



McGURU & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS:

VOL. 3.

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1883

NO. 53.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McGURU & DERN, Publishers and Proprietors.

For annum, payable in advance, \$1.50. All papers discontinued at 10 cts.

For list of rates, see advertisement on page 2.

Advertisements for the year, three squares, with liberal terms, per year, \$10.00. Professional or business cards, not exceeding 10 lines, with name, per year, \$5.00.

TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, & C.

Presbyterian, Rev. A. D. O'Connell, Pastor. - Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock in the evening. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the Lecture Room. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening in the same room.

ALTOONA MAIL SCHEDULE.

Eastern Mail and Hollidaysburg at 11:00 A. M. Western at 11:30 A. M. Hollidaysburg at 12:00 P. M. Eastern through Mail at 12:30 P. M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

Express Train East at 2:00 A. M. Local at 2:25 A. M. West at 2:30 P. M. East at 3:00 P. M.

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

Monday, Sept. 24, at 8 P. M., the 28th annual meeting of the Citizens of Altoona Association, at the Masonic Temple.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judges of the Courts - President, Hon. George Taylor. Judges: J. Penn Jones, David Caldwell.

ALTOONA BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Judges of the Peace - Jacob Good, J. M. Clary. Burgesses - M. Jones.

FRUITS, DATES, PRUNES, CITRONS.

and Currants in store and for sale by WM. N. SHUGARD.

ALMONDS, WALNUTS, CREAM.

and Filberts in store and for sale by WM. N. SHUGARD.

PURE WHITE LEAD AND ZINC.

Paint, also Chrome Green, Yellow, Paris Green, Zinc Oxide, in oil at KESLES'S.

ALL THE STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES AT KESLES'S.

LOWERING AND NEW ORLEANS.

By the way, at fair prices, at HENRY LEHR'S.

GROCERIES - A LARGE AND COMPLETE assortment of Groceries have just been received at the store of J. B. HELMAN.

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, TRUSSES, and Shoulder Straps for sale at KESLES'S.

HENRY LEHR'S STORE IS IN JOHN LEHR'S old stand, nearly opposite McCORMICK'S, in North Ward.

Select Poetry.

THE SHINING SHORE.

BY DR. NEAL.

My days are fading swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly - Those hours of toil and danger.

Select Miscellany.

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

In Hugh Miller's posthumous work entitled "The Cruise of the Betsy," we take the following interesting account of the Cave in which the whole people of the Island of Egge, one of the Hebrides, were smothered to death by a neighboring clan, the McLeods:

"We struck a light, and, worming ourselves through the narrow entrance, gained the interior - a true rock gallery, vast, lofty, and airy, and one which we had anticipated from the mean vestibule placed in front of it. Its extreme length we found to be two hundred and sixty feet; its extreme breadth twenty-seven feet; its height, where the roof rises highest, from eighteen to twenty feet. The cave seems to have owed its origin to two distinct causes. The trap rock, on each side of the fault-like crevice which separates them, are greatly decomposed as if by the moisture from above; and directly in the line of the crevice the surf have charged, wave after wave, ages ago the last upheaval of the land. When the Dog-stone at Dunolly existed as a sea stack, skirted with algae, the breakers on this shore must have dashed every tide through the narrow opening of the cavern, and scooped out by handiwork the decomposing trap within.

"The process of decomposition, and consequent enlargement, is still going on inside, but there is no longer an agent to sweep away the disintegrated fragments. Where the roof rises highest, the floor is blocked up with accumulations of bulky decaying masses, that have dropped from above; and it is covered over its entire area by a stratum of earthy rubbish, which has fallen from the sides and ceiling in such abundance that it covers up the straw beds of the perished islanders, which still exist beneath, as a brown mouldering felt, to the depth of from five to eight inches. Never yet was tragedy enacted on a gloomier theatre. An uncertain twilight glimmers gray at the entrance, from the narrow vestibule; but all within, for two hundred feet, is black as with Egyptian darkness. As we passed on with our one feeble light, along the dark mouldering walls and roof, which absorbed every stray ray that reached them, and over the dingy floor, roppy and damp, the place called to recollection that hall in Roman story, hung and carpeted with black, into which Domitian once thrust his senate, in a frolic, to read their own names on the coffins placed against the wall. The darkness seemed to press upon us from every side, as if it were a dense jelly-fluid, out of which our light had scooped a painful or two, and that was rushing in to supply the vacuum; and the only objects we saw distinctly visible were each other's heads and faces, and the lighter parts of our dress.

"The floor, for about one hundred feet inwards from the narrow vestibule, resembles that of a charnel-house. At almost every step we came upon heaps of human bones grouped together, as the Psalmist so graphically describes, 'as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood to the earth.' They are of a brownish, earth hue, here and there tinged with green; the skulls, with the exception of a few broken fragments, have disappeared; for travelers in the Hebrides have of late years been numerous and curious; and many a museum - that at Abbotsford among the rest - exhibits, in a grinning skull, its memorial of the Massacre of Egge. We find, too, further marks of violence in the single bones separated from the heaps, and scattered over the area; but enough still remains to show, in the general disposition of the remains, that the hapless islanders died under the walls in families, each little group separated by a few feet from the others. Here and there the remains of a detached skeleton may be seen, as if some robust islander, restless in his groy, had stalked out into

A Diabolical Exhibition.

