitled to much credit for importing prize animals and scattering them over the land. The Cotswold sheep, of which most of the flock here spoken of consists, produce a long staple of wool, and fine, suitable for the manufacture of worsted goods. They are large, hardy sheep, and in Kentucky often remain in the pasture without shelter. Some of those in the flock purchased by Mr. Hoyt weigh 275 pounds, and are well proportioned. The Southdowns are a smaller animal and of middling class of wool, quite hardy, and able to subsist on shorter forage, produce less wool, but excel all other breeds in the quality of their flesh.—Springfield Republican.

On His Muscle. Thomas Topham, the 'strong man,' was born in London in 1710, and was bred a carpenter, but afterward 'traveled on his muscle.' He was a quiet, peaceable man, of middle size and weight, made like other men except that the usual cavities under the arms and hands were, in his case, filled full of muscles. The wonderful stories of his feats of strength are well authenticated.

He could hold under perfect restraint, and with ease to himself, the strongest horse. He lifted a table six feet long, with fifty pounds on the end of it, with his teeth, and held it in a horizontal position a considerable time. He rolled up a pewter dish, weighing seven pounds, with as much apparent ease as the reader would roll up a sheet of paper. He held a pewter quart pot at arm's length and squeezed the sides together like an egg-shell.

He lifted 200 pounds with his little finger and waded it gently around his head. He lifted Mr. Chambers, a clergyman, who must have lived on the fat of the land, for he weighed 378 pounds, with one hand, Mr. Chambers' head being placed on one chair and his feet on another. At a blow he struck a round bar of iron one inch in diameter, against his arm and bent it like a bow.

One night, observing a watchman asleep in his watch-box, he picked up box and watchman, carrying the load with the greatest ease, and dropped them over the wall into Tindale's burying ground.

A butcher once passed a large window at which Topham was sitting. He stooped down and took half an ox from the fellow's shoulders with so much ease and dexterity that the man swore the devil had flown away with his beef.

At a race a man insisted upon driving upon the track; so Topham took hold of the tail of his cart and drew it gently back, the driver whipping his horse like a mad man all the time.

When he kept a public house two men were determined to fight him; so, to satisfy them, he seized them by the napes of their necks, and knocked their heads together till he knocked all the fight out of them.

He astonished a sailor who presented him with a cocoa-nut, by breaking it close to his ear as you would a pea-nut; and upon one occasion lifted three hogheads of water. Once he threw his horse over a turn pike gate, and at any time could go through the manual of arms with the beam of a house.

The Wrong Side. A minister of a Western village, found one Sabbath, a notice, which had been cut from the Saturday's newspaper, and placed in his desk for him to read to his congregation. But by a strange coincidence, there happened to be printed on the other side of the same slip the advertisement of a certain shoe-dealer, a prominent member of his church, and without turning the paper to read the other side, as the advertisement met his eye, the good man concluded it was expected he would read it, and accordingly to the surprise of all, he announces, at the usual point for reading notices, that "George S. B—— keeps constantly on hand and for sale, a large and well selected assortment of boots and shoes, which he will sell for cash, at No.—— Street," and added "Brother B—— is a worthy member of the church and society, and deserving the patronage of the congregation."

The consternation of Brother B—— may be better imagined than described.

COMING DOWN.—The manner in which many of our military heroes are let down to their original level, on their return home, is sometimes more amusing to the lookers-on than flattering to the subject. A case in point: General Sam. H. went out in a regiment from the Badger State as captain. Before he left the rendezvous he was promoted to Colonel, and for gallant conduct in the field was brevetted Brigadier General. On his retirement to civil life he told a friend "they let him down easy." At Washington it was Gen. H.; at Madison, Colonel H.; at the town where he organized his company it was, "How are you, Captain?" and when he got up to S.; where he resides, every boy with freckled nose was shouting, "Hallo, Sam!"

A THICK SKULL.—It is related, as an amusing incident, that a lad of a darkey fell from the second story of a window, a distance of fifteen feet, lighting with his head on the flagstone of a side-walk in the town of Lynchburg, Virginia. One of the flags was shivered, and it was supposed the boy was killed. Several persons who heard the concussion, repaired at once to the spot. The darkey was on his feet before they fairly reached him, with a broad grin overspreading his countenance. "Golly, massa," said he, "dem stones, if dey don't want to get hurt, must keep out of dis niggers' way!"

President Johnson has vetoed the Freedman's Bureau Bill.

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