



McCRUM & ALLISON,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.
McCRUM & ALLISON, Publishers and Proprietors.
Per annum, (payable in advance), \$1.50.

PROSPECTUS
ALTOONA TRIBUNE
FOR 1858.

THE CASH SYSTEM ADOPTED!
The Cheapest Paper in the County!

With the present number, the Tribune has entered upon its third volume. Commented at a time when the confidence of the citizens of Altoona in newspapers and newspaper publishers was considerably shaken...

In entering upon the new volume it is almost unnecessary to say that the Tribune will continue to be "INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING," being biased neither by fear, favor nor affection...

It has always been our aim to make the Tribune a reliable first-class LOCAL PAPER, as we believe that in that character alone, country papers can successfully compete with their flashy city neighbors.

But while the Local Department shall be our special care, we shall also devote a considerable space to LITERARY MATTER, FEN AND HUMOR, and the chronicling of events of general interest to our readers.

As we are decidedly journalists of the progressive school, we have concluded to adopt the cash system in our business. The neglect of quite a number of our patrons to pay up promptly, and the necessity of others, has compelled us to adopt this course.

Recognizing the principle that contracts to be satisfactory should be fraught with mutual benefit to both parties, and as money in large amounts, in advance, is of more value to us than when received in dribbles, as an inducement to numbers who would otherwise discountenance, as well as to those who have never yet taken the paper, we offer it at the following low rates for the coming year:

By the above it will be seen that our paper is emphatically the cheapest in the county. As to its merits we leave it to the public to decide. We earnestly request our friends throughout the county to "give us a lift," as we have no doubt each of them can readily obtain a slab in their neighborhood.

Select Poetry.

Lines to a Worn-Out Font of Type.

I'm sitting at my desk, George,
Where me on the floor,
There lies a worn-out font of type,
Full twenty thousand score;

Of earthquakes and of suicides—
Of falling crops of cotton—
Of bank defaulters—broken banks,
And banking systems rotten—

They've told us of a nation, George,
Bent sorrow'd o'er the dust
Of one whom she had called to fill
Her highest, dearest trust—

They've told how long sweet summer days
Have faded from our view;
How autumn's chilling wind hath swept
The leaf-crowned forest through;

I can't pretend to mention half
My inky friends have told,
Since, shining, bright and beautiful,
They issued from the mould—

Twice a year, from childhood up, in the
Spring and in the Autumn, I have been
In the habit of visiting at my Uncle
Merrill's. Perhaps I should not have said
"habit"—but we will let it pass; if it was
habitual with me to go, it was just as habit-

I was on a visit there one Autumn; the
trees were arrayed in russet, the brown
nuts were patterning on the fallen-leaves,
and the wind swept through the glades, at
night with the heavier monotons of winter.

ties. She was attired in a plain, white
dress. Her hair was black and luxuriant,
falling in negligent masses around her neck
and shoulders, contrasting strangely with her
face, which was very pale—no, very
white.

There was a manical gleam in those
eyes; true, a passive gleam—but their
depth, shaded as they were by long, heavy
lashes, assured me that they were at times
lit up with a fire that would make the very
blood in my veins to tingle.

—No—I am no woman; I am a ghost!
Don't they call me 'the White-ghost Margery?'
And don't the children run away
from me in affright? Yes, they do; all
except one—little Maud. She is just like
me, though—a very gypsy. Perhaps I am
disturbing you? she added, seating
herself, however, very demurely beside me.

—We are alone, Margery; it was I who
spoke. I replied, feeling quite uneasy, I
do confess.
She gazed at me a minute longer—and
the old quiet, half vacant look came back
into her eyes.

—I don't want to go back into the long
ago. I don't want to be communicative.
You ain't communicative; you haven't even
told me your name. I beg your pardon
then, Margery. I will tell you now. My
name is Blanche.

—O yes—I can draw quite well!—she
said, taking my sketch from my hands.
I gave her a searching look, but I could
not tell whether her reply was the cunning
evasion of the maniac, or simply expres-

Select Story.

THE WHITE GHOST MARGERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "TIMES."

By the author of "Here and There," "The
Founding of the Circus," &c., &c.

She paused at length, and looked long
and silently upon the drawing. I bent
down my head so that I could see up into
her eyes. They were cold, radiantless,
glassy.

—Blanche—if you sometime meet Ralph
—give him that. But why do I say that?
Won't he meet me in the dell when the
twilight thickens? To be sure he will!
Ralph is nothing to you!

The following were the verses that she
had written—and I was as certain they
were impromptu as I was that the roof
of this beautiful maniac's life was to be
woven yet closer with the future of my
own;

I met Margery often afterward, but
nothing of her past history, touching that
which I was most curious upon, could I
learn from her or others. Maniac as she
was, there was something attractive and
agreeable in her society. I was gradually
gaining an influence over her, and could,
to some extent, control her fits of lunacy.

