



[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

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Methodist Episcopal, Rev. B. A. Wilson, Pastor. Presbyterian, Rev. A. B. Clark, Pastor.

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PIGS, DATES, PRUNES, GYRONS. ALMONDS, WALNUTS, CREAM. PURE WHITE LEAD AND ZINC.

Select Poetry.

SUMMER RAIN. The mountain streams are silent, Or whisper faint and low.

Select Miscellany.

A FRENCH WILL STORY. 'Is she dead, then?' 'Yes, madam, replied a little gentleman in a brown coat and short breeches.

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'Anne will take the remaining lot.' 'Ah! ah!' said Vetry, 'Sister Egerie was a good one—that is clever on her part.'

'Anne will only have the prayer book!' exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing aloud. The notary interrupted her joyfully.

'Madam, he said, which lot do you choose?' 'The two hundred thousand francs in money.'

'Have you made up your mind?' 'Perfectly so.' 'The man of law, addressing himself then to the good feelings of the lady, said:

'You must be joking, M. Dubois,' exclaimed Madame de Villebois; 'you must really be very dull not to see the intention of Sister Egerie in all this.'

'What do you come for?' said, with great haughtiness, Madame de Villebois, the lady who a moment before had been interrogating the little man who had inherited with her.

'Madame, the poor lady replied, with humility, 'I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I come solely to see M. Dubois, my poor sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke to me at her last hour.'

'At that I do you think people busy themselves about you?' arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; 'the disgrace of a good house—you, who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte!'

ving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Vetry, thunderstruck. 'If I had only known it!' shouted Madame de Villebois.

'You had the choice,' said the notary, 'and I myself urged you to take the prayer book, but you refused.'

'The mother, then watering the fair child's head with tears, answered: 'Her name is—Sister Egerie.'

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Doestick on Lager Beer.

Doestick has been trying to ascertain by experiment whether or not Lager is intoxicating, and below is given, in his own language, the result:

'The first glass seemed like our strong beer with a good deal of water in it; the next was not quite so sour, and the next one tasted as though the original beer had been stronger and they did not dilute it so much.'

'Then I thought I'd have a glass of Lager (a liquid known to most of the inhabitants of Manhattan.)—It was brought by a girl so pretty that I immediately ordered two more, and kept her waiting for the change each time so I could look at her—then we took some Lager to fill up the holes; and then we took a sausage; Damp-hool suggested that the sausage was made of dog, so we had some Lager to drown the dog; then we had some sardines; Damp-hool said it would be cruel to keep the fishes without a supply of the liquid element, so we had some Lager for the fishes to swim in; then we had some bretzels, and they were so crooked that they would not pack close, so we had some Lager to fill up the cracks; then I made a speech to the company; short but to the point, and received with applause—it was addressed to the whole crowd and was to this effect: 'Gentlemen let's have some Lager!'

'By this time my friend had by some mysterious process become mysteriously multiplied, and their were fifty Damp-hools, and they all accepted the invitation, and we had the Lager; there were forty glasses; and in trying to make the circuit of the room and touch my glass to every one of theirs, I fell over a table which very impudently stepped before me, and as I went down I knocked a small Dutchman into the corner, then I fell over him, then I demanded an instant apology, then I called for six glasses of Lager, and the girl brought them all in one hand. I tried to take them all in one hand, but broke three, then I tried to drink out of the remaining three all at once, and in so doing I took an involuntary shower-bath, then I tried to pay for the whole fifty glasses and the damage with a dime and a Spanish quarter, and demanded that he should give me my change in gold dollars, they seemed to be some difficulty about this, and if I hadn't known that Lager isn't intoxicating I should have thought the man was drunk.'

A KISS THAT DIDN'T PAY.—The Toledo Recorder gets off a good one in regard to a citizen of Iowa, whose wife, in his absence, had been kissed by a drover, while giving a glass of water. When he heard of the outrage, he started at once in pursuit, found the drover after a hard day's ride, and accused him of the theft.

