



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 discontinue, 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 I have been for years,
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 habitual with them to meet me when the old stage stopped at the farm-gate, and the driver unstrapped the boot to take down my great trunk.

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.

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 maniacal 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.

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She took the pencil with a graceful inclination of her head, and commenced upon the picture. An artist's soul then gleamed from her dark eyes, and every touch seemed like the touch of ecstatic genius. I almost clapped my hands with delight as my vague, undefined lines rapidly began to break out into beauty and vigor.

—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!

—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.

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.

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face of Margery—Margery the beautiful! Soon my feet were tripping up the stairway.

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her dark eyes stamped her words with the sacredness of truth. Ralph repented himself bitterly for his haste and impetuosity; and in doing penance, by offering his sweet sister Margery the most assiduous attentions a loving, impulsive heart like hers could wish.

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