

# Altoona Tribune.

McCRUM & ALLISON, [INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.] EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. VOL. 3. ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1858. NO. 7.

**THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.**  
McCRUM & ALLISON, Publishers and Proprietors.  
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**Select Story.**  
**THE ROMAN LOVERS.**  
By SIDNEY GRAY.  
CHAPTER I.  
It was evening. The last rays of the declining sun were fast disappearing beneath the western horizon, but its soft and mellow beams were still sufficient to light up the scene around. Beneath the arbor of a country villa, some twenty miles from the city of Rome, sat a maiden, over whose head eighteen summers had not yet passed. In her hand she held a roll of parchment, upon which her eyes remained steadfastly fixed, without once raising them to gaze on the splendid scene open to her view. And what could be traced on that parchment which could so absorb the thoughts and feelings of the maid, as to make surrounding objects lost to her?

It was the history of the works of the Savior of mankind; of Him who, to redeem the children of men from the transgression of their first parent, calmly suffered upon the cross!  
As the maiden read of the meekness, and submission, and suffering of the Lord, the tears started from her eyes; and laying the parchment on the seat before her, she gave herself up to sweet and holy meditation, unmindful of the increasing darkness. Ah, maiden, awake from thine own thoughts! Gaze around, and ward off the danger near. Alas! thou seest not that form, which silently, and stealthily as a serpent, is now approaching thee. Thou seest not the malign expression of that dark face, as it now bends over thee. As it gazes on the parchment a fiend-like joy spreads over that countenance. For a moment the lips part, and the figure seems about to speak, but they are again closed without emitting any sound, and the figure glides away, unperceived, without the slightest noise. All this passed, yet the maiden was unconscious of aught around her. Wrapped in her own meditations, she neither heard nor saw the movement of the figure which so lately stood near her.

Another form now approached the maid, but from a different direction, and in a different manner from the one which had before come near her. He came forward quietly, but without attempt at concealment, and as if fearing nothing. His form was noble, and his face moulded in the most correct style of Roman beauty. He was dressed after the manner of an officer of the emperor's guard and wore, at his right side, the Roman short sword.— This was the only offensive weapon he had about him.  
The maiden, upon noticing his approach, greeted him with a smile. He seated himself at her side, and, taking up the parchment, glanced at it with a saddened brow; turning to the maiden, he said, "Virginia, do you still adhere to these dangerous doctrines? Know you not of the emperor's proclamation against all who profess to believe them?"

"I know full well, Lucius," sadly, but firmly, replied the maiden, "the danger I incur by believing in Christianity; but were it threefold more dangerous, still would I adhere most faithfully to its cause. Oh! Lucius, you know not the strength this faith imparts. At the stake, it would sustain my fortitude, and enable me to die, as should a Roman maiden and a follower of Christ."  
As Virginia spoke, Lucius gazed upon her dilated and speaking eyes with looks of ardent admiration, and thought with wonder upon a doctrine which caused even a tender maid, not yet arrived at the age of womanhood—one that knew nothing of the sorrows of life, but only of life's joys—to talk thus calmly of an agonizing death.

"Lucius," continued Virginia, "let us talk no more upon this. Could I hope to convert you to this sublime faith, my exertions would be well repaid; but no; for that I can never hope. Yet the day may come when, with me, you may believe in Christ; when we may worship Him where—these writings tell me—oppression and tyranny will cease."  
"Virginia, if Lucius, by any word, has pained your heart, forgive him. The gods know that the life of Lucius is, at any moment, at the disposal of Virginia."  
As Lucius thus spoke, he knelt at the feet of Virginia; and taking her hand in his, he raised it respectfully to his lips.— He then continued:—  
"I have just left Aulus, your good uncle, of whom I asked consent to our betrothal. He has accorded it most willingly, although I had feared otherwise."  
"But, Lucius," said the maid, "will not the knowledge of my belief in Christianity prevent your wish to wed me?"  
"And can Virginia think that of one who has always loved her so devotedly?" cried Lucius, in an impassioned tone.— "But let us now retire dead. The shades of evening have fallen fast, and the dew will soon cover the earth."  
He wrapped her mantle closely round her figure, and they both took a path leading direct to the villa.