A MAN'S HEAD CUT OFF.

In the year 1856, said to us yesterday a distinguished legal gentleman of New Orleans, I visited Paris in the course of a European tour, that my Americanism might be polished down by a little attrition among the gentle particles of Parisian society. I found the world of Paris in a very considerable state of excitement in consequence of an extraordinary performance which was nightly exhibited by an Eastern juggler, and which was nothing more or less than the apparent decapitation of a man in the presence of an audience, and under the very nose of a committee of medical gentlemen, who stood only so far distant while the operation was being performed as to escape the swing of the long two-edged sword with which the juggler smote off the head.

I went to see this exhibition, which took place in the theatre, in company with several American gentlemen. The theatre was crowded with between two and three thousand spectators, and the curtain was up, displaying a common table six feet long, upon the stage, at the very edge of which I obtained a seat, having gone very early.

At a given time the juggler, a singular looking man, came upon the stage with his shirt sleeves rolled up to the shoulders, and bearing a long, heavy, two-edged sword. He upset the table upon the boards, and showed that there was no concealed drawer or other recess, and placed it in the blaze of the footlights near the edge of the stage. In a few words he stated what he was going to do, and requested some of the audience to come forward and stand upon the stage, that they might see that there was no deception. A number of medical gentlemen who had been chosen as a committee to investigate the matter, if possible, took their position upon the stage, and soon after the victim, who had been sitting in the parquet, mounted the stage, removed his coat and cravat, turned back his shirt collar, and layed down upon his back upon the table, elevating his chin to more fairly expose his forehead to the headman's weapon.

The juggler then raised his keen and fearful looking sword, and giving it a wide sweep, brought it down - I say brought it down upon the neck, for no one could see that he did not, even those within three feet of him - upon the neck of the subject with great force!

Blood spouted high in the air, some of it falling on our own party, and deluged the stage, while the most fearful sound, something between a groan and a shriek of horror from the whole assemblage, shook the building, and numerous women and some males fell fainting in their seats, and were borne off by the ushers of the house. The juggler raised his sword again, repeated the blow, and the dis severed head fell upon the floor! Taking it by the hair he held it up to the audience for full five minutes, until the blood had ceased to flow from the several arteries, the lower jaw had fallen, and the face had assumed the appearance of a corpse; and then throwing it heavily upon the stage, he requested the committee to examine it, which they then examined the body upon the table, from the headless neck of which the blood had not ceased to drop upon the floor of the stage; they lifted the limbs and let them fall with the limb inertia of lifeless matter, and of course, pronounced the man dead to all intents and purposes.

After they had concluded their investigation, the juggler informed the audience that he was going to put the man's head on again, and restore him to life. Taking up the head he laid it on the table, began to mutter and make signs over the corpse. In about five minutes the lately decapitated man slowly turned his ghastly and altogether horrible face - white as snow - towards the audience, and an excitement followed exceeding, if anything, that which occurred when the first blow of the sword fell. In a few moments the eyelids gradually opened and displayed the eyes wearing a glassy, corpse-like stare; by degrees a life-like speculation came into them, some color returned to the face; and, after stretching his limbs, the man arose from the table, resumed his coat, and walked down from the stage and mingled with the crowd.

The exhibition was over. The neck of the apparently decapitated man bore a red mark and scar around it, like the cicatrices of a newly healed wound. All this I saw with my own eyes, which were as effectually deceived as those of tens of thousands of other persons. I could in no way, consistently with reason, account for any feature of this horrible thrilling feat of trickery. I have never heard of the trick being performed by any other man, and very possibly it originated and died with him. However, it is scarcely more accountable than often displayed feats of the roit fraternity of eastern jugglers. - N. O. True Delta.

A Troublesome Swap.

The New York Tribune relates an amusing story, which it declares to be true, of a lady and gentleman at a bathing place on Long Island. They were engaged to be married, and one warm evening when walking along the beach, talking nonsense, they came to a beautiful cove, which was divided by a rocky projection into two nice little bathing places. It was agreed that they should both here, one taking one place, and the other the other. They went in, were having a first rate time splashing about and talking over the rock to each other, when a little scamp who had been fishing there, happened to see them, and straightway was possessed by the devil to change their clothes. He did it, and the result is thus related:

As the boy ran behind a sand hill, his long shadow between her and the sinking sun attracted the lady's notice, and in some terpidation she noticed to do her apparel. Fancy her feelings! on finding, not her own clothes, but the hat, coat, vest, and other articles, in the hands of the gentleman on the other side of the promontory! How could it have happened - and what was to be done? Was that fearful long shadow some spirit of the sea on shore, who, offended at her intrusion upon his solitude had resorted to his method of punishing her temerity? It were better to imagine her situation than attempt to describe it.

