Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & ALLISON, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McCRUM & ALLISON, Publishers and Proprietors.

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Wit & Humor.

TAKE THE PAPERS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the "life of my delight,"
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent—
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
On interest fourfold paid.

* * * * *

An old newspaper friend of mine,
While dying from a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news.
While he was going off.

I took the paper, and I read,
Of some new pills in force:
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once,
Wrecked with a scorching fever,
Who swore to pay her bill next day,
If her distress would leave her.

Next morning she was—at her word—
Divested of her pain,
But did forget to pay her debt,
Till taken down again.

"Here Jessie, take these silver wheels,
Go, pay the printer now!"
She spoke, she slept, and then awoke
With health upon her brow.

I knew two men as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps,
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One took the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no papers, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown.
And killed him—"very good."

Had he been reading of his news,
At home like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take a paper?"
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow of his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bills when due.
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

N. P. WILLIS.

QUAINT INSCRIPTION.—There is an inscription on a tombstone at La Point, Lake Superior, which reads as follows:

"John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

This, says the *North Carolinian*, reminds us of one on a tombstone near San Diego, which runs as follows:

"This yere sakrid to the memory of William Henry Skraken, who came to his deth by bein shot with colt's revolver—one of the old kind, brass mounted and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

☞ Our old friend Bangs was invited by a friend to his house to partake of a julep, of which he was very fond. It was handed to him in a silver goblet lined with gold. After sipping a portion, B. turned to his host, and remarked that it was astonishing what an addition a strawberry gave to the flavor of a julep. His friend replied that he was very sorry that he did not have a strawberry to put in it.

"But," said B., "there is certainly one in this."

Upon his host's asserting the contrary, he insisted that he saw it distinctly, and drained the goblet to get the berry—when, lo, and behold, he found that it was only the reflection of his own nose!

☞ In Great Britain the financial affairs are rapidly improving.

Select Miscellany.

A Bargain by Arithmetical Progression.

While engaged in the tobacco and cigar business, I used to have for a customer in cheap cigars, one of those knowing fellows whose knowledge serves better to bore his victims than advance science. You could not make him believe that—oh no! Tell him there were regalia cigars that cost forty dollars per thousand! it might do to stuff down the throat of one of them that knew no better; he was none of them.—And so it was with everything, he always knew better. It always appeared to be his delight to draw me into some controversy, no matter what the subject was, to hear himself talk forth. I tried every way I could think of to circumvent him, and at length I did succeed in laying him out as flat as a flounder.

It was Saturday afternoon he came in, made his purchase, and seated himself to deal out his usual potion; but I was awake for him.

"Captain," said I, "I have made up my mind to go to California, and if you wish to go in a speculation, now is your time."

"As how," said he.

"Why you see these fifteen boxes of cigars, with there are two hundred and fifty in each box, and I will let you have the whole been at a low rate, providing you take them all."

"Very well," said my friend, "let us hear the conditions."

"You give me one cent for the first box, two cents for the second, four cents for the third, and so on, doubling on every box."

"Done," said he, "fetch on your cigars. Suppose you think I have not got money enough—eh?"

"Not at all, so let us proceed. Here is your first box."

He drew from his pocket a leathern purse and out of it a handful of coin.

"Hold here is your cent," said he, depositing a green discolored copper on the counter.

"Here is your second box."

"Here is your two cents."

"Very well, here is your third box."

"And here is your four cents," said he clucking.

"Here is your fourth box."

"Exactly. And here is your eight cents! ha! ha! old fellow go on."

"Here is your fifth box," said I, handing down another.

"And here is your sixteen cents."

"Here is your sixth box."

"And—ha! ha! ha! here is your thirty-two cents."

"Here is your seventh box."

"And here—ha! ha! the joke is getting too rich—here is your sixty-four cents, an half your cigars are gone."

"Here is your eighth box," said I assuming a cold indifference that perfectly surprised the fellow.

"And here is your dollar and twenty-eight cents."

"Here is your ninth box."

"Here is your—let me see—ah! two dollars and fifty-six cents."