Scarcely had they disappeared, when that form which had before approached Virginia, unseen by her, once more emerged from the surrounding bushes. A more dark and gloomy countenance than belonged to that man was never made. Conflicting passions had combined to render a once handsome face fearful to look upon. He gazed after the receding forms of Lucius and Virginia, and his face expressed the fierce passions which raged within his bosom.  
As the last glimpse of them disappeared among the trees, his rage found vent in words. "So thou art to have her, Lucius, who scorned the offers of Caius Sempronius. Thou mayest, if nought should happen to prevent. But beware! thou art not yet secure. I hold a secret which shall yet satisfy my dearest hopes of vengeance. Nero will gladly welcome new victims to gaze on his insatiate thirst for blood; and then shall Caius be revenged, proud maid, for all thy scorn. Thou art a Christian, Virginia, and can endure tortures, and not renounce thy faith: This is well. Thy constancy may one day be put to the proof. Although thy uncle has been Senator, and Lucius is now the captain of Nero's guards, yet all this will not tempt the emperor to spare thee. Sooner far will he involve the others in thy ruin."  
\* \* \* \* \*

Lucius now comprehended the full extent of their danger. No chance of escape appeared to him. He knew well the bloody character of the relentless Nero, and that both friends and enemies became victims to his savage cruelty. Unsheathing the sword buckled to his side, he placed himself before Virginia.  
"Soldiers, Romans," he cried, "come on and slay your captain; alive he will never be taken. As a Roman will Lucius die, with his sword in his hand. The gods will protect me; and, if it be their will, I shall yet be saved from your hands."  
For a moment the soldiers hesitated; they all loved Lucius, and were loath to attack him, but the stern voice of Sempronius ordered them forward; and fear being stronger within them than love, they rushed upon the brave Lucius. The two foremost men fell before his flashing sword; a third met the fate of his companions; but numbers at last conquered, and Lucius was borne down and overpowered by his enemies.  
Sempronius had commanded the soldiers on no account to slay him. He was firmly bound, as was also Virginia. Aulus, too, was taken, and carried with the others before the Emperor's tribunal.  
When in Rome, the prisoners were confined in different dungeons, and were not allowed opportunity to speak together.— They remained long in suspense as to their future fate. Had not Lucius resisted the Emperor's commands, he might soon have regained his liberty; but that crime alone, he well knew, was sufficient to be punished by death. But he cared not for life, now that all hopes of saving Virginia had vanished.  
She had been offered life and freedom, on condition of her abjuring Christianity, but her firmness forsok her not in this emergency, and she persisted in her belief. Aulus, her uncle, was liberated, and allowed to retain his possessions.  
The dooms of Virginia and Lucius were at last fixed upon, and communicated to them the night before they were to be put into execution. They received their sentences calmly, and with no signs of fear.  
\* \* \* \* \*

