



McCRUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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NO. 57

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.
McCRUM & DERN, Publishers and Proprietors.
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TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS, & C.
Presbyterian Rev. A. B. Crane, Pastor—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock.

ALTOONA MAIL SCHEDULE.
Eastern Way and Hollidaysburg, 11:00 A.M.
Western, 8:00 A.M.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.
Express Train East arrives 2:45 A.M., leaves 2:55 A.M.
Fast, West, 10:00 P.M., East, 11:00 P.M.

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.
Mountain Lodge, A. O. U. M., No. 281, meets on second Tuesday of each month.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Judge of the Court—President, Hon. George Taylor.
Associate—John J. Caldwell.

HENRY LEHR'S STORE IS IN
John Lehr's old stand, nearly opposite McCrum's store, South Ward.
June 18, '87-17.

ALL THE STANDARD PATENT
MEDICINES AT
KESLER'S.

FRUITS, DATES, PRUNES, CITRONS
and Cereals in store and for sale by
W. M. BRUGARD.

PURE WHITE LARD AND ZINC
Ointment, also Chroma Green, Yellow, Paris Green, try
or ground in oil at
KESLER'S.

LOVEING AND NEW ORLEANS
Syrup Molasses, at fair prices, at
KESLER'S.

COFFEES.—A LARGE AND
complete assortment of Coffees has just been
received at
KESLER'S.

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, TRUSSES
and Elastic Straps for sale at
KESLER'S.

Select Poetry.

WHAT I LOVE.

BY ANNE F. ADAMS.

I dearly love the pleasant spring,
When softened breezes blow,
And crocuses and violets
Peep from beneath the snow.

I love the golden autumn time,
When Jack Frost cracks the bars
Of great brown chestnuts, and the brook
Ties on its icy spurs.

I love the winter time,
When every tree is bare,
And falling snow-flakes, soft and white,
Fall silent through the air.

I love the golden autumn time,
When Jack Frost cracks the bars
Of great brown chestnuts, and the brook
Ties on its icy spurs.

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Select Miscellany.

SQUIRE MARKHAM;

OR,

HOW TWO HOUSEHOLDS BECAME ONE.

Mrs. Benson was fat, fair and forty-four, when her husband, a soap boiler in very good circumstances, was called from his life task of contributing to the general purification of mankind.

Touching Florence, she had now reached the mature age of nineteen, and began to think herself marriageable.

As yet, however, his affections had never been seriously entangled, and might have remained so, had it not been for the sudden apparition, one morning, of Florence Benson on horseback.

It struck him at once that she was remarkably graceful, and really quite pretty. Thereupon he cultivated her acquaintance with increased assiduity, and after a while asked the fatal question.

Florence answered in the affirmative, and instead of referring him dutifully to her mother, hinted (being a romantic young lady,) how charming it would be to steal away to the next town and get married, without any body being any the wiser.

Charles Markham caught at the hint which chimed with his own temperament and they adopted it.

In order that it might be carried out with perfect success, it was resolved to seem indifferent to each other until the day fixed, in order to ward off any suspicion which might otherwise be roused.

So well were these arrangements carried out, that even Mrs. Benson had no suspicion of what was going on.

Not so with Squire Markham. He had obtained a clue to the affair in some manner, so that he not only discovered the fact of the elopement, but even the very day on which it was to occur.

'Sly dog, that Charles,' thought he to himself, as he sat down before the fire in his dressing gown and smoking op, leisurely puffing away a choice Havana.

Just then she heard the door open and Florence entered. She quickly crumpled up the letter, and thrust it in her pocket.

'What's in the wind?' thought Charles to himself. 'It can't be the Governor's getting crazy?'

'My dear Miss Florence,' he continued in his natural voice.

'And I,' said Squire Markham, recognizing Mrs. Benson's voice, 'thought it was Florence.'

'Was it you, sir, who was arranging to elope with my daughter?'

'No, but I conclude it was you, ma'am, who was meaning to elope with my son.'

'Indeed, Squire Markham, you are wrong; the affair came incidentally to my knowledge, in order to frustrate her plans.'

'Egad, the very idea I had myself!' said the Squire laughing; 'but the fact is, ma'am, we have both been confoundedly sold, and the mischief of it is, I have left a letter for Charles, letting him know it; so undoubtedly he will take the opportunity to run away with Florence during our absence, and plume himself the rascal, on the way in which I was taken in.'

'I confess that I left a note for Florence to the same purpose. How she will laugh at me, what an embarrassment!'

'I'll tell you what,' said the Squire, after a moment's pause, 'we can carry out our plans after all. We each came out with the intention of getting married.'