—The rain poured down in torrents; it
beat fast and thick against the casement;
it ran riot through the spouting rith-rud
in under the door; it flooded the yard,
the quick flashes of lightning revealing where
the water lay in broad, shallow puddles, or
where it swept like a miniature river along
the narrow walls, and all the time a heavy,
dreary, incessant rain—blinding in its vel-

—The mystery is soon told. Ralph had
met Margaret Arnold while stopping for
some months at Norfolk, Va. He was capti-
vated with her society; he became devo-
tely attached to her; they were married,
and Ralph intended to bring her to his
house near Litz, as a 'surprise.' He was
wealthy, of excellent extraction, refined
and intelligent, and the very soul of integ-

—Miss Arnold, Margaret, you do love
me. Your love seeks no disguise; let
your heart speak for me.
'I did, or do love you, Mr. Bell, it is
too late now. I am married!'
Ralph could hear no more; he rushed
forward and pushed his wife rudely against
the railing. The stranger interfered, and
Ralph felled him to the floor.

—Ralph, stop! wait! let me explain!
cried his wife in terror and agony.
'Your conduct needs no explanation, we
part to-night forever!' Ralph turned upon
his heel and they never met for eighteen
long months. Like cold, icy flakes of snow
Ralph's words must have fallen on her
warm, glowing heart. He could speak so
coldly if he wished; and there was no need
of sarcasm in his words when his eyes
spoke!

—They neither exchanged letters, nor met,
as I have said, for months—and that was
one that rainy night, by the sofa.
Mr. Bell was an admirer of Miss Ar-
nold's. He had saved her from a watery
grave at a steamboat explosion on the Mis-
sissippi. She was grateful for her preser-
ver, but nothing more. He could not touch
her inmost soul so thrillingly as Ralph
could. Mr. Bell met her on that evening,
and believing her single, was simply
pressing his claims. She was too much
surprised to repulse him, nor were his ad-
vances such as to need it. I have met Mr.
Bell since and know him to possess a nobil-

—The Shippensburg News has the follow-
ing:—About three years ago, George Fry,
of this vicinity, became enamored of a
beautiful Gypsy girl, who, in company
with a number of her people, had encamp-
ed in a wood near this place. Mr. Fry's
love was fondly reciprocated by the fair
Gypsy, and she consented to marry him!
But true love never did run smooth, and
so it happened in this case. The consent
of the father of the lady could not be ob-
tained to her marriage with a man not ac-
customed to gentility! However, 'Love
laughs at locksmiths!' When Mr. Fry
found that he could not win the favor of
the old folks, he set about planning ways
and means to steal the object of his affec-
tions. In this he was successful. One night
when the hard-hearted old man was wrap-
ped in the arms of Morpheus, Mr. Fry ap-
proached the camp of the wanderers, and
was met by her for whom his heart had
long in agony sighed! After fondly em-
bracing her, he solicited her to accompany
him, without delay, to a village a few miles
distant. Without hesitation she complied
with his request, and on the following day
they were married. \* \* The rage of
the old Gypsy when he found that his
daughter had 'sloped,' can better be im-
agined than described. Nothing could
soothe his temper save the return of his
child. In vain he sought for her. Not-
ing could be heard from her. Finally,
when he found that he himself could find
no traces of her, he offered a heavy reward
to the person who would discover her
whereabouts, and in the presence of several
'kidnappers,' he exhibited large quantities
of gold and silver, which induced them to
make the effort, and a few evenings after,
in a most inhuman manner, they accom-
plished their object. In the absence of
Mr. Fry they wrested her away and deliv-
ered her over to the hands of a fakier, im-
susceptible of the divine feelings of love.
Immediately the entire group of Gipsies
fled from the country. Rumor said that
they had returned to England, from whence
they hailed. Two years noiselessly glided
by, and nothing was heard by Mr. Fry
from his absent wife, although he long
cherished the hope that she would escape
from her tyrannical parent, and return to
him whom she loved. Time, however,
gradually rusted Mr. Fry's love for his
Gypsy wife. He felt that it was 'not good'
to be alone so long, and at the end of two
years he again united his destinies with
another of Eve's fair daughters. Suffice
it to say, with the latter experienced no
visible difficulty. Things moved smilingly
along—Mr. Fry lived happily with his
wife and the rest of mankind. But alas!
how short-lived are some conjugal com-
binations! Last week Mr. Fry's first wife
—his Gypsy wife—in company with
'George Fry the second,' arrived in this
place, in search for him! By the assis-
tance of officer Shade, she was successful
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that her husband went to California some
years ago, and, soon after his arrival there,
it was rumored that he was murdered. A
few weeks since a letter was received from
him by her, we have been informed, in
which he states that he will return in the
next steamer, &c.

face of Margery—Margery the beautiful!
Soon my feet were tripping up the stair-
way.
'Ralph!' I said, opening the door of the
study—Ralph, come down stairs a minute.