The morning sun shone down brightly; not a cloud obscured its flashing rays. At an early hour the amphitheatre was crowded with an anxious populace, awaiting the destruction of the Roman Lucius by wild beasts. As soon as the Emperor had arrived, the busy hum of voices was suddenly hushed, and all looked into the arena for the entrance of Lucius. They waited not long for his appearance; soon he entered the arena. In his hand he held a drawn sword, which was allowed him to defend himself from the attacks of the wild beast that was to be let in upon him.— Should he be able to save himself, the Emperor had promised him life.  
Lucius looked calmly around upon the assembled thousands gathered together to witness his destruction, and then stood, waiting the appearance of his formidable antagonist. A grating door, at one side of the arena, was now pushed open from above by one of the keepers; and with a roar that reverberated through that spacious building, the savage animal that had been therein confined, sprang out.  
It was a lion of the fiercest and largest species, which had been but the day before brought to Rome, lately caught from the forests of Asia. For a moment the king of beasts gazed upon that great assembly; but his eyes suddenly lit upon the form of the man placed to contend with him. He crouched, and made a fearful spring at Lucius; but the Roman had watched all his movements, and rapidly as the spring of the animal itself, he had drawn himself to one side, and before the beast could recover himself from the effect of that spring, he passed his sword into his body.  
With a terrific howl the lion rolled over on the floor, and was quickly despatched by Lucius. Shouts of joy from the multitude shook the amphitheatre. There were but two persons in that crowd who did not rejoice; one was the Emperor Nero, and the other the baffled Caius Sempronius. Lucius stood calmly, until the tumult subsided; and then turning his face towards the galleries, he said in a loud voice:—  
"Romans, until this day I was not a Christian; but now I know that the God of the Christians alone saved me. Now, Romans, will a Roman show you how to die. Virginia, thy God is now my God."  
As he said this, he plunged his sword into his bosom, and fell dead upon the body of his fallen adversary. A breathless silence reigned throughout the house, contrasting strangely with the tumult that had before been heard there. The bodies of the Roman and the lion were removed from the arena, and the crowd gradually dispersed.  
On the afternoon of the same day, the populace of Rome were amused by another sight, even more hideous in its details than the one above narrated; this was the burning of the Christian maiden, Virginia, at the stake.  
She remained calm and unmoved to the last; not a groan escaped her lips; and she continued in earnest prayer. The fire soon appeared before her, and she answered the charge of heresy.

receive my soul!"  
With these words upon her lips, her pure spirit left its earthly tenement, and winged its course upward to the throne of that God for whose faith she had suffered.  
Caius Sempronius witnessed this horrible scene, but he did not long enjoy the fruit of his wickedness. He was shortly after denounced to the Emperor as a traitor, and, by his order was stripped, suspended by the head with a fork, and whipped to death.  
Of the after fate of the Emperor Nero, it is unnecessary to speak. Readers conversant with Roman history know it as well as I.

**Death of Monroe Stewart.**  
The curtain has dropped on the last act in the eventful life of this unfortunate man. He has fallen a victim to the fell disease with which he was some days since attacked, and gone before that Judge in the presence of whom we must all sooner or later appear. Stewart, it will be recollected, was sentenced to be hung on Friday, the 26th of February. On Tuesday, the 23d, his pardon was received, and on the evening of the same day he complained of being unwell and chilly. He asked Jailor Phillips for a little liquor, to see if it would not break the sweat upon him.— On Wednesday he still complained of chills, and Mr. Phillips gave him a dose of whiskey and cayenne pepper. On Thursday he lay in bed most of the day, and Dr. Baldwin was sent for, and administered pills.— On Friday he was quite unwell, and the doctor did not call. On Saturday the doctor came, and found him very bad. On Sunday the rash appeared upon the skin, and on Monday the doctor thought it resembled measles. On Monday night the patient was very bad, and a neighboring physician was called, and pronounced the disease small pox. On Tuesday, Dr. Baldwin was not yet prepared to acquiesce in this decision, but on Wednesday he was certain the disease was small pox, and the same evening the patient was removed to the Hospital.  
On Friday Stewart was reported dead, but on Saturday he conversed with Mr. Williams, the undertaker, and sent his respects to Jailor Phillips, of whom he ever spoke with gratitude. Since then he has been rational during the day, but flighty at night. The disease was fully developed, but inflammation of the throat supervened, and he died of strangulation. He was perfectly conscious, and was aware of his approaching dissolution. He left directions about sending some little mementos to his sister, Mrs. Shellito, for whom he entertained a strong affection. He was watched over in his last moments by kind and sympathizing nurses, who now weep, for him as for a lost brother. His remains were interred in the Methodist burying ground Wednesday, subject to order of his friends. He has several brothers residing near Steubenville, Ohio, and his father still lives, though in delicate health. We presume his body will be removed thither. He had almost attained his twenty-seventh year, and was a man of much more than ordinary intelligence, and was a favorite with all who knew him.  
A report has been current in the city that Stewart, immediately before his death, made a confession, admitting his participation in the murder of the Wilson family. We took the trouble to inquire into this matter, and learn that there is not a particle of truth in the rumor. The unfortunate man never once, during his stay in the Hospital, referred to the crime with which he was charged, and died without either a denial or admission of his guilt. We deem it but due to those who have always believed firmly in Stewart's innocence, and the public at large, to make his statement. It is hard enough, now that he has passed away, that some should believe him a murderer, without having the confession go abroad that he himself had admitted the fact, when in truth he always, at all times, and under all circumstances, maintained the contrary and protested his entire innocence, either as a principal or accessory, of the Wilson murder.—*Chronicle.*