"Here is your tenth box."

He drew his wallet thoughtfully, and on the slate made a small calculation.

"And here is your five dollars and twelve cents."

"Here is your eleventh box."

"And here is your—twice five is ten, twice twelve is twenty-four—ten dollars and twenty-four cents."

At this stage of the game he had got quite docile, and I continued—

"Here is your twelfth box: hand over twenty dollars and forty-eight cents."

Here the globules of perspiration, large as marrow-fat peas, stood out in bold relief on his face, but at length he doled out the sum.

"Here is your thirteenth box: pile out forty dollars and ninety-six cents."

"If I do, I shall, but I will not." With that he left, and I have never been able to get near him since.

Letter from A Pickpocket to his Victim.

Dr. C. H. ROBERTS, of Poughkeepsie, visited New York a few days ago, and spent an evening at the Academy of Music. While there he had his pocket picked of a wallet containing forty or fifty dollars in bank bills and some papers. After returning home he received from the pickpocket the following letter, which he handed over to the Poughkeepsie *Eagle* for publication:

NEW YORK, January 5th, 1858.

Dr. Charles H. Roberts—Dear Sir: I had the pleasure of relieving you of your pocket book on the 2d, in a crowd at the Academy of Music. I presume you soon became aware of your dispossession, and have perhaps had some anxiety as to the application of the funds it contained. You have my assurance that they have fallen into appreciative hands, and that every cent will be applied in gratifying the tastes and fancies of a fellow being whose ambition soars higher than his calling. You need not flatter yourself with the idea that you have my acquaintance because I favor you with my correspondence; no, Doctor, divest yourself of that ambition.

I write you in accordance with the law of honor among thieves, and to do you the justice of returning to you the enclosed pieces of paper which are of value to you and worthless to me—one being a note payable to your order, and the other a formula for making teeth—neither of which can ever be available to me, as my present employment probably pays better, and is a business more pleasing to my taste. From the date of the note I concluded that you had been in town for several days, which may account for the lightness of your purse. Now, doctor, a proper respect for gentlemen of my calling should never allow your purse to become so low; it is hardly up to the average of usual collections.

Then I have reason to protest against gentlemen of your standing carrying uncurrent money. It is under serious consideration to return to you the $5 on the Morris County Bank, New Jersey, which I find at considerable discount; the six fives on the Poughkeepsie banks go current, and the few smallest bills can be easily disposed of by a person of my habits. From the name and recipe which I found in the pocket-book, I conclude that you are the well known dentist who not long since did me much service in your line of business, while pursuing my avocation in Poughkeepsie.

Now, doctor, don't consider it New York hospitality to extract purses in return for extracting teeth, but remember that all have to do something for a living. You were following your avocation on me, and I was only doing the same on you when you visited our city—and this case affords a fair example of the comparative profits of your business. You spent much time and received a small fee; mine was an operation of a moment. When I consider this difference, and the gentle manner with which you attended to me, I am quite inclined to return your purse and its contents, but that would be unprofessional, and beside, would involve a loss of time on my part, for such crowds do not occur every day even in New York; but be assured that, had I recognised you, I would have spent the time appropriated to you upon some person.

The only reason I can ascribe for not remembering you is, I presume, that when you come to the city you dress up in your best, and look very different than when attending to your business at home. This little lesson may be of service to you, and learn you that pocket-books are not safe in crowds; and if you are ever caught in one again, let your vigilance be directed to your purse in proportion to its dimensions.

Yours, INCOG.

A Barker Meets With a Biter.

Mr. Aaron Lagg, an accomplished "barker," was yesterday standing at the door of his employer's clothing store, in South street, making the air vocal with importunate appeals to the personal vanity of all who happened to pass by, when he perceived a middle-aged individual in very slovenly attire, and with a very tall-crowned white hat, standing as if absorbed in admiration of Mr. Lagg's eloquence. Aaron immediately insisted on the stranger's entering the store, and placing a hand on his shoulder, conducted him in, without meeting with the slightest resistance.