—'What is the matter now, sis? Has tab-
by-cat been eating the starch? Well—I
guess I must come; it was not in the tone
of a request—it was positively a command.'
Ralph shut the book he was reading, and
turned round to look with one of his sweet,
jovial smiles.

—'Why—how white you are, Blanche!
Your lips are purple, too, and you seem to
press them inward, as if to hide their tremor!
Gracious God, Blanche! What is wrong?'
'Come and see, Ralph. My heart may
break to-night! O, I almost wish that I
were dead!'
Blanche—you will drive me mad!—
What means this? Shut your eyes—turn
them to the floor—to the ceiling—only so
you don't look at me so reproachfully!

—'Ralph,' I asked, sternly, yet hurriedly
withal, 'answer me, who is this? Good
Heavens! Have you kept locked up for
months in your soul, some dark secret;
looked away from me, your sister, your
best beloved, as you have so often called
me? Oh! this is bitter!'
He turned round to me; a sorrowful
smile wreathed his lips. It was his eyes
that were expressive now of reproach. His
features were still pale, but settled.

—'God be praised! Mercy is the Lord's
and the fullness thereof! O that sweet
endearing name of wife! My ears did not
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her dark eyes stamped her words with the
sacredness of truth. Ralph repulsed
himself bitterly for his haste and impetu-
osity; and in doing penance, by offering
his sweet sister Margery the most assid-
uous attentions a loving, impulsive heart
like hers could wish.

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second marriage was a severe shock to her,
but she emphatically declares her exclu-
sive right to him. It appears, by the way,
that Mr. Fry's second wife was a widow;
that her husband went to California some
years ago, and, soon after his arrival there,
it was rumored that he was murdered. A
few weeks since a letter was received from
him by her, we have been informed, in
which he states that he will return in the
next steamer, &c.

—'The Shippensburg News has the follow-
ing:—About three years ago, George Fry,
of this vicinity, became enamored of a
beautiful Gypsy girl, who, in company
with a number of her people, had encamp-
ed in a wood near this place. Mr. Fry's
love was fondly reciprocated by the fair
Gypsy, and she consented to marry him!
But true love never did run smooth, and
so it happened in this case. The consent
of the father of the lady could not be ob-
tained to her marriage with a man not ac-
customed to gentility! However, 'Love
laughs at locksmiths!' When Mr. Fry
found that he could not win the favor of
the old folks, he set about planning ways
and means to steal the object of his affec-
tions. In this he was successful. One night
when the hard-hearted old man was wrap-
ped in the arms of Morpheus, Mr. Fry ap-
proached the camp of the wanderers, and
was met by her for whom his heart had
long in agony sighed! After fondly em-
bracing her, he solicited her to accompany
him, without delay, to a village a few miles
distant. Without hesitation she complied
with his request, and on the following day
they were married. \* \* The rage of
the old Gypsy when he found that his
daughter had 'sloped,' can better be im-
agined than described. Nothing could
soothe his temper save the return of his
child. In vain he sought for her. Not-
ing could be heard from her. Finally,
when he found that he himself could find
no traces of her, he offered a heavy reward
to the person who would discover her
whereabouts, and in the presence of several
'kidnappers,' he exhibited large quantities
of gold and silver, which induced them to
make the effort, and a few evenings after,
in a most inhuman manner, they accom-
plished their object. In the absence of
Mr. Fry they wrested her away and deliv-
ered her over to the hands of a fakier, im-
susceptible of the divine feelings of love.
Immediately the entire group of Gipsies
fled from the country. Rumor said that
they had returned to England, from whence
they hailed. Two years noiselessly glided
by, and nothing was heard by Mr. Fry
from his absent wife, although he long
cherished the hope that she would escape
from her tyrannical parent, and return to
him whom she loved. Time, however,
gradually rusted Mr. Fry's love for his
Gypsy wife. He felt that it was 'not good'
to be alone so long, and at the end of two
years he again united his destinies with
another of Eve's fair daughters. Suffice
it to say, with the latter experienced no
visible difficulty. Things moved smilingly
along—Mr. Fry lived happily with his
wife and the rest of mankind. But alas!
how short-lived are some conjugal com-
binations! Last week Mr. Fry's first wife
—his Gypsy wife—in company with
'George Fry the second,' arrived in this
place, in search for him! By the assis-
tance of officer Shade, she was successful
in finding him. Limited space forbids us
from entering into details, at this time,
of the excruciating suffering Mrs. Fry has
undergone since her departure from this
place. The intelligence of her husband's
second marriage was a severe shock to her,
but she emphatically declares her exclu-
sive right to him. It appears, by the way,
that Mr. Fry's second wife was a widow;
that her husband went to California some
years ago, and, soon after his arrival there,
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