**A General Bankrupt Law.**  
The following circular, issued from New York to the business men of the nation, was referred to in Saturday's editorial, but was crowded out by press of other matter. As the bill sought to be passed is one of overwhelming importance, some of the arguments therefore deserve our attentive perusal. Those who favor such a law are requested to obtain petitions to Congress in order that there may be immediate action on the subject.  
"Six.—A general movement is being made by the business men of this city to bring before Congress, at an early day, the great importance to our country of securing the passage of a general bankrupt law at this present session.  
"As the measure is of a national character, and demanded alike by every business community, it is confidently hoped that those friendly to the passage of such a law will not only use their influence in its favor, but also get up petitions on the subject, securing signatures thereto, and when signed, forward the same to Congress with

as little delay as possible, in order that the voice of the people may be heard, by our representatives, upon this great and vitally important measure.  
"The friends of the proposed law offer the following, as among the many arguments in favor of its adoption:  
"First.—That all credits should alone be based upon property and character; and that creditors should have the right to secure to them, by laws equally operating throughout the land, by which they can share *pro rata* in the distribution of insolvent debtors' estates.  
"Second.—That a general law, liberal in its provisions, and which shall discharge the debtor from his liabilities, upon the surrender of his property, will not only be humane, and a great public gain, but will leave the great moral link connecting debtor and creditor unsevered, impelling the former to use the energies thus generously released in repaying the losses of the latter.  
"Third.—That the small dividends under the laws of 1841, should have no weight against the passage of the present proposed law, from the fact that the insolvents of 1841 were made so by the revulsion of 1837, or previously, and, as a natural consequence, had used up their assets by family livings, speculations, law expenses, &c., previous to its passage.  
"Fourth.—The immediate passage of a liberal bankrupt law would not only secure millions of dollars to present creditors, that must otherwise be wholly lost; but would immediately redress to the active business community thousands of honest, industrious and enterprising men, free from debt and without the loss of their business, friends, or the entire destruction of their faculties by hopeless delay or idleness.  
"Fifth.—The passage of the proposed law would operate to entirely supersede the system of proffered creditors, by which the money-lender takes not only the proceeds over all others, but absorbs the property sold and delivered in good faith by importers, jobbers, manufacturers, &c., &c., instead of securing, with strict and equitable justice, an equal division of the entire estate of bankrupts, among all *bona fide* description of creditors.  
"Sixth.—The immediate adoption by Congress of the proposed law will restore general confidence, and revive business at once; not merely by securing the assets of the debtor for the creditor, or the discharge of the former that he may be able of use to himself, family, and society; but as a basis upon which thousands yet doing business can meet their creditors, explaining their positions without fear, and thus possibly, be saved from ultimate bankruptcy.  
"Seventh.—That from general observation made within the last six months, it is asserted that a great majority of the business community, at the present time, are fully of the opinion that the Bankrupt Law of 1841 should not have been repealed, but simply amended in some of its provisions; had that have been done, and the law remained upon the statute book to this day, it would be looked upon as not only the great sheet-anchor for the protection of the creditors, but as the most conservative law of the land."