The drover admitted the truth of the soft impeachment—said he had been a long time from home, was sorely tempted, and in an unguarded moment of frenzy, purloined the kiss but that he had not damaged the woman in the smallest particular—was very sorry—thought it was no matter to make much ado about, and therefore begged to be excused.

The husband finally concluded that this was the right view of the matter, and agreed to settle it upon the receipt of five dollars for his day's ride. This being satisfactory, the drover handed over a ten dollar bill and received five dollars in change. But when the aggrieved Benedict returned home and consulted his detector, he found the bill a counterfeit. He found he had suffered the indignation of having his wife kissed by a nasty drover, passed one day in the saddle, and lost five dollars, and concluded that it didn't pay.

The Cunning Thrush.

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of this occurred the other day at a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom we have the narrative. A thrush not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she was much discomposured by the fragments flying in all directions, but still she would not quit her chosen locality.

She observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that at the notice the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then return to her nest. The workmen observed this and narrated it to their employers, and it was told to visitors, who naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect, but as therock could not always be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few days answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood, but she perceived the change, and it interfered in the process of incubation; the consequence was, that afterwards when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and if they did not, she would remain where she was.—London Literary Journal.

AN INTELLIGENT CANARY.—A favorite canary in a family in the city, a day or two since, exhibited more reason than they are generally credited with. From the upper part of the cage, a small brass bell had been suspended by a string, which the canary had learned to ring by pecking at it, and amused himself the day long by its musical tinging-ling. Finally he pecked the string until he parted the strands, and the bell fell to the bottom of the cage. 'Perley' in an instant flew down from his perch to the side of his toy, and after pecking at it for some time, and not succeeding in making it ring, he took a seat quietly beside it, and sat there for half a day, without once ascending to his perch, or going to his cup for food or drink. When the bell first dropped he chattered like a magpie, but he found it was no use to try to make it ring, he quit chirping and remained silent. When the bell was finally replaced in its former position, he flew up on the perch as lively as ever, and pecked away at the bell most industriously, keeping it ringing right lively all the afternoon. With the sound of the bell, his spirits returned, and he sung and chirped as merrily as formerly.—Cincinnati Gazette.

What a volume of thought there is in the following item which is going this rounds: A YOUNG SUICIDE.—A little girl, 12 years old, attempted to commit suicide at Boston, the other day. She had been severely punished several times by her teacher, and fearing further chastisement, she drank a tea-cupful of burning fluid, but an emetic saved her life. She gave her reasons for the act that the girls 'picked upon' her; that she was called 'stupid,' and her teacher had punished her, and she was tired of life.

The world will never know how many people have been made stupid by the simple cry of 'dunce,' which has been hurled at them. The late Gov. Mearns was a 'stupid' boy until he got a teacher who had sense enough to treat him intelligently and frankly, instead of 'larrupping' the future statesman for every fault.

RECIPROCATED AFFECTION.—A dandy with more beauty than brains, married an heiress, who, although very accomplished, was by no means handsome. One day he said to her: 'My dear, ugly as you are, I love you as well as if you were pretty.' 'Thank you, love,' was the reply, 'I can return the compliment, for fool as you are, I love you as well as if you had wit.' One of the beauties of the Court of Prussia, said one day to the king, 'Sire, why is it, that you, who are so glorious already, still seek for new fame?' 'Madam,' he replied 'for the same reason that you, although so beautiful, will still wear rouge.'

COPYING A BLOT.—Mother, what of all the big boys should you like for me to pattern? asked a little boy who was looking around for a good example. 'Who should you think?' asked his mother; 'you know the big boys better than I do.' The little boy thought. Then he said, 'There's Dan Pargess, he smokes; there's Bill Parker, he swears; Tom Jones he's got a horrid temper; Sam Jay, he speaks it; Jim Wood, he hates study; Joe Blake, he's cross; Charlie Dox, he goes fishing Sunday; Gus Tyng, he tells whoppers. Mother, there isn't one that, if I copy, I shouldn't copy a blot from.'

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