"Shall I show you some splendid pantaloons, or a magnificent vest or coat?" blandly inquired Mr. Aaron Lagg.

"Whichever you choose;—its all the same to me," carelessly replied the other.

Pleased with the tractable disposition of his customer, Aaron produced an overcoat, decorated with a double row of huge bone buttons, and made of a material much resembling blue baize.

"Here," said he, "is the very last Paris style; look at that, Mr. Smith."

"John Granby is my name," quietly observed the stranger.

"Well, Mr. Granby, you cannot have any objection to such a coat as that at nine dollars."

"Oh no, I haven't the least objection against it," said Mr. G.

"Very well," continued Lagg; "you'll want a handsome vest, fit to wear with such a coat. Something like this."

Here he produced a sky-blue vest, covered with red devices, which looked like a congregation of comets "brandishing their fiery tresses in the heavens."

"Here's a neat thing," observed Mr Lagg.

"So it is," assented Granby.

He heard the price of the article with great complacency, and when Lagg said, "You'll take that, I suppose," he promptly answered, "Oh! yes, certainly, if you say so." A pair of inexpressibles, rather too gay for Scotch plaid, was next exhibited, and Mr. Granby admitted that he was in want of such an article, coinciding likewise that the price affixed to the garment was "quite reasonable." The delighted Lagg summed up the bill and named the amount.

"Why, you don't think I'm going to *buy* them!" asked Granby, as if in astonishment.

"Of course—what else?" demanded Lagg, perfectly aghast.

"Why," coolly returned G., "you said that you charged nothing for examining the clothes, and as I had nothing to do, I thought I'd take a squint at them."

"But you said you were in want of a pair of pants."

'And who says I ain't? Look at these. Twigg them patches. But curse the cent I've got to buy any more with.'

Here the mortified Lagg ordered G. out of the store, and the latter very meekly and respectfully took leave; but soon after his departure, Aaron's mortification was redoubled on discovering that the customer had gone off with the brilliant vest and dazzling pantaloons stuffed away under his loose monkey-jacket, which had doubtless been contrived for such purposes.—Lagg entered a complaint at the police office, but the thief has not yet been arrested.—*Press.*

The Fair Incendiary.

It is now about forty years, since a young lady, the only daughter of an ancient and noble house in the north of Germany, from having been one of the most cheerful girls, became subject to fits of the deepest melancholy. All the entreaties of her parents were insufficient to draw from her the reason of it—to their affection she was quite cold, to their caresses rude; and though society failed to enliven her, she bore her part in it with a power and venom of sarcasm that were as strange to her former charctar as they were unbecoming her sex and youth. The parents contrived, during her temporary absence from home, to investigate the contents of her writing desk; but no indications of a concealed or disappointed passion were to be found, and it was equally clear that no papers had been removed.—The first news they heard of her was, that the house in which she had been visiting had been burnt to the ground, that she had been saved with difficulty, though her room was not in that part of the building where the fire had commenced; that her escape at first had been taken for granted, and that when her door was burst open, she was found still dressed, and seated in her usual melancholy attitude, with her eyes fixed on the floor. She returned home neither altered nor changed in demeanor, and as painfully brilliant in conversation when forced into it. Within two months of her return the house was burnt to the ground, and her mother perished in the flames. She was again found in the same state as on the former occasion, suffered herself to be led away without eagerness or resistance, did not alter her deportment upon hearing of the fate of her mother, made no attempt to console her father, and replied to the condolence of her friends with a bitterness and scorn almost demonical. The father and daughter removed to a Spa for a change of scene.—On the night of her arrival the hotel was in flames; but this time the fire began in her appartment, for from her window where the sparks first seen to issue; and again she was found dressed, seated, and is a reverie. The hotel was the property of the sovereign of the little state in which the Spa was situated. An investigation took place; she was arrested, and at once confessed that on each of the three occasions she was the culprit; that she could not tell wherefore, except that she had an irresistible longing to set houses on fire.—Each time she had striven against it as long as she could, and was unable to withstand the temptation; but this longing first supervened a few weeks after she had been seized with a sudden depression of spirits; that she felt a hatred to all the world, but had strength to refrain from oaths and curses against it. She is at this moment in a madhouse, where she is allowed some liberty. She still possesses her memory, her reasoning powers, and her petulent wit.