**A FEW YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.**  
My dear, I will thank you to pass these few lines, you did not give me but one line. Well, Mr. Snooks, I declare you are as good as dead to me, and I shall never see you again. James keep your fingers out of the sweetmeats; Susan, keep still your bawling; I declare it is enough to set one distracted—take that, you little wretch.  
Why Harriet what has the child done? I wish, Mr. Snooks, you would mind your own business; you're always meddling with something that does not belong to you.  
Well, Mrs. Snooks, I want to know who has a better right than I have—you are always fretting and foaming about nothing. Pa, Tom, is tearing your newspaper up. Thomas, come here—how dare you speak to me—I'll teach you to tear it again—there, sir, how does that feel?—now go to bed.  
Mr. Snooks your horrid wretch—how dare you strike a child of mine!—here is a lump of sugar; there, that's a good boy.  
Mrs. Snooks; let me tell you, you will spoil the children; you know I never interfere when you think fit to punish a child—it's strange a woman can never do anything right.  
Can never do anything right! faith, Mr. Snooks, if nobody did anything right in this house but yourself, what would become of us?  
Let me tell you, ma'am, this is improper language for you, ma'am, and I'll be no longer. Your's as snappish and snarly as a—she dog—and if there's a divorce in the land I'll have it—you would wear out the patience of Job.  
Oh, dear; how mad the poor man is; well, good night my dear—pleasant dreams.  
There, she is gone! Thank heaven, I'm done once more. Oh unhappy man that I am, to be chained down to such a creature as she is the very essence of selfishness, and peevish; oh, that I could become a bachelor; curse the day and hour that ever I saw the likeness of her. Yes, I'll get a divorce; I can't live with her any longer; it is utterly impossible.

**PROSPECTUS**  
OF THE  
**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. Commenced at a time when the confidence of the citizens of Altoona in newspapers and newspaper publishers was considerably shaken, if not totally annihilated, it has slowly but surely restored that confidence, and now stands upon a sure foundation, and is universally acknowledged to be one of the fixed institutions of our town. But this result has not been achieved without a hard struggle, and considerable expenditure of time and means on the part of its editors. The steady increase of patronage, however, has afforded indubitable evidence that their labors have been appreciated.

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, in favor of parties or sects. In this respect it is only necessary to say that the past affords a fair index as to our future course.

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. To this end we have secured correspondents in various parts of the county, who furnish us with all the items of local interest in their vicinity. We purpose adding others to our list as soon as we can obtain them. During the next year we shall redouble our efforts to make the *Tribune* a perfect compendium of HOME NEWS—a RELIABLE, FIRST-CLASS LOCAL PAPER, second to none in the country, and as such a welcome weekly visitor to our patrons, whether at home or abroad.

But while the Local Department shall be our special care, we shall also devote a considerable space to LITERARY MATTER, FUN AND HUMOR, and the chronicling of events of general interest to our readers? We purpose also publishing from time to time "Original Sketches of Men and Things" which will be furnished by our contributors. We have made arrangements also to have a weekly letter from Philadelphia, and judging from the reputation our correspondent sustains as a popular writer, these letters will be a rich treat 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 rascality of others, has compelled us to adopt this course. Time and experience has fully proved to our satisfaction that the credit system will not work with newspaper publishers. From this date no paper will be sent from this office, unless paid for in advance, and at the expiration of the time paid for, if not received, will be promptly stopped. This arrangement does no injustice to our patrons, while it will protect us from the impositions of unscrupulous scoundrels, and enable us to devote more attention to our paper.

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:  
1 copy, one year \$1.50  
10 copies (\$1.25 per copy) 12.50  
20 (\$1.00 per copy) 20.00  
and all above 20 at the same rate—\$1 per copy.  
The money must, in all cases, accompany the order.

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 club in their neighborhood.

**CANTYASERS WANTED.**—Several energetic business men wanted to canvass the county for subscriptions to the *Tribune*. Address the Proprietors at Altoona, Pa.

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