In the meantime the gentleman, too, repaired to the shore to dress. Speechless astonishment was depicted on his countenance, as it fell upon a heap of woman's clothing. "What in thunder," he muttered to himself, "does this mean! - Is the place turned round, or am I crazy?" In the greatest perplexity he took up one article of feminine apparel after another to the number of about thirty, letting one after another drop again upon the rock where he stood, with many a half audible ejaculation of wonder. There was no doubt in his mind as to whom the things belonged; but how did they get there, and where were his own clothes? With one arm akimbo, he pressed his other hand upon his forehead to collect his bewildered senses, little thinking that the mischievous elf who was the author of his embarrassment was laughing at him from behind the same sand hill.

After a few moments' hesitation, the gentleman shouted to his lady love the awkward intelligence, and in return was informed that his clothes lay at her feet. All that was to be done was to exchange the lots; but how in the name of delicacy was that consummation, so devoutly wished but it was not dark yet. Finally it was arranged that the lady should venture into the water, with her eyes seaward, while the lover should exchange clothes and return to his side of the rocks.

Unfortunately, just as he was about to cut around the other side to perform that duty, he caught sight of a couple of young ladies not far off, and he felt compelled to retreat precipitately to his place again. His discomfited companion would have then come out hastily and called to the ladies for their help, but they were distant, and between herself and them she saw a boy passing along.

To cut the story short, the "peculiarly unpleasant predicament" lasted until the young lady felt it necessary to save herself from being chilled to death, to attire herself in her lover's clothing. He, on his part, put her garments to the same use for his own benefit, and a pretty good fit it was; for the two friends were about of a size, and but for the discrepancy of a full beard he might in a less dusky light than then prevailed, have passed for a lady. It was his intention, in some way or another, he hardly knew how, to rectify the matter immediately, but when he had ventured to join his laughing, blushing sweetheart, he saw the mischievous boy a little distance off, with a grin on his impish countenance, closely watching their motions. Quickly putting a handkerchief to his face to conceal his tell-tale beard, the gentleman took the lady's arm, and they sauntered on the shore until it was dark, then entered the hotel as privately as possible; and making the best of their way to their respective rooms, lost to time in donning more appropriate habiliments.

An Up-Hill Business.

Walk up, Roll up, Tumble up, Step up, Jump up, Climb up, Bus up, Skate up, Ride up, Rush up, Swim up, Fly up, Crawl up, Fire up, Steam up, Sail up, Push up, Any way so that you get UP and GET UP your Subscription Bills.

Washington in Tears.

At the close of the Revolution it is well known that Congress was unable to meet its obligations to the Army. Division of counsel existed as to the best method of raising the necessary funds to pay off the army before it was disbanded. While thus the hopes of the unpaid army were alternately elevated and depressed, some traitorous person scattered an anonymous circular among them, fomenting the dissatisfaction already existing, and leading to open rebellion. The individual who was suspected to have been the author of this paper was General Armstrong. Washington summoned all the officers into his presence to hear an appeal, which he had prepared, and a copy of which is found in Marshall's Life. Neither wild lands, however rich, nor contentional paper, however legal, would purchase bread or clothing. The minds of the army had become embittered by poverty and disappointment, and their principles corrupted by the infidel French Literature which flooded our land, and poisoned all the fountains of society.

On a certain day the loyal and disloyal gathered around the Father of our Country. General Gates, against whom charges made had been withdrawn, presided. General Washington arose with his manuscript in hand, to read a rebuke to treason. But tears suffusing his eyes, prevented him. What a scene for some American Vernet! He grasped the scroll, dashing away the tears, and essayed again to read. But all was silent. His bobble frame heaved with emotion. In order to suffer his agitated feelings to subside, he began hunting for his spectacles.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "I have grown grey and blind in the service of my country!" What a rebuke were these words to the cooaled promoters of treason! Many who before might have faltered were muted by those tears. They gathered closer and closer around the noble form, and when he closed, they resolved to stand to the death by their devoted leader. Those tears, under Providence, may have saved our country.

A Hard Witness.

The following dialogue, which occurred several years ago, between a lawyer and a witness, in a justice's court, not a great many thousand miles from this place, is worth relating:

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses. Lawyer (with a bland and confidence-invoking smile) "Well, Sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

Witness (with a very merry twinkle in his eye, imperturbable) "A straddle I believe Sir."

Lawyer (with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation upon his cheek, but still speaking in his smoothest tones) "But, sir, what gait does he ride?"

A Quaker having sold a fine looking, but blind horse, asked the purchaser.

"Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?"

"No," was the answer. "Neither will he ever see any in this old Broadbrim."

Two centuries ago not one in one hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting-maid of her mamma. Wonderful improvements in this wonderful age!

The keeper of a menagerie was lately seen beating an elephant with a large club. A bystander asked him the cause. "Why," said the keeper, "he has been flinging dust all over the tent, and he's big enough to know better."

A man has been arrested in New York, Ohio, for robbing his wife of several hundred dollars, which she had accumulated by hard labor. He was committed for trial.