Red or White.

The new fangled red petticoat, which it is said is about to become the rage on this, as well as on the other side of the Atlantic, gives occasion to Dr. Mackay for the following delicately but respectfully worded protest. We imagine, however, that it is more a matter of fashion than of taste, and that the ladies must be allowed to settle it their own way. We doubt whether the poet's arguments in favor the "white as pure as drifted snow," would hold good, at least in this, at present, filthy city.

Oh, the red, the flaunting petticoat,
That courts the eye of day,
That loves to flame and be admired,
And blinks from far away;
It may delight the roving sight,
And charm the fancy free;
But, if its wearer's half as bold,
I'll pass and let her be;
With her red, her flaunting petticoat,
She's not the girl for me!

But the white, the modest petticoat,
As pure as drifted snow,
That shuns the gaze in crowded ways
Where follies come and go;
It stirs the primrose on its path,
Or daisy on the lea;
And if the wearer's like the garb,
How beautiful is she!
With her white, her modest petticoat,
Oh, she's the girl for me!

SHARP—DOW, Jr.—He says that the reason why man was made after everything else, was, that, had he been created first, he would have annoyed the Almighty with endless suggestions.

An Arkansas Father's Advice to his Son.

Bob, you are about leaving home, for strange parts. You're going to throw me out of the game, and go it alone. The odds is again you, Bob, but remember always that industry and perseverance are the winning cards; they are the "bowers." Book larning and all that sort of thing will do to fill up with, like, small trumps, but you must have the bowers to back 'em, else they ain't worth shooks. If luck runs agin you pretty strong, don't cave in and look like a sick chicken on a rainy day, but hold your head up, and make believe you are flush of trumps. They won't play so hard agin you. I've lived and traveled around some, Bob, and I've found out as soon as folks thought you held a weak hand, they'd all back again you strong. So, when you're sorter weak, keep on a bold front, but play cautious. Be satisfied with a p'int. Many's the hand I've seen euchred 'cause they played for too much. Keep your eyes well skinned, Bob; don't let 'em "nig" you. Recollect the game lays as much with the head as with the hand.

Be temperate; never get drunk, for then no matter how good your hand, you won't know how to play it; both bowers and the ace won't save you, for there's sartin to be a "miss deal" or something wrong. And another thing, Bob (this was spoken in a low tone) don't go too much on the women; queens is kinder poor cards; the more you have of 'em, the worse for you; might have three, and nary a trump. I don't say discard 'em all if you get hold of one that's a trump, it's all good, and there's sartin to be one out of four. And above all, Bob, be honest; never take a man's trick wot don't belong to you, nor "slip" cards, or "nig," for then you can't look your man in the face, and when that's the case, there's no fun in the game; its regular "cut throat." So now, Bob, farewell; remember wot I tell you, and you'll be sure to win, and if you don't sarves you right if you get "skunked."

An Irish Manner of Stopping a Hole.

Our folks' have got a Biddy of the veritablest kind. She is a queer duck, and as good-natured as a "basket of chips." Well, last Sunday, as we were sitting down to dinner, we found the old cat, with three young grimalkins, largely engaged in the nursery business, under the table.

"Biddy," said we, 'take this cat and her kittens, and put them where we shall never see them more." A hint of dreadful import, but not understood.

"Faith, sir, and that I will."

The feline family were removed, and we proceeded to dine. By and by Biddy reentered, with an expression on her face that seemed to say, guess they're in safe keeping now!"

"Well, Biddy, what have you done with the old cat and her kittens?"

"Be-gor sir, they're safe, though, sure, D'ye mind the wood house forninst the stable? Well, I put them all in there, and fastenned the door and windies Then, seeing there was a hole beneath where they might get out, and I stopped that up too, and so ye see, they won't trouble you any more."

