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[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1859.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

NO. 1.

THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McGORM & DEBN, Publishers and Proprietors.

For ADVERTISING, (payable in advance) \$1.50 per annum... TERMS OF ADVERTISING...

TRIBUNE DIRECTORY.

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ALTOONA MAIL SCHEDULE.

Western Way Mail, 8:30 A.M. Eastern Way Mail, 11:00 A.M. and 6:00 P.M.

MEETINGS OF ASSOCIATIONS.

Altoona Lodge, A. O. U. M., No. 251, meet on second Tuesday of each month... Masonic Temple, A. O. U. M., No. 10, meet on the first Tuesday of each month...

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LIQUORS—A LARGE AMOUNT.

of well selected LIQUORS has been received... HENRY LEBER'S STORE IS IN...

Original Poetry.

ADA. BY MISS LOUISE R. VICKROY.

Like brighter, of visions, in brightest of hours, With green leaves unfolding, and beautiful flowers...

Select Miscellany.

"CAN'T AFFORD IT." A SKETCH OF EVERY DAY LIFE. BY STEPHEN CORE, JR.

"Can't afford it, Maria." "But you might if you would only think so, Walter," pleaded the young wife.

"I should like to know who leaves the bars down," said Walter, very threateningly. "The same children might leave a gate open."

"The gate which his wife had been so anxious to have put up, was needed at the entrance to the garden, back of the house, where there was only a pair of short bars."

"Only a few days after this, Mrs. Gray asked her husband if he was going to him a pew in the church for the following year, and he told her that he did not think he should."

"But you can hire half of one. We can have half of Mr. Niles' pew for five dollars." "I can't afford it," was Walter's reply.

"Don't say so, husband. Suppose everybody should feel like that. You certainly wouldn't wish to live, and bring up your children where there were no religious influences."

"I don't know, I'm sure. I only know that it takes it all to feed and clothe us and pay up the interest on the house."

"No, no—'twas not I who said that." "Well, you said I was 'tight as the bark of a tree.'"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I only know that it takes it all to feed and clothe us and pay up the interest on the house."

"There must be some mistake," he said to himself, after he had got away from the house; and he really believed there was a mistake.

"I have a glass of soda, Bill? Come Tom—have a glass?" "Don't care if I do," said Tom and Bill.

"It's of no use to ask him," spoke Walter, in rather a sarcastic tone. "He don't spend his money in that way."

"Walter," said the latter in a kind but earnest tone, "I want to speak with you. You have wronged me this evening, and I wish you to understand me."

"I refused to join you in your little game for three reasons, either one of which would have been sufficient to deter me."

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that; but it is when the wild speculation, or the loose companion, ask him to engage in some game of hazard which may rob himself and family of their substance."

A Silent Couple. There floated about the papers a story of a Cincinnati couple who had not exchanged a word during twenty years of married life.

To almost every one the cause was a mystery, and an impenetrable one, for neither husband nor wife would bear from any person the slightest allusion to the subject.

At length the old man died. The wife had not come near him in his last sickness, and she even came not to look upon his corpse until they were about closing the coffin, and bearing him from the house.

A Speech on Scolding Wives. At a Young Men's Debating Society, somewhere out in Illinois, the question of discussion was, "Which is the greatest evil—a scolding wife or a smoking chimney?"

"Mr. President—I've been almost mad listening to the debate of these youngsters. They don't know anything about a scolding wife!"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I only know that it takes it all to feed and clothe us and pay up the interest on the house."

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Dancing.

We copy the following true and humorous description of modest dancing from the pen of a ready writer, who already enjoys an enviable reputation as an author.

"Look! look!" said a half dozen lady voices one pretty night, as we sat leaning against the outside of the ball room.

Doctor, let me describe a little—if the public may look, certainly it may read, though it run. A group of the splendid ones is on the floor, and lovingly mated.

This dance is not much but the extras are glorious. If the men were women, there would be no such dancing. But they are only men, and so the thing goes on by woman's love of it.

"In freezing Winter time do it in a hurry, if there is no fire in the room, and there ought not to be unless you are quite an invalid."

A poor man, some of whose family were sick, lived near Deacon Murray, and occasionally called at his house for a supply of milk.

A Scotch Duchess was examining the children of one of her charity schools, when the teacher put the question—"What is the wife of a king called?"

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet, Sadi, "when my money was bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and was contented with my job."

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