'Why not marry each other, and then you know, we'll make them believe we had it in view all along and only intended to frighten them.'

Mrs. Benson assented with a little urging, and in the course of an hour the twain were made one. They immediately returned, but found as they anticipated; that Florence and Charles, discovering their departure, had themselves stepped off in a different direction, with a similar intent.

Is this True?

There is a proverb that 'a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father.'

'There was once a father who gave up everything to his children, his house, his fields, and his goods, and expected that for this, his children would support him.

But after he had been sometime with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, 'Father, I have a son born to me to-night and there, where your arm chair stands, the cradle must come; will you not perhaps go to my brother, who has a larger room?'

At the hour specified, the Squire had his carriage drawn up at the appointed rendezvous. He began to peer anxiously in the dark for Florence. At length a female form, well muffled up, made its appearance.

'During part of the journey, nothing was said. Both parties were desirous of concealing their identity. At length Squire Markham, considering that after all he could not marry the lady without her consent, and that the discovery must be made before marriage, decided to reveal himself, and then urge his own suit as well as he could.'

'My dear Miss Florence,' he continued in his natural voice.

'Why?' shrieked the lady, 'I thought it was Charles.'

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They made their appearance the next morning, prepared to laugh heartily at the frustrated plan of their parents, but learned to their astonishment that they had struck up a bargain for themselves. Squire Markham and his new wife had the address to convince them that it was all a premeditated plan, and to this day the younger pair are ignorant of the plot and counter-plot which led to this double union of the two households.

A PART OF A PIECE.—Speaking of Judge Daggett, reminds us of an occurrence that took place many years since at one of the dinners—or, more properly suppers—of Yale commencement.

The substantial of the feast were already discussed, and the 'deser' was being served up, when Professor Benjamin Silliman, then in the full possession of manly beauty—and we have seldom seen a handsomer man—asked Daggett if he should help him to 'a piece of mince pie.'

'A part of a piece, if you please,' said Daggett. Silliman immediately commenced dividing, subdividing and redividing a bit of a pie, and continued the operation so long, that Daggett at length noticed it, and inquired what he was doing.

'I was trying,' said Silliman, 'to get part of a piece; but out as I will, I can still find nothing but a whole piece.'

The following is worthy of commendation, as given by an Irishman at Rookford, at his celebration on the 4th: 'When the jilly of France shall fade—when the thistle of Scotland shall droop—when the rose of England shall wither—then may the Shamrock of Ireland, entwined with the 'stripes and stars,' bloom in perpetual verdure.'

'That's my business,' as the hutchin said to the dog that was killing his sheep.

Keeping to the Question.

In the lonely village of Geneva, New York, the 'colored passons,' in emulation of their white brethren, recently formed a Debating Society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics.

The deliberations of the Society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed his duties with utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was, 'Which am de mudder ob de chicken—de hen wot lays de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?'

The question was warmly debated, and many reasons pro and con were urged and combated by the excited disputant. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the President made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party.

At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect: 'Spouse, said he, 'dat you set one dosen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, wich am de mudder—de duck or de hen?'

This was a poser, was well put, and rather nonplussed the other side, and even staggered the President, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few moments, a bright idea struck him.

Rising from his chair in all the conscious superiority, he announced: 'Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore I rule de ducks out!' and do it he did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents.

Value of Kind Words.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of any trouble arising from this quarter. Although they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.

1. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

2. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scold them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

There is such a rush of all kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—They should be on our lips from morning till night.

A REAL 'WAKE.'—An Irishman in Cincinnati died, apparently a short time since, was laid out, coffined, and a burial certificate obtained, and the friends of the family were called together to 'wake' him. The whiskey, tobacco and eatables were discussed loudly and continually.—At about three o'clock in the morning, however, when the howl of lamentation was at its height, the body rose upright in the coffin and demanded 'Ewath the devil are you all about?'

The company fled in affright, when corpse deliberately got out of the coffin in a very thin costume, took a drink, and profanely demanded his pants.

A RACE BACKWARDS.—At Derby, Connecticut, Sept. 13, a foot race backwards was run by Mr. Charles Hanks of that village. He ran 'against time,' making the half mile in a little over six minutes, and winning the stakes.

NEGRO STUDENTS.—A Paris paper says:—The negro students from Hayti in the colleges of Paris have this year carried off their full share of literary honors, and the colored men have celebrated the occasion by a banquet.

A lady having written a letter, concluded it as follows: Give everybody's love to everybody, so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody.

A person named Owen Moore once left his creditors somewhat unaccountably, upon which a wag wrote: Owen Moore has run away. Dear name that he could pay.

No further interrogatories by the lady.

Jack & Co.
SUGARS,
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