We were satisfied "av coorse," and we ate our dinner in peace; afterwards we walked into the yard, when we saw the 'dintical' old cat and her kittens at perfect liberty. Calling Biddy, we said:

"Did you not say you fastened that cat in the wood house?"

"Faith, an' I did, sir."

"And stopped the hole?"

"Yes, sir."

Well she had, that's a fact; but what do you suppose she had stopped the hole with? She had stuck a section of *stove pipe* into it! And there sat one of the little imps in the mouth of it, just as it had crawled out, licking its paws.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF A SPORTSMAN.—The following remarkable narrative is from the the St. Anthony, Minnesota, *News* of the 6th ult:—'A German named Walter, who formerly lived in Troy, N. Y., while following a deer a few days ago, in the vicinity of Platte River, got lost in the woods, and was unable to retrace his steps. During his absence he suffered much from the intense cold. His gun got wet, and he could neither kill game nor build a fire to warm him. At the end of three days, his hunger becoming desperate, he killed his faithful dog, and ate a portion of him—of course without any of the appliances of cookery. He threaded the heart and liver upon a string around his neck, and devoured them the next day to keep himself from starving. When he had wandered four days and five nights, he was discovered sitting on the bank of a lake, his food all consumed, and himself resigned to die. He was conveyed to a cabin, food was given him, and his boots were cut off from his frozen feet, but for want of proper attention mortification ensued, and extended nearly to the ankle joint. He was then brought to this city, where both his legs were amputated at the ankles. He lies in a precarious state and it is thought he cannot survive.

The Secret of Longevity.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity, have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, as, 'Keep your head cool, and your feet warm," "work much, and eat little,' &c., just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its greatest principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable:

"When hungry of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

The following is about the best theory of the matter: Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a concentrated one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively—who drinks pure water, avoids inflamatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues, no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality—will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensively—who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflamatory diseases, or causes that produce them, labors beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly-seasoned food—is always debilitated his pleasure.

A Bargain.

'I reckon I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day, squire?' said a genuine specimen of a Yankee pedlar as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

'I reckon you calculate about right for you can't' was the sneering reply of the merchant.

'Well I guess you needn't get huffy 'bout it. Now, here's a dozen genuine razor straps—worth two dollars and a half, you may have 'em for two dollars.'

'I tell you I don't want your straps, so you may as well be going along.'

'Well now look here squire, I'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them we'll have a trade yet.'

'Done' replied the merchant placing the money in the hands of a bystander—the Yankee deposited a like sum.

'Now said the merchant. 'I'll give you a sixpence for the straps.'

'They're yourn,' said the Yankee as he pocketed the stakes.

'But,' said he, after reflection and with great apparent honesty, 'I'll trade back with you.'

The merchants countenance brightened.

'You're not so bad a chap after all,' said he, 'here are your straps—give me the money.'

'There it is,' said the Yankee, as he received the straps, and passed over the sixpence.

'A trade is a trade; and now you are wide awake, and next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence, you'll do a little better than to buy razor straps.'

And away walked the pedlar with his straps and wager, amidst the shouts of the laughing crowd.

☞ Young man, a private word. When you go courting, find out as soon as possible whether your affections are being planted more in a bundle of dry goods and things generally than a palpitating heart, hemmed in by warm ribs and all that.—Many a fellow has laid himself out for a full-made woman, and only found a very extensive assortment of cotton, whalebone and similar delusive institutions. Just look over the goods before going to the parson.

☞ In the hearing of an Irish case for assault and battery, a counsel, while cross examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped at?

'Four glasses of ale.'

'What next?'

'Two glasses of whiskey.'

'What next.'

'A fight!'

PHOTOGRAPHS.—Ladies, generally speaking, (and they do speak generally,) dislike them. The reason of this is, that no woman, not even the prettiest, likes the truth when it is told plainly to her face.

☞ The worst features in man's face is his nose—when stuck into other people's business. Remember that—you who are in the habit of bobbing around.

☞ The prettiest lining for a bonnet is